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TAGUA SAILS NORTH

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THIRTY years ago South Sea trading schooners were a common sight along the water front in San Francisco. When one tied up at a wharf, shipping men would nod their heads and remark that *The Southern Cross*, *Papeete*, or *The Tropic Bird* was up from the Islands again. There would be a slight bustle among wholesalers of calico prints and twist tobacco, and that is about all the stir these exotic old vessels created.

Nowadays the Pacific steamer lanes have practically done away with the winding trails of the northbound trading schooners. When a South Sea vessel does lumber into the Golden Gate there is quite a little excitement on the water front. Reporters with their staff photographers rush down for 'human interest' stories; lovers of the romantic stand on the wharf to gaze at the ship for hours, imagining all kinds of wonderful things which never happen; South Sea authors hurry down to gather material for their next book; the trading skipper stumps up Market Street with a smile and a nod, island-fashion, to every passer-by. In fact, half the town learns that an island vessel is in port; people come down by the score to look her over, and most of them wish they could climb aboard to sail to that enchanted land of dreams, the South Sea Islands.

The trading schooner *Tagua*, of Rarotonga, sailed north for San Francisco on December 26, 1928, arriving there on April 21 of the following year. She is probably one of the last of these romantic old traders that will ever make the long beat north to California.

December 21, 1928. — I have just been aboard the two-masted schooner *Tagua*, now lying in the little harbor of Avarua. Captain Andy Thomson was aboard. He told me that he has orders to sail to San Francisco to have new masts put in his ship. Having sailed in the *Tagua* on many trading ventures in the Cook and Line Islands, I know her masts are in such bad shape that Captain Thomson must humor them continually. The foremast is broken above the galley through which it is stepped, but it has been strengthened by a wire seizing. The mainmast is eaten with dry rot at the hounds, and only held together by a six-by-eight wooden brace that has been bolted to the after part of the mast.

I acted on the impulse of the moment. 'Let me sail with you, Andy,' I said. 'I will sign on as mate.'

Though I had spoken impulsively, there was a sound motive prompting me. I have been in the tropics nine years — trading on Puka-Puka, an

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atoll close to the equator, where the climate is enervating; sailing on island schooners; living an indolent life in Tahiti. My health is failing, and, what is worse, I find myself indifferent to it. Moreover, I am sated with island life, and believe that a few months of hard work at sea in the cold bracing climate of the North Pacific, with the education gained by a visit to California, will do me good. Also, I shall have to work to live.

It was some time before the Captain replied: 'No, Ropati, I'd rather not take you. The masts are pretty far gone, most of the gear is rotten, and we are sailing north during the worst time of the year. It will be the hurricane season in the tropics, and when we get north of the Hawaiian Islands, in February and March, we can look for some heavy weather in the North Pacific.'

Though this dampened my ardor somewhat, I repeated that I wished to sail with him. He told me he would think it over, and a few moments later I left when the pilot came aboard.

December 22. — Last night I sat with Captain Thomson at a friend's house, discussing a few bottles of New Zealand ale. The conversation turning to the coming voyage, I argued my case so well that the Captain finally agreed to take me if the owner, McKegg of the Cook Islands Trading Company, was willing. I do not think the Captain had any serious scruples from the beginning; he only wanted an excuse for not substituting me for his native mate, who is a much better sailor. Now he is really in need of another man aboard, for his mate, his engineer, and two sailors have signed off, plainly giving their reason that the ship is not seaworthy. The engineer has agreed to go as far as Penrhyn Island, teaching me the mysteries of an eighty-horsepower gasoline engine on the way north.

This morning the Captain and I talked it over with McKegg, who readily agreed, and I signed on as mate, to receive ten pounds sterling a month. The matter is settled. We are posted to sail on December 26.

December 23. — There was a big party at my friend's house last night. After dinner I slipped out and tried to sleep on the verandah, for I am ill and poor company for anyone. Presently I heard them calling for me.

'Where's that hard-boiled bully mate?' someone cried.

I jumped from the verandah and crossed the yard to a hedge of false coffee. From there I made my way to the road and down to the ship, now tied up at the wharf.

The cabin was closed, but not locked. When I pushed back the scuttle hatch a sickening stench of bilge water, grease from the engine room, and rancid copra oozed out. 'I can never sleep in there,' I said to myself; then, aloud: 'But I have to, and for a long time to come!'

Going into the cabin, I opened all the ports and the after door; then I entered my own cabin and lit the gimbal lamp. Cockroaches scrambled up the bulkhead, and I could hear a rat squeal and scurry away in one of the berth lockers.

In the middle of the night I woke and went on deck. The air was clammy and cold; when I touched the taffrail it was wet with dew. 'Lord!' I muttered; 'and I am going on a six months' voyage in this filthy old wreck, to be turned out in the middle of the night in the fog and cold!'

I write this with a certain amount of shame. A man becomes disgustingly soft in the tropics; the least danger of mortifying his flesh dismays him.

December 26. — I am lying back in my berth writing my journal, which is propped against my legs. It is 11 P.M. on the first night out. Half a gale is howling over the schooner, the sails are reefed down, and we are close-hauled, laboring heavily into the seas. I am cold, damp, and miserable, but I am glad that I am aboard. Ashore I had felt a cowardly temptation to turn back, but that is over with now, and I mutter to myself: 'Blow, you winds! Work, you fool! You're at sea again, so make the best of it and harden yourself till you're a man again!'

We warped out of the little harbor at 5 P.M., and, hoisting all our canvas, lay close into the wind on the starboard tack. When we were beyond the lee of the land the wind freshened, so during the second dogwatch we tied up the flying jib and reefed the fore and main sails. Then Captain Thomson divided the watches. I was given a fine Atiu boy named Taiono, and Taura, a fat Manihiki lad. A translation of these names might be Six-Seas and Ropes.

The second mate is an old Aitutaki man named Kitai (Seaside). He has grandchildren as old as myself, but still he goes to sea, believing he will die if he stops ashore. His face is as wrinkled as paper that has been crumpled into a tight ball and spread out. It is punctuated by two sharp and small eyes, and when he smiles one sees long yellow teeth like the fangs of a wolf. Seaside has a childish, whining voice, and he is in the last stages of senile decay; but he is a good sailor and the most trustworthy man on the ship. In his watch are Okirua (Second-Return) and Teinka, which in a vague way can be translated as Food, for when a native has breadfruit for dinner he calls the accompanying fish *te inake*, while if he has fish the breadfruit is *te inake*.

There are also the cook and the cabin boy. The former is a half-caste Portuguese-Mangaian named Noel, while the cabin boy, Koteka (Spear-Throwing), is a half-caste Chinese-Manihikian. Thus there are seven sailors, the engineer, the Captain, and myself.

Our engineer is Wallace Bredin, I find by inspecting the flyleaf of his French Bible. We know him by his native name of Pepe. Bredin hails from Tahiti and claims to be a scion of the aristocratic Wolseley family. He states that his grandfather was a younger brother or a cousin — he is not sure which — of Lord Wolseley. Pepe's mind is far gone with debauchery, and when one asks him a question there is the inevitable reply: 'I dunno.' Then he smiles sheepishly and relapses into his usual silence.

But at times he does talk, and it is always about the same subject — a voyage he made to California with Captain Cosantine, and the heavy weather they had when one side of the after house was bashed in. He tells how the captain and the crew gave up the ship and huddled in the storeroom for forty-eight hours waiting for her to sink. But the ship was braver than they and survived. After this story Pepe invariably speaks of the sordid adventures he had in San Francisco. At such times his pale eyes sparkle.

There is only Captain Andy Thomson left to introduce. He is a thorough seaman and a driving skipper — not a driver of his men, but of his ship. South Sea traders wag their heads when they speak of him and agree that sooner or later he will come to grief; one trader refuses to send his mail on the *Tagua*, believing that each trip will be her last. They tell more or less exaggerated stories about how Captain Thomson reluctantly took in the flying jib and put a single reef in his mainsail when in a hurricane off Suvarov; or how, when making a record run from Penrhyn to Tahiti in a howling northwester, he frightened the firm's sales manager into a serious nervous condition by cracking on the fisherman's staysail during the worst of the gale. When the sales manager remonstrated with him he cursed good-naturedly and said: 'The Devil's curse on me! Man, when you've got wind, that's the time to make use of it. There's no sense in carrying sail in a calm!' On arriving in Tahiti the sales manager was in a state of collapse from which it took him months to recover.

I believe that if the truth were known it would be found that Andy is not a reckless sailor. He knows his ship and sails her to the limit of her endurance; and the reason he frightens his passengers is because they, unlike him, have become soft and cowardly from too many years of easy living.

Andy has a philosophic mind and is a great reader. Though rough in appearance and affecting vulgar manners, I notice that he is never at a loss for a pertinent remark, and is quite able to hold up his share of the conversation in any company. He has a habit of using old saws, but he does not follow them. He decides his problem first, then finds the old saw to fit his solution. This evening I heard him mutter: 'Well, well, she's blowing all right; she's blowing!' He turned his eyes to the horizon before adding: 'Haste makes waste — but a stitch in time saves nine, so I might as well take in that flying jib.'

December 27. — The weather has been milder to-day, and the wind has freed a trifle, so we can hold our course handsomely. I have been working with my watch all day clearing decks, for when an island schooner is sent to sea her decks are piled with eleventh-hour cargo, passengers' dunnage, pigs and fowls, firewood, cases and bunches of fruit, and ship's gear that has not been stowed.

December 28. — This morning at daylight we sighted the upheaved coral island of Atiu. I woke Pepe and told him to start the engine, as these were the Captain's orders. With it helping us along we got into the lee of the land by the boat landing at seven.

Shortly after we had hove to in the offing, a boat came alongside bringing Mrs. Mami McLeod, two of her daughters, and her infant son. We were to take them to Manihiki, where Ben Ellis, Mami's father, lives. While I was hoisting a small billiard table aboard and stowing it, I thought of the many games McLeod and I had played on it, and of his tragic death.

McLeod was an Australian of charming personality whose door was always open to his friends and to strangers stopping at Atiu. He had a rich sense of humor, was fond of practical jokes, and was the crack trader in this part of the Pacific. Years ago he married Ben Ellis's oldest daughter, and they were a perfectly matched pair; we traders often pointed out McLeod as an example of a man happily married in the Islands.

Now the boat comes into the story. In August 1923, I was in Manihiki visiting Ben Ellis. When he spoke of McLeod his eyes would sparkle, and I could see that he was proud of the man who had married into his family.

'McLeod is a funny feller,' Ben said to me one day. 'You know, when he ask me for my daughter I feel very happy, for I know he is a good man. But when I ask him when he want to marry her, he say, "Oh, to-morrow." I say, "All right," and as it is evening I get out one fine demijohn of raisin wine that I have been saving for three year, and McLeod and I have a fine time that night. Next morning he come to me in dungaree pants and a singlet with a hole in the left shoulder, and he say, "Come on, Ben, I'm going to marry your daughter to-day!"

'I say, "All right. I wait for you while you get dressed."

'But McLeod laugh and say, "Oh, that's all right. I get married like I am. Mami loves me, not my fine clothes."

'I think this is funny, you know; but then, McLeod is a funny feller, so I don't say any more. We go up to the Father and he marry my daughter.'

A moment later Ben said: 'Come with me and I show you the boat I build for my son-in-law.'

We walked through the clean little village of whitewashed coral houses, with their brown pandanus-leaf roofs and little gardens filled with frangipani and gardenias and hedged with false coffee. At the outskirts of the village Ben stopped before an open shed where he was building McLeod's boat. It was a pretty craft about twenty feet long, beamy, with a narrow transom and a clipper bow. I could see that Ben was working on it with the love of a fine craftsman.

The next day I sailed from Manihiki to Samoa and Fiji; but a few months later, when I stopped off at Atiu on the way to my new trading station on Puka-Puka, McLeod showed me the boat, now completed and brought south aboard the *Tagua.* He told me how he had sailed it nineteen miles to the island of Takutea; how he had loaded it to the gunwales with coconuts and fish, and come back with the power of an outboard motor, because the boat was too deep in the water to sail. The trip had been extremely hazardous. That was McLeod's fault: he was fearless to the point of foolhardiness.

I met him several times after that; once in Tahiti and twice at his trading station. The last meeting was three months ago, when on my way to Manuae. That day we discussed a few bottles of island-brewed ale, and we seemed to warm to one another as we had never done before. Later we played billiards on his little table; and toward dusk he came aboard the *Tagua,* where we yarned far into the night. At about twelve he rose to go. The night was dark and there were heavy seas on the reef, making the crossing dangerous even in the daytime, but this did not deter him. He disappeared over the side, and the shadowy outline of his boat merged into the darkness. For a moment I could hear the thole pins rattle; then he was gone.

I stopped off at Manuae that trip. When the *Tagua* returned after three months, Captain Thomson met me with a long face. 'McLeod is dead!' he said.

On the twenty-first of October, McLeod took his boat over the reef for a sail. With him were John, his five-year-old son, and six natives. It was in the forenoon; the wind was fresh and the sea choppy, but it seemed safe enough. They sailed about eight miles from shore; a sharp puff of wind caught the sail when she was close-hauled, ready to come about, and the boat capsized.

No one thought of the bailing tin, and when the boat was righted they found that it was lost. At first they were not greatly concerned. It is true that the island was eight miles to windward and the wind freshening, but they believed that it would be no more than a half hour's work to bail the boat and get under way. The mast was unstepped and thrown overboard with the spars and sails; then all but one clung to the sailing gear while Kamu, a Rarotongan, climbed into the boat to bail. Taking an oar he went to work in the native manner of paddling the water out. After an hour's work he realized that this was useless, for the choppy seas broke over the gunwales as fast as he could splash them out.

By this time John's teeth were chattering and he was numb with cold. McLeod decided that they should sit in the foundered boat and try rowing. This was done, two men pulling on the oars while the others rested. McLeod sat in the stern sheets holding his son as high out of the water as possible.

At about eight that night they lightened the boat. Two of the weakest natives were told to get out and swim behind, supported by the gaff and boom. This meant that they were to be sacrificed, but they submitted without a murmur.

The remaining four natives rowed on, turn and turn about, barely making headway against the wind; but by ten that night they believed they were a mile closer to the land. At about that time one of the men swimming behind cried feebly, let go the boom, and sank. At eleven the other man was left behind.

There were a few fires ashore to pilot them; that is as much interest as the Resident Agent at Atiu took in the matter.

Toward midnight the sky became overcast and sharp rain squalls swept over the boat, driving her backward. During the lulls they made a little headway.

At two in the morning a strong Atiu man volunteered to swim ashore. Without more ado he leaped overboard and struck out. He made the reef by daylight and told the Resident Agent of the plight of the boat. That official followed the precedent of most men of his calling by continuing to do nothing.

Three natives, McLeod, and his son were now in the boat. Two were rowing while a third crouched forward up to his shoulders in the chill water. When Kamu called him to take his turn at the oar no answer came. Kamu leaned over and shook him. He was dead.

Kamu told me about it later, in Rarotonga. 'I tied the little boat's anchor to his feet and laid him across the gunwale. Then I said, "Return to God; I am too weak to pray for you!" and dropped him over the side. I saw him sink with his arms raised stiffly above his head.'

A wild stare came into Kamu's eyes as he continued: 'Then, for the first time, I was afraid. I thought of how my friend was sinking into the blackness, and how he would be buoyed in the bottom of the sea, standing upright in the water, his head thrown back and his hands pointing toward the surface. It terrified me; but a few moments later a raging squall swept over us and I was able to forget my friend.'

Morning came. They were on the southwest side of the island now, having drifted with the current. The land was only three miles away. Though this was an uninhabited side of the island they felt cheered, for they believed that the Resident Agent would have lookouts stationed around the island, and that a boat would be sent out as soon as they were sighted. As the sun rose their hopes died. There was no sign of boat or canoe — only the heaving sea, the coral cliffs of Atiu, and the jungle beyond!

Still the two natives rowed on, and still McLeod massaged his son and whispered encouraging words to him. At two in the afternoon they were close to the reef. Certain death would have resulted in rowing the boat on to it, for big seas were pounding the coral.

McLeod studied his two men carefully. Kamu appeared the least exhausted. 'Kamu,' he said, 'take the boy ashore. Don't worry about me; I'll make it some way or other.' Then he nodded to the other native to save himself.

Kamu took the boy on his back, slipped into the water, and made for the reef, the other native following close behind. When close to the reef they turned and saw McLeod slip over the side of the boat and swim slowly toward them.

Both natives made the shore, waded

through the shallows, and sank down on the beach. From there they saw McLeod swim directly into the first comber, too dazed and weak to think of waiting for a calm. The comber took him and hurled him on the coral; but he was not killed. Kamu saw him rise to his knees — then the backwash caught him and whirled him in a foaming eddy out to sea.

John died shortly after Mami had tucked him in bed.

This is the story of McLeod. When we islanders think of it a shudder passes through us. We live such sensual lives in the South Seas, with Nature showering her felicities on us, that we forget the grim chances of life; we forget that there can be hunger, pain, death, until, all at once, it is brought home to us, appallingly, that these things exist.

Captain Thomson has given Mrs. McLeod his own cabin and put the children in the passenger cabin on the port side opposite his own. What a contrast they are to the other women passengers! We have three Penrhyn Island girls aboard, one traveling as cabin passenger. All day long they sit on the midshiphouse eating fruit and food prepared for them in Rarotonga. They throw the seeds and skins on deck, tie awnings of dirty quilts to the rigging, boom tackles, and halyards, and strew their belongings over the midshiphouse until the Captain and I froth at the mouth. Andy tells me that the greatest drawback in sailing an island schooner is in carrying Penrhyn women. When a squall comes, one has to untangle a confusion of lashings from the tackles and halyards before he can go to work; and if he treats the women with ordinary courtesy he is repaid by gaining the reputation for flirting outrageously.

We sailed from Atiu at 9 A.M. and sighted Manuae about dusk, lying dead ahead. The wind was over our starboard quarter, and to pass the island we had to lay off until it was nearly over our stern. It is difficult to steer with a following wind, and fat little Ropes, who was at the wheel, made a great job of it, letting the *Tagua* yaw back and forth, nearly backing the sails on many occasions.

Night came on quickly, with an overcast sky, and we lost sight of the island. At eight bells the Captain and I went on deck to watch for the land. The light from the hurricane lamp in the cabin blinded us, so we shut the porthole shutters, the shuttle hatch, and the doors. Immediately the Penrhyn cabin passenger started screaming complaints because it was close in the cabin, and asked if we had any intentions against her, and thus were closing the cabin in this outrageous manner. She threw open the doors and stood in the companionway with her arms akimbo.

I had the pleasure of giving her a piece of my mind as I slammed the doors shut; but this did not silence her. For half an hour we heard her coarse masculine voice cursing us.

The Captain sent Six-Seas up the rigging, but he could not make out the land, though we knew we must be very close in. Coral atolls are often invisible at night, their low fringe of trees seeming to merge with the sky and the sea, and a ship may easily run ashore before sighting the land. To-night we caught sight of white breakers on the reef dead ahead, not more than five hundred yards away. With a yell Andy leaped aft and jerked the wheel from Ropes, throwing it hard to port. I ran forward and let go the fore boom tackle, and then jumped aft, freeing the main purchase on the way, and helped the boys haul in on the mainsheet. We wore around, missing the reef by a matter of yards.

December 29. — We sighted Aitutaki at half-past four this morning, after three hours of careful watching, for the reef of Aitutaki, lying four miles from shore, is an ideal place to pile up a ship.

We were by the passage at noon, and I started sending cargo off, while the Captain went ashore to visit our trader, Drury Low. Boatloads of copra came from shore during the afternoon, and we had to work hard clearing space for it in the hold. This space was filled by evening; but at 6 P.M. two more boats came alongside, carrying about seven tons. We were all tired and irritable. I tried to send the copra back, but the boats would not leave. Finally I took it aboard, and as there was no room below I had to clear a space on deck, stack it, and cover it with tarpaulins. We were not through until after eight, when the Captain came back.

It was my watch on deck when the work was done, so I laid the schooner off from the land and paced the midshiphouse deck, rubbing my eyes and stamping my feet to keep awake. Just before midnight a tremendous black cloud rolled up from windward, with all the earmarks of a vicious squall. Eight bells rang. I chuckled as I had a last glance at the squall, now a mile or two away. Then I called Seaside and the Captain, and am now in my cabin writing my journal and ready to turn in for a well-earned four hours' sleep.

Captain Thomson has wore the ship around so as to get the copra on the windward side. The wind is howling overhead and the rain roaring on the deck.

December 30. — This morning we went to work emptying the hatches and stowing the copra that came aboard last night. When we sailed up to the passage at eight, three more boatloads were waiting for us. Captain Thomson took it aboard and sent word ashore that he would take no more. It was at last stowed, our cargo got under hatches, and we set sail for the seven-hundred-mile run to Manihiki, the first of the Line Islands.

January 4. — Last night we had our first long tropic squall. When I went on deck at midnight the wind was light, and the schooner barely had steerageway. I propped a pillow against the skylight and, lying on deck, watched ahead where a dense cloud mass blackened the sky. It merged with the sea, thickening and darkening until I could not tell where the cloud ended and the sea began.

Though it was still calm about the ship, shreds of mist raced past the moon; then it was lost behind the rising cloud, and darkness had smothered the sea. The cloud rose higher, and, as though giving us a moment's rest before bursting upon us, the wind died, and the reef points pattered against the booming sails as we wallowed in the trough of the sea.

I rose and went aft to shout to the Captain that I was going to take in sail. Then I lashed the wheel and took my watch forward to drop the fisherman's staysail and roll it up on deck. By this time the rain had started to fall and a light wind from the southwest was backing our sails. There was no time to lose. I ran forward to the jib topsail halyard, letting go the fore boom tackle on the way. Ropes and Six-Seas were at the topsail sheet and downhaul. 'Ready!' I sang out, letting go the halyard, and the sail ran down her stay. Ropes and Six-Seas sheeted the other head sails over, while I ran aft and swung the main boom over by easing off on her tackle. By now the wind was yelling in the rigging and the schooner shaking her kites up into the wind. I laid the wheel hard alee, the wind filled the sails, and the *Tagua* rolled on her beam end, raging through the water, pawing it and dashing it from her cutwater with a vengeance. Great stretches of foam surged out for fifty yards on either bow, the wind screamed, and the rain poured down. Still holding the wheel, I slipped off my singlet and *pareu* to let the rain pour in torrents down my skin.

Soon Six-Seas came to take the wheel. I ran into my cabin for a bar of soap, and returning on deck passed along the lee alleyway to the forward part of the house, where the water was pouring over the coaming in deluges. I soaped myself and washed off a dozen times. The whole crew was on deck by now, and the Captain was aft bellowing for the soap. Some of the boys sat in the weather alleyway where the water collected, washing their clothes, shouting and laughing like the seven naked savages they are.

It was a fine sight. The *Tagua* lay far over, plunging through the water as the rain poured over her decks. Soon the passengers were on deck, naked and yelling, grouped under the mainboom and the break of the house where the water poured down. But soon the squall had passed. Then the sails boomed, shaking spray across the deck until the faithful old trade blew again, filling the great sails and carrying us on toward lonely little Manihiki atoll.

After the squall I sat with Captain Thomson in his cabin, and though it was after 2 A.M. neither of us felt like sleeping, for the rain bath had thoroughly roused us.

Presently he said: 'I'm glad you took in sail in time, for we can't stand much of this kind of thing with our masts ready to fall overboard, and if we do get caught in a bad squall it may be the end of us.'

During a rain squall to-day a school of about a hundred small dolphins came alongside — I am referring to the *Coryphæna*, not the porpoises that landsmen call dolphins. We fished from aft, catching twenty in as many minutes. Food used a pearl-shell lure, while Andy fished with a piece of red bunting seized to a hook. Some of the fish were golden and some bluish-silver when taken out of the water. As soon as they flapped their slim bodies on deck a rapid transition of colors variegated their skins. From blotches of purple and gold they would change by perceptible degrees to other colors no less splendid — a prodigal gesture in death, beautiful and pathetic.

Some half-pound cock schnappers followed the school. They are the fish called *tamure* in the islands, and are distinctly a lagoon species, living in coral caverns and seldom seen over even sandy stretches of bottom where there is no shelter. But here they were, hundreds of miles from the nearest lagoon, the same little yellow fellows I have fished for with a waterglass and a hook baited with a bit of octopus tentacle. Why did they come to sea? Do they spawn here or do they follow the larger fish across the Pacific in search of new and better-provisioned lagoons? And does this explain why the same species of lagoon fish are found at islands with a thousand miles of open sea between them? Andy and I could hardly believe our eyes; we had to catch one to assure ourselves they were a reality.

To-night the wind is dead and the sky clear, except to windward, where a bank of clouds has been hanging the entire day. Seas are running from all directions; they meet in pyramids and razorback ridges, rolling the old *Tagua* heartlessly.

I worked four hours in the engine room, but could not get the confounded engine to go. I am afraid it will never go again. But perhaps it will, for at the end of four hours I found that the carburetors were full of water instead of gasoline. I left the thing in disgust.

January 5. — Calms and variable winds. There are more fish than ever about the ship. To-day we caught some small spotted trigger fish (*kokiri*). I hesitate to mention them lest I be charged with spinning longish yarns. Nevertheless there are several hundred swimming under our counter now, in as close formation as a school of mullet. When the Captain called me and I glanced over the side it seemed incredible; I should have been no more surprised if rainbow trout had been swimming under our counter. One might imagine a full-grown schnapper, or countfish, spawning at sea, resulting in the cock schnappers out here; but a little trigger fish that feeds in the coral labyrinths, and flips into his hole at the first sight of a larger fish! The thing seemed impossible. Andy told me that during all his years at sea he had never seen a lagoon fish in the middle of the Pacific. Thereupon we began speculating on the possibility of our being over some great and uncharted shoal.

The sea is massed with living things. We run into schools of squid that literally whiten the water; porpoises leap about us daily; there are hundreds of dolphins and thousands upon thousands of bonito. Yesterday we caught a five-hundred-pound shark, and every day several of the great brutes fin lazily past. It seems that we are sailing through a great convention of all the fishes in the seven seas; that the *Tagua* is a seamark they rally round.

At dusk an angel fish jumped out of the water a few yards over our stern — one of those monster rays with eyes on the tips of a crescent-shaped head. Andy and I were fishing for trigger fish with short hand lines when the great ray, with wings ten feet from tip to tip, soared fully six feet in the air, then, as though his momentum had been broken suddenly by some invisible obstacle, fell flat upon the water with a loud concussion.

January 6. — This morning it was glassy calm, but big rollers are coming up from the southeast, heralding the trade. I started the engine at eight and kept it running until three this afternoon. It was as hot as a Democratic convention in the engine room. At 3 P.M. wind came from the southwest in a grand squall. Stripping, I went on deck to wash the engine-room grease and the perspiration from me; then sat in the weather alleyway and washed a singlet and a pareu.

At eight this evening the trade touched us lightly, like a ghostly benediction, a faint breeze out of the south-southeast. I sat on the after house, chortling as it fanned me, watching the old lady get under way for her last long wind to Manihiki. The Captain came on deck to prance back and forth, glowing with keen enjoyment and flashing his gold tooth as he passed numerous platitudes about how fine it is to get out of the doldrums, and to feel the wind of the South Sea Islands.

January 7. — Captain Thomson and I have each taken star sights this evening. They agreed very well, showing us to be ninety-six miles from Manihiki. It has been many years since I navigated, but the trick came back easily enough.

Later I lay down with a volume of William Morris's *News from Nowhere*, and lost myself in his delicate and impossible Utopia. When I finally came to the end it was with a shock to find myself at sea, breathing air heavy with the rancid stench of copra, with two rotten masts hanging over me and ready to crash down at any moment. I wish I could forget those masts.

There is a superb transition toward

the end of *News from Nowhere* in which the Utopian world fades and the story teller returns to the old cockneyfied civilization. I think Morris's Utopia might be contrasted very well with Puka-Puka, for I know of no other place where a successful communistic civilization exists.

January 8. — 'Curse of Satan on me! Come up here, Ropati!' Captain Thomson shouted this morning from the main hounds. 'I have never seen a sight like this!'

I jumped into the rigging and was soon beside him, high up on the mainmast where I could get an extensive view over the sea. It was alive with masses of fish that reminded one of regiments in close formation. They were mostly small bonito interspersed with schools of albacore; but breaking through the ranks, zigzagging among the silver and blue bonito and cleaving the companies of golden-striped dolphins, were a few two-hundred-pound yellow-fin tuna. The larger fish remained close to the surface; but schools of innumerable small bonito would sound suddenly, seeming to dissolve in the water until all at once there was an empty space in the sea. For a moment they would be gone, and we would turn our attention to some porpoises leaping along the horizon, or to the trigger fish still under our counter; and when our gaze returned to where the bonito had been, they were there again, swimming along blithely, their backs gleaming like polished steel.

There was something magical about it that fascinated us. Andy would yell with delight when they appeared from nowhere; and when a monster tuna swam across our bows he took an almost childish pleasure in crying, 'There he is! Look at the monster! Did you ever see such a lump of fish-flesh? Hey, Food!' to the sailor on the bowsprit, 'land that big boy and I'll give you a tot of rum to-night!'

Food needed no bribing; he would rather catch that fish — for culinary purposes — than drink all the rum in Tahiti.

Second-Return crawled out on the jib boom with a fishpole and joined Food, one fishing from each side. Then Ropes climbed on to the weather guy with a landing net, and waited for action. It was slow at first, only small bonito snapping half-heartedly at the lures. But when one *was* hooked, a savage yell would come up to Andy and me; Six-Seas at the wheel would repeat it; Jimmy, scrubbing the cabin floor, would voice a sympathetic pipe; even the cook in the galley sang out as he manipulated Manihiki pancakes.

Presently we ran into a great school of flying fish; then such a mad scene followed as few men have witnessed. The sea whitened with foam as tens of thousands of fish flew after their prey, often leaping in the air to catch the flying fish on the wing. The ranks were broken; schools of small bonito mixed with the larger albacore; dolphins rushed wildly in every direction with such speed that one's eye could hardly follow them; the huge yellow-fin tuna churned the water with their powerful tails. On both beams, ahead and astern, was a confused, crisscrossing, leaping and plunging maelstrom of fish. Andy yelled as he watched them whirling, diving, rolling their sleek backs out of the water.

I wonder if a single one of that great school of flying fish escaped. Certainly few lived to feed the next army of bonito that should find them. We would watch one of the frightened flyers soaring a few feet above the water and almost imagine we could feel his body palpitating with panic fear. Beneath him a great albacore would whip the water, following every swerve of the flying fish. The flyer would hold out as long as he could, aware of the relentless enemy below; but finally he must return to his element, and then, often before he had touched the water, the albacore would leap in the air and catch the flyer in his hungry jaws. There would follow a milling of foam, a swish of a big tail above the sea, and the albacore would dart off after another of the little flyers.

Far out at sea, a mile from the ship, we could see foaming patches of ocean where the silver bellies of the bonito flashed in the sun. On the jib boom, Food and Second-Return were insane with bloodthirsty glee. In the excitement caused by the flying fish, the bigger fish jumped at the lures as soon as they touched the water; often when they were out of the water two or more fish would jump at the same time, fighting in the air for them. Then, for a moment or two there would be a turmoil in the water, a babble of yelling, struggling sailors, and a roar of curses from Andy on the crosstrees, until Ropes's landing net had swooped down and brought the fish on deck.

Presently one tremendous yellow-fin tuna took Food's lure. In an instant the pole was jerked downward so that it pointed directly into the water. Food held on for dear life, clutching the pole with both hands and winding his legs around the jib boom. With a tug the fish whirled him around so that he was hanging upside down under the spar. At the same instant Second-Return tossed a small bonito into the landing net; then, laying his pole along the jackstay, he jumped on to the stream chain and helped Food. Both held on with all their strength. Andy screamed from the hounds that if they lost the fish he would kill them; Jimmy left the cabin and ran forward; Six-Seas whooped from his place at the wheel; the cook dashed out of the galley, flour flying from his clothes, his hands daubed with dough. He climbed on to the bowsprit, but was too late. The *Tagua* rose on a sea, and at the same moment the tuna tugged downward. Both sailors were torn from the spar and fell into the sea.

'Man overboard!' Andy yelled, and threw himself on to the topmast stay to go down hand over hand almost as fast as though he were falling. I followed, climbing down the ratlins. Before we reached the deck Six-Seas had jumped from the wheel and thrown the free end of the mainsheet overboard. Then he laid the wheel two-blocks over, luffing the schooner into the wind. Both sailors caught hold of the mainsheet, and when the schooner had lost her headway they were hauled aboard. They were still holding on to the fish-pole, but the tuna was gone.

Andy and I glanced over the sea before going below for our noon meal. The flying fish were gone, and the sea had resumed its tranquil face. Again the close ranks of bonito swam near the ship; the schools of albacore finned lazily a few yards away; the great yellow-fin tuna broke through the ranks like officers inspecting their marching troops. The sea was serene. One could not believe that it ever had been, or ever would be, otherwise.

'There's your Kanaka sailors!' Andy growled as he climbed down the companionway ladder. 'Now if a white man had been on the jib boom he would have landed that fish. . . . I guess Food was n't hungry enough, considering all the fish he's been eating these days.'

We should be in Manihiki early tomorrow morning.

(*To be continued*)

YOUNG DIPLOMACY

BY E. BAX

I

Jonathan Jefferson Adams had made up his mind to be a diplomat, and to devote his talents — and maybe his life — to the service of his country. This was no haphazard decision, hastily arrived at, but had been made carefully, even prayerfully, not only by him, but by his father and mother. As they had watched him grow to manhood his parents had felt more and more that he was of the stuff of which diplomats are made, and that his exceptionally well selected background, his unmistakable talents in social directions, his faith in himself, and his well-known determination to preserve the status quo in every department of life made the decision inevitable.

So Jonathan, in spite of some discouraging rumors as to the fate of a 'career' diplomat, and the difficult climates and habits with which he might have to contend, had determined to risk it. He had been strengthened in his decision by the college adviser who had him in charge, and the headmasters of the schools which he had honored with his presence previous to his college days; in addition to which, as an up-to-date victim of up-to-date methods, he had submitted to both an intelligence and a metabolism test.

With his graduation certificate in his hand he went to Washington and took the appointed examination, and browsed a few weeks in the State Department there. At the end of that time he was told to proceed to London, where he had been appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, Third Secretary of Embassy at the Court of St. James's. Thus the die was cast, and Jonathan set forth.

Unlike Mr. Dooley's diplomat, he did not leave his country with the American eagle stamped into the soles of his shoes; nor, like that celebrated gentleman, did he go with only a clean collar in his grip. Feeling already that the onus of maintaining the prestige of his country lay heavy upon his shoulders, and that he must worthily 'carry on,' he set sail in the best ship, in the best cabin, with much baggage. This was all marked not only with his name but with the magic addition, 'Third Secretary of the Embassy of the United States,' a talisman powerful enough to stay the hand of the most rapacious customs officer and permit the young man — if he had any such low tastes — to thumb his august nose at that functionary without fear of consequences. For the baggage of even a Third Secretary is sacred and inviolate in the code of diplomatic etiquette.

Jonathan reached Southampton without any incident to ruffle his *amour propre*. For everybody on the boat, awed and somewhat chilled by his majestic solemnity, was overcome by the momentous thought that this superior being — though he looked young and innocent enough — might possibly some day avert war between his country and some barbarian horde.

It was even possible that he was now in the very act of transporting to the King of England a treaty calculated to upset all previous traditions of diplomacy and give the United States its rightful place in the sun.

Jonathan vaguely suspected the sensation he was creating, because, to be frank, he had worked hard to that very end. He wanted to make others see him as the unapproachable diplomat made familiar to them by the movies. He sat at the captain's table, and every time the conversation drifted round to international affairs he maintained a deep and impressive silence. He was courteous and perhaps even a little patronizing to the young women aboard, and to the elderly ladies he confided his fears that political conditions were not as harmonious in the world as the ordinary outsider seemed to think. He was indefinite and was careful to leave off with a significant pause at the right moment, not from any newborn diplomatic reticence, but because he knew less than nothing about the matter. But, as the days went by, a sort of hushed reverence seemed to hover around him as anxious-eyed dowagers meditated on whether it would be proper to ask him — strictly unofficially — whether they should take the next boat back home, and, if not, whether he would protect them if the worst came to the worst — whatever the worst might happen to be.

Sitting in his luxurious cabin, — he had withdrawn himself for official purposes, so it was understood, — he let his mind wander down pleasant paths. He had, of course, heard the base canard offered to this greatest profession of which he was one of the newest ornaments — that a diplomat is one who goes abroad to lie for the benefit of those at home. He knew that that was not so, but that a diplomat was a sort of field representative of his country, a political agent sometimes, again a personal representative of his President, and occasionally a mere sales agent. His job was not only to uphold the prestige of his country by mixing on terms of equality with the ruling classes and his fellow diplomats, but to do so in such a way that he would gain knowledge not only of what was actually going on in the country where he lived, but of what was likely to happen. With this knowledge he must keep up his country's end in the international battle of wits, and, if possible, make better than a bargain against all comers.

This was no child's play, as he realized, and if it had not been for the many advantages that the job afforded, very few 'career' diplomats would have been forthcoming. But to the average young man of good health, good looks, good background, and general appreciation of the fine things of life, the chance to move in exalted circles, to rub shoulders with kings and emperors, and taste to the full the thrilling — though possibly later cloying — joys of the social whirl, made up for all that. Indeed, the prospect was so fascinating that, in order to experience it, he was willing to live abroad most of his life and spend years in dull and stupid capitals where nothing much happened — less agreeable features which he must take along with more interesting work. Naturally his vision was limited, and the prospect of finding himself in the end an expatriated American did not enter his calculations, nor the fact that the specialized knowledge which he would have acquired would have little interest for his fellow citizens, and indeed would make him an outsider in the more Philistine circles which discuss the gyrations of the stock market and the latest prize fight.

The subtle glamour of the past had had its share in his decision also. He did not think of his profession in its twentieth-century garb of carbon copies, memoranda, and cables in code, but rather in terms of the doughty days of old when knights were bold and fair damsels were waiting to be rescued from skyscrapers or dungeons in old Madrid. He realized that the diplomatic service is the last stronghold of the old romance left in the world, and that it offers to men who love the past and its pageantry the chance to live vicariously in this twentieth century in the atmosphere of old beauty, old traditions, old rituals that have grown up through the centuries, and to take part in the ceremonies and picturesque survivals with which most countries strive to protect themselves against an ever-increasingly materialistic and drab world.

It was a great experience — even for Jonathan — to land on the foreign soil of his new post. The customs men treated him with great courtesy, after a glance at the ostentatious labels, for was he not one of the sacred clan? Personally escorted by the chief of police to the railway train that awaited the passengers, he swelled to his fullest height and breadth as, with studied coldness and with what he believed to be the correct touch of hauteur, he dismissed that official and settled down in solitary grandeur in his reserved compartment to make the trip to London. He could not help wishing that some of his old friends had happened to come by just then.

Arrived at Victoria Station, the Embassy assistant messenger, Frank, met Jonathan as he alighted and welcomed him with a smile and a 'How do you do, sir,' and a good-natured appeal to the waiting porters to take the bags. Frank treated him with the utmost deference — for were not Third Secretaries always more formal than Ambassadors? — and introduced him in turn to the station master, the newspaper men, and to the police on duty. Each carried out his part of the performance with entire solemnity — as though the arrival of a mere Third Secretary was a matter of any interest to them! Frank had brought a greeting from the Ambassador and a package of mail, and, having personally escorted Jonathan to a comfortable hotel near St. James's Street, announced that the Third Secretary was expected to dine with the Ambassador that very evening. A little flustered by this imminent assumption of his new status, Jonathan asked Frank a few discreet questions, but was afraid to be too curious, not being at all sure just how far he should go with this rosy-cheeked Englishman who seemed to know everybody, but was inclined — to Jonathan's way of thinking — to be a little too expansive. But Frank — with many previous experiences in looking after greenhorns — gave him brisk directions on how to reach the Ambassador's house, added a few hints as to the appropriate costume for the evening, told him how to get to the Embassy office the following day, and left him to make his toilette for the rising of the curtain.

II

And so the great career began. Jonathan took dinner with the Ambassador and the other members of the official Embassy staff, who talked pleasantly about general subjects, asked him questions about doings at home, and gave him some idle gossip of London. They seemed to him a rather dressed-up group, their accent a little on the Oxford side, and there was a quiet dignity about the entertainment which depressed him. He felt strange, and found himself glancing apprehensively a few times at the perfect machines behind the chairs who passed the dishes and filled his glass from time to time. All at once he felt young and inexperienced, that he had undertaken something disconcertingly new, and that the future was dark and full of perils.

Next morning, at an hour which he hoped showed neither too much eagerness nor too much dilatoriness, he started off for the Embassy Chancellery in Victoria Street. On his inquiring the best way, the doorman suggested that he walk through the Park, and, believing that the art of walking must be one of the first to be cultivated in order to fit in with the exercise-loving British, he decided to take the doorman's suggestion, and set forth blithely downhill toward St. James's Palace. Passing through the narrow street in St. James's Park, he felt a slight thrill — which he sternly endeavored to conceal — at the gray old pile with the soldiers on guard outside, and perhaps a little different sort of thrill at the rather ostentatious appearance of Buckingham Palace, with Queen Victoria's statue, from where he stood, seemingly plastered on the front of it. He crossed the Mall, went down the grassy slope opposite, round a small lake, up the opposite slope, and finally into Victoria Street with its crowds and the heavy lumbering buses surging along.

The amiable Frank met him at the door of '123,' the Chancellery of the Embassy — the official part, as distinct from the Ambassador's residence.[1] Here were kept the precious archives, the code books, passports, and all the other paraphernalia of office. He was not impressed with the rather dingy place, its heavy Turkey rugs, solemn-looking dark furniture of generous proportions, and lofty windows looking out on the street, with their shades pulled up to the top to catch the meagre sunlight. The only frivolous touch in the central entrance hall was the bust of a lady of ample charms and rather simpering expression, with a crown of stars round her hair, who seemed to be an American deity of some sort. Horrors! Was that the great Miss Liberty? He had never seen her so close before! Frank showed him the various rooms; he tiptoed into the Ambassador's sanctum and gazed mournfully at the portraits of the many good men and true who had represented his country at London, most of them dead now, and finally was escorted upstairs to a cheerful little room at the back of the establishment with a view of back yards and the district post office. Frank puttered round like an anxious landlady trying to rent a room, placed a new blotting sheet on the old pad, saw that paper, pens, and ink were there, opened the window to let in a sample of London's icy blasts with a dash of fog, put a match to the fire, and bustled out.

Jonathan's first morning was spent in persuading his fire to burn, writing two or three letters home on the Embassy's best official stationery, and initialing a cable to the State Department announcing his safe arrival, which the officious but kindly Frank, with an uncanny knowledge of young men and their personal ego, brought up for him to see. Frank also came along later with some formidable printed forms on which must be made a full report of Jonathan's expenditures in reaching his post (at five cents a mile). Seeing Jonathan's bewilderment, that amiable official produced from a pocket a form filled out by Jonathan's predecessor, in which the number of days and the number of miles had already been computed. With the report thus simplified to meet his mental chaotic condition, Jonathan was able to deal with his first official accounting to his Government for monies expended.

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[1] The informed reader will recognize that the old Chancellery is here described, not the present quarters of the Embassy. — EDITOR

After a few days of writing enthusiastic letters to his friends in America about his adventures, and rather timidly walking in on his superiors from time to time to see in what way he could serve them, he began to feel a certain sense of disappointment. To his American ideas the Embassy seemed to take itself far too casually. Not a single important matter had been mentioned in his hearing, there were no whispered conferences behind closed doors with anxious comings and goings, and the Ambassador did not wear that harassed look with which ambassadors seem to be permanently endowed in fiction. All was peaceful and content, letters were seemingly answered by someone, — giving as little information as possible, it seemed to Jonathan, — callers were attended to; and, as Jonathan glanced from time to time at incoming mail, it was borne in upon him that none of this material was what he would have considered particularly 'constructive.' No one attempted to tell him anything, or to teach him anything. Whatever information he picked up came mostly from the general messengers' room in which Frank and his father spent their days. This room was apparently the Mecca of everyone with a story to tell, a bit of gossip to retail, or a grievance to air, and it also seemed to be the open door to every newspaper man in London. To this office the postman delivered all mail, whether it was a letter from a remote village in Arkansas or the imposing Notes and letters from the Court and the Foreign Office. Even cables were received and deciphered in this room. It surprised Jonathan that mere clerks should have such great responsibility.

The Ambassador had done nothing more than hail him pleasantly and noncommittally. He had not been called in and solemnly initiated into his duties. He did n't even know what they were supposed to be. In fact the only time he did anything was when Frank asked him by telephone please to step down and see a caller, or informed him that one of the newspaper men would like a few words with him. And when he did step down he was at a loss to know what to do or say, so he got into the habit of spending some time in the general visitors' room and listening to what other members of the staff told their callers.

III

But diplomacy is not, in the final analysis, a profession that is practised in an office. It is a fine art that comes to maturity at dinner tables, at dances, in the give-and-take of social conflict; and it flowers in perfection only about once in a century. Real diplomats are very select specimens, very scarce, most of them now dead. For it takes not only the right parents and education to make a diplomat, but possibly also a talent for analysis, a 'nose for news,' a personality so engaging that it breaks down the reticence of others, and a persistence in the pursuit of an idea that is too exhausting for the majority. It also seems to demand an educated ancestry of several hundred years, and a somewhat diabolical cunning compared to which the cunning of the fox is amateurish.

Jonathan Jefferson Adams, however, comprehended little of this. He had indeed studied international law, written exhaustive treatises on obscure questions of citizenship, and done some research. And all the use he was making of this postgraduate study was to do a few odd jobs that could have been done just as well by an office boy.

But he was soon consoled and his time and energy engaged in more congenial pursuits. He became a personage sought after by the Fair Sex. Friends of old friends of old friends of his at college, or even previous to that time, got in touch with him without delay and murmured their delight that he had come to be among them, and would n't he come to dinner to-morrow? How did he like London, and how was everything in dear, delightful Washington? Having no official engagements whatsoever, the King having so far ignored his arrival, he accepted gratefully, and for several weeks he 'ate for Uncle Sam' at the many hospitable boards which made a practice of feeding the newer diplomats in turn as they arrived. He 'broke into society' via the dining rooms of the good old war horses of American hostesses who had lived in London for years and felt called upon to launch the new young men properly. In that way maybe they salved their consciences for being expatriates.

At these houses he met interesting people, among them many girls who looked almost edible, gave him shy glances as at a young god, and invited him to do many pleasant things, which he did. The routine work of the Embassy got less and less of his time as his social duties crowded in upon him, and he began to preen his feathers and think himself a great social success. In case he should feel neglected, the other members of the Embassy also 'wished on him' every invitation they either could not or would not accept, and boldly recommended him to hostesses as a nice young thing. This was aggravating for the disease known as 'swelled head,' which he promptly acquired.

Then came a day when, like Humpty Dumpty, he had a great fall, administered by his superior officer. He brought it on himself. A certain great lady of England, finding herself short of a man for an important dinner, had called up our young man, introduced herself as an old friend of his mother's, and asked him to fill the place that night. He thanked her, but coldly informed her that he was unable to accept, and gave no reason. He made it plain that his vanity was wounded to be invited at the last minute. That was bad enough for any young official to do, but he made the fatal mistake of boasting about it, and it got to the ears of the Councilor, who called him in the following day and said casually: —

'So the Duchess of X invited you to dinner last night. That was a very charming compliment she paid you, and I hope you are properly grateful.'

'I — I — I did n't go,' said Jonathan with some misgiving.

'You did n't! That was a pity, for she is known for her wonderful entertainments. Er — why did n't you?'

'I thought she should not have asked me at the last minute,' replied Jonathan with an attempt to brazen it out.

'Indeed,' said his chief acidly but firmly. 'Your vanity was wounded, was it? Too bad. Don't you realize that she would n't know you from Adam, would n't recognize you from a hundred others like you in the diplomatic corps, but, having a vacant place for a very interesting occasion, she took a chance of finding you disengaged and giving you an opportunity to be there? You should have gone and been as charming as you could. Then next time she would have invited you for yourself alone. Now she will never ask you again, and you have missed the friendship of one of the greatest and cleverest women in England. That was not a diplomatic move, my young friend.'

The Duchess never invited him again.

The great day arrived at last when he was to meet the King. He had been on tiptoe with excitement for the past week, ever since his engraved invitation had come. He was to attend the levee at St. James's Palace with the Ambassador and Councilor, his first official appearance in his new rôle. There was only one disappointing note — he was not to wear knee breeches. He had thought that they were part of his apparel, but it seemed that these beautiful nether appendages were reserved for evening functions. When in Washington he had looked eagerly at many pictures, in the books of the past, of gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, with oak-leaf designs down the fronts of the coats, and the like, and had been amazed and delighted to find that these bright birds were Americans and this decorated attire the American official diplomatic dress. Why, then, was it not worn now? It seemed, on inquiry, that a gentleman named Jefferson had not cared for it, that he thought it was not democratic enough, and had therefore condemned the diplomats of his time and thereafter to the ordinary evening dress of ordinary society with knee breeches, undistinguishable from that worn by the waiters. For waiters in the houses of the great wore knee breeches too, and the difference between an American diplomat and a waiter was hard to determine sometimes. Only by arrogance of manner could they be told apart, waiters being a lofty race, especially those who have imbibed the royal atmosphere.

Jonathan drove with the Ambassador and Councilor to St. James's Palace, dressed in his new clothes and feeling rather impressed. It had not taken him long to shed his American clothes, like an old skin, and blossom out in the latest London styles. For all diplomats made the great change, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, but inevitably. Some of them even went to the length of monocles, and the appearance of spats had always been a sign to the initiated that the great transition from caterpillar to butterfly was impending. Jonathan felt very assured of his personal appearance, therefore, as he followed his chiefs into the levee, and as he made his bow to the King he experienced some flutterings that certainly had no proper place in his American heart. He would not be impressed, he thought to himself. Why should a king be any different from anyone else, or any better? But, notwithstanding his intellectual rejection of a difference, the defiant pumping of his heart showed that old ancestral ties were not quite dead. On the way out the Ambassador introduced him to several colleagues, and the act of his presentation to the King made him a fully accredited member of the Corps Diplomatique.

IV

This official ceremony over, the question of clothes off his mind, Jonathan began to settle down and express his personality. He found that diplomacy took young men in different ways. There was seemingly a precedent for almost any pursuit he wished to embrace, outside of the mere office duties that were his lot and that took so very little of his time. His predecessors had seemingly been men of versatile interests which they pursued unrelentingly. There was David Ellis, who had placed his affections and his money upon a very superior race horse named Portlight II, with direful results to his finances. The disappointments and tribulations in connection with that famous steed had a demoralizing effect upon his owner, for how could he be expected to get up the proper amount of wrath at supposed insults placed upon his traveling downtrodden fellow citizens when his own heart was bleeding at the hard kicks that were inflicted upon him by his equine favorite? His head might be bloody and unbowed, but undoubtedly his diplomacy suffered.

But Ellis was an eternal optimist about his horse, and not even a ribald acquaintance with whom he crossed the Atlantic on his return from leave could shake his faith. The gentleman, therefore, persuaded him to bet half his moustache on the success of his steed in a certain race that was imminent, and he arrived at the Embassy, a few days later, minus his natty little moustache and very sulky.

Jonathan discovered that there were many precedents also for leading the butterfly life simply and solely, and devoting himself to certain fair damsels, in the hope, presumably, that one of them might have a secret to divulge some day that would make up for the time spent. William Summers, Ralph Goodfellow, John Sayres, George Andrew Smith, and many others had apparently found this a good way to learn the intricacies of psychology and diplomatic usage. Of course in the end a hard-hearted Ambassador might state caustically that the occupation led nowhere, except sometimes to the altar — always a mistake in the case of a Third Secretary, as life was not easy for a young married diplomat unless he had money enough to take care of himself and make his own social life in a way that did credit to his country and for which his country was not prepared to pay. His Ambassador, indeed, was apt to be annoyed at having a married Third Secretary thrust upon him, as he relied on the young fry to fill up the ends of his dinner table and dance with the 'wallflowers' at his parties.

Ambassadors at no time see any sense in a married Third Secretary, and indeed prefer to have bachelor staffs altogether. But that is not always possible, so they state their preference and hope for the best. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was once much elated at being informed that new Military and Naval Attachés had been appointed to London who were both bachelors. But, alas, within three months of their arrival both the miscreants took unto themselves wives, without previously consulting him and certainly without his consent.

Closely allied to the petticoat-chasing brand of Third Secretaries was the type which saw in the extensive stretching of their diplomatic privileges a way to become popular and famous. Among these might be mentioned James Elias Johnson, Walter DeLancey Manners, and Cyril Arbuthnot Travers. This type went about the business in a serious way truly national. If there was anything to be given away, so to speak, they were not going to be left. They found that they were immune from arrest, whatever they did, for were they not personal representatives of the President? They could keep all the dogs they wanted without paying a tax, their houses were not taxable, and they could drive down the middle of certain London streets ordinarily closed to the public. Speed limits did not hamper the progress of a diplomat, for he was above the law. So if James Elias Johnson, *et al.*, were traveling fast and furiously down the peaceful English roads — as they undoubtedly often were — to the destruction of life and limb of many a good fat hen, and a watchful policeman put up a stern hand to stop them, the production of their visiting cards, and an announcement that they were on official business, brought an instant apology from the policeman for daring to interfere with the progress of a diplomat.

Later these young men found that it was not quite so simple after all, and that in the final analysis privileges must be conserved to have much value — that these privileges, in fact, were valuable only if they were reserved for emergencies. For a rule of the police made it necessary for a report to be made of the name of each delinquent, and after one certain young man had ninety-seven reports to his credit — or discredit — the matter was brought to the attention of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and he took occasion one day to remonstrate mildly with the Ambassador on this continued breach of good manners by a member of his staff. The Ambassador took steps that were not nearly so mild. He informed the chagrined gentleman that if he did not curb his love for speed he would probably soon have a chance to exercise his talents in the United States outside of the diplomatic service.

The diplomatic service also had seemed to attract, among Jonathan's predecessors, a smattering of young men who had entered the service with serious intent to learn diplomacy, who mulled over the books in the library, discussed matters of international law with their colleagues, and read the old files of Embassy correspondence with care and enthusiasm. Among these were William Reynolds Davis and Aaron Buckner IV. On these worthy souls the routine work of the Embassy soon devolved. More experienced 'higher-ups' heaved a sigh of relief when a man of this sort appeared, and turned over to him without delay the batches of letters asking for impossibilities, the cranks who were sure that there was a great estate for them hidden in the fastnesses of the British Museum, and the others who believed that they were descended from Edward the Black Prince and wished the Embassy to send on their coat of arms 'in time for Nina's coming-out party.' William Reynolds Davis and his like conscientiously set to work to attend to these matters in a businesslike American fashion, looking up precedents, making copious notes, calling up lawyers and newspaper men for advice, questioning the Embassy staff exhaustively, and plunging madly in the new morass of bewilderment of much detail and many importunate questioners.

The Embassy un-diplomatic officials — meaning the clerical staff, consisting of the two messengers and a girl stenographer, the only member of her sex in the sacred precincts — left Jonathan severely to his fate, their watchword being in good old British usage, 'Proffered services stink.' They did not volunteer any assistance or advice whatsoever, but contented themselves with answering questions and assuming an attitude of watchful waiting. They knew that, given time, a chastened young man would come to them to help him out and to show him a light in the maddening maze. And so it was.

V

Jonathan divided his time rather impartially among these various activities, and on the whole managed to enjoy himself. But he was full of life and humor and did not always uphold the great dignity of his Embassy in a way that he should. Someone always managed to save him, however. On one occasion the feminine member of the staff was useful for that purpose. She was amazed to see him walking toward the front door one afternoon with a beautiful bunch of roses in his hand. When he saw her he abruptly changed his direction and went instead into the messengers' office. Curious, she followed to find out what was afoot. Frank, with many giggles, finally informed her, to Jonathan's unmistakable wrath, that Jonathan had had such a marvelous manicure given him by such a marvelous manicurist that he felt nothing short of this bunch of roses would express his admiration both for her and for his brilliant nails.

'Better give them to me,' she said. 'Diplomats should show their appreciation more discreetly.'

'All right, grandma,' said the culprit with a sigh, as he handed them over. 'You know best.'

In the course of time Jonathan became quite useful in the Embassy. He discovered many printed form letters answering most of the regular questions. He found that the 'minor staff' knew all the passport snags. He discovered that tickets for various occasions were concealed in the drawer of the desk in the visitors' room, and that if there ever had been a Sir Francis Drake estate in England it had been dissipated more than two hundred years ago and there was no use for anyone in America to try to claim it.

The great questions of diplomacy never came Jonathan's way. It was true that he saw the various notes and dispatches that came in, and there was nothing to hinder his looking at the replies, but he had no hand in them and could not even express his views, for he was never asked for them. Instead, he interviewed persistent callers who demanded free tickets for everything and tried to make a dozen cards do the work of hundreds. He got a kind of comfort, when contemplating a group of rapacious people, from a story current that on one occasion, in the unregenerate days of old, a particularly offensive and persistent man who had applied successively for every free ticket the Embassy had, only to find that he had been forestalled, became so very obnoxious in his remarks that the Secretary gave him a ticket admitting him to Piccadilly Circus.

And so the months went by. Christmas — bringing a wistful feeling of homesickness; the 'Little Season' that comes between New Year's and Lent, with the early courts and levees; the forty days of Lent, which can be devoted to diplomacy as well as to fasting, for there is little else to do; then Easter, the beginning of the real season; the coming of the American tourists in their tens of thousands; courts, levees, garden parties, receptions to visiting sovereigns, Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes Regatta, and then August 12, the dead line when grouse shooting begins in Scotland and London empties overnight of everyone, including both Houses of Parliament, leaving the city to the workers and the tourists.

With the rest of the staff Jonathan passed restful week-ends and brief periods of leave in beautiful English homes, made friends with more and more English people, acquired the obnoxious tea habit and almost the beginnings of a British accent. His fellow diplomats discussed politics and other questions with him. And sitting in the Diplomatic Gallery of the House of Commons, or listening to conversations between well-informed men and women, the fascination of his profession grew on him. Almost unconsciously, underneath all the froth and the pageantry, he began to learn bit by bit one of diplomacy's greatest lessons — to wait in patience for the thing that is worth waiting for. He saw international matters absorbing the entire life and thought and aspiration of some of the greatest men. He noticed that his own country's hurry and bustle did not mean increased accomplishments in the big things, but that this rush seemed rather a relief from overstrained nerves. He learned that nothing can be done overnight and that the making of a treaty has no value except there is the spirit behind it to make it effective. He lost faith at some place along the road in the efficacy of the written word to change human nature, and began to take the leisurely view which would arm him successfully for that long pull when it came.

When, in due time, the fatal cable reached him ordering him to proceed to Siam as Second Secretary, he had a period of rebellion against this autocratic State Department which could step in and change his life overnight. Why should he leave London just when he was used to things, and when he had so many wonderful friends, and the Ambassador needed him? Had n't the State Department any sense, that they moved a man just when he began to know his job? He made up his mind to ask the Ambassador to cable and request permission for him to remain. But wiser counsels prevailed — for was he not a soldier, subject to orders? And if his life was to consist of a continuous series of comings and goings he must make the best of it and show that he was a good sport. He had the feeling, however, that, although his heart would be torn in many different directions, when he settled down in old age to relive the days that were gone his memories would be a panorama of journeys on sea and land, of friends made and lost, of failures and successes, making a scene of splendor in which lives were laid down, forlorn hopes carried to victory, and history made, in which he had played no ignoble part.

Frank became the heir to dozens of ties, socks, old shirts, and every bit of flannel in his wardrobe (the weather reports of Siam not being conducive to wool). He bade a sorrowful farewell to his friends, and his colleagues expressed regret at the whirligig which was to part them now, but which might — who knew? — reunite them in some sunnier clime further down the years. They gave him all the gossip of his new post and added a few warnings for luck. The Ambassador shook him by the hand and told him he had done well, and as he went out of the familiar door for the last time he had a lump in his throat and a mist before his eyes.

Back again at the same station, with Frank to see him off, favorable attention from newspaper men, station officials, and police, he entered his reserved carriage on the first lap of his journey. As he watched the country fly by, he tried to recollect the Jonathan Jefferson Adams of a year ago, and in that comparison realized what a long way he had come since then. He had found his footing in the new profession, and he saw light and a sort of fulfillment ahead. For the first time he was able to admit frankly to himself that it was not from books or from conscious teaching that he had become a diplomat, but that what he had learned had come from many sources, among them lazy afternoons spent in the messengers' office listening to stories, to anecdotes, and to gentle advice of a sort. 'Frank pure and simple,' as he called himself, had, perhaps through his very simplicity, through his genial friendliness and his unconscious helpfulness, been one of the best teachers. He hoped there would be another Frank to meet him when he reached Siam, to guide his feet as skillfully and as kindly among the rocks and briars of Siamese officialdom, but he feared there would n't, for there was only one Frank. Some day he would write and tell him so, and thank him, and with that thought revolving aimlessly in his drowsy mind he settled down for his afternoon forty winks.

TO-MORROW'S NEWSPAPER

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I

SIGNS and portents are rising in the newspaper sky. Their promise is of extraordinary changes, some of which are already coming to pass. There is justification, indeed, for an expectation that before the process is ended the institution will bear small likeness to that we know now.

The newspaper really is an institution. Each day in the United States eight papers are bought for every five families — one for every two persons over the age of ten who are able to read. It harvests every field of human activity; the poles no less than the capitals of the earth are its threshing floors; each new device of science becomes another flail with which it may beat out grain for the most insatiable of all hungers — curiosity. Nobody *has* to read a newspaper, but everybody does, and there is more truth than belongs to most epigrams in Kipling's 'Journalism meets the first tribal need after warmth, food, and women.' If it should be taken out of our lives, social disruptions would ensue greater than those that would attend the withdrawal of any other agency of communication. Naturally enough, this importance has made the production of newspapers a major industry. In 1929, income from sales and subscriptions exceeded $325,000,000; from advertising, $900,000,000 — substantially more than one billion dollars.

These two factors of circulation and earnings are chiefly responsible for the changes that are under way. During the war and through the years immediately following, circulation grew swiftly and steadily. For a considerable period the increase was half again as great as that in population. That ratio came to be looked upon as fixed, and it would have been hard to find anyone who believed that such a thing as reaching a point of saturation was possible. Two amazingly fat years came, 1926 and 1927, when circulation increased 4,227,387 and population only 3,249,923. Belief became conviction that nothing could stop the tide — but something could, and something did. In 1928, morning newspapers lost 150,729 in circulation and evening newspapers gained only 156,555, so that the whole gain was 5826. The reversal was staggering, and for the first time saturation found a place in newspaper reckoning. Last year another reversal came, and circulation increased 1,453,127. This was much more like the old days, but thoughtless conclusions are not being drawn — for once. As a matter of fact, the face of these figures is as false as it is fair. For the past five years the population of the United States has increased on an average 1,869,900 a year; for the past three years the average has fallen to 1,544,966. In the past five years circulation growth has averaged 1,285,220; in the past three years, 1,141,272. Even at its sharply decreased rate, population has definitely outpaced circulation. Saturation is no longer a possibility, it is a reality.

Increased circulation, therefore, for the paper that is not content with what it has now is to be gained only through slow feeding upon growth in population or through such major acquisitions as come with consolidations. There is every likelihood that the present condition will bring about a marked increase in consolidations. Already these are under way at a rate far greater than even newspapermen realize. In the past five years ninety-five newspapers have passed from existence — one every nineteen days. In 1928 and 1929, twenty-five were established, but almost without exception they were in oil-boom towns of Texas and Oklahoma, and it remains to be seen how long they may last. Even so, there are seventy fewer newspapers than there were in 1924; the number now is 1944 compared with 2014 then. The mortality promises to be greater among morning newspapers; of the ninety-five that have gone, forty-eight were morning papers, and all the twenty-five new ones were evening papers; there are now 381 morning papers and 1563 evening, these evening papers enjoying two thirds of the gross circulation of 39,425,615. Sixty-nine of our cities of 100,000 population or more have but one morning paper, — Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis among them, — and twelve have none.

A second consequence of the present condition will surely be a still more persistent growth of newspaper chains. Already these have attained an importance to which little attention has been called. Three hundred and three of our newspapers are now under chain ownership — about one in every six. These are held in fifty-seven groups, and represent a capital investment of $600,000,000. Their circulation last year aggregated 15,820,523, a decimal more than 40 per cent of the circulation of the country. They are published in forty states; only Arizona, Delaware, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wyoming have not been invaded. They are to be found in eighty-four cities of 100,000 population or more; only twenty-two cities of the same class do not have them. Eleven cities ranging in size from 75,000 to 600,000 have none but chain newspapers: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Rochester and Albany, New York; Akron and Canton, Ohio; San Diego, California; Flint and Grand Rapids, Michigan; Knoxville and Memphis, Tennessee; and Camden, New Jersey.

As an example of the effects of mergers and chain ownership, Pittsburgh is worth a moment's notice. For many years this city of 600,000 had four morning and four evening newspapers. To-day it has one morning and two evening newspapers — none of them owned by Pittsburghers. One belongs to the Paul Block chain, one to the Hearst, and one to the Scripps-Howard. Through this ownership they hold, too, a monopoly of the Associated Press, United Press, and International News services — as tight a barrier against new competition as could be devised or asked.

Scripps-Howard leads the roster of the chains with twenty-five newspapers. William Randolph Hearst comes next with twenty-four, but, with almost exactly twice the circulation of the Scripps-Howard papers, stands quite by himself in that rating. Nine other chains hold 102 newspapers: Ira C. Copley with eighteen in Illinois and California; Frank E. Gannett with fifteen in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; Lindsay-Nunn with thirteen in Texas and New Mexico; Fentress-Marsh with eleven in Texas and New Mexico; Scripps-Canfield with eleven in the Pacific Northwest; Macy-Forbes with ten in Westchester County, New York, and Massachusetts; the Ridder brothers with nine in New York, New Jersey, Minnesota, and South Dakota; Bernarr Macfadden with eight in New York, Philadelphia, and various Michigan cities; and Paul Block with seven in Brooklyn, Newark, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Duluth. These eleven groups have one fourth of the country's circulation and three fifths of the chains' circulation. This is a concentration comparable in every way with that which has come in England and which we have been inclined to regard as unparalleled.

II

This spread of mergers and of chains among newspapers has been only in part a matter of choice; to a far greater degree it has been the result of outside influences. Extraordinary changes are being wrought in our whole economic structure. The evidences of this are on every hand, and of the profound effects they are having on our everyday lives. Not even in the 'trust years' at the turn of the century were mergers so much the order as they are to-day. They are going forward swiftly in industry and even more swiftly outside industry. What is happening in banking may be cited as a single vivid example. Last year 799 banks were absorbed by others. Steadily banking control is being concentrated — 1 per cent of the banks now hold 75 per cent of the country's deposits. Relentlessly the number of banks is being cut down — in the last seven years it has been reduced 20 per cent. (In this reduction, it must be made plain, mergers have been but one factor; the trend is the point I seek to emphasize.)

Closely allied to mergers is the chain store, and again banking may be cited as an illustration of its growth. To-day there are 272 banking chains in the United States with thirteen billions of resources. In trade (where, of course, the chain has had its greatest expansion) there is now, quite literally, nothing that cannot be bought in a chain store, and there are communities where nothing can be bought outside one. J. C. Penney reckons that 15 per cent of the retail trade of the country is done at chain stores; one grocery chain did more than a billion dollars' worth of business in 1929. Installment buying has become an equal factor in these economic changes. No one can say what its volume is, but it may be guessed from its dominance in our greatest industry — more than half the automobiles sold are sold on deferred payments. These things mean mass production, centralization of control, and standardization of products and policies — powerful factors, each of them, in social no less than industrial and mercantile organization.

It was inevitable that the newspaper should have been affected by this development — it touches upon and is touched by too many aspects of business to have escaped so pervasive an influence. Two interior factors hastened the yielding of the newspaper to this influence. One was the great increase in the cost of production — wages, materials, equipment — in the years following the war. As soundly informed an executive as I know declares that this cost has risen to a point where a variation of 10 per cent in volume of advertising would turn profit into loss for four papers out of five. Compactness of organization and concentration of competition are obvious objectives under such a condition. The second factor was the advertiser. Advertising has become a major charge on business. It has become, too, as fixed a charge as rent or pay roll, and like these must justify itself. Just as he found one store and one force of employees sufficient for serving all classes of his patronage, the merchant began to wish for a single medium of announcement. Having wished, he began to demand, and having demanded, he began, in many instances, to lend actual aid toward the consolidation of the agencies of appeal. Few negotiations toward merger, or even toward the advent of chain ownership, have been carried beyond the preliminary stages without consultation with the principal advertisers of the community. On the whole the change has been to the satisfaction of the advertiser. It is not always that he finds himself spending less money, but he is getting better returns.

Now and then he has been rather painfully hoist with his own petard; under consolidation, rates have been raised to a point where he himself, in turn, has risen — in rebellion. Such strikes of advertisers resulted in Cleveland and Dayton in the establishment of 'shoppers dailies' carrying nothing but advertising and, in a final stage, neighborhood announcements. Less elaborately organized strikes have been carried on in other cities. It is significant that victory — not always complete, but definite nevertheless — has rested with the newspapers.

The newspaper has proved especially plastic to two, at least, of the major elements of this trend toward mergers and chain ownership. Mass production is not yet feasible for newspapers; news must come molten from the crucible of events, and communities are too self-contained and distances in the United States are too great. Centralization of control, however, fits snugly into the newspaper scheme, and standardization has become a dominating trait of the newspaper of to-day.

Never were newspapers cut so true to a single pattern as they are now. They compete no longer in content, but only in form, and in form there is coming a curious similarity among them. In scores of cities one newspaper differs from another only in the head letter it uses. Features and illustrations will be the same, in kind at least, and not only will the news be the same, but, by the time the last edition has come from the press, the same 'stories' will have been chosen for display and the same themes and incidents for emphasis in the headlines.

New York, from which the newspapers of the entire country take their cadence, still leads in this emulation. No newspaper day is complete until the product of the competitors has been examined and the closest possible similarity has been achieved. In professional esteem that newspaper is the best which is most like its fellows. The newspaper of selection is passing swiftly from the scene and the newspaper of record is coming as steadily into preëminence. Quite definitely the function of the newspaper has become the merchandizing of news, its first page the show window and its columns the counters on which the widest possible array of goods is displayed.

Hardly half a dozen crusading newspapers remain. As in many another field, however, the crusader is born to his calling and exterior conditions affect him but little. An Ernest Gruening in Portland, Maine, voices a popular feeling; a Julian Harris in Columbus, Georgia, takes a position that is as opposed to popular as it is to vested interest. Nevertheless the American newspaper as an institution is now unmistakably on the side of the established order. Newspapers of militant political opinions, too, grow fewer and fewer. The number that classify themselves as Independent has risen until it is now 41 per cent of the whole number. Such labels do not always mean what they say — the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* calls itself Independent and the *New*

York World Independent-Democrat, yet it would be hard to make a choice between them for devotion to Democracy.

Where there is but one newspaper in a field it is not often either easy or wise to take a pronounced partisan position, and even where there are but two it is not likely to be met with unless competition demands it, or the temper of the community itself. Then may be found the apparent anomaly of a single ownership purveying both doctrines. Springfield and Worcester, Massachusetts, are excellent examples of this, and it would be unfair to seek insincerity in it; it is but another evidence of the merchandising function. Because a grocer does not drink coffee should not be a reason for its absence from his stock. Merchandising is not strange, perhaps, when consideration is given to the huge volume of news matter that pours daily into the offices. There is no longer any place in the world that is not a date line for news, and for news that happened within the last twenty-four hours. Within our generation the category of the things that are accepted as news has been increased a hundredfold. We have our own Mars Hill where we spend our time 'in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.' No metropolitan newspaper receives each day fewer than two words of news for every one it can print; most of them receive three. In so lush a field there may well be small provocation to forage elsewhere.

III

But it is not in general news alone that standardization is making headway. The news services are contributing mightily. To an extent not dreamed of ten years ago the Associated Press actually edits the papers of its members. Associated Press matter must go 'as is.' Even editorial interpolations for the sake of clarity are frowned upon, and the penalties for infractions are heavy enough to be real deterrents. Where Associated Press news is concerned it is, and must be, the same wherever printed. Now the Associated Press has gone far beyond the field of general news. It runs for its members a photographic service and a feature service that supply each week the equivalent of six pages of newspaper. It has just completed plans for a cartoon service, a daily service of comics, and a four-page comic section for Sunday papers. The United Press gives its clients a Red Letter Service that carries a minimum of 30,000 words a week, and the International News Service sends out each day seven columns of matter supplementary to general news. These special services go into 2800 offices, which means that every newspaper in the country takes at least one, and that almost half of them take at least two. The little that the news services have not done has been taken care of by the syndicates. If you have a favorite comic strip or a favorite columnist, a favorite cartoon or a favorite commentator, you need not deny yourself your daily indulgence wherever you may go.

Chain ownership, too, lends a strong hand to standardization. To a peculiar degree the newspaper still reflects the personality of its ownership. Sometimes the reflection is physical — a Hearst newspaper may be recognized as far as you can see it, no matter what city it is published in. Sometimes it is a manifestation of policy, as in the Scripps-Howard support of the candidacy of Herbert Hoover regardless of the preferences of individual clienteles.

We have, then, one reflection not in a single newspaper or a single community, but in five or ten or twenty-five. There are shortcomings other than monotony in the standardized newspaper. Often it lacks the outward and inward evidences of individuality — of its own individuality, at least. Often it lacks vigor and initiative, and sometimes the courage that is born of competitive need. Nevertheless, the newspaper of to-day, standardized or not, is a good newspaper. Factor for factor in its content, newspaper quality was never so high as it is to-day. The gathering of news has been brought to a magical perfection of scope and detail. Authority in presentation and interpretation is at the highest point that has ever been reached. The syndicate, and the news service, as they function nowadays, can furnish for a hundred newspapers material that in excellence and importance would be beyond the reach of any one newspaper, except, perhaps, a few of the greatest of them all. In every sense of the word the newspaper of to-day is the best bargain any man can buy. Regarded as a manufactured product alone, it sells for less than half the cost of turning it out. The value of the information it garners from a thousand sources and lays at your doorstep or on your desk is utterly beyond calculation.

There is still another aspect in which the newspaper of to-day has departed sharply from tradition. Again this is a change that is not peculiar to the newspaper, but marks business generally. The commercial loan is a diminishing factor in the financing of business. Its place is being taken, apparently, by issues of stocks and bonds, and now the newspaper security has made its appearance. This is a major change. To an extraordinary extent the newspaper has been the product of individual endeavor. There was really a great deal of truth in the ancient, and homely, formula for starting one — 'an itch to write and a shirt tail full of type.' From the days of Franklin and Bradford on down through the days of Bennett and Greeley and Medill and Nelson and Pulitzer and Ochs, the thing that made newspapers was one man's intensity and devotion and willingness to do the whole job, even if it took thirty hours a day. Sometimes families and partnerships succeeded these founders, but always the distinctive, individual control was unmistakable. Rarely, until recent years, was there anything approximating company ownership. The financial structure was in keeping with these conditions, and financial dealings were on the old-fashioned basis of the personal equation. But now the newspaper security has come to keep company with, for instance, the department-store security.

In the past three years forty-eight newspapers in thirty-six cities of fourteen states have issued stocks and bonds in the sum of $130,000,000. These are newspaper issues only; the securities covering magazines and other periodicals form an entirely separate classification. Also they are public issues, traded in on some public market. Except in two instances, where the purposes are commingled, they are exclusive of loans for strictly real-estate purposes. These are impressive figures. They are significant, too, of the newspaper's definite classification as a business. Behind each issue stands a corporation, and each issue has imposed on newspaper management a new responsibility. It is a responsibility that must be met in terms of earnings, of interest on bonds, of dividends on stocks. It is a responsibility that may not be taken lightly. The securities referred to are held by some 50,000 persons, which is another way of saying that, instead of one or two or three, there are a thousand owners for each of the papers covered by these securities. These owners came in as investors —

that is, for business reasons. It is only human that they should be interested in results rather than in the means by which those results are achieved; it is only human that management should be sensitive to the new conditions.

How much money a newspaper *must* make thus becomes a matter of first importance. Take, as an example, the *Chicago Daily News*. Four years ago it issued $8,000,000 worth of 6 per cent debentures to cover the purchase of the property from the Lawson estate. It has, as well, 60,000 shares of 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock outstanding, and 400,000 shares of common. It provides $250,000 a year for a sinking fund, and so has now only $7,000,000 of debentures unredeemed. These call for $420,000 a year in interest, and dividends on the preferred stock for another $420,000. With the $250,000 for the sinking fund, this makes a total of $1,090,000. For the five years immediately preceding the issue, the net profits of the *Daily News* averaged $1,500,000, so that these new fixed charges require two thirds of the net profits before provision may be made for common-stock dividends or any of the other demands arising from the change in organization. All the old obligations remain — pay rolls, materials, replacements; these charges are additional. The new fixed charges of none of the issues call for less than one third of the net earnings of the properties. Inevitably there has been a shift of emphasis from the editorial to the business side of newspapers. I do not say that this is sinister, but I hazard the guess that we have seen only the beginning of the change.

IV

Where will the change end? I wish I knew! It seems safe to prophesy that the number of newspapers will decrease until even those that are only moderately successful have disappeared. Ownership will be more and more concentrated until, quite probably, there are mergers of chains themselves. Concentration may, indeed, be carried to a point where mass production is both possible and desirable. Some of the agencies toward that end may be already in the testing.

There is automatic composition; perhaps that will bring about a great central office where all general — not local — news, all editorials, all features, will be gathered and edited, to be punched on a tape and sent direct to typesetting machines in a score of cities. The transmission of pictures by wire and wireless is now an established factor in newspaper production; perhaps the time is not far away when newspapers, centrally produced, will be photographed a whole page at a time, transmitted by these devices, engraved, and sent direct to the press without editorial intervention at the point of printing. Perhaps television may reach a quantity-production basis that will make feasible the throwing of a newspaper or its equivalent on a screen in the home or the office, or even in an automobile or a bus. Already this is being done experimentally.

Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors a year ago, William Allen White conjured up a vision of a day when 'a man as he goes downtown in the morning can, at the news stand, leave his order and say, "Send me ten minutes of the Tex Guinan cross-examination, ten minutes of the ball game with the pictures, and send me the fire at Boston," and when he gets home he will sit down and look at it. Where, then, will be all our pride and glory?'

Where, indeed!

THE FLIGHT FROM LIPARI[1]

BY CAPTAIN EMILIO LUSSU

I

When I landed on Lipari, the director of the colony did not address a single word to me, but stood with bent head, as though ashamed of my situation and his office. My handcuffs were removed and I was given a booklet containing the regulations in force. The Carabineers who had accompanied me from Cagliari to Lipari appeared glad that their mission was accomplished; they had treated me with much kindness.

The director took charge of my money, leaving me three hundred lire. When this was gone I could draw the rest, little by little, giving each time an account of how it had been spent.

On leaving the director's office, I found friends who had been awaiting my arrival. Just as in prison, everything is known at the internment camp; news travels by mysterious ways and spreads swiftly. There were waiting to greet me with open arms a group of exiled members of Parliament: Beltramini, deputy for Como; Morea, deputy for Fabriano; Basso, deputy for Venice; Volpi, deputy for Rome; Picelli, deputy for Parma; Repossi, deputy for Milan; Rabezzana, deputy for Turin; Grossi, deputy from the Romagna; Binotti, deputy for Genoa. These were difficult times for members of Parliament! The lawyer Domizio Torrigiani, Grand Master of the Freemasons, also took part in the reception. For Freemasonry, too, the times were none too easy.

We quickly exchanged accounts of our different careers. It was pointed out to me at once that I was closely followed by plain-clothes men. This exceptional measure was applied only to Torrigiani and myself. Mussolini was afraid that international Freemasonry would abduct Torrigiani from Lipari; he was ignorant of the fact that Freemasonry is not a maritime power. No armored lodge ever came to carry Torrigiani away from the Mediterranean. The discovery that I too was being treated as a person of international importance flattered me not a little.

To be constantly shadowed seems a matter of little moment. It is, however, extremely irritating and painful. One's nerves have to be pretty sound to prevent one from becoming neurasthenic. To leave one's house, and to be followed; to approach a friend, and to be followed; to speak, and to be overheard; to stop, and know that the other too has stopped; to enter a café, a shop, a house, and always see the same face at the door; not to be able to smile, not to be able to shake hands with a passer-by, without your shadow taking note of it — all this becomes an oppression, a burden.

How many times, day and night, when in my own room I believed myself free at last of patrols and watchers, have I found myself face to face with my 'shadow,' who had made his way in to make sure of my presence indoors!

The surveillance was so vexatious that many of my friends advised me to complain. But where could one lodge a protest? The agents were carrying out superior orders, and were only doing their duty. The orders came from Rome; I should have had to appeal to the Duce, in his capacity as Minister of the Interior. I have always thought no spectacle more humiliating than that of impotence protesting. I refused to complain, and comforted myself with the thought that one fine day they would come to find me and I should not be there.

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[1] The events leading up to Captain Lussu's arrest and exile were described in June.— Editor

Accompanied always by my escort, I explored my new dominion, and made the acquaintance of all the others interned there. The zone beyond which we were not allowed to go was confined to about one square mile.

There were over five hundred people interned on Lipari, of whom about four hundred were political prisoners from all parts of Italy and belonging to all parties.

Among the hundred or so who were not political prisoners many figured as members of that party to which the authorities of their province thought well to ascribe them. A number of workmen from the Lazio and the Romagna, arrested for hostility toward Fascism but not belonging to any party, were officially assigned half to the communist party and half to the anarchist. Twenty citizens of Monterotondo (near Rome) were deported to Lipari for having attended the funeral of a workman well known as a socialist. Among them were two women — one the mother of five children, the other of three. They had never concerned themselves with politics, and had attended the funeral simply because they were relatives of the dead man. The police designated them all as the 'Monterotondo communist group,' and sent them to Lipari. A man who has set up a small shop for selling flowers, fruit, and fowls on the island was sent there because the police sergeant of his town passed him off as a communist, though the man himself has no idea what communism means. But the sergeant was his wife's lover. So the man says, and so say all his acquaintances, and everyone believes it.

Then, too, the brother of the boy Zamboni, who was lynched at Bologna for having made an attempt on Mussolini's life, had never been concerned in politics. He was doing his military service at Milan at the time of the attempt, but he was tried by the Special Tribunal for the Defense of the State, together with his father and his aunt. The latter were sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment because twenty years previously they had been active in the anarchist movement. The brother was acquitted, there being no evidence against him, but he was sent to Lipari for five years. His only fault was that of belonging to his family. What is most dreadful is that there is a general conviction in Italy that young Zamboni was innocent and that the attempt against the Duce was simulated.

Others in Lipari had been sent there, like Zamboni, by the Special Tribunal. This exceptional court, formed not of regular judges but of officers of the Fascist Militia, almost always sentences to prison, as a matter of course. If, however, the accused person is acquitted, it is the regular thing for him to be sent to the islands. The mere fact of having appeared before the Special Tribunal makes him 'a danger to the régime.'

A group of young men — lawyers, teachers, and engineers — were denounced to the Special Tribunal for having endeavored to form a secret society with the aim of reviving parliamentary institutions in Italy. The Tribunal intended to condemn them all, with or without proofs of their guilt, but several senators and ex-ministers were implicated in the affair and to avoid too glaring a scandal the

Tribunal acquitted them, and the police sent them to the internment camp.

The others on Lipari were common criminals — dishonest doctors and midwives, usurers, and the like. Besides them there was a small band of dissident Fascists — individuals who, having been too unruly or loquacious, had been removed by the political authorities in their districts for fear of their upsetting discipline. They committed the crime of revealing party secrets, and paid for the indiscretion by internment. Some of them had been sent to the internment camp as *agents provocateurs* and spies. The political prisoners despised and avoided them.

In 1928, the news spread in Italy that one of these dissident Fascists, Amerigo Dumini, had been put to death in prison. He was the leader of the gang that murdered Matteotti, but got off at his trial with only a few months more of imprisonment still to be served. Once free, he had the ill-fated idea of making allusions to the Duce's complicity in the crime, and was condemned to prison for fourteen months for disparaging the Prime Minister. Having served this new sentence, he was given a concession of land in Somaliland by the Government, on condition that he should make no further appearance in Italy. Not finding the life of a farmer in Africa to his taste, he returned to Italy and was arrested at Naples on landing, since when no more has been heard of him. A man who came to Lipari from the island of Tremiti, however, assured us that Dumini was by no means dead, but interned on that island, guarded night and day by police agents.

The mail of the interned is always opened, censored, and often confiscated. In this matter the police are implacable. The friends who correspond with the political prisoners have their names added to the lists of political suspects, and have no further peace. I therefore never wrote to anyone except my mother, or friends who, being already interned on other islands or imprisoned, had nothing to lose. To send letters except through the police is to incur the risk of imprisonment up to six months.

The five hundred people interned on Lipari are guarded by four hundred officers and men of the Fascist Militia, the Carabineers, the police, and the naval guards. In so small a space, the guards are thus to be seen on every hand. On the confines of the area reserved to the interned are stationary and flying patrols. The Fascist Militia is on guard day and night on the ramparts of the Castle, which is an old citadel containing the prisons, the Militia barracks, and rooms for the interned. A motor boat equipped with a gun, *mitrailleuse*, and wireless, three racing motor boats, and six oil-driven ships control the sea, and in the Castle there is wireless communication with the naval bases of Messina, Palermo, and Trapani.

The political prisoners are the real colony at Lipari. Brought together by the same fate, they lead the same life. The Government offers them free lodging together in large rooms in the Castle, but even the poorest undergo every privation to be able to live in a little room of their own, however squalid. It is permitted to rent apartments in the town, provided they are within the special zone. The Government allows each interned person ten lire a day, and the large majority have to procure food, lodging, clothes, light, and water with this sum. Water is brought to the island in summer by tank ships. Very few of the interned can avail themselves of private means or financial help from relatives, and very few can find work in the place — only one or two mechanics, shoemakers, tailors, and masons. About a hundred have been permitted to have their wives and children with them; in such cases the whole family lives as best it can on the ten lire a day.

The interned are not allowed to receive monetary assistance except from their own families; anyone helping them without being a member of the family commits a political crime and may be tried as a 'subversive' and opponent to the régime. The Republican Baldazzi of Rome was condemned to five years' imprisonment for having sent a sum of money to the sister of Lucetti, who, in September 1926, made an attempt against Mussolini's life.

The interned therefore have to help one another as best they can, and secretly. It is a life of wretched poverty, endured with dignity. Certain of the poorest families apply to the Ministry of the Interior to ask either for work or for monetary help. Now and then a subsidy of a few hundred lire is allowed them, and when this happens the newspapers announce the fact under the title, 'The Duce's Generosity.'

II

The crowd of five hundred men, unable to work, found relief in walking, talking, and reading.

Torrigiani, who suffered from incipient blindness and had to read as little as possible, became the king of the streets, and was known as 'the talker.' By walking up and down the same street of five hundred yards in length, I am certain he did not cover less than twenty-five miles a day. Around him there was always a confused crowd, moving in all directions.

The regulations state that 'it is forbidden to talk of politics,' on penalty of imprisonment up to six months. And what else should political prisoners talk of? Of everything. Even of politics, provided the terminology is appropriate. When they speak of politics, they have recourse to every metaphor to be found in treatises of rhetoric. It is quite possible to talk of Fascism for hours on end, for instance, without ever mentioning it by name. If you are a novice, you require some enlightenment; but after a little practice you will have learned the art.

I believed at first that my friends were discussing the growing of shellfish; instead, they were referring to the Monarchy. For the King a terminology hardly flattering is reserved, and for the Duce (to speak disrespectfully of whom is to incur imprisonment up to three years) an infinitely richer and more highly colored nomenclature is used. By means of this veiled language the most dangerous subjects can be touched on.

All the same, if the police should come and stand within a yard of you, you would do well to talk of something else.

All branches of human knowledge had a place in our discussions. Torrigiani, who had specialized in philosophy, would range from the *Summa* of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the expression of the mediæval spirit, to the pragmatism of William James, a product of modern industrial mechanism. With Torrigiani these two subjects provided material enough for a millennium of history and twenty miles of road.

The most scrupulous of the police agents intervened one day and inquired, in the name of the law, who Signor James was, and where he lived. It was explained that he was a most respectable person, who did not concern himself with politics, and that not one of us knew whether he was alive or dead. The policeman made a note of the fact and referred the matter to his superiors to make inquiries.

When Torrigiani obtained permission to be transferred, still under special surveillance, to a clinic near Viterbo, on account of his increasingly bad eye trouble, peripatetic philosophy lost many of its disciples on Lipari.

According to their different vocations, the interned have divided themselves into groups, among the most important being the historians, the literati, and the spiritualists, each group with its own leader and its own adventures.

To the historians only a few centuries are allowed as field for research. The interned had collected together, at their own expense, a small but well-selected library, but one fine day an inspection ordered from Rome discovered in it many things dangerous to the régime. Hundreds of volumes were confiscated: all the volumes on the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution; all those that contained the word 'revolution' in their titles; all the Russian literature, including Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Chekhov; all freethinking writers, among them Voltaire, Mazzini, and even Anatole France. Bernard Shaw was religiously respected, but it was a bad moment for his admirers. The historical group was not a little disconcerted by this incident, and recovered from the crisis by turning, almost en masse, to archæological studies.

Nearly all of the spiritualist group ended in prison, because they were surprised in 'doubtful attitude' around a table. This was expressly forbidden by the regulations. It is difficult to explain what a 'doubtful attitude' is, according to the regulations, but it incurs six months of imprisonment. In this particular case, however, the spiritualists were able to demonstrate the legality of their attitude and got off with three days in the prisons of the Castle.

The group of literati is made up of the men quietest in character, but it has the most violent discussions. It produces many poets who comment in verse upon the incidents, both sad and gay, of the colony. As always happens with art, the contemporaries have little appreciation for works of genius, and only posterity will render justice to the misunderstood masterpieces.

In the evening, when the bugles of the Castle sounded the retreat, each man would shut himself into his own dwelling, and in solitude think over the day that he had passed. Very unalluring was the prospect then of five years of such a petty life.

On the whole, I cannot say that the Militia made the surveillance worse by actual provocation, but small vexations were not lacking. There was one serious case. A certain Del Moro was constantly being made the victim of the jibes of the Militia; wherever he went, he was stopped and insulted. One day he lost patience and struck the captain of the Militia in public, knocking him down, whereupon he was arrested and horribly knocked about. We learned a few months later that he died in a madhouse in Sicily, although he was a man perfectly normal mentally and of exceptional physical fitness. His family was not informed of his death, and wrote to us for information concerning him.

After this incident the demeanor of the Fascists became less arrogant, but not a week passed without someone being arrested upon some futile excuse or other. When a motive was lacking, one was invented.

Christmas of 1927 was approaching, and the colony was preparing to celebrate it; Christmas trees and presents for the children were ready. Suddenly a warship arrived one night. There was general astonishment at this unusual occurrence. Two hundred Carabineers, Fascist Militia, officers, and police commissioners landed, together with the public prosecutor of the Special Tribunal. Two hundred and fifty of the interned were arrested during the night and taken to the Castle, and the next day the town appeared in a state of siege. The arrested men were all interrogated during the following day, and late at night two hundred of them were set at liberty. Only then was the mystery explained. A 'plot' against the safety of the State had been miraculously frustrated: four hundred political prisoners, closely guarded on an island, had endangered the security of the State!

The fifty most under suspicion were taken on board the man-o'-war next day. Squads of them, handcuffed and chained together, were marched through the town, and the rest of the interned were forbidden to see them off or to approach the quay. But the atmosphere was electric; all defied the order and thronged toward the wharf, and the cordon of armed police was powerless to prevent them. It was the first collective revolt against superior orders on the island.

When the fifty arrested men boarded the boats which were to carry them to the warship, one of them, raising his hat with his fettered hands, cried with a loud voice, 'Long live liberty!' A great chorus echoed his cry, from the boats, from the quay, from the houses, from the street. Silence followed this unexpected acclamation. The cordons of armed men raised their rifles, and the sinister metallic sound of the clicking of triggers was heard. Pale, and with an unsteady voice, a police officer ordered: 'Back with you, in the name of the law!' Everyone remained motionless and silent.

A tragedy seemed imminent. Only the half-suppressed weeping of some women and children broke the stillness. But the officer did not give the order to fire. The ship left with our friends, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

After a year the Special Tribunal closed the case against these fifty men by acquitting them all. Two spies had brought accusations against them in the hope of reward, but the imposture was too flagrant. After their year in prison, the fifty took up once more their life of internment.

Following upon these arrests, the coöperative eating houses which the interned had organized for the sake of economy were suppressed, together with the classes at which they took turns teaching various subjects, and the small sports clubs. Life became harder.

Two men, above all others, I came to know, admire, and love during my internment: Carlo Rosselli and Ferruccio Parri.

Carlo Rosselli comes of a family of patriots; Giuseppe Mazzini died in the house of his grandparents at Pisa in 1872. At thirty years of age, Rosselli is a veteran of anti-Fascism. His house in Florence was sacked by the Fascists in July 1925, and a few months later he was assaulted, unarmed, at Genoa, while on his way to lecture at his school. In the spring of 1926, when the opposition newspapers were everywhere being suppressed and their editors and their staffs imprisoned, Rosselli had the audacity to found an anti-Fascist weekly. In order to devote all his time to this he resigned his post as teacher of political economy at the School of Economics at Genoa. During the night of October 31, 1926, reprisals took place in Milan, as at Cagliari and other towns in Italy, and Rosselli's house in Milan sheltered several of the men who were being sought by the Fascists. His paper was suppressed in November 1926, together with all the other opposition papers that had resisted up to that time. In December 1926 he organized the escape from

Italy of Filippo Turati, the leader of the Reformist (right-wing) Socialist Party.

Ferruccio Parri was a young teacher of history in the secondary schools before the war, during which he was wounded twice and received four decorations for valor on the field of battle. He ended with the rank of staff major, having begun the campaign as a second lieutenant. He then joined the staff of the great Milanese daily, the *Corriere della Sera*, where he remained till the Fascists succeeded in getting rid of the editor, Senator Albertini. Then Parri, who had no other means or income, resigned. He was not a socialist; in England he would have been a follower of Mr. Baldwin; but he was indignant at the treatment meted out to the socialists, and he coöperated with Rosselli in organizing the flight of Turati.

The two 'accomplices' were arrested for this 'crime.' At the trial, which took place at Savona in September 1927, instead of defending themselves they took up the attitude of accusers. They reasserted their right to save from the fury of the Fascists their seventy-year-old friend, who had dedicated his life to the service of his country. In the most dramatic moments it seemed as though Rosselli himself had become the president of the Tribunal which had to try him. Parri declared that after what he had seen in the last few years he had a desire to tear off all the decorations he had won in the war and fling them in the face of the Dictator. A voice from the people cried: 'Bravo!' It was Parri's old father. The accused were condemned to ten months' imprisonment, followed by five years of internment.

To find myself with these two men on Lipari was compensation enough in my eyes for all my misfortunes; they were the personification of generosity, unselfishness, and daring.

III

I mixed little with the others who were interned on Lipari. I intended to escape, and from the first day I had to regulate my life with this end in view. No one interned on the island had ever succeeded in escaping, and what was difficult for the others was more than ever difficult for me, subjected as I was to special supervision.

A week after my arrival I picked out two spots on the coast within the zone reserved for us. Approach to the sea was intercepted by steep cliffs. No one ever attempted to break his neck by descending those precipices; and even if one had reached the sea, what could one have done? It was impossible to get away, because these two points were visible to the guards all along the coast. In consequence, the police wisely kept no sentinels in these places, but confined themselves to watching the access to them. Therefore I concluded, once reached, it was from here alone that escape could be attempted.

I went to live in a house a few hundred yards from both points. Should it be necessary to give up the idea of one, the other would still remain. I could escape from the house by way of the neighboring roofs in four different directions, and there was also a high terrace giving on to the sea. This choice subsequently proved to have been an excellent one.

I accustomed myself to leaving the house only twice a day — at noon, for exactly half an hour, and in the afternoon at five in the winter, and seven in the summer, for exactly one hour. If the weather was bad, as it often was in winter, I did not go out. I kept strictly to this schedule for a year and a half, and no one ever saw me outside my house at any other time. My friends used to say that the inhabitants of Lipari set their watches by my outings, as the people of Königsberg did by the walks of Immanuel Kant. I thus obtained two results: first, I was regarded as a man who for no reason in the world would change his life of study and his habit of sticking to a certain schedule; secondly, my guards came to think of me as a poor invalid who was afraid above all things of taking cold.

On my walks I always went the same way, along the principal and longest street of the town and on along the beach crowded with boats. The police considered this spot best adapted for an escape, and therefore made it an object of especial vigilance. Their suspicions were further aroused by my long pauses here, and they trebled the guards. But the place I had chosen for an attempt was in precisely the opposite direction.

Two weeks after my arrival I had already settled upon a plan of escape with two friends. It was to take place on Christmas night; I thought that at that time the surveillance would be less strict. As one of these friends of mine is now in Italy, I cannot divulge the details of our plan, which would have been relatively easy, swift, and audacious; but it fell through, owing to two unforeseen events. One of the friends, who was indispensable to the undertaking, was arrested for the 'plot' of the two hundred and fifty, of which I have already spoken, and I had a return of my pleurisy; on Christmas night my temperature was over a hundred degrees. News of my death reached the Fascists of my city, and they made great celebrations.

My illness prevented my flight for the moment, but it made it more easy for the future. Everyone was now convinced that I was a physical wreck, and I alone knew what reserves of strength I could count on. The watch upon me slackened. While I was forced to remain in bed, the police used to come to see how my malady was prospering, to be sure; but on the other hand my bedroom was the undisturbed scene of new plans of escape. Many times the doctor found me with a map of the Mediterranean in my hand, only to attribute my obsession for the sea to my longing for my own island home. Many times I fell asleep upon the lines which I had traced between Lipari, Milazzo, and the Straits of Messina.

When my illness was at its worst, in January 1928, Carlo Rosselli was brought to Lipari. The first time that we were alone together we discovered that we had the same idea — to escape. We took two others into our confidence — Francesco Fausto Nitti and another whom I will call Caio.

Nitti is a Southern Italian, and a nephew of the former Prime Minister. In December 1926, he was condemned to five years' internment on suspicion of having wished to form a secret anti-Fascist society; but his chief fault was that of bearing, without apparent embarrassment, the name of one of the men most hated by Mussolini. He belongs to the Italian Methodist Church, of which his father is one of the leaders.

Of Caio I will say only that he was to have been one of my companions in the escape which had already failed.

We undertook, on our honor, not to reveal our intentions to a living soul; in these matters confidences are the worst of dangers. For an Italian to be silent is, as a rule, somewhat difficult, but we kept our word. No one had the slightest suspicion of our intentions.

We thought of taking Parri into our enterprise. Who more worthy than he? But he had with him his wife and child, he was always unwell, his parents were old, and other family circumstances forced him to remain in Italy. He could not take part in the attempt. We held a small council of war and decided to tell him nothing.

In the spring of 1928, Professor Salvemini succeeded in getting in touch with us from abroad. For Salvemini, Mussolini reserves a hatred without quarter, and the professor, it must be said in justification of the Duce, certainly does his best to deserve it. To the list of all his other 'crimes' against the régime he thus added that of concerning himself with us, and in helping us he was able to rely on three of his trusted friends, one of whom acted admirably as chief of staff in the enterprise.

Given this external help, we abandoned all our former plans. The one intended for the previous Christmas was no longer possible; the others presented various difficulties of a complicated kind. We directed all our efforts toward the realization of the scheme our friends from afar were proposing.

Our plan was very simple: to throw ourselves into the sea at one of the two points I had designated, which were not watched, and to get picked up by a boat coming from the open sea.

The sun, disappearing at sunset behind the heights which dominate the city and the port to the west, left the latter in deep shadow, and from land nothing could be seen of what was happening a few hundred yards away on the sea. The two points I have mentioned were precisely within this area of shadow. We ascertained this by making innumerable observations, and checking them carefully one with another.

The zone remained in darkness only when, in the place of the sun, there was no moon to light it. It followed that the only time suitable for the undertaking would be the week after full moon, in which the moon did not rise from the sea until after sunset.

But after sunset we were obliged to retire into our houses, at seven o'clock from November to February, at eight in March, April, September, and October, and at nine from May to August. Half an hour later began the visits of inspection — that is, the rounds made from house to house in order to ascertain that everybody was indoors. To be seen in the streets after that hour was to be sent straight off to the Castle. The only time during the whole twenty-four hours that was suitable for the escape, therefore, was the half-hour between the disappearance of the sun behind the hills and the visit of inspection. The boat that was to take us off would have to arrive in the port of Lipari from the open sea neither before nor after that half-hour. Should it arrive before, it would be seen; if it arrived after, it would be too late for an opportune escape.

There was also the danger of the motor boats on guard, whose ways we studied carefully and reported to our friends. The boat which was to come and take us off must have a speed of at least twenty miles an hour; the motor boats which might follow us would attain at the most eighteen miles. Only if we had half an hour's advantage could we become unreachable and a difficult target for the machine gun, but we could count on this half-hour even if our escape were discovered immediately, for a certain interval of orders, counter-orders, and disorder was inevitable between the discovery and the pursuit.

The friends who came to fetch us would carry arms and munitions with them; if we were attacked, we should defend ourselves. Chance or luck would in any case have to play its part.

The plan was perfect; and, in fact, it succeeded. But it succeeded a year later. The first attempts failed.

IV

In March 1928, I resumed my daily walks at fixed times, but they were shorter, as I was convalescing from my illness. In public I always appeared muffled up to the ears, but at home I accustomed myself by means of cold douches to the long immersion in the sea which was to be an indispensable part of the new plan of escape. We hoped to get away in June.

In May four prisoners escaped from the Castle, hoping to take ship for Calabria. But their confederates failed them, and the fugitives remained on the island, hiding in the country. The whole garrison was in arms; motor boats and sailing boats searched the seas; flying squads beat up the island in every direction. After a day, two of the fugitives were recaptured, and shortly afterward the other two; the four unfortunate men paid for their temerity with imprisonment. After this the nocturnal visits became more frequent, and the surveillance on the island more intense.

As soon as the police heard of the escape, the detectives rushed into my house; I was held under great suspicion. But my undeviating walks lulled their misgivings.

During June, July, August, September, and October, our plans fell through. Each time, on the appointed day, some diabolic obstacle intervened. All our plans had to be remade, and a new and favorable phase of the moon awaited. My terrace became an observatory, and I learned to know all the constellations. How slowly pass the phases of the moon!

One night Nitti and Caio carried out a reconnaissance in the neighborhood of the first of the two points which we had selected for our departure. They only just avoided being discovered. We were afraid that the suspicions of the police had been aroused, so we changed our plans and chose the other point.

In September another prisoner attempted to escape. He secured a canoe, hoping to reach Sicily, a distance of thirty miles. A very strong swimmer, he relied largely on his powers of resistance, even if the canoe should fail him; but he had not taken into account the currents of the Straits of Milazzo and Messina. After a few hundred yards the canoe capsized, and the current forced him to return to the island. The alarm had already been given; it was impossible for him to return to the colony, and he disappeared into the bush. They searched in vain for a month. One night he plunged into the sea, and reached a German steamship laden with pumice stone. Climbing up by the chain of the bow anchor, crushing his chest in the ascent, he reached cover; but the captain did not dare to harbor him, and handed him over to the Fascists. He was condemned to three years' imprisonment in addition to the five years' internment.

The surveillance became closer than ever.

Our nerves were on edge, for on November 17 another attempt was to be made. We were due to meet our rescuers at 6.30 P.M., and by different routes we all reached our rendezvous. Owing to my change of attire, I slipped through my guards without being recognized, and the others were not suspected. We threw ourselves into the water and swam a hundred and fifty yards. The water was icy and the sea rough; the weather was as bad as it could be. We stayed in the water for over half an hour with only our heads above the surface, diving whenever a suspicious sound made us fear discovery. I never as a rule take spirits, but I was obliged to swallow brandy to resist the cold. We waited for half an hour.

Our rescuers did not come. What a disappointment! We returned in silence, profoundly discouraged. The bugles from the Castle had already sounded, and a few minutes later the control watch passed our house. In spite of our misfortune we could still consider ourselves lucky, for neither detectives nor prisoners knew anything about the attempt. We passed a despairing night, however; a whole year of waiting had ended miserably in failure.

The following morning we took every precaution to hide or account for the bruises and cuts we had received on the rocks. Rosselli had a black eye and looked like a defeated boxer; Nitti had a bruised hand; I had grazed my face, and had a cut on my left hand which took two months to heal. But I was none the worse for my icy dip.

Two days later, as had been arranged, we made another attempt, but we had little hope. Nevertheless we tried. Nitti and Caio went into the water, but Rosselli and I waited on the shore for the prearranged signal, for it was both useless and dangerous for us to expose ourselves when the chances of success were so small. This time, too, our luck was out.

If we had exercised more discrimination we should have realized that during those ill-starred days a storm such as had not been experienced for many years was raging in the Mediterranean. The violence of the sea was too much for a small boat. To those who were prepared during those days to risk life and liberty for us we shall remain eternally grateful, even though fortune did not smile upon their efforts.

The fair-weather season had passed, and the winter winds had taken possession of the Straits. We were obliged to give up all hope of escape for months. The usual surveillance went on, the usual schedule, the usual miserable life.

Caio finished his sentence that winter and returned to Italy. He volunteered to pass the frontier secretly, to organize another attempt, and to come himself to fetch us. No one knew as well as he our anxiety, the difficulty of the undertaking, and the geography of the place. He made this offer, so fraught with risk, very simply. He and the pilot of the motor boat are the real heroes of our enterprise.

When Caio returned home he was put in prison twice as a suspect, the suspicion being based upon his previous internment, which in turn had been the result of earlier suspicions. He did not wait to be arrested a third time, but passed the frontier.

To get secretly across the Italian frontier to-day is as difficult an undertaking as to get unseen into the strong room of a bank. Those found violating the law of expatriation are condemned to anything up to six years' imprisonment, if they escape being shot in the act by the Black Shirts who guard the frontier.

We arranged to make our next attempt in June 1929, and beguiled the time in making other plans in case this one also failed.

On the appointed evening — no longer four, but three in number — we retraced our steps of November 1928. We entered the water, swam out, waited vainly. Complete failure.

'It is written in the book of Fate,' said Nitti, dripping wet, 'that we shall die on this island or in prison. It is a brilliant career; why should we change it? I protest against this absurd obsession to die free. I shall not take another step. I refuse to become mad.'

We learned afterward that the motor boat had broken down en route. We had arranged with Caio to make a renewed attempt on July 27.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Rosselli came round to our house. Nitti was there. Rosselli related a dream he had had.

'I do not remember where I was —'

'In prison,' interrupted Nitti, gloomily.

'Suddenly a lion with a mane leaped out of a shell.'

'Africa!' I cried joyfully. 'That means Africa!'

'The mane was an extremely fine one. Suddenly, while I stood cleaning my nails with the broadsword of a Marshal of France —'

'It was really a Marshal of France?'

'Yes, without doubt a Marshal of France.'

'Excellent! From Africa to France. Second step.'

'While I was cleaning my nails,' he went on, 'I found myself playing roulette.'

'Roulette!' I interrupted again. 'Paris — third step.'

It is all very well to smile, but, given desperate straits, even a dream will rewaken hope.

I took my two walks as usual; I saw my guards and the little world of the prisoners. Rosselli was profuse in his salutations of the authorities. Nitti was gloomier than ever.

At sunset Rosselli and Nitti walked across the central square discussing philosophic problems like good, law-abiding prisoners; then they separated. Once back in my rooms, I disguised myself in a second; and the detectives, who ordinarily knew me a mile off, did not recognize me again this time. We arrived late at our rendezvous, for both Rosselli and I had found the patrols blocking our way. Rosselli had risked arrest.

The sea was exceedingly calm when we plunged in. There was nothing but darkness and silence. Then, suddenly, scarcely perceptible at first, there came across the water the throb of an engine, and a motor boat drew near. The signal given was ours and Caio was in the bow, but we did not exchange a single word. One after the other, by means of a rope ladder, we climbed on board. Describing a narrow circle, we shot away, leaving behind us a white, shining path on a sea as smooth as oil.

With doused lights the motor boat passed rapidly through a fleet of fishing vessels. We changed our dripping clothes for others which our friends had provided; dressed as sailors, we took up our duties on board. As the motor boat slid forward, Nitti passed up petrol tins to Rosselli, who kept the tank filled; I pierced the empty tins with a knife and threw them into the water. These were our instructions. The pierced tins filled at once and sank, leaving no trace to assist pursuit.

Soon the moon rose. For many hours there was still a possibility of being overtaken. But little by little, as the engine drank up the petrol, the lightened craft increased her speed, and after a time all chance of pursuit was left behind.

There remained only the danger of being intercepted from one of the naval bases along our route, warned by wireless of our escape. From dawn until 8 A.M. we lived in constant fear of this; glasses were passed from hand to hand, and the horizon scanned. Only the dark silhouette of a ship appeared afar off; we altered our course and disappeared from its view.

Finally, blurred by mists, the longed-for land was sighted. Danger, anxiety, and suffering were forgotten in the joy of victory. The tiny band of prisoners threw discipline and discretion to the winds and gave themselves up to unbridled rejoicing over their hard-won freedom.

WHERE LIFE BEGINS

BY HERBERT BUSHER

I

One of the most obvious questions about life is, Where does it begin? When a child first becomes inquisitive he rarely asks, 'Who am I?' in the manner of Socrates, but in practically every case he will ask his embarrassed mother, 'Where do I come from?' It seems that the question of life's origin suggests itself to the human mind sooner than the question of its essence. The problem of life itself is too deep for the average person. He observes it daily. He takes it for granted. But that it must begin somewhere he can understand. Witness the commotion aroused by the Tennessee debate on whether life began by special creation or by evolution — commotion not only among the theologians and scientists directly interested, but among the common people of every walk of life. On the other hand discussions regarding the nature of life itself usually take place in the seclusive halls of big universities, and seldom are reported in the front-page columns of newspapers.

Man, being alive himself, has always taken a keen interest in all other living things around him. Among the earliest attempts at art and decoration by our caveman ancestors we find more images of horses and trees than of lifeless rocks and mountains. And throughout recorded history man has had his ideas regarding the origin of living things. He could not help but notice that living things were not all alike. Some were smaller and simpler in their make-up than others. He followed life down the scale to the smallest and simplest thing he could see, and in so doing he was led to the conclusion that life began spontaneously in filth and dirt. Beyond that point he found no sign of life, but only lifeless matter like rock and water and air. In the scale of things on this earth, therefore, life seemed to begin with the worms and moulds found in rotting and decaying substances.

No more was known about this subject until the beginning of our present scientific age. When we consider that 90 per cent of what we know we have learned through the medium of our eyes, it is not surprising that modern biology dates back only to the seventeenth century, when the compound microscope was discovered. This literally opened man's eyes. The microscope made it possible for man to see things several hundred times smaller than his natural eyes had ever seen before. With the aid of the microscope it was discovered that all living things consist of cells of about the same size, but that large animals and plants are composed of a greater number of them than the small ones, as large buildings are constructed of more bricks and stones than are small buildings. The smallest animals, like amœbæ, and the smallest plants, like algæ, consist of only one cell. For many years these tiny creatures, found in the grime and slime of stagnant pools, were considered to be the lowest limit and therefore the beginning of life.

But in the last half of the nineteenth century Pasteur discovered bacteria. Bacteria are so much smaller than other cells that many of them can live and multiply inside of a single cell, like rabbits in a barn. Some bacteria are so small that even with the microscope one can hardly see them. It was soon noticed that bacteria were not all alike. Many species were found to exist. A few were disease-producing. Most of them were not only harmless but of great value — as, for instance, in breaking down dead animal and plant matter into useful soil for the growth of new vegetation. Bacteria vary in shape, the commonest being the spheres called cocci, the rods called bacilli, and the spirals called spirilla. They vary in size, but are all invisible to the naked eye.

Pasteur furthermore exploded the belief that life originates spontaneously during the process of fermentation and decay. He proved experimentally that every cell and every bacterium descends from a parent cell of the same variety, and he was unable to find any living thing springing from dead matter. Fermentation and decay he showed to be the result of the life activities of yeast cells and bacteria, and not the cause of such living things. Man had previously put the cart in front of the horse in that respect.

Bacteria were the smallest units of life the scientists could detect with the microscope. It had been hoped that a sufficiently powerful microscope could be constructed to permit still further investigation; but it was found that the human eye cannot perceive objects smaller than the wave length of light, and that limit had been reached. The hope of facing life at its very source seemed to be blasted. There still remained a gap between the bacteria and lifeless matter, an unexplored and alluring region of existence where scientists felt that life must begin. Darwin convincingly suggested that over a period of millions of years species of animals or plants could evolve from a lower to a higher order, even if biologists found that every cell descended from a like parent cell in the course of laboratory observation; because what is the human life span, and even the period of recorded human history, as compared with the millions of years of evolutionary development? Scientists have become more and more convinced that evolution is not only a thing of the past, a matter of history, but a going thing. Life is progressing right now. And if it is progressing all along the line, it should also be constantly beginning. So the problem of where life begins has had to be attacked from another angle than that of the microscope.

The chemists and physicists began to interest themselves in the problems of the biologist. They had methods of investigation in their bag of tricks with which the biologist was not so well acquainted. Living material, called protoplasm, was analyzed. It was found to consist essentially of a compound called protein, which could be split into less complicated molecules called amino acids. Starting from the other end of the scale of chemical complexity, they devised methods of synthesizing these amino acids, and even making some protein artificially. To be sure, they had to tax their brains to the utmost, because these substances are the most complex in chemistry; and the chemists are still a long way from having completed their job.

From the standpoint of physics, protoplasm was found to be a jellylike material, called colloid, the particles of which carry an electrical charge opposite to that of their environmental solution. The physiochemist now had visions of creating living substances. He seemed so close to it. Occasionally some enthusiastic reporter would tell the newspaper readers that the trick had been done. But up to the present time the chemists and physicists have not succeeded in getting farther than the lifeless protein molecules. At that point they also came to a blind alley. At that point in their study of lifeless matter, up the scale of complexity of molecules, they arrived at the same baffling gap which stopped the ambitions of the biologists in their study of living things on the downward scale. It became clear to all that there was a gap, yet all were convinced that life must begin in that gap.

Now gaps have been conquered before. The most interesting chapters in the history of science deal with such conquests of gaps. What can be more fascinating than the really true story of Neptune, that most distant and large planet of our own solar system? Leverrier, a French astronomer, noticed that Uranus was acted upon by something which nobody knew existed. He computed the attractions and repulsions so accurately that in 1846 Galle, a German astronomer, was able to point his telescope toward that gap and demonstrate the actual existence of a large planet. There was Neptune. He was not found by accident; Leverrier knew that he had to be just there. And in the field of chemistry, also, several gaps in Mendeléeff's table of elements, arranged according to their atomic weights and other properties, have successfully been filled. Thus in 1869 three elements, scandium, gallium, and germanium, were discovered because they had been missing in the scale of Mendeléeff. The gaps into which they fitted had been known. And even the discovery of radium by Madame Curie and her husband was at least partially made possible by the knowledge of an unfilled gap in the series of elements.

II

Life begins somewhere and somehow in a gap between the lowest of a series of definitely living organisms, the smallest and simplest bacteria, and the highest of a series of lifeless chemical compounds, the proteins, which are the chemical basis of living protoplasm. At least as far as size, complexity of physical construction, and functional activity are concerned, it is in this gap that living things first appear to our senses.

In reading about evolution we are told that at a certain stage, many millions of years ago, life began to develop from the lifeless materials of our earth by the combining of certain chemical molecules under ideal conditions of moisture, atmosphere, and sunshine. After that, life evolved very gradually into higher and higher stages of complexity and function. One gets the idea that life started only once many ages ago. That may be the case. But if evolution is a going thing at the present time, — as biologists and sociologists say it is, — and if life to-day is progressing toward better quality, is it not reasonable to assume that evolution at the lower end of the scale should also be in operation, and that life is constantly beginning, constantly growing out of the lifeless physicochemical background?

It is a well-known fact that there is an enormous amount of life activity in the regions beyond the limits of our natural vision. The soil, the water, and even the air, as has been recently shown at Cambridge, are teeming with bacteria of various kinds. And bacteria can multiply faster in a few minutes than the human race has done in the period of recorded history. Now just beyond the bacteria lies the gap where life must begin to make its appearance in the series of things on our planet, starting with the electron and atom on the one end and ending with man on the other end.

Do we know anything about this gap between the lifeless and the living things? Yes, we do. Within the last few years certain discoveries have been made which are not as yet known to the average layman. Thanks to the invention of the ultramicroscope and to the perfection of bacteriological, physical, and chemical technique, a new field of knowledge has been opened up which for years had escaped the searching eyes of the scientists. While perfecting the methods of studying the smallest bacteria, laboratory workers discovered the ultramicroscope and the porcelain filter. And as a result of the discovery of these two instruments of research man got his first glimpse into that mysterious gap between the lifeless and the living.

We have said before that objects which are smaller than the wave length of light cannot be seen directly even through the most powerful microscope. But, if illuminated from the side, they can be seen, because each particle becomes a point of light reflection. Just as dust in the air of a room, otherwise invisible, can be seen in the sunlight shining through a crack in the side wall — an experience we all have had. Based on this principle, the ultramicroscope enables us to see things hundreds of times smaller than the smallest thing that can be seen through the ordinary microscope. And then there is the porcelain filter, which is used to separate the microscopically visible from the invisible. The latter pass through and are called filter passers. By using filters of different grades of porcelain we can measure the size of these filter passers.

Life has been discovered in material which goes through filters. This form of life is the smallest known to-day.

III

The first intimation that filtrable living things exist was the discovery in 1892 that tobacco mosaic, a disease of tobacco leaves, was caused by an invisible germ that escaped through the meshes of a filter. Since then many other diseases of plants, animals, and man have been found to be caused by filter passers. Among them are such common ones as dog distemper, foot-and-mouth disease, chicken pox, smallpox, and measles. Altogether almost a hundred filtrable living organisms are known to-day. Some of them are harmless, probably even useful — like, for instance, the bacteriophage, a filtrable virus discovered in 1917 by D'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, which destroys certain disease-producing bacteria.

To-day there are many scientists actively working with the different varieties of filtrable viruses, and some of them, who are philosophically inclined, are beginning to consider these filtrable organisms the connecting link between the non-living and the living things of this world. For, as we mentioned before, when we ascend the series of non-living things from electron to atom to molecule, before we can continue with our series of living things, starting with bacteria, we come to a gap in continuity. In this gap we should expect to find something which is not quite as dead as a brick, or quite as alive as a sunflower. And, lo and behold, scientists are not in agreement as to the 'aliveness' of filtrable viruses. Now, it has been shown that filter passers are not alike, but can be divided into species, some lower and some higher. We find that the lower species, like the bacteriophage, resemble in many ways the enzymes and are nearer to what we should call the non-living. On the other hand we find that the higher species, like smallpox virus, are definitely alive, which means that they eat and grow and multiply, show signs of adaptation to environment, and can be cultured in the laboratory.

When filter-passing life was first discovered it was thought that it probably was a liquid form of life. But the ultramicroscope disclosed the fact that it occurs in units of definite size, and that the size is smaller as the characteristics of the species approach the non-living, and larger as they approach the living. The size of all filter passers, however, is as much smaller than that of bacteria as a mouse is smaller than a dog. It is believed that all filter passers are parasitic in nature, and that they cannot live independently of their hosts. In some cases, as in smallpox virus, the human cells act as the host. In other cases bacteria are the hosts, in which case we are reminded of the saying, 'Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em.' The fact that among bacteria the smaller species live and multiply within the host cells, while the larger ones live outside the cells, together with the fact that filter passers apparently all live within the host cells, shows the close evolutionary relationship between the two and the immaturity of the little filter passers as far as their being independent living organisms is concerned.

Chemically, filter passers consist of protein as all other living things do. It is estimated that a unit filter passer consists of about three hundred molecules of protein compound. Each unit carries an electronegative charge. Exposure to heat permanently stops all manifestation of life among the filter passers as it does among all other living things. In other words, heat kills the filter passer. Cold, on the other hand, simply suspends the signs of life temporarily. Whether these tiny organisms are sentient, whether they are conscious, we do not know. But it is probable that any living thing, no matter how small, that knows its own habitat and pabulum and gets along in this world must have at least some consciousness and judgment. So when we take all known facts about these microscopically invisible things into consideration, we must come to the conclusion that they must be alive, some probably more so and some probably less.

Now, whether filter-passing organisms as we know them to-day are the smallest living things, we do not know. But they certainly fit into the gap between the largest and most complex non-living chemical molecule, the protein molecule, and the smallest and simplest living thing known until recently, the bacterium. The filter passer completes the series of units in nature, which starts with the electron and ends with man. Situated in the middle of the series, at the dividing line between the lifeless and the living, we find that it has certain attributes of each. If it is not the smallest and simplest living thing, then it must at least resemble it, because there is not enough room within the gap to allow for much else. At least in the light of present scientific knowledge, life begins with these filter passers to come to our attention as we ascend the scale of nature from electron to man. From some such simple origin the evolution of life on this earth at one time began. Or could it be that it is constantly beginning from something similar to these filter passers, even to-day?

NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES

VILLAGE SUNDAY

Downhill the rutted road runs through meadows rimmed with birch,
To the village green that's hedged in by the headstones of the dead;
Where old people sing in a white wooden church,
And the minister is saying what his grandfather said.

Across the square from the cotton mill the Sabbath has set free
Black-suited groups of mill hands who are garrulous and bored;
For they left the merry village inns and the wine of Tuscany
For a telephone, a radio, and a second-hand Ford.

The Higgins' tend an antique shop, the Smiths a sausage stand,
Down where the oily factory waste defiles the swimming hole;
But the Perkins' have a day of rest, they till ancestral land,
For the oldest child, Priscilla, is married to a Pole.

OLD HOUSE

There's a house across the hilltop that no one's living in,
With rotten rafters falling and windows hollow-eyed,
With weeds upon the threshold and nothing left within
But the ruins of a bedstead where the last possessor died.
The goldenrod is smothering dilapidated pickets
That protected the dooryard where the children played,
And the cow pasture's tangled with encroaching alder thickets
That obliterate the paths that the cattle made.

Strange incongruities the garden hedge encloses,
With rows of careful gardening obscured by random seeds,
With wild things from the meadows in the shadows of the roses,
And little Johnny-jump-ups that hardly top the weeds.
Birds in the dawn of day, dropping from the elm trees,
Call for the children that have wandered long ago;
And summer awakens it with riotous fertilities,
And winter makes it silent with a covering of snow.

EVENING AFTER THE HUNT

THERE'S warm contentment in the barn to-night.
The tired mare munching her last sweet oats,
And a twittering in the rafters, from the throats
Of swallows waked by the swinging lantern light.

Come along, old hound, they are safe for the night and snug;
We are burned by the wind and somnolent from the sun.
Let us stretch our legs, saddle-weary and stiff from the run,
Mine by the fire and yours, just below, on the rug.

You're a brave dog; still a dog, and unsentimental
In love as in hunting. You'll muse of the fox in the ditch,
And grunt in your sleep as you dream of the spotted bitch.
But I am complex — in the field as in love, temperamental.

I'll suffer — we call it — and drowse between waking and sleeping,
And hope I may break my neck to-morrow — but ride
With the mare well in hand and my thighs close pressed to her side,
And my precious suffering safe in my cautious keeping.

R. S.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

IN 1689, a son, christened Samuel, was born to a joiner who practised his trade in London. It is not likely that the father saw in his promising boy the future reformer of English fiction or suspected that he was to make the novel respectable, but the dreams of the industrious joiner were not as inappropriate as the dreams of a parent usually are, for he soon began to observe in his hopeful son traits which suggested a career in the church. In the first place the young Samuel was known to his schoolfellows by the cumbersome nickname of 'Serious and Gravity.' In the second place he had already, when not yet eleven years old, written to a widow of fifty a hortatory letter full of quotations from Scripture and directed against her alleged hypocrisy.

Nor were these facts the only ones which seemed to foreshadow success in the ministry, for the youth also exhibited at an early age that capacity for lending a sympathetic ear to female confidences which was later to stand him in good stead in a secular profession, but which has been the making of many a popular clergyman. Though a bashful boy, he was not, he says, more than thirteen years old when he used to frequent the sewing circles of the neighborhood and when three young ladies who had 'a high opinion of my taciturnity' came independently to him for aid in composing answers to their lovers' letters. He served them gladly and so much to their satisfaction that he had evidently already developed a capacity (later conspicuously exhibited) for writing feigned letters which seem authentically female by virtue of a certain modest ardor.

But in spite of these talents so early exhibited, financial difficulties made it necessary for the father to give up the plans he had already formed and to bind out the budding moralist to a printer. To the print shop he accordingly went, and, with a characteristic determination to 'do the duty nearest him,' he became, if we may believe his own improving account, the very model of the industrious apprentice. Though he had had only the most elementary of formal educations, his scrupulosity forbade him to use either the time or the candles of his master for any efforts at self-improvement, and thus the ideas which he imbibed in the establishment where he worked were uncorrupted by any thoughts or feelings unsuitable to the place. In due time he appears, as was eminently proper, to have married his master's daughter, and by easy stages he rose to be owner of his own publishing business. After bearing him six children, none of which survived beyond the age of four years, this wife died, but the loss was promptly made good by a marriage in the following year to the sister of a bookseller.

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[1] The most important single source for the facts of Richardson's life is the six volumes of *Correspondence* edited with a biographical account by Mrs. Barbauld in 1804. I am also indebted to the two best modern biographical studies — those by Austin Dobson and Clara Linklater Thomson. — AUTHOR

Richardson was leading what is called 'a useful life,' and it must be hastily confessed that he was not in any ordinary sense literary. He cared little for reading, and at the age of fifty he had written nothing for publication except a few prefaces and dedications composed as so many articles of trade. What he had done as financial competence and a certain amount of leisure were achieved was simply to move into a comfortable house just outside of London proper and there to exhibit with considerable satisfaction the virtues of his class.

Despite his eminent success in the city, he believed that he 'knew his place.' As innumerable passages in his writings show, he looked upon those whom it had pleased God to make his betters with a suitable respect, and he knew how to value, not only a lord, but a lord's second cousin as well. Yet he was far from displeased with himself, because he did not see how anybody could deny the exemplary character of his career. He had never, he said, been in a 'bad house' in all his life, nor ever, so far as he was aware, even in the company of a loose woman. He was honest, industrious, kindly, Christian, and prosperous. That members of his circle respected him was a matter for satisfaction, but hardly for surprise. He was obviously worthy of respect, and, since he had never set any example except a good one, he saw no reason for trying to seem unaware of the fact that his company and his conversation were of a highly improving sort.

Up to 1739 he had revealed no tendencies or talents not easily predictable by anyone familiar with his boyhood character. He still wrote letters with a fluency and a delight positively abnormal, but beside these harmless epistolary indulgences he was remarkable for nothing except his delight in mild conversations ranging over the narrow field which lies between moral discourse on the one hand and gossip on the other.

Thus at the age of fifty Richardson was the good man appropriately rewarded. He was also, to all appearances at least, both happy and content, and it is not likely that his beneficent influence would ever have extended beyond a narrow circle had it not been for the fact that a publishing firm happened to ask him to compile a sort of 'Complete Letter-Writer' for the benefit of semi-literate persons.

Now the Devil himself could not have conceived a trap more appropriately baited, since the proposal was one which invited Mr. Richardson to do the two things which pleased him above all others — namely, to write letters and to give good advice to inferiors. Accordingly, after making the characteristic proposal that the scope of the book be enlarged so that it might instruct the humble readers 'how they should think and act in common cases as well as indite,' he threw himself into the task with enthusiasm and produced a collection of one hundred and seventy-three letters, advertised as the work of a man who had given particular attention to the problems of courtship and marriage, and published with the following title: 'Letters written to and for Particular Friends, on the most Important Occasions. Directing not only the requisite style and forms to be observed in writing Familiar Letters; but how to think and act justly and prudently, in the common concerns of human life.'

The subjects of the letters are various and their moral tone as high as is consistent with their compiler's inveterate inability to dissociate righteousness from prudence. Most of the correspondents, whatever their sex or position, have the editor's penchant for the hortatory, and the feigned recipients are accordingly advised upon all sorts of subjects — the impropriety of following immodest fashions in clothing, the dangers to which a too ardent courtship exposes the young girl, and the inevitable vexations of all processes at law. There are, besides, letters of condolence which 'with small variations may be used to a husband on the death of his wife, and on other melancholy occasions of the like nature'; letters from 'a young lady in town to her aunt in the country'; and letters written back and forth between humble but modest lovers. All the correspondents are assumed to be very much alike in their fondness for commonplaces of all sorts, and hence all are likely at any moment either to launch into a sermon or to indulge themselves in the pleasure of making long observations not particularly original in character. Yet the book is almost fiction and is marked everywhere by a copious though undistinguished imagination.

II

Richardson did not profess to take much pride in the compilation. It was intended, so he said on a later occasion, 'for the lower class of people,' and he advised a friend that it was not worth his perusal. But it gave him an idea. In composing it he had discovered a perhaps unsuspected capacity to imagine incidents and a certain talent for writing in character. These were the gifts of the writer of romance, and, though Richardson had a very low opinion of novels in general, it occurred to him that he might turn the foolish and reprehensible taste of the generality of mankind to good account by preaching to them under the guise of fiction. One or two of the letters already written had been concerned with the conduct of a servant girl improperly importuned by her master, and when Richardson wrote them he began to remember an incident of the same kind which had been related to him many years ago and which had remained in his mind because of the instructive conclusion to which the events had led.

'I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing, that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and the parade of romance writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvelous with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue.' The case of the serving maid Pamela seemed to him so remarkably edifying that he began to write it in the form which the *Familiar Letters* suggested.

Certain difficulties were involved, since the unfortunate girl had to be endowed with an almost superhuman capacity for epistolary composition if she was to be supposed, as is actually the case, to recount all her adventures as they occurred, and Richardson was sometimes put to such straits to explain how she obtained time and paper for her letters at certain crucial moments that Pamela is made to guard her pen and ink almost as carefully as she does her virtue, and to plan means for dispatching her letters with more ingenuity than she used in her efforts to escape the violent attentions of her master. But Richardson had never written anything but letters, and throughout his whole career as a novelist he was accordingly compelled to make each of his characters a victim of his own epistolomania.

In this species of composition his

fluency was, however, amazing. He began *Pamela* on the tenth of November, 1739, and finished the second volume (692 printed pages in all) exactly two months later. But from the beginning he had what he could never do without — female approval. 'While I was writing the two volumes my worthy hearted wife and the young lady who is with us, when I had read them some part of the story, which I had begun without their knowing it, used to come into my little closet every night with: Have you any more of *Pamela*, Mr. Richardson? We are come to hear a little more of *Pamela*, etc.'

Thus encouraged, he proceeded with enthusiasm, and the book was published anonymously in November 1740, under the following characteristically explicit title: 'Pamela: or, Virtue Rewarded. In a series of Familiar Letters from a beautiful Young Damsel, to her Parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the Principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes. A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth and Nature; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* incidents, is entirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to *inflame* the Minds they should *instruct*.'

Pamela was not intended for 'the lower class of people' exclusively, but it was aimed straight at the great bourgeois public which cared more for respectability than for art, and its success was never for a moment in doubt. Only the existence of a great hunger never before fed can explain the amazed delight with which it was received, and almost from the day of its publication to the day of its author's death Mr. Richardson, that great and good man, was immersed (though never overwhelmed) in a flood of flattery more deep and soothing than any ever enjoyed before or since by fortunate penman.

Perhaps Rousseau and Voltaire made more noise in the world. Perhaps their renown was greater. But by the generality of mankind they were suspect. One admired their genius while one depreciated their tendency, and even as one applauded one entered caveats unnecessary in the case of the great champion of indubitably virtuous ideas. Here at last was a literary genius as understandable and as sound as he was brilliant — someone who could be taken to the bosom without reserve. He drew tears, not for Hecuba, but for his own readers, and that was much; but it was not all. In principles he agreed with the great public against the wits. He was as right-minded as he was great. And here, for once, was a man who had not been compelled to make the choice generally considered inevitable: he was both clever *and* good.

Hence the trickle of praise which had begun with the 'worthy hearted wife' gradually swelled into a torrent of admiration as persons farther and farther removed from the domestic circle of the author added their tributes. Shortly after publication Richardson sent a copy to Aaron Hill, — a minor *littérateur* who deserves to be remembered less for any of his writing than for the fact that he named his three daughters Urania, Astrea, and Minerva, — and to Hill's credit it must be said that he struck the right tone at once. On December 17, 1740, he begins coyly (while still pretending to have no suspicion as to the identity of the author) with an expression of pleased amazement. Who, he asks, would have dreamed to find under the 'modest disguise of a novel all the soul of religion, good breeding, discretion, good-nature, wit, fancy, fine thoughts and morality?' But who, pray, is the author, and 'how has he been able to hide, hitherto, such an encircling and all-mastering spirit? . . . If it is not a secret, oblige me so far as to tell me the author's name,' for the book will live and 'twenty ages to come may be the better and wiser for its influence.'

It is true that Hill expected and received from Richardson some slight return in the form of very moderate praise of his own work. It is also true that Hill was financially obligated to the author of *Pamela*. But his laudations were hardly less hyperbolical than those of persons who owed the fortunate author nothing whatever. Mr. Pope, to be sure, contented himself with saying rather ambiguously that the book 'would do more good than many volumes of sermons,' and indeed it was not as yet from the literary that the author received the highest praise. But ladies of fashion were said to carry the volumes about with them just to show that they too were reading what everybody talked about, and at least one preacher promptly recommended the book from the pulpit.

The further down one went in the intellectual scale the more touching were the evidences of the book's power to stir hearts and moisten eyes. Without doubt the 'new species of writing' had caught on, but the most remarkable feature of its vogue was the fact that the emotions which it aroused were not apparently æsthetic in character, but somehow warmer and more intimate. Richardson was at once overwhelmed with personal letters. Was the story true or false? Who was the original of the incomparable Pamela? Everybody was delighted, but everybody was also disposed to weep tears which seemed to be, in part at least, tears of relief. Something long awaited had been let loose upon the world. A new pattern of feeling had been created.

III

If the book which thus became not so much a literary event as the occasion of a crisis in the history of human sensibility had subsequently got itself lost, we might well have been excused if we had lamented our loss as one of the saddest in literary annals. But the marvelous romance — which many good judges believed unequaled by anything in its kind until the appearance of Mr. Richardson's second work — was not lost; it remains, on the contrary, to be read by any reader curious enough to peruse the pages marked by a certain fatuity effectively concealing whatever merits they may possess.

Pamela is a lady's maid left by the death of her mistress at the mercy of the latter's rakish son, Mr. B. Mr. B loses no time in proposing to set her up as a sort of *maîtresse en titre*, and when she retreats under a barrage of virtuous sentiments the young man is so impressed that he redoubles his efforts to obtain a prize made triply valuable by a resistance founded upon such honorable sentiments. An attempted rape is somewhat mysteriously frustrated by the indignation of the intended victim, and the villain (drawn in lurid colors) plans a stratagem. Promising Pamela that she shall be conducted in safety to her poor but virtuous parents, he has her carried instead to a farmhouse managed for him by a sinister female, and, soon putting in his appearance, he resumes his threatening importunity.

Poor Pamela is now in the most desperate straits. Her citadel is assaulted alternately by cajolery, by abuse, and by another attempt at violence nearly successful. Moreover her writing materials are almost exhausted when Mrs. Jewkes (the traitor's housekeeper) gives her 'a bottle of ink, eight sheets of paper and six pens, with a piece of sealing wax.' 'This,' says Pamela, 'looks mighty well,' and she can now continue to scribble at a desperate rate an epistolary account of her trials and a full exposition of her sentiments. Beset though she is, she will never, she assures her parents, forget either the humbleness of her position or that virtue which is her only glory. With great complacency she describes the admiration which her conduct has aroused among the better sort of people, and she recounts at length the frenzy to which her exemplary inflexibility has driven Mr. B. How great are her trials, but how great is her glory!

Mr. B continues alternately to flatter, to threaten, and to rail. He calls her by every abusive name he can think of. He loads her with obloquies. But this madness is merely the sign of a defeat not quite acknowledged, for suddenly, almost in the midst of his most venomous insult, he surrenders to an impregnable propriety. Will Pamela, who can be neither seduced nor violated, consent to marry him?

The reader is surprised, but Pamela is not. She is immediately mistress of the sentiments which she believes appropriate to the circumstances. She remembers her place and the gulf between her and her master which nothing can really bridge. She is overwhelmed and she is grateful. Can Mr. B, rich and elegant as he is, stoop to her? It seems that he can, and the remaining third of the book, devoted to Pamela's triumph, includes a full account of both her sentiments and her wedding dress. 'Mr. Colbrand being returned, my master came up to my closet, and brought me the license. O how my heart fluttered at the sight of it. . . . I made bold to kiss his hand; and, though unable to look up, said, "I know not what to say, Sir, to all your goodness: I would not, for any consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honor, that all the duty of a long life, were it to be lent me, would not suffice me to be grateful for."'

Such a synopsis — and indeed any possible synopsis — can reveal only the absurdity of the story. Nor is the novel itself — redeemed though it is by Richardson's remarkable talent for creating a convincing character — likely to produce upon the reader any impression except one of amazed incredulity at the humorless obtuseness of its feeling. Mr. B is so devoid of any reality as to make it impossible to discuss his motives or his character; and if Pamela is real enough, her complacent vulgarity is so completely beyond all description that even promiscuity would seem, beside her calm determination to resist all importunities until the monster consents to buy her off, at least commendably generous.

Moreover, it is possible to account for every detail of her behavior without any reference whatsoever to any principle belonging in the realm of morals. Like all maidens, she had a jewel, and the precious possession was one to be safeguarded with all the watchfulness of a traveler who passes through some bandit-infested waste. The thing — though to all appearances no more than a pretty trifle — has a value, thanks to which it can be bartered or sold; and therefore it must not be lost. He who allows it to be taken from him is criminally careless; he who gives it away is a fool. But in the end it must be sold. Thus, in the spirit of a dealer in precious stones, Pamela goes about her business. It is not the man but his terms she objects to, and when he meets hers she accepts them. She and her parents rail against the wickedness of those who cannot hold out as she has done, but by wickedness they mean folly. Skill in trade is a citizen's virtue. Pamela held out for a good price, and in the end she got it. Thus is virtue rewarded.

This word 'virtue' slipped as easily from Richardson's pen as it did from the tongue of Pamela, but there is no evidence that it had for him any awful or mysterious meaning. Usually it is merely a synonym for a technical continence mechanically maintained, and it never implied anything not definable in common-sense terms. Honesty, industry, amiability, and even generosity find a place in his creatures as they found a place in his own character, but these qualities are always useful to those who possess them, and no man was ever less capable than he of understanding anything which approached the quixotic. Perhaps he would have refused to equate virtue and prudence, — to admit that honesty and benevolence and continence are virtuous *because* they bring ease and security and competence, — but the fact that they do so is the outward sign of their character and the way in which God reveals his love for those who practise them.

Unable to distinguish between an inward state of soul and the conduct to which such a state was conventionally supposed to give rise, he used 'virtue' (that is, continence) as a mere synonym for chastity, and he was as incapable of imagining that a continent woman might be unchaste as he was of conceiving the possibility that chastity might be the attribute of a woman neither virginal nor married. Since Pamela resisted the seduction of her master she was inevitably both 'pure' and 'innocent,' just as a man who gave alms was inevitably 'benevolent.' Thus goodness became mechanically determinable and the idea of righteousness shrank into the idea of respectability.

The character of Pamela is one so devoid of any delicacy of feeling as to be inevitably indecent. She seems to have no sense of either her own or any possible human dignity, and she is admirable only if a dogged determination to resist violation is considered to be, by itself, enough to make her admired.

IV

Yet none of the objections which are so patent to any critical reader of Richardson appeared as defects to his enthusiastic admirers, since his moral feeling was distinguished from that of his middle-class fellows only because it was more perfectly typical than that of most. It was the bourgeois respectability of his century purified of all individual eccentricity, uncorrupted by any trace of either mystical enthusiasm or skeptical worldly wisdom. He thought what others thought in their most commonplace moments; he was not Bobus, but Bobissimus; and his readers relaxed with comfortable security in an atmosphere so much like that of their daily lives.

Among writers of robuster intellect, eighteenth-century materialism took other forms. An ironic skepticism developed in minds which had divested themselves of all concern with the transcendental and made them disturbingly critical. But the literal, unimaginative mind of Richardson stripped every idea of the aura which surrounded it and then rested complacently content with the bare formulæ of a dry convention.

A little later on he could dare attempt to draw a picture of the perfect gentleman, because gentlemanliness — like purity and virtue — was not to him an illusive quality, not something evanescent and indefinable which emerges as the result of a delicate balance or a spontaneous harmony in the soul, but a simple, mechanical obedience to easily establishable canons of rectitude and decorum. Right thinking (aided a little by the precepts of a revealed but simple religion) could, he believed, determine what a man ought to do — just how generous, how forgiving, how prudent, and, of course, how condescending to his inferiors he ought to be. Hence to create a model gentleman it was necessary only to invent an automaton perfectly obedient to all the rules. For him the flavor, the perfume, and that nameless grace which makes an individual charming, counted for nothing, and he would have been almost as much puzzled by the suggestion that his creation lacked the personality necessary to make him appealing as he would have been shocked by the suggestion that a trace of some human failing may contribute, when nicely placed, to the charm of a character.

And yet *Pamela*, considered purely as a novel, did have one great intrinsic excellence. The central character is delineated with a dramatic realism quite independent of the moral judgment which either the creator or the reader pass upon her. She is a creature solid enough to be completely dissociated from the personality of the man who described her and to be subjected to analysis again and again as standards change, for Pamela herself is a masterly objectification of unconscious vulgarity, to the completeness of which her vision of Mr. B contributes. Richardson seems to have achieved an imaginative identification with her which is admirably complete, and he knew so exactly how such a person would talk, act, and feel that he drew of her a portrait seldom equaled so far as sheer realism is concerned. Yet it is hardly to be supposed that either the enthusiastic encomiums which were heaped upon it or the international influence which it exerted is to be accounted for by the solitary and purely technical excellence which we have granted it.

Great popularity is seldom if ever the reward of mere fidelity to fact. To win it the writer, passing beyond mere imitation, must achieve some sort of pattern in which fact is balanced against fact, emotion against emotion, and end result against end result, in such a way as to constitute an interpretation of life and its laws satisfactory to his readers. This interpretation may be profound or shallow, and it may be essentially noble or essentially vulgar; but it is the pattern (often felt rather than intellectually comprehended) which takes hold of the imagination of readers and the pattern which is taken over by subsequent writers belonging to the same school.

Now Richardson did achieve such a pattern. It was, moreover, one which had been imperfectly sketched out again and again, particularly by the second-rate playwrights, during the half century preceding the publication of *Pamela*, and he had, therefore, over and above both the merit of his skill in portraiture of a certain kind and the accidental advantage of his conventional respectability, a great charm for his contemporaries — the charm, that is to say, of a new pattern which had long been struggling into existence without ever having been so nearly achieved before.

But since Richardson, in the most impressive of his novels, was later to achieve a more complete mastery of this emotional pattern, we shall postpone until we have come to that work any attempt to analyze or evaluate it, pausing now only to remark two things: first, that the vague word 'sentimental' is the one most generally used to describe the mood which the pattern evokes; and second, that it was destined both to dominate fiction for a long time and to survive very conspicuously into the literature of to-day.

V

After *Pamela* had been published and praised, Richardson, like the sober man that he was, made some attempt to return to the humble occupations which had formerly been his. The pen which had depicted the apotheosis of the serving maid consented to employ itself in editing a new edition of Defoe's *Tour through Great Britain*, and the brain which had conceived so generally acceptable a reward for virtue busied itself with making analytical summaries for a volume of the diplomatic correspondence of Sir Thomas Roe. But destiny, aided by an inordinate love of praise and an imagination doubly restless because it had been so severely curbed, again drew him irresistibly toward independent authorship.

He was now living, not far from London, in a comfortable house to which his admirers resorted to pay tribute to his genius and to contemplate with an almost religious awe the domestic life of a man whose example was universally admitted to be no less valuable than the precepts which he gave under the guise of agreeable fictions. Here he could make 'ten beds' for such fortunate intimates as were permitted to spend the night under his roof, and here in the garden was a summerhouse to which these intimates might repair to hear the latest pages of manuscript read aloud by the author himself.

The time was to come when Richardson, even though at the height of his fame, could fish shamelessly for compliments, and he was ultimately to die, as Dr. Johnson bitterly remarked, 'for want of change among his flatterers' — to perish 'for want of *more*, like a man obliged to breathe the same air until it is exhausted.' But now, at the period of his greatest creative activity, he was living not only in a state of perfect domestic bliss, but under conditions which assured him a plentiful supply of the life-giving element.

It is true that his wife was generally supposed to be of a rather unusually self-effacing disposition, and true also that one of his intimates even brought herself to observe that the daughters behaved in a manner which suggested that they might be less at ease than would have been anticipated with so perfect a father. But Richardson hastened to assure them that even this was also well. 'A mixture of fear with love' was, he said, necessary to make an obliging wife, and as for the 'stiffness' of the daughters he could only reply that 'too much reverence is not the vice of the age.'

Nor did any of these friends fail to accept as more than adequate such explanations. 'Most of the ladies that resided much at his home acquired,' it was remarked, 'a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicate refinement which, though amiable in itself, rather disqualified them from appearing in general society.' And if this was the result of a formal association, it was not surprising that the wife who shared his bed and the daughters who had had, from earliest infancy, the benefit of his corrections exhibited to an even greater degree this amiable inability to feel at home among more frivolous companions. But surely the constant presence of the author of *Pamela* was more than enough to compensate for the absence of less improving associates. Give 'my love to Mrs. Richardson and to all who have the happiness to be under your roof,' wrote Miss Fielding, sister of the author of *Tom Jones*. 'Methinks, in such a house, each word that is uttered must sink into the hearer's mind, as the kindly falling showers in April sink into the teeming earth, and enlarge and ripen every idea, as the friendly drops do the new-sown grass, or the water-wanting plant.'

Mr. Richardson now began, however, to extend somewhat the range of his acquaintance, and sometimes consented to absent himself from domestic bliss for the sake of a short exploratory tour into that world of fashion of which he felt himself more ignorant than was wise for one who hoped ultimately to instruct it with tales of virtue in a higher place than that from which Pamela had been so deservedly lifted. Into his circle he admitted the rakish laureate, Colley Cibber, because of Cibber it could at least be said that he professed an admiration for the virtues which he admitted his inability to practise. More surprisingly still, the laureate was allowed to remain even after he had scandalized his friend by finding the latter's admiration for male virginity irresistibly risible. And upon at least one occasion Richardson paid a visit to Tunbridge Wells, where he strolled with a timorous delight in the midst of a gay company and did not remember (until near the end of the letter in which the visit was described) his duty to remark that 'modesty, humility, graciousness, are now all banished from the behavior of these public-place frequenters of the sex.' 'Women,' he concluded, 'are not what they were,' and he seems to have been so struck with the observation that he made it the subject of a paper which he contributed, some three years later, to Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*.

It has been shrewdly suspected that Cibber supplied some of the traits for the portrait of the fashionable rake who was to play a prominent part in the new novel, and so much superior is this portrait to the previous one that the mere critic is impelled to wish that Richardson had abandoned himself more freely than he did to the society of people less ready than the members of his inner circle to agree with everything he said and to adjust their manners as nearly as possible to what he considered the ideal. But his love of a sort of flattery which only inferiors could give, his need to be immersed constantly in an atmosphere which could only be generated by the soft, almost sensual adoration of ardently inexperienced females, drew him always back to the charmed and isolated group of his intimate worshipers.

From the outside world he could get recognition as a writer, and the approval of the rich and fashionable must have been sweet to one who never ceased to be acutely aware of all class distinction. Yet what he enjoyed most and needed most was not recognition of the sort appropriate to a man of letters, but the assurance that his excellence was primarily the result, not of merely literary talents, but of the perfection of that character which he had no doubt begun to console himself by cultivating while still playing the rôle of industrious apprentice. Avid for flattery of any sort, he liked best the compliments which implied that the conspicuous virtue of his heroine was drawn from some inexhaustible reservoir of goodness within his own heart, and the inhabitants of his private little world were experts in this sort of thing.

Nor is it, under the circumstances, very surprising that he sometimes turned from precept to practice when his benevolence was repaid as amply as it was, for example, in the case of one Letitia Pilkington, a literary adventuress, who came to no good end, but who could repay a charity with a poem, which included, among other similar tributes, the following couplet:

> Angels enthroned in bliss with rapture see
> Their own divine perfections live in thee.

(*'Samuel Richardson and His Clarissa' follows in August*)

WASTE OF BRAINS

BY M. ROY RIDLEY

I

We hear a great deal about waste of man power and the conservation of material resources. But there are things much more vital to a country — waste of brain power and the conservation and development of intellectual resources. The United States is often criticized for what seems to the outside observer its lavish waste of what it appears to think are limitless material resources. But the question might well be asked whether the United States is not even more blindly, and in the long run even more disastrously, wasteful of its intangible resources, not least among these the potential brain power of its youth.

Much, probably too much, has been written in the last few years about American education, and comparisons, flattering or the reverse, have been drawn between it and other systems, both by outside observers and by internal critics. But there is one point of contrast between the American and English systems of education which is seldom alluded to, since neither type of observer sees it. To the English observer it is so much part of his natural background that he accepts it, as he does so regrettably many things in his own country, as a law of the universe, and so is not on the alert for its absence elsewhere; and for the same unintelligent reason he fails to draw his American friends' attention to it as an essential feature in English education. Yet it is fundamental.

There are various aspects of English education, and from one aspect, no doubt, the aim of the system — if there can be said to be a system — is the provision of education for all. But from another aspect the aim is to sift out the best brains of the country and secure that they shall be developed to the full extent of their powers. And perhaps the most essential part of the machinery whereby it is attempted to achieve that aim is the system of competitive scholarships, which applies a perpetual intellectual incentive, not only to the individual able boy, but also to the educational institution of which he is a member. The great public schools offer scholarships to those seeking entrance from the preparatory schools; the winning of one of these scholarships, particularly at one of the three or four schools where the standard is notoriously highest, is not only a feather in the cap of the winner, but also a free advertisement for the preparatory school from which he comes. The individual colleges at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge also offer competitive scholarships to those seeking entrance, and again the winning of such scholarships, particularly at one or two of the most famous colleges at each university, is a matter of the keenest rivalry, both between individuals and between schools.

With many of these scholarships the actual emoluments vary according to the need of the winner; and some few of them are 'close' — that is, are open to limited classes, sons of clergy, sons of men killed in the war, residents in a particular district, and so on. But the winning of the very great majority of them, and of all the most distinguished, depends upon one thing and one thing only — that the winner has better brains than his competitors. Poverty is no disqualification; but equally it is no qualification. It is merely irrelevant. The institution which offers the scholarships is out to attract to itself the best brains it can get. It does not suppose that the son of a miner is likely *a priori* to have either better brains or worse brains than the son of a wealthy aristocrat, or to be more or less deserving of opportunity. It proposes to determine this by allowing them to compete, with only one criterion by which to judge them.

What is the result? The result is that the able English boy is working under a spur. He goes to his first school at the age of about nine. His ability is recognized; he is told, and his parents are told, that he is capable of winning a scholarship, let us say at Eton or Winchester or Rugby, and he is educated with that in view — which does not mean that he is 'crammed,' since examiners are much too skillful to be deceived by the results of cramming, and the process defeats its own ends. The boy finds himself in competition with others whose ambitions are the same — or perhaps it would be truer to say for whom the school's ambitions are the same, since the English small boy is much the same as others, is not a prig, and is more excited by the prospects of making his school team than by academic success. But he does at least know that the winning of the scholarship will make a great difference to his parents' pockets, may make the difference of how good a school he can go to, and will bring honor to his present school. So that he and his teachers work together with that end in view.

At the age of about fourteen he goes with his scholarship to his 'public school.' Here from the start he is a marked 'man'; he has come as a scholar, and he is to leave with a scholarship to the university, or he and his teachers have failed. The internal system of the school tends to make his progress as rapid as is consistent with soundness. There is no question in an English school of more or less automatic promotion at yearly intervals. As soon as he has covered a particular piece of ground the able boy moves on to the next 'form' in the school, as a rule moving up one step at the end of each of the three terms into which the school year is divided, leaving his slower companions to take two or three terms over the same piece of ground. He thereby reaches the top 'form' two years, and sometimes three, before the end of his time at school, and there spends his time in prosecuting his education with greater freedom and with the specific aim of winning a scholarship.

The winning of any scholarship will be a financial saving to his parents, and a distinction to himself. The winning of one of the half-dozen or so 'Blue Ribbon' scholarships will be a high honor to himself and his school, and will be later a marketable asset in his record. Even at the university something of the same sifting and grading of brains continues and something of the same incentive is in operation. The final examinations grade the students in 'classes'; the numbers in the first class are strictly limited, and to have secured a first class gives a cachet which in many careers will be of great value.

In brief, then, from the time when the able English boy goes to school at the age of nine till he leaves the university at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two there is no period at which the strong incentives of consideration for his parents, personal ambition, and the spirit of competition with his fellows are not urging him to develop his powers to their limit.

II

The position in America — so far as a pretty intensive nine months' study of educational institutions entitles an observer to speak, which is no doubt not very far — appears to be in the sharpest possible contrast. There are, of course, scholarships, but many of them are limited by conditions of poverty or provenance; and even those which are not so limited seem to be not so much distinctions for outstanding ability, which anyone, whatever his means, may be proud to win, as methods of enabling the poor student of ability to get through college without too much waste of time in working his way through. Such scholarships in themselves are fine things, but their whole impact on the general educational system is entirely different from that of the English scholarship.

Further, the American boy normally proceeds by stages which are adapted to the capacities of the mediocre, and in very few schools can his own efforts do much to accelerate his progress. No automatic incentive is applied to the able boy to stretch himself; as he can do his work in half the time that is allotted to it, and human nature being what it is, he does very easily what is necessary and his brain gets flabby for lack of exercise. Much the same is true of many of the universities and colleges. The curriculum is adapted to the capacities of the average. Again and again I heard from undergraduates themselves some such comment as, 'Of course, I can get by, hitting on two cylinders instead of six.' And one undergraduate of a famous Eastern university put much of the matter in a nutshell when he said, 'We think we have democracy in education; we feel vaguely that to separate the able from the mediocre is in some undefined way undemocratic. So we say we aim at equality of opportunity, and what we secure is equality of achievement.'

If that is true — and I believe it is far too true — it implies a staggering wastage of brain power which even so great a country cannot permanently afford. For the achievement on one side of American education, the provision for all citizens of educational opportunity, and for most of them of educational opportunity up to an age and at a level far beyond what the corresponding youth in other countries can hope for, no foreign observer can feel anything but profound admiration. But that achievement is not, as seems sometimes to be assumed, in the nature of the case incompatible with the full development of the picked brains of the country. If national education means anything at all it means that the State cares that the best of its youth should be so trained that they can contribute to the service of their country the best that is in them. American youth has potentially a 'best' to contribute, and actually a readiness to contribute it, inferior to none in the world. But the training, for want of incentive, is lacking, and the wastage grave.

The problem is a complex one and will no doubt be solved, if at all, along more than one line. But it would be interesting to see what would happen if some of the money which is lavished by generous benefactors were devoted to the foundation of a new college (or, less promisingly, to the modification of an existing one), strictly limited in numbers, of which the endowment should be such as to secure in the first place that in each year a number of completely open competitive scholarships could be offered to at least one third of the total year's entry, and in the second place that the faculty could be hand-picked for the task of educating these picked students, and not merely filling them with information. That is not a mere utopian chimæra. It needs money, of which there is no lack, and a readiness to experiment, which is increasing. A man with generosity, wisdom, and courage enough to translate that fancy into fact might be moulding the future beyond his dreams.

THIRTEEN

BY SHERRY MANGAN

I

'I THINK it's getting worse, Martha.'

'Oh, it must n't! It's too bad, it's too bad!'

Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton continued to stare out of the living-room window into the almost darkness. It was raining. Torrentially. There was no way of deceiving one's self about it. The lightning and thunder were the worst that summer. And the rain was settling down to a steady downpour, with something vicious and personal about it. A few hardy souls whose business or temper made haste exigent could be seen through the dusk and rain fighting their umbrellas into the wind.

'I'm very much afraid it will keep people away,' admitted Mr. Stoughton, miserably enough.

'Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!' not helpfully replied his wife.

A mantel clock, with preliminary whizzings, struck the half-hour. The single stroke echoed through the house, and, dying away, was drowned by the gusty tattoos of rain on the windows.

'Half-past seven. We must be starting soon,' announced Mr. Stoughton.

From the floor above came the sounds of a flute, runs and trills that made apodeictic the metaphor of running water.

'He keeps at that little fast part even while he's dressing,' said Mrs. Stoughton. 'He's a little worried about it. I do hope it will go well, that little fast part.'

'The presto,' automatically specified Mr. Stoughton, turning gloomily back to the window. 'Lord, what a storm!' There was for a moment only the sound of the rain; then he added: 'He'd better finish dressing and trust to luck on the presto. It's getting late.'

The flute, after thrice running through a more complicated flourish, was silent. In the renewed silence the two parents looked fearfully out at the dismal street, at the rushing gutters. Again no sound but the driving rain.

'Of course, I'm a business man and not an artist,' began Mr. Stoughton, thus forestalling his wife's usual objection, 'but I think he should have put the ticket-selling end of this concert into the hands of a professional manager or at least someone who knows about business. Having a concert in the summer when so many people are away is bad enough; and especially I don't think this way of putting window cards in shops and leaving a few tickets on sale inside is really the best way. I dropped into a few drug stores in the last few days, and they'd only sold one or two tickets each.'

'But, Arthur, it would have cost money to hire a manager, and he did n't want to put you to any more expense than he could help.'

'The ticket end of this is a business matter, Martha, and in business you've got to spend money to make money; you've got to advertise. As it is, there's considerable expense for the high-school hall, and the printing, and the accompanist, and the dress clothes, and the supper, and so on, and it does n't look like much return.'

'But, Arthur, he said his mind was so preoccupied with the playing part of it that he could n't be bothered with the commercial end.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Mr. Stoughton, drumming on the sash and staring at the undiminished rain. A sore point.

'Besides,' added his wife, 'surely his old school chums will turn out for him, and then — It's only this storm that bothers me. What a pity, what a pity!'

There was again only the dismal sound of the rain, a sound that makes even the most lived-in house seem deserted.

'Well,' drawled Mr. Stoughton finally, 'I guess I can spare the money. But it's the turnout I'm thinking of. Damn this rain!'

The two again were silent. The rain rained. The darkness deepened. The wind blew, gustily. The rain rained. Rained. And rained.

At a quarter to eight Gordon came downstairs, his only-son manner heightened by virtuoso tension. Assiduous brushing and a minute application of vaseline had given to his mouse-colored hair form if not distinction; his twenty-year-old face was shaved and excited; a new dinner jacket sat with apparent fit upon his relative thinness. On the handle of his flute case his right palm was damp.

'Oh, Gordon, how lovely you look!' exclaimed his mother.

His father grinned and nodded: 'Not bad, son. Well, are you all ready? Got that presto?'

'Got it cold, Father. I just want to get at them.'

'Good. I'll get out the car, then. It's a rotten night, son; hope it won't keep many away.'

It was obvious that Gordon too had been watching the storm, and had reacted to it. He answered, with a trace of bravado: 'If the mere matter of a storm would keep people away, then they are n't really interested either in good music or in me. Why, the movies are full on rainy nights.'

'It's unusually bad, son.'

'Damn the weather. Who cares? I guess my own good friends won't let a little thing like weather keep them away.'

His father shrugged slightly, got into his raincoat, and opened the front door. The first gust blinded him.

'Little thing like weather!' said he to the wet. 'Well, I can't do anything about it.'

II

At eight o'clock, his windshield wipers hissing with only relative success, Mr. Stoughton was negotiating the driveway into the high-school yard. The left rear wheel going over the curb, there was a jolt.

'For heaven's sake, Father, I'm feeling on edge as it is. Don't do that.'

Mr. Stoughton rubbed his lower lip over his moustache twice before answering gently over his shoulder: 'Excuse me, Gordon. It's hard to see.'

They turned up at the stage entrance. Mrs. Stoughton broke silence: —

'Are you quite sure you would n't prefer us back-stage with you, Gordon?'

'No, I've told you plenty of times already that I want to be alone with the accompanist, so I'll not be distracted.'

'Very well, Gordon.'

He got out, dashed the few feet through the rain; the black door swallowed him. Mr. Stoughton parked the car.

'Have you the umbrella back there, Martha?'

'Yes, Arthur.'

They opened it and ran to the hall entrance. Inside, they shook themselves, blinked at the lights, saw Henry Ranger, Gordon's closest friend, sitting at his little table before the auditorium doors.

'Good evening, Henry. Wretched weather, is n't it?'

'Never saw anything like it. Tough luck on Gordon.'

Mr. Stoughton coughed. 'Many here?' he asked.

Young Ranger coughed. 'Well . . . no. In fact,' — he tried to grin, — 'only three so far.'

There was a moment's silence, modified only by Henry's ruffling a pile of three hundred programmes. Mrs. Stoughton clucked to herself. Mr. Stoughton and Henry looked at each other.

'Well,' said Mr. Stoughton finally. 'Well, that's pretty bad.' He looked at his watch. 'Still, there's eight minutes to go.' Upon which the outer door opened, and a wet gust blew in an old gentleman, Mr. Daventry, Gordon's former grammar-school principal.

'Good evening, Mrs. Stoughton. Good evening, Mr. Stoughton. Good evening, Henry. Frightful evening, is n't it? I hope you're all well.' He neatly put his ticket on the table, took a programme, and went in, looking old and rather wet. He had walked from the car stop.

Mr. Stoughton said 'Four' to himself. Mrs. Stoughton swallowed the lump, watching the door close behind the principal, who reminded her of many things, among them Gordon's teacher at the Conservatory, away in Europe for his vacation.

'There's another,' announced Henry.

'Yes,' answered Mr. Stoughton. There seemed nothing else to say.

Another gust blew in Miss Phyllis Cartwright.

'Oh, how do you do! Mother and Father did n't dare come out, though they had tickets. But I could n't let Gordon down, so I took a taxi and here I am. What a dreadful night it is out! Shall we go in?'

They went in.

The hall seated four hundred. The four were spread a little.

They sat near the front. On the stage was a piano.

They waited.

III

What sounds emptier than an empty hall? When Mr. Daventry, who was catching cold, coughed, it echoed so hollowly that subsequent coughers simply rasped their throats in soft and apologetic wise. The echo of the cough having at length died, there was silence and waiting. The bang of the outer door penetrated to them; then voices; the padded door of the auditorium thudded. Though Mr. Stoughton succeeded in not looking around, Mrs. Stoughton from the corner of her slued eyes saw her old friend Nellie Hayes, a thin, kindly spinster of fifty, walk quietly down the centre aisle and seat herself.

'Nellie Hayes, Arthur.'

'Specially nice of her, considering her health.'

Programmes rustled. The three

high-school friends who had arrived first whispered hoarsely among themselves.

Following another bang, everyone tried not to notice too pointedly the voices in the corridor. Another thud. There entered two Conservatory classmates. Less ill at ease, they talked in more nearly normal voices. Their arrival improved the atmosphere. Mr. Stoughton was able to nod to Miss Hayes. But, somebody reversing his crossed knees, the sound of the foot scraping was sufficient to renew the embarrassment. Mr. Stoughton, having, unseeing, read the programme for the fourth time, looked up at the tall windows, black and uncurtained.

'Counting ourselves, that makes ten,' he reflected.

Mrs. Stoughton looked alternately at the two stage doors. Both were tight shut; no one was peeping. What could Gordon be thinking?

One Conservatory student corrected *Addagio* on his programme to *Adagio*, glancing quizzically at his companion, who said: 'Guess I'll wait another year.'

'Be better. Funny — home town and all.'

The next bang was loud, and the subsequent voice plainly audible: —

'Yes, of course it's a rotten night. Quite right. Lousy. But it's my business to hear this concert, and it's not raining in the hall, is it?' A pause. 'Damned good programme — not a blithering bird-call on it.'

Most of them frankly turned at the thud of the auditorium door to regard the speaker. A tall heavy man of, say, thirty, he had an air of caring little about people, places, or manners. He went halfway down the aisle, coughed, listened, moved back five rows, listened, and, sitting down, proceeded to read a paper-covered book. Nobody knew him; everybody, wondering, asked his neighbor. Followed a mild susurration of speculative whispers.

Mr. Stoughton looked at his watch again: eight-fifteen. Two deep breaths did not relieve his muscular tensity; and either way he crossed his knees they were uncomfortable. No one having peered through the stage doors, he realized that Gordon, unprepared, was going to take it on the chin. Mr. Stoughton was frankly afraid. What could the poor devil be thinking and feeling back there, shut up, waiting, looking at his watch?

In the scattered audience watching the stage doors there was silence and waiting. But another thud announced another entry — another high-school friend, who with much embarrassed laughter and much unnecessary handshaking joined the other three. Again silence and waiting, broken by two coughs and one dropped programme. Cyclically: first they were waiting, then they forgot they were waiting, then they were waiting again.

Catching them forgetfully off guard, the stage door (simultaneously with a gulf under Mr. Stoughton's feet) opened suddenly, briskly; and it was briskly that Gordon Stoughton walked without hesitation through spattered and distinct applause across the stage to front centre. He was undeniably pale. But on his face was not too desperately fixed a pleasant sour little smile; and his bow was half to the audience and half to fate. Mr. Stoughton took a deep breath, feeling his heart grow hot with pride. Gordon's simple entrance, unheeding as a sleepwalker's, had overcome the programme rustling, the pale embarrassment, the applause, the emptiness, and even the hollow echo of his own steps across the wooden stage.

He turned without too great haste, raising his eyebrows in inquiry, toward his accompanist, who was still rubbing his hands on a stage handkerchief and moving the non-adjustable piano bench meticulously backward and forward. Mr. Stoughton held his breath as Gordon held his position. The accompanist hastily completed his manœuvres and nodded. Gordon nodded, turned back, raised his flute to his lips. Looking once, in a quick flash of eyes, over the audience, he took breath, and began. From the flute streamed an introductory trill, strong, firm, confident. The piano struck the first chord on the opening beat as the flute went into the statement of theme. The concert had begun.

As it began, so it went on. To thirteen nervous people engaged in the benevolent conspiracy of pretending that they were three hundred, a young man, who, somnambulist, cared little whether they were one or a thousand, played in three sections, with unhurried intermissions, flute arrangements of alive and agreeable pieces by such as Rameau, Couperin, Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Bach, and Mozart. Each time he played, the audience enthusiastically clattered with distinguishable hands; each time he met their kind applause with the same crisp bow, better than it had been in the mirror the preceding month by the extent of his tautness and hurt. As a matter of historic fact, Gordon Stoughton played that evening with considerable technical brilliance; as for the dubious presto, there alone his obscure anger at the long hours spent in preparing for these thirteen fiendishly kind people breaking out in action, he struck into it at a tempo that nearly paralyzed his accompanist with fear that he would go to pieces. He did not; by some miracle of youth and cold anger he raced breakneck through its convolutions to a brilliant conclusion that made even the little audience, ignorant though it was of the technique of the flute, breathe quickly at a genuine *tour de force.*

This does not mean that Gordon played in a masterly manner. The emotional possibilities of the flute are slight even in great hands and under the most favorable circumstances; and it is cold inspiration for an ‘artist’ to play to thirteen people in a hall for four hundred, even if that ‘artist’ is just an earnest young man from the Conservatory giving his first recital, in his home town’s high-school hall. It may be argued that there was perhaps not much warmth to Gordon’s renditions, but there was a certain angry brilliance of technique; and that was something.

Thus it went. He played; they applauded; and eventually, when the sympathy and embarrassment wore off sufficiently, it is to be presumed that the audience actually enjoyed itself. The stranger applauded loudest of all, louder even, perhaps, than Mr. Stoughton, who was admiring his son for more things than flute-playing.

When the last nice piece was nicely rendered, and the pleasant young man had pleasantly bowed to the almost too prolonged applause of the little group he had entertained, and had left the stage not running, Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton, accompanied by Miss Phyllis Cartwright, walked across the hall, where the people, anxious in renewed embarrassment to leave, were talking together and were putting on their raincoats and placing carefully folded in their pockets the programmes which they would throw dog-eared away the following rainy Thursday — walked through the hall which was again seeming empty because the young man was no longer obstinately and skillfully playing his flute on the stage in the front part of it, to the door connecting with the back of the stage; and fear was upon them. Not only generally, but, in addition, before the concert they and Gordon had arranged a congratulatory supper party to celebrate Gordon's success, which situation was now badly bothering Mr. Stoughton, who was by nature less delicately diplomatic than he at this awkward moment earnestly wished. Mr. Stoughton was moreover afraid that he could not show his son why he admired him at that moment more than almost anybody without hurting his as he knew oversensitive feelings; Mrs. Stoughton was more simply afraid that Gordon would be feeling badly; and Miss Phyllis Cartwright was feeling something or other obscurely unhappy which she could n't express, which did n't matter, because she would n't try to, but predictably would kiss Gordon good-night in a pleasant young way when they took her home, which is what Gordon mostly needed in that particular quarter, because young men are rather more than likely to have odd notions about young women like Miss Phyllis Cartwright, who was almost blonde and had kind hands and was n't much good at algebra. These three, then, opened the door and fortunately found Gordon shaking hands good-night with his accompanist, who, having to catch a train back to the near-by larger city, went out into the night, where it was raining not so much. Gordon turned in the empty passage to greet them.

'You played beautifully, and everyone enjoyed every bit of it,' said his mother — which was probably the best thing she could have said under the very special circumstances.

'You stood up to it, too, son, in a way to make me very proud of you,' added his father. Which was perhaps awkward but appropriate.

'Oh, Gordon, it was wonderful!' said Miss Phyllis Cartwright. And though this was hardly a significant comment, it did n't matter while she was looking at Gordon, for young men, as above, have the oddest notions.

Gordon exhaled a hearty lungful of a training-breaking cigarette and took a deep breath.

'We all agree,' he said, with still a trace of bravado, 'though you have n't any of you mentioned it,' — he paused half a moment, — 'that the audience was ridiculously small, that I have fewer friends than I thought, and that I rather made a fool of myself. But I know that I played damned well, that I'll have more practical sense next time, *and*,' he ended with an almost normal smile, 'that I'm hungry. Let's eat.'

Mr. Stoughton felt strongly that it was pleasant being a father, Mrs. Stoughton breathed in relief, and Miss Phyllis Cartwright went down the corridor to the greenroom to help Gordon pack up his flute.

So, joined by Henry Ranger, who carelessly or tactfully forgot to turn in his tickets, they went out to Curtis's Florentine Grill, where a table had been reserved. They were not tragically gay. Gordon had all the things he liked to eat, and looked at Phyllis mostly. He moreover thanked his father for his expenditures on the concert, which thanks his father pooh-poohed less delicately than he might have done, being proud and excited and never very good at turning a phrase gracefully. Henry Ranger rendered himself as agreeable as he could, and suggested the pleasant speculation that the mysterious and apparently musical stranger could be none other than a sort of scout, like a baseball scout, looking for big-league talent. A dance orchestra, moreover, played several pieces of soporific music, which Gordon and Phyllis danced with their mouths tasting of chicken à la King. The waiters treated them just like any other pleasant party, because, not having been at the concert, they did n't know whether it was tragic or comic or anything special. Nor did anyone else, properly speaking. Nor was it.

They drove Phyllis home, dropping Gordon to kiss her good-night in the manner in which it was done in this city, and picked him up again after they had delivered faithful Henry Ranger at his ordinary house. And went home to Barclay Street, where again Mr. Stoughton tried to show pride without offense, and Mrs. Stoughton was rather too devoted for Gordon's adolescent taste, which saw sentimentality in anything.

IV

Gordon's gasping sobs were plainly audible in his parents' adjoining bedroom; they could hear the creak of his bed as he flung himself about on it. They lay motionless, looking with slitted eyes at the wall flickering in the faint light from a distant arc lamp shining diagonally through the window, each pretending to the other to be asleep.

Mrs. Stoughton finally got noiselessly out of bed.

'Where are you going, Martha?'

'Gordon's crying. He *was* hurt, after all. I knew it.'

Mr. Stoughton got out of bed and went up to her.

'I should n't, Martha; really I should n't. You remember three years ago when he failed to play in that Thanksgiving Day football game at high school. You remember it only made it worse, and he held it against you for weeks. He would n't want us to show we knew.'

'Well, perhaps you're right, Arthur. But his own mother! . . . And it breaks my heart to hear him and not be able to help. It just breaks my heart, it does,' she repeated, getting back into bed and pulling the bedclothes around her impatiently.

'I don't feel good about it either,' said Mr. Stoughton with deceptive gentleness, as a particularly desperate sob penetrated to them. 'I don't know,' he concluded, standing at the window and looking diagonally across at a light in the house where Doctor Mahoney was supposed by gossip to have lost his mind on account of his wife. 'Poor kid. Nothing we can do. Too bad. I don't know.'

There was no sound in dark Barclay Street save, in the next room, Gordon Stoughton's young sobbing, diminuendo.

THE SERPENT IN THE ORCHARD[1]

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

HANS, who had accompanied the car of apples, met me at the railway station. His rough brown cap with 'storm doors' fastened above, to be lowered in cold weather, was drawn down over his peering blue eyes. From this I argued that Hans was in a low state of mind. Not that his cap was ever jauntily over one ear, as a lighter nature in a holiday mood might have worn it. But I had learned that when the cap was close behind his ears it signaled that the market for apples was unsteady, and that there was little inclination to deal. Pushed back on his round yellow head the brown cap announced that the market was firm. When, as to-day, the visor was just above his eyes, it portended creeping paralysis of the will for Hans, and consequent initiative and referendum for me. A somewhat vivid imagination supplied initiative, but referring any unexpected plan to Hans called for courage and patience.

Now, in spite of storm signals, Hans fulfilled his customary obligations to me and to the weather. 'Howdy. It is yet clear but cloudy, and the rain might hold off till night yet.'

We paid the agent a quite ruinous freight bill, and Hans guided me across the labyrinth of tracks to the box car that housed our hopes. The car was well placed, and in spite of signs and portents my spirits soared. For in the frequent switchings we had undergone with the previous car I had learned the value of an accessible location.

'Fine!' I exclaimed.

But Hans choked out: 'There is three cars of apples on track here. This town ain't more'n 'bout fifteen thousand. They are all on demurrage. Be'n here more'n a week, and can't sell.'

So that was it. And here was a maximum carload of our best hand-picked apples, and an appalling freight bill just paid!

'What kind of apples are they?' I quavered.

'I don't know. I did n't want to see 'em. We better move on right away now.'

'But, Hans, the freight bill! Let's visit the cars and look at their old apples.'

We found that two of the unfortunate cars held Ben Davises, not at all a popular variety — and they were seconds at that. The other car was of apples unknown to me, but by their dull color I was certain they were 'drops.'

'Who's afraid? Do push back your cap, Hans. We'll sell. A dollar and a half the bushel. Don't lower the price one cent. Have the agent unseal the car. Cheer up — you'll sell. I'm going to breakfast now.'

'Hold on yet!' cried Hans desperately. 'You stay a minute and start selling. I'll never make it. Whenever you light out to do anything impossible, it's always me has to do it. That price is twicet as much as the other cars are asking.'

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[1] Earlier chapters in this series appeared in May and June. — EDITOR

'And our apples are twice as good. You sell! I'm going to breakfast. I'll come back at once.'

'Breakfast? It's mighty nigh dinner time, ain't it?' And Hans blinked mild disapproval. This matter of breakfast always irritated him. Breakfast, after hours of work in the faint dawn, should be a substantial meal, supplemented by all that was left from yesterday's dinner. A cup of coffee on rising, with fruit later, — raw fruit! — or, worst of all, a radish, was little short of immorality to Hans.

But breakfast this morning was but an excuse for flight. For always the very hardest thing for me to face was the railways, with their freight cars. An irrational horror had ever possessed me as I watched those reluctant segments of a fiery-eyed serpent that writhed and hissed across the land. As if awaiting a blow, I was always expecting a carload of crowded, frightened cattle. Never again would they drink the sweet water in quiet pastures, or lie beneath the willows and watch the wabbly calves with proud, contented eyes. And homesick chickens, wont to croon about the yard or tap timid feet across the shadowy old barn, now huddled together on their way to a worse fate. And above the shining rails, clinging for life, I knew were often men, desperate, friendless, homeless.

How I had hated these sullen clattering Robots that distributed the necessities and the luxuries of civilization! Now, in all this sordid wretchedness, I had taken my place. I 'must sell my soul to save my life.' Now each day before my work I must wrestle with this morbid weakness; though always I comforted myself by reminding my soul of the probable limited consciousness of apples!

II

After a silent prayer, and a good cup of coffee at a little café, I set out blithely to present my banker's certificate, for raising such fine unconscious apples, to the mayor of the city.

He was fat, and fishy-eyed, and he asked me many questions which scarcely seemed pertinent. At last he sighed, and swelled, and smiled, and said: 'Well, I can't give you a written permit to sell, but I'll ask the police to let you alone. The city council has a new law that lets them charge any license they like. But you go on and sell. I guess we'll leave *you* alone. Where is your car? I'll drive down after a while and see your apples.'

Suddenly the mayor's face grew cherubic in my eyes. I thanked him warmly and hurried back to the car, where I found Hans with his cap at half mast sacking York Imperials for admiring customers not familiar with our showy apples, which I regret to say I have heard experienced horticulturists call 'whopper-jawed bluffers.' For Yorks, though large and highly colored, are always larger on one side, because of an inherent defect in pollinization; and to me they are about as palatable as a raw potato. Though really, with us, fall apples, they keep well, and are supposed to mellow with time. Truth to tell, I have never lived long enough to see one mellow. Still, they are liked as table apples, and except for the Rome Beauty we have no better baking apple.

Hans had held the price; we were selling well, and I looked about for a helper. A tall limber man in a discouraged suit of thin gray clothes — it looked as if it had tried its best to fit him, and had given up in despair — approached me and said: 'I ain't engaged in doing much just now, and I thought I might advertise for you.

House to house, you know. I know every woman in this town. Fixed up puffs for 'em.'

Puffs? Puffs? I wondered. Cream puffs, now, or newspaper? So I hazarded: 'Oh, a baker. Cream puffs?'

'No'm; hair puffs — like they used to wear. I've made puffs and switches for everybody in town at one time or another.'

In spite of Hans's warning frown I engaged him, for I felt that his former occupation would inspire confidence.

'I'll hire you a truck cheap to deliver my orders,' he said, and shambled away determinedly, sending in enough orders for a truckload in an incredibly short time.

Late in the afternoon a man from Minnesota with a carload of potatoes appeared on the track next us. I heard him ask Hans what license we paid, and before I could make Hans understand the wisdom of silence he boasted: —

'We don't have to pay no license. We raise these apples ourselves.'

'Well, then,' said the potato man, 'I guess I raise these here spuds, too.' And he unsealed his car and began to sell. It troubled me; but here came the mayor in a most elegant car, and Hans sacked him five bushels while I smiled my thanks. Hans, who has an exaggerated respect for anyone representing the law, gave him the finest apples, and presently whispered: 'See that there man with the fine gloves on? His hands is both false. He's the police judge.'

Gaunt and pale, with great pained eyes and two perfectly gloved hands that seemed to mock his restless arms, the police judge seemed an alien in this crowd of buyers, testing the apples and watching the measures — for in this state we could sell by measure and not by weight.

That night at a pleasant hotel, Hans, who preferred to lodge near the car, sat in my little sitting room and announced that he had 'a awful gloom, and trouble was a-comin'.'

Hans's prophetic powers were, I knew, unerring; but, while preparing my mind for the worst, I tried to cheer him by offering to listen to the last number of *Hicks' Word and Works*. Hans refused to read. He said that I did n't have the right consciousness that the world was a ship sailing through space. Then I asked him to watch the sailing moon from the balcony. This was ever my best card in moments of stress. Presently, from the balcony, he said: 'I'm a-goin'. The moon looks just like a big yalla York Imperial to-night. I wisht I had a little more physic. I just got enough to trouble me.'

It descended early — the trouble.

The following morning at the car, when every prospect pleased, Hans suddenly sat heavily in an apple bin and hissed, 'You're goin' to be arrested! You're goin' to be arrested!'

And there stood the chief of police with a shining star and a haughty mien.

'Is this your car?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'Have you paid your license to the city?'

'No. I raise these apples myself.'

'That don't cut any ice in this city. The council sets the license, and this time it is fifty dollars a day.'

'Have you seen the mayor?'

'It's not his business. I'm chief of police. I don't need to see the mayor.'

'Well, I do. He has bought apples at my car. He promised to protect me. I have not the slightest intention of paying the city fifty dollars a day.'

'All right. Then I'll have to arrest you.'

'You have a warrant?'

'I don't need a warrant. I've caught you in the act.'

Little did I understand city government. It seemed to me that, could I but see the smile on the cherubic face of the mayor, my troubles would vanish. So I said: 'Will you go with me to the mayor's office?'

The chief smiled ambiguously, but he said, 'Yes, I'll go.' He politely concealed his radiant star, and we set out at once, followed by amused bystanders.

'Here's a lady that says you gave her permission to sell a carload of apples without a license,' said the chief to the mayor.

'Me?' cried the mayor, glancing uneasily at the group of men behind us. 'Me? That's the council's business.'

'But,' I cried, 'you promised to keep the police from interfering with my car! You told me to go on and sell. And you bought apples yourself at the car.'

Someone chuckled behind me, and the poor bedeviled mayor, who no doubt had yielded to an unwarranted impulse of kindness and was now reminded that a mayor should never yield to anything outside his own particular sphere, turned his fishy eyes upon me and said, 'It must have been someone else you saw, lady. I don't remember that I ever met you before.'

Again the mayor sighed and swelled, but this time he did not smile. Instead he turned his back, walked to the window, and lighted a cigar.

With a high head and a desperate attempt at dignity I walked past the grinning crowd, accompanied by the chief of police. Outside he said, 'I hate to see a nice lady like you bothered like this. You see, we wanted to let you off, but that potato man from Minnesota — we could n't get him without getting you. He swears he raised the spuds himself. I'll bet he never saw a potato growing in his life. But we got him all right. He gave bond, and his trial is set so far off he'll never get back to it. So his bond is forfeit. Now I'll tell you what you do. Just give me twenty dollars and we'll call it square, and you can go on and sell out.'

'Not twenty cents!' I snapped.

'Aw, now — ten, then?'

'Not a postage stamp.'

'Well, then,' sighed the chief, 'I'll just have to take you to the calaboose.'

'Without a warrant?'

'I tell you,' said the patient chief, 'I caught you in the act. But here's what I'll do. I'll give you till three o'clock; then if you don't pay up or shut up I'll just have to run you in.'

III

I found poor Hans with a 'heart spell,' ran for hot coffee and tablets, and watched until the blue left his lips. Then I sat on an apple bin and tried to think.

In the evening paper I had read a reference to a lawyer known throughout the state for brilliant defense of the poor and friendless, who found themselves unjustly accused or suddenly found out. He lived in this city, and I wish that I might give his name here, for not only did he prove a friend in need, but to this day he looms in my mind as a great and good man. He has gone now, to a world where the poor and the friendless need no defense, but his name is still hallowed in more hearts than mine.

Admonishing Hans to make hay while the sun shone, and warning him that fifty dollars a day loomed, perhaps, before us, I set out to find this lawyer. He was not in his office, and would not return for hours. I hurried back to the car, sold apples, and after two hours talked with the lawyer, using the telephone to tell my troubles, much to his disgust and against his will. He advised me to let myself be arrested and taken at once to the police court.

On the way I must telephone him, and he would meet me there.

At any rate the populace was on my side. For at three o'clock, when the chief of police appeared, he pushed his way through a jeering crowd assembled before the car door. The chief invited me to pay a fine for two days. I refused. He said rather pathetically, 'Lady, you are making a monkey out of me. Why n't you be reasonable? Come on, then, to the calaboose! You'll like it there. It's in the very prettiest part of town. It's a historic place, where the old fort used to be. I can see it's just the kind of place you'll like.'

I did not answer, and carefully tied a sack of apples that Hans had just sold.

Hans, white with apprehension, whispered, 'Better go with him right now. He'll put handcuffs on you, then we *will* be plumb disgraced!'

A hollow-eyed, bearded man, who looked as if he might be a preacher of the gospel, cried: —

'Make him take you! Make him take you, lady! We'll swear he took you by force. It'll give you a stronger case against the city for illegal arrest.'

As I watched the deepening disgust on the countenance of the harassed chief, the advice appealed as an amusing idea. So the exasperated officer of the law dried his beaded forehead with his handkerchief, and, amid the hisses of the crowd, gently and decorously lifted me from the car.

I called to Hans to ask the preacher to help sell — I expected the chief to order the car closed, but he did not — and waved a cheerful good-bye, answered by cheers from the populace.

It was a short if unpleasant walk to the calaboose, and the chief granted me permission to telephone my lawyer. I thanked him by unfeigned admiration of the historic part of town. There was a mellow beauty about the place where once the gallantry of the state assembled, and where, no doubt, the gaunt old trees look down on many a rebel heart with less secure defense than the old fort.

The police station seemed to be so full of people that I asked the chief softly in surprise if they were all criminals. He replied sourly that he guessed they were — they looked it. Beside me on the bench sat a somewhat disheveled sister in crime. In a social effort I asked her in a low tone if the pale man with the gloved hands was the police judge.

'You bet he is!' cried my sister in a loud and contemptuous voice. 'You bet he's the judge. You just wait till he swats you with one o' them plaster o' Paris hands o' hisn!'

A flush suddenly diffused the pallid, suffering face of the judge. I turned away my eyes, and when I looked again his great eyes met mine with a smile.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the room, a hush, and men stood aside as a burly figure with a massive head of iron-gray hair entered, searched the room with his eyes, approached me without hesitation, and invited me to step outside.

We stood under a tree behind the calaboose while he asked me questions and read my certificate, always peering into my very soul with shrewd but kindly eyes. Presently we returned to the courtroom and he demanded immediate trial for me.

At first blush this may seem a trivial occasion, and an opportunity, perhaps, to play politics. But, first and last blush, it was no trivial occasion to me; and as the man's deep voice filled the room the people ceased to smile, and I grew suddenly ashamed of my own petty troubles. For the counsel for defense used this opportunity to plead for the poor and the unfortunate, and to denounce greed and corruption in high places. As I listened, my own struggle with poverty seemed such a very little thing, in all this welter of woe and injustice. I wanted to go out and sell that I had and give to the poor. Besides, no lady such as my counsel described — a poor and worthy widow who had brought her little all to a sister state and who was trying feebly but courageously to defend it — could fail to live up to such a reputation for gallantry. I all but resolved to go forth and present the car of apples for distribution among the poor of the city.

No one appeared against me. (Afterward I heard that the city attorney drove out of town to avoid appearing.) The police judge, pale and stern, said that this arrest was persecution instead of prosecution, and I was free. My lawyer refused a fee. He said it was pleasure enough to fight injustice. But in the gentlest voice he went on, 'My child, you have chosen a hard road. Is it necessary?'

'I chose it,' I answered, 'and my orchard is all I have. But "necessary"? "Necessary" is such a hard word to define.'

He laughed with unexpected hilarity and, disavowing all thanks, strode away.

Outside, the world looked somehow different. My horizon had widened. It was not the effect of my disillusionment as to mayors, or of my harrowing experience of arrest and trial. I knew that it was the spell cast by an unusual, a great personality. But who can define the mystery of human personality? It always cheers my bewildered mind and doubting heart that, like Heraclitus' 'pleasant voices' and 'nightingales awake,' science 'he taketh all away, but that he cannot take.'

Lost in thought, it was some minutes before I noticed that the chief of police walked beside me.

'Say,' he said, 'I'm a widower — everybody knows me. How'd you like to go on to a movie?'

I fear the kindly chief instantly regretted his invitation; for at that moment my frayed nerves gave way. I laughed for a whole half block, and wept shamelessly the remaining half. Having expected to enter a new world of higher ideals, instead I called a messenger, sent the good news to Hans, surreptitiously powdered my nose, and went with the chief to two moving pictures. At each of them I arranged for a slide every ten minutes, reading:

APPLES!
Straight from the Producer
to the Consumer
Track 3
Union Station

At dusk I joined Hans at the car, paid the worthy preacher, to whom Hans had become much attached, asked the 'puff man' to help to-morrow, and we closed the car. Hans was all for 'running a revenge' on the city for illegal arrest, and the preacher strongly advised it. Instead, the preacher, Hans, and I celebrated at a supper in a near-by café, afterward looking at the moon through a telescope a man had set up on a street corner.

To-morrow would be our last day without demurrage, and half at least of the apples were not sold. Demurrage was, I think, only a dollar a day, but it was a matter of pride and of expediency to get away. One cannot take up a residence in a box car, though Hans ungenerously advised the custodians of the three other apple cars to put in lights and heat for the winter.

The following morning it was pouring rain, and I taxied to the car in rather low spirits. But Hans announced at once that 'the stars was n't agin us no more.' They had 'blowed the whistle at the Works,' and a man had made a speech about us, and the Works had sent in orders 'most enough to sell us out.'

At noon, in the spiteful rain, an Apollo in overalls brought us a most delicious luncheon in two shining pails with curious compartments. Hans found a box, Apollo a clean newspaper for a cloth, and we sat on inverted peck measures. I found a box of marshmallows in my pocket for our hot coffee, and we talked of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and I promised to learn to be class-conscious, and we were so merry that the haughty railway clerks that passed under their dripping umbrellas looked in at us with contempt and, I am persuaded, a spice of envy.

The whistle blew at the Works, Apollo bought some apples, and we thanked him and told him we should never forget him. And we never have.

At dark we were sold out to the last apple, and I had what seemed to me a great deal of money in my hand bag. It was still drizzling rain, and as I could not find a taxi I started to walk on toward the hotel, hoping to find one in a safer neighborhood. A man stepped from the shadow of a vacant building, drew something from his pocket, and in my terror I thought he pointed it straight at my heart. To be robbed! After all our work and 'plumb disgrace' of arrest! I tried to scream, but my throat would not work.

'Lady,' said a timid voice in a sweet familiar Southern drawl, 'lady, here's the papers all about the lodges I belong to — so's you'll know who I am. I been watching you for three days, and I heard that lawyer say you was a pore and worthy widda woman. I don't live here. I live in Kentucky, and I got a mighty fine farm there. I'm going back to-morrow and I've found the woman I want to marry. You just look over these papers, and I'll come round to the hotel directly.'

Relieved at my escape from a robber, I stood in the rain, reckless of my Sunday hat, and explained that my heart was buried, that I had a most outrageous temper, and that I was in an extremely precarious state of health. I thanked him warmly for the honor and walked on with the wilted hat a little higher. For, after all, a proposal is a proposal.

IV

The next morning Hans and I boarded the train for home with joyous hearts and a most eloquent check. Patient Bird whinnied to us from the livery barn at Clintonville; and how happily we loaded the shackly old cart with wildly extravagant supplies of food! Hans celebrated by buying a pair of shoes guaranteed to last him six months — they looked as if they were resolved to live that many years — and I by purchasing magazines for myself and little gifts for the caretaker's children.

Bird ambled happily the nine miles home, and as we reached the orchard the sun set and left a long line of palest gold at the edge of a pearl-gray sky. My five thousand trees, like an assembly of gray Quakers, waited, each with its curious air of patient expectancy, for the call of the Spirit. Answering, each soul would sleep in the warm earth through all the winter's cold. Alone with a tree, I always feel that, could I but listen aright, it would willingly explain the never-failing springs of happiness beside the bitter waters of evil. We have learned that 'the flower in the crannied wall,' even though we were on conversational terms, can scarcely in a 'random' universe tell us the secret. But a tree knows not alone the rapture of sun and summer rain, the birth of leaves and the glory of their death; but, too, it knows the torture of thirst and the distress of storm, and many a cry of pain it hears from little feathered folk or scurrying furry forms. Wise with the wisdom of years, it drinks of deep delight and defies with pride the challenge of evil. 'Under my sheltering arms the birds nest, and flowers bloom, and weary men rest, and children play. Beneath it all are everlasting arms that shelter you and me.'

I spoke something of this to Hans, who was usually patient when fantastic thoughts bubbled up. But, jealous for the supremacy of man, Hans scouted the idea of any consciousness other than our own. 'Man,' he said, 'was elected to conquer, and to run a revenge on all nature. The Bible says that man must even subdoo the animals — let alone try to talk to trees.'

Vexed, I seized the lines, pretending that he might 'subdoo' Bird; but I forgave him instantly when he cried, 'See our smoke for our kitchen yet! It's the prettiest blue smoke in the world.' And there it rose, exquisitely blue, slowly and serenely to the cold sky above our home.

The caretaker gave me the receipts, accepted his wages and the gifts for his children, and set out at once, promising to return early Monday for the loading of our next car, glad indeed that it was Saturday night.

It had turned suddenly colder, and I gave Bird an extra feed and talked to her as she ate. Hans, who pretended to despise the fireplace for its devouring greed, cried, 'Wait till I bring in a acre of wood and start you a fire!'

And what a supper we had! Hans, as ever, tipping and tilting on his chair, and always falling backward in some breathless moment of excitement or hilarity (a habit that proved embarrassing in accounting to hotel managers for mysterious smashes in my sitting room).

'Remember,' cried Hans, 'when Judson butchered a beef and they made fun of us because we could n't buy nothing but a ten-cent soup bone? And that time Miz West give me a cracked egg on her way to the store?'

'And,' I answered, 'how we boiled it very hard, divided it exactly, and ate it together on the south step?'

'And sassafras tea! That was the worst. Have another cup of cocoa? Whoop!' And over he went, long practice enabling him to retain a hold on an unbroken cup. Ah, those are good days and nights to look back upon!

After supper Hans read aloud a chapter in his Bible about how the Lord had spread a table for him before his enemies. Then he greased his new life-insured shoes, yawned, and climbed the stairs to his attic of legless furniture.

Deep waves of silence beat upon the little house between forest and orchard. I take from the dusty mantel *Amiel's Journal* marked by little aged hands forgotten now by all the world save me alone. And I follow awhile an exquisite mind through paths of beauty and of doubt to sad plains of resignation. Suddenly I am inexpressibly weary, and my heavy eyes look into the glowing cavern of the fire: and the violet flames that float above the red coals are violet shadows on a summer sea; and the bright flames from the oak's heart are fields of yellow poppies that stretch away from ocean's shore; and the whisper of the fire is the chuckle of the water beneath our boat that rocks at anchor beside the little lost island where our camp fire burns.

DEFICIENT

BY HELEN GARNSEY HARING

I

OUR boy was three when a nerve specialist said to me abruptly, 'The child is deficient.'

I knew that diseased parents frequently condemn their offspring to mental and physical deformities, but I had not until that moment imagined that 'people of our sort' might have deficient children. Of course we refused at first to accept such a diagnosis, and consulted successively, with less and less hope, many diverse specialists. Even now (and the boy is twelve) I can scarcely credit it. I have never been able to say the word 'feeble-minded' at all — but I have had to learn a great deal about feeble-mindedness.

Perhaps the fact that has seemed to me most singular is that the deficiency which cannot be accounted for by heredity or disease is *not* an extraordinary phenomenon. On the contrary it occurs so often that every child born runs the risk of being afflicted. The general state of health of the parents, their worldly status, their attitude toward the expected baby, the existence of other normal children, the care given the mother, weigh not at all. As one physician put it, 'You buy two watches made by the same firm for the same price: one keeps perfect time, the other can never be regulated. No one knows why.'

Such children in the state institutions alone are counted by the hundreds. The correlated astounding facts are that, despite the prevalence of feeble-mindedness, physicians do not know why it happens and so cannot prevent it. And they do not know how to cure it.

There are types of deficients easily classified,—that is, the idiot, the moron, the cretin, and so on, — some recognizably incapable of any development whatever, others whose progress and limit of attainment may be accurately forecast. But there are many like our boy who fall into no category. The plight of the classified is heartbreaking enough, but at least there one is not groping in the dark — searching for a clue, tortured by the fear of just missing it. For, one hears, a deficient child *has* been cured — glandular secretions, adenoid growths, or cerebral pressure were found to be responsible for the trouble. Sometimes even he simply 'seemed to outgrow it and now is perfectly well.'

The parents of a child that exists only as a living organism have but one problem to consider — its physical care. The parents of an essentially vicious or totally irresponsible child can have no choice about its disposition. But the questions which parents in our situation must decide are complicated indeed. A few apparently answer them as it was once suggested that we might: 'Put him in an institution and forget that you ever had him.'

It can easily be done — all but the forgetting. Most physicians say, however, 'We don't know what the future may bring forth. Hope — and give him every opportunity.'

Our boy is personally attractive. I have always been thankful that he is. Many subnormal children are, for one reason or another, unpleasant to look at. He is extremely affectionate. He adores music, appreciates color, has a neat sense of humor, is a keen observer. His faults are serious lack of concentration, of ambition, of that self-control which emanates from the normal, innate conception of what is or is not 'done.'

Such a backward child is pathetically a real child of nature, with the frankness, the unconsciousness, the innocence, and the flashes of insight which inspire the beautiful Irish fancy that they are dear to the fairies. But such qualities certainly make adjustment to civilized daily life most difficult.

If someone says in company, 'One of my children was born blind (or deaf, or lame),' the greatest sympathy and interest are displayed. 'How are you teaching him?' 'Is he happy?' 'There are compensations, after all!' But if one says, 'My child was born deficient — he is twelve years old but only seven mentally,' a curious restraint paralyzes all tongues. This attitude, the result of very general ignorance, must be endured unless one adopts the protective policy of silence, of 'forgetting that you ever had him.' Yet how unreasonable it is that to the sorrow of having borne a helplessly handicapped child should be added the burden of undeserved humiliation!

It seems to me that this is almost the hardest obstacle to surmount when trying to shape a life for the deficient. No allowances are made for him, no one wants to help him — he is an outcast. And that is why the unclassifiable, the border-line, cases are really the most tragic.

II

There is the paramount problem of education. A tutor at home is not the desirable solution. All human beings must have companionship, and one of the things the backward child often has to learn is how to get on with other people. He does not coöperate easily; he may be stubborn and selfish because he lacks the social sense. But he cannot attend the schools designed for his normal brothers and sisters. There are some 'special' classes in the public schools (but very few), there are private special schools, and the public institutions. The financial capacity of the family must be considered here. How much should the normal members sacrifice to give the subnormal one his chance, when the hope of real benefit is at best very doubtful? Yet, again, if anything is to be accomplished it must be in the early, plastic years. And instruction short of the very best obtainable may mean irretrievable opportunity lost.

Most doctors advise sending the child away to school. They believe that he either receives too much attention or is ignored at home, that he may disturb family harmony, deprive the other children of a natural home atmosphere, be unhappy himself, a conscious misfit. At school he will be under the direction of instructors trained to cope with his needs, on duty for short intervals and so not hurried or impatient. He will be among his peers, some of whom he is bound to excel. He will not be reminded that he is 'different' by restrictions peculiar to himself. And his family at home are unhampered.

The private special school is very expensive. Wealthy parents, willing to pay more than generously for expert instruction, make a sliding scale possible, but still, for people of moderate means, with the education of other children and the probability of providing lifelong care for the deficient to consider, the fee may be almost prohibitive. The alternative public institution is probably far better equipped from an all-round educational standpoint, but it has (at least in our state) very disagreeable features. The child becomes really a state ward. The parents may visit him only on set occasions. He has but one short vacation at home a year, in midsummer. He may or may not be 'paroled' when of adult age.

In order that he might have special medical treatment, we sent our boy at three and a half to a private sanitarium for children; but removed him after six months when we were convinced that the treatment was accomplishing nothing and that in every other way he was being neglected. The woman physician at its head was constantly away, attending conferences or lecturing. The nurses were unintelligent. Our baby could not express himself, but it was only too apparent that he was unhappy. Thereafter, until he was eight, I taught him at home with sporadic assistance. Then we finally decided to send him away to a private school.

It is, I am sure, one of the best in the country, conducted by a physician of experience and high ideals. But it has the faults which we have come to believe are inseparable from any attempt at mass education of the subnormal, whether under public or private control. If the head of such a school is a big person, clients will flock to him. With outside demands upon his time for consultations, and so on, and the administration of a large plant, obviously he must depend upon others to carry out his ideas. However well conceived and planned these may be, the patience, enthusiasm, and personality of the teacher count for everything. To find willing, capable assistants for such exacting work is a very difficult task. For the director to check their success by keeping in intimate touch himself with fifty children or more is a practical impossibility. Yet it is absolutely essential that the deficient be studied, controlled, understood by someone he trusts, who *wants him to develop* and is always there to help him. That vital interest cannot logically be very strong in a casual, no matter how conscientious, instructor.

Then the whole routine of life as it must be arranged for so large a specialized group is unnatural — not really fitting the child to adjust himself to the world outside. He is not called upon to face unexpected situations, he need never make personal decisions. He becomes 'institutionalized.' At the same time, he is exclusively surrounded by other subnormal children, his peers but not his exemplars. He is imitative, and, as he knows no better, is prone to acquire the undesirable qualities he sees in others. And because he is admittedly queer, it is only too easy for him to form, unreproved, bad habits which he *could* overcome.

Perhaps some of these faults could be done away with in a very small private school, but if it were a really good one it could not avoid growing. Every sort of pressure would be brought to bear to permit the admittance of additional pupils — because there are so many children of this sort whose parents do not know what to do with them!

III

Now, after three years of boarding school, we have our boy at home again. He was always very homesick — he had reached the point of asking, with tears, why he must go away, while his brother could stay at home. He did not seem to be progressing enough to justify his (and our) unhappiness. We foresaw the difficulties when we decided to make the experiment, but we felt that we could never be satisfied until we had given him his chance, here in the environment evidently most congenial.

Our immediate household has easily made the slight readjustments. His brother leads the distinctly separate life of any older child, yet his very presence stimulates the admiring younger boy. The children who run in and out become to his subconscious mind patterns for behavior — even their naughty reactions are normal ones! Since we have made no secret of his 'illness,' their attitude toward him is an incurious one, and, as a rule, chivalrous. Like all properly brought up children, our boy realizes that if he is good he will be rewarded; if he is not, he will have to be disciplined. He falls into line because everyone else he is associated with does. Thus, to my mind, in dealing with this type of the subnormal, the important thing is not to search for a square hole to fit the square peg, but to ease it into the round hole at hand by smoothing off its corners. It may never fit, but perhaps it won't fall out!

In making plans for the family as a whole, when we finally decided to have our boy permanently with us, we determined that it would be wise to relieve any strain by a definite separation from him each year. So we send him to a special camp for two months in the summer. This temporary change of authorities is also good for him, and he is freer and enjoys a larger variety of activities than we could provide at the average seashore resort.

The question of having him taught has for the moment been solved by entering him as a day pupil in a very small special private school in a near-by town, one of the few schools which will consider day pupils at all. Its head is a quite unusual young woman; I can only hope for the sake of the children that she will be able to keep the enrollment down. Her personal talent for teaching, her intimate knowledge of each of the dozen boys and girls, are accomplishing a great deal.

But our boy is not being trained here in handicraft, in any occupation that he can use as he grows older. So I have investigated other avenues. Near enough for daily commuting is the state's great school for the handicapped, a model for the rest of the country: practically self-maintaining with its farms, dairy, and many shops; where a boy, if he cannot learn to read, may become an expert cobbler, where a girl who could not manage a typewriter weaves lovely scarfs on a loom. The ideal combination for our child — to live at home and go to a school like that! But we cannot enter him except as a resident, subject to the drastic restrictions of visitors at stated times, of one two-week vacation a year, 'because,' as the superintendent explained to me, 'we cannot run the risk of the contagious diseases that might be brought in by a day pupil.' I offered a list of such diseases successfully weathered, — including all but the most rare! — but to no avail.

We have thought too of arranging for manual instruction at home. It is difficult to decide without a trial what trade might attract our boy, and the necessary apparatus and the services of an instructor for one individual are costly.

There are other problems. Public prejudice, as I said before, has to be braved. The child must be really a sharer in our family life if he is to benefit from it. He cannot always be rushed off upstairs when callers arrive. His social training is even more important than his brother's. If he is to have a place in the world at all, he must behave outwardly as the rest of us do.

He cannot afford to become excited and lose his head when the unexpected happens. Therefore, also, he must be taken out of the quiet home routine sometimes — shopping, to the movies, traveling. All of this basic training means patient effort and determination on the parents' part, and it is made harder by the embarrassment frequently suffered because he is 'different.' A blind child stumbling in the street arouses universal compassion; an 'innocent,' too often, covert amusement.

On the other hand, I do not advocate for one moment the freedom from watchful guardianship of any subnormal person of any age. His cross is that he can never be independent. But granting that, like our boy, some are temperamentally fitted to be members of a household, have certain abilities which, developed, will give them occupation and perhaps at least partially support them, should their families feel forced by economic necessity or social pressure to put them into institutions?

The Governor of our state, in his recent address to the Legislature, said: 'In so far as it can be done, retarded and slightly defective individuals should be trained in special classes in the public schools. It should be borne in mind that only a small percentage [of such children] require segregation in the institutions. . . . Children who are receiving such training can live at home. By living at home, the children enjoy more normal lives than is possible at any institution, however excellent. Furthermore, families are saved the pang of separation.'

In the same address, the Governor quotes what the Children's Bureau in Washington has said of the child-welfare activities in this state: 'Most significant in this development have been the increasing differentiation and classification of those requiring care . . . and the use of the family home instead of the institution as a means of providing for dependent and neglected and certain classes of delinquent children.' The Governor adds that the state maintains no orphanages.

A Juvenile Court judge expressed the opinion that separation of the delinquent child from his home, 'even a very bad home,' should be the last resort.

Welfare organizations now utilize foster homes for orphan babies whenever possible in preference to institutions, because experience has shown that the babies thrive better, even if less scientifically cared for.

The old saying has it, I think, that 'we live by admiration, hope, and love.' No technical terms quite explain what it is that we feel, that seems to wrap us safely about and sustain us among our own people, — those who are nearest, those unquestionably dearest, to us, — but there is *something*, definite, almost tangible. If perfectly normal, responsible grown-ups, with absorbing interests and far-flung contacts, need and long for this sure support, how much more essential must it be for the happiness and development of the groping, dependent child, usually inarticulate, often conscious of his shortcomings, but unable wholly to overcome them? 'Admiration, hope, and love'!

The parents who find themselves, as we did nine years ago, suddenly face to face with tragedy, inescapable, can only try to alleviate it with such courage as they can muster and such knowledge as they may gain. But one hopes that public sympathy and coöperation will aid them more in the future than in the past to adjust, to a life they cannot avoid living, these pathetic little outsiders.

ANIMA CANDIDA

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

LIFTED by gentle hands, Virgil had been brought from his sick room to the portico opening upon the garden, and made comfortable on a couch of tortoise shell and ivory, covered with crimson silk cushions which warmed a little the pallor of his long thin face. It was an afternoon of late September, and the sun over Brindisi was still almost as hot as that sun over Megara which, ten days ago, had seemed to drop a burning shaft upon the poet's head. But in this house of Tullus, near the sea, there was every defense against the blazing sky and the heated streets. Within the protecting wall the large rooms were kept shaded. The slaves who waited on the invalid day and night seemed to know just when to bring him cooling drinks, just when to change his position, just how to bathe his body without exhausting him.

Racked from the journey across the Adriatic, Virgil had accepted without question the arrangements made for him at the command of Augustus. With gratitude he found himself the guest of Tullus, an intimate friend of a member of the imperial entourage. The emperor, who in Athens had persuaded his best-beloved poet to turn back with him, and who had been responsible for the sight-seeing tour among the ruins of Megara, had ordered his physician, Antonius Musa, always the attendant of his travels, to remain in Brindisi, keeping with him several slaves especially skillful in nursing. It had been evident that Virgil was in no condition to take the journey to his home in Naples, even in the most comfortable of carriages.

The fever had quieted down, and to-day, in spite of the invalid's great weakness, Musa had decided to try an hour's change in the fresher air of the portico. Virgil lay very still, the cool splash of the garden fountain soothing his ear. 'Rest yourself now,' he had whispered weakly to the servant who had put the pillows so comfortably under his head, and the man looked half-asleep, there on the marble bench, his patient, kindly face relaxed from its habitual attentiveness. But Virgil did not sleep. Thoughts followed each other through his mind, like a flock of migrating birds.

So this was Brindisi again, and he was sick here, instead of in his own sweet Parthenope. Outside of this wall there was no blue bay of Naples, no familiar Vesuvian cone, no shore of Capri, to catch the rose and daffodil from the sunset. The harbor of Brindisi had never attracted him, in spite of the gathering of ships from lands beyond the horizon. Perhaps it had looked its best to him that morning — could it be so few weeks ago? — when he had set sail with high hopes of happy travel in Greece.

The sun had been shining brilliantly, without betraying its hostility. He had been hoarding for the journey his none too great allowance of strength, so that he had felt comparatively well and able to cope with ardent enjoyment. The *Æneid* was at least in its first draft, after much agony of spirit, and he had believed for the first time since the inception of the work — the sudden inspired hour ten years ago — that after drinking of Greek fountains he would be able to bring it to a final form.

To-day he felt so weak, although the fever and pain had gone. Musa had said that he had a good fighting chance for his life, but who was he to fight? Life had rarely seemed to him worth the struggle, and now that he had passed the half century, fulfilled his ten lustrums, why should he struggle longer? It was not as if anybody cared very much whether he lived or died. No wife, no child, to hold him. Years ago his brothers had died, as well as his father and mother. There was nobody nearer than a friend, and even the closest of them — Horace, Varius, Tucca — could pursue their accustomed ways without him. Gallus, the dearest comrade of his youth, had already preceded him to the world of shades. Perhaps if they met there the tragedy of this friend's wrongdoing and self-inflicted death could be forgotten, they could tread the asphodel together and talk once more of the holy Muses. As for Mæcenas, as for Augustus, these bright stars would shine on in the firmament of Rome, losing no ray of light because a poet died. Their friendship was beneficence, not dependence.

It was odd that the emperor should be sheltering him now in Brindisi — how extraordinary such an idea would have seemed when he first saw the place twenty years ago! The emperor was only Octavian then, and Mæcenas, journeying down from Rome to mediate between him and Antony, had made up a pleasant literary party in order to sweeten politics with draughts from the Pierian spring. Horace had started with him, and Varius, Tucca, and Virgil himself had joined on at Sinuessa. Horace had written it up in his inimitable way. Who else would have thought of informing the public that when Mæcenas played ball he and Virgil took a nap!

The sick man with an effort lifted his thin hand and looked at it. Yes, always, always, he had been shut out from rough-and-tumble physical exercise. Neither had he been able to be a soldier, in those young days when Horace left his Athenian studies and fought with Brutus. In a way, it was odd that he, too, had not gone to Athens for more study after the student days in Rome. Perhaps even then the effort of travel had seemed too great. Suppose he had gone, and sickened and died before he had written as much as an eclogue? In that would there have been cause for tears? Not for others, surely, but he would have missed those wander-years among Italy's hills and lakes, her beautiful fields and vineyards, and the storied towns reared on hilltops above her ancient rivers. Whenever he had wanted to be young again, it had been most of all to recapture the first sweet ardor of knowing the Italian country, from the north, where snowy Alps wore the coronals of the morning and the evening, to the south, where Sicily took the sea to her warm breast.

To be young again! Really young — not even a youth in love with Italy, but a child at home! Virgil's eyes closed weakly. On tired wings his thoughts slipped back to his boyhood on his father's farm near Mantua. It was there that he had first watched the flush of rose come on the far-off Alps. And there were friendlier hills, too, where the shadows lay, when the smoke rose from the little homes in the clear evening air, and a homely river — he could almost smell the reeds and hear the hum of bees in the willow trees on the banks. Such swims as he and his brother had had after the spring rains! And in the woods they used to build beech-wood fires and cook bacon when their father took them on a picnic. The woods bordered a large field, where in the spring narcissi and hyacinths and violets grew in thick clumps. Once he had plunged his hand down among purple hyacinths and touched a snake — even yet he remembered its slimy coldness. Apple trees were safer — the red fruit was so firm and fresh in the hand when you had stood on tiptoe and pulled down a heavy bough. Always there had been something interesting, from the spring ploughing and planting to the autumn vintage. The cattle and even the bees were playmates. On rainy days the farm hands welcomed help in mending the tools or parching the corn or plaiting the baskets, and filled the hours with old country stories and songs.

But even more clearly into the sick poet's memory slipped the silver music of his childish dreams of Rome, that distant city of whose temples and streets and hills his father had often told him. The only town he knew was Mantua, to which he was taken on market days, and he had merely enlarged it into Rome, because he had seen that puppies looked like dogs and kids looked like their dams! How could he guess the magnificence of a city which carried her head as high above all others as cypresses rise toward the blue sky from among low hedgerow trees?

Rome! In her service he had been long enlisted. She was his commander, his goddess, his mistress. Virgil stirred restlessly and opened his eyes. The servant, sensitive to the least sound, came hurrying to him, and was frightened by the excited flush in his face. A deep impulse had wrested Virgil back from the past, into which he had almost lost consciousness, to a feverishly practical anxiety. He must accomplish his purpose before it was too late. The *Æneid* must be destroyed. It was not worthy of Rome. Incomplete, imperfect, it must die with him. Yesterday he had asked for his packet of papers, to tear in shreds the manuscript, but they had put him off with excuses. He was helpless, for he could not stand on his feet. Hoarsely, he asked for the slave who took letters. When he came with his wax tablet and stilus, the poet's voice held out to dictate to Varius a strict order that none of his unpublished works should be allowed to reach the public. His voice died away. The flush in his face changed to pallor. His breath could scarcely be detected. But the household hung upon that breath. Before midnight a swift courier was dispatched northward along the Appian Way to Rome.

II

The elder Sosius, head of the chief publishing firm in Rome, was taking an October holiday in Baiæ, and gladly accepted an invitation from Varius and Tucca to spend a few days with them in Virgil's villa at Posilipo. The two friends, fortunately, had been spending September at Capri, so that the news of the poet's death, which shocked and grieved rich and poor alike in Naples, reached them quickly and they were able to perform the last offices of friendship when his body, under military escort, was brought home from Brindisi. Now they were staying on to make the necessary arrangements about the house and slaves.

The most valuable part of the villa was the library, for, simple as the country-born poet's tastes were in furnishings and manner of life, he had given free rein to indulgence in books. Every golden line of Greek literature that he could put his hands on he had gathered in. Latin literature was completely represented, many of the contemporary manuscripts being gifts from the authors. Of historical and antiquarian material there was no end. Virgil kept twice as many copyists as kitchen slaves, and they never were idle.

In this library Varius, Tucca, and Sosius were discussing the publication of the *Æneid,* which the emperor had commanded. A slave had brought a bowl of wine and the silver cups decorated with lilies in bas-relief which Octavia had sent to Virgil after hearing him read the description of her dead son, Marcellus. The sixth book of the epic was among the few portions which the poet had revealed in private audience, and the emperor's sister had been deeply moved.

Varius had been distressed over the fact that they must go against Virgil's wishes, when he had trusted their friendship. 'Well,' said Tucca, practical as always, 'we have no choice, since Augustus says "publish." And, after all, Virgil undertook the epic as an imperial service. It was n't his private affair.'

'Not when it was his lifeblood poured into the hexameters?' asked Varius. 'His brain, his nerves, his heart, have known no peace for ten years. And then an incomplete work passes from his dead hands to the barking critics!'

'Why so incomplete?' asked Tucca. 'There are twelve books. If he had lived forever, he could n't have completed Roman history. The books as they are — I have been studying them — seem to me supremely well done. In the name of Apollo, why was he so worried?'

'That has puzzled me, too,' Varius answered, 'but I believe I can give you three reasons.' He began to check them off on his fingers. 'First, there are really incomplete lines and passages. To us they seem negligible, but you know what a craftsman he was. One roughness and the marble was gravel. One flaw and the jewel was not precious. His own comparison is even better — a bear licking her cubs into shape. We found him gentle, but in his creative labor there was a curious fierceness. Second,' — the middle finger went up, — 'I believe he wanted to rearrange some values, change his architectural design. Just before he went to Greece, he told me he was afraid he had overdone the legendary material in the later books, and that the individual combats were too prolonged. Years ago he told me that he meant to get twelve books done, and then weld them into a harmonious creation before going on.'

Varius held up his third finger and looked meditatively at a handsome intaglio ring, a cornelian incised with a tragic mask. Then, letting it relax, he went on: 'The third reason, I am convinced, was due to nature instead of art. Virgil could no more help being distrustful of the quality of his work than he could help being frail, or gentle, or having a beautiful voice or a heavenly disposition. He was destined to write great poetry and have no joy out of it. His effort to destroy the *Æneid* sprang from an inner iconoclasm. The very intensity of his love for Rome kept destroying his confidence in his own power to serve her. We are a patriotic race, but most of us are more sure that we match our country!'

Sosius had begun to show signs of being restless. As Varius ended on a smile, he filled his cup again from the bowl of wine, and said, 'Could you two adapt your alternate strains to telling me more about the *Æneid?* I have had only snatches of it. Is it really greater than the *Iliad,* as the younger poets are prophesying?'

'You can't compare heroic sagas with

a conscious artistic creation,' said Varius. 'The *Iliad* was made by the people and lay at hand for the poet, who then gave it back to them transfigured. The *Æneid* has been deliberately made for the people by a poet inspired by patriotic and philosophical purposes. But three things he does take over from Homer: the rich, golden civilization of the Trojan age, the presence of the gods and goddesses among men, — sometimes, I must say, overdone for our modern taste, — and the use of similes.

'By the way, these are most interesting. I read on and on last night, — poor old Syra had to fill my lamp three times! — and I was struck by their freshness. Men building a city work as hard as bees in the early summer fields. When a boy dies in battle his neck sinks and settles on his shoulder as poppies bow their heads if they are overweighted by a shower. A woman smitten suddenly by love is like an innocent deer, wandering free in the woods and being smitten by a shepherd's arrow. Flowers and birds and winds and storms, fire and stars, a working woman busy all night, a boy spinning a top — can't you see how out of the matrix of his rural life he has fashioned jewels for a crown for Rome? This epic, I do assure you, Sosius, has a dignity, a grandeur even, that is Roman to the core. The hexameters are marvelous, even statelier than those of the *Georgics*. You will find them taking Rome by storm.'

'But what about the subject?' persisted the publisher. 'We are an agricultural people, and the *Georgics* reached the popular heart because fundamentally it yearns toward the life of the farm. No matter how high the poet lifts his eyes, his feet are on the soil that we live from. The most air-born hexameters do not sweep away the solid information about how to raise the crops! Is the *Æneid* going to reach beyond the intellectuals? Can't you give me some outline of this epic that turns you into a lyricist?'

Tucca rose and went over to a table on which was laid out, in twelve rolls, the copy of the *Æneid* which had come back with Virgil's body. 'Let me run through these for you,' he said with a smile. 'I can keep to the highroad more steadily than Varius can.' As he proceeded with his long task, his fingers seemed to stroke the unrolling papyrus, as if he felt his friend's hand.

'Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expelled and exiled, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Italian realm and built the destined town;
His banished gods restored to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.[1]

'Well, there in the opening lines you have it all — the philosophical interplay of man and destiny, the epic device of gods, the dangers and troubles, the wars and conflicts, the final triumph of our progenitor, the foreshadowing of the greatness of Rome. But having pushed himself out to sea on these lines, our Virgil had the inspired good sense to plunge from them into the salt currents of a story. Carthage is the scene — the tale of her origin will pleasantly remind us of how we destroyed our proudest enemy! I would not have credited Virgil with so keen a dramatic sense.

'Carthage is new and fresh, founded by Dido, widow of Sychæus, an immigrant from Tyre. Æneas, in the seventh summer of his wanderings, is driven here by a storm, brought about by the malignancy of Troy-hating Juno. Queen and court hospitably receive him and the companions of his seven ships. Hosts and guests feast together, and Dido begs Æneas to tell her the tale of his wanderings. By the will of Juno, helped by Venus, she has already fallen in love with the princely stranger.

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[1] The verse passages are from Dryden's classic English translation. — AUTHOR

III

'So much for the Prologue. The next two books give Æneas's story to date. I assure you, you will never have a more brilliant description of the sack of Troy and an exile's escape. It is not only Homeric, but Euripidean in its humanity. As the morning star rises over the high ridges of Mount Ida, Æneas finds himself the leader of a pitiful group of refugees, his city destroyed, his wife dead, his feeble old father on his back, his little son dragging at his hand. They put to sea, to wander for seven ill-starred years.

'I must hold you up with one of the earlier episodes when they have entered a harbor of Epirus. Æneas has heard that Andromache has been married again to Helenus and is living inland. His heart is kindled with a desire to see an old friend, and so he leaves his ships and makes his way to her. Their meeting, her memories of Hector, her first love, the generous hospitality of Helenus, the happiness of Æneas in living once more in a city made to look like the Troy they have loved and lost — I still remember the cadences of Virgil's voice when he first read all this to me. His voice broke on Æneas's farewell speech to these friends: —

'To you a quiet seat the gods allow;
You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase,
Deluding visions and a vain embrace!

'Well, on the wanderers sail, until one morning, just at daybreak, they see the dim hills and low plains of Italy. All seems well. But Polyphemus, the Cyclops, must be reckoned with, and Scylla and Charybdis. Only a few ships escape. Anchises, the old father, who had made every care and danger seem light to Æneas, dies — you remember, Varius, how deeply Virgil loved his father?

'But I must not linger here. The next book, Sosius, would make your fortune, if you put it on the market separately. You have heard about it, I know — the love story of Dido and Æneas. It has amazed his friends, because we have never known of Virgil loving a woman. The frenzies of Propertius and Tibullus used to trouble him — often he would say he wished they might see Rome as their true mistress. But here he has portrayed a proud, passionate, impetuous woman as perhaps even Catullus could not have done, had he liked high themes.

'A high theme this certainly remains; Dido, the victim of love, is still the queen who led her people from one land to another and built a great city. Juno, hoping to keep Æneas from Italy, brings the love to consummation, and queen and guest pass the long winter together in revelry, regardless of their public trusts. The towers and bastions of Carthage remain unfinished. By day Æneas forgets his god-given mission. But his dreams are troubled. In them his young son and the ghost of his old father reproach him.

'Finally, Jupiter exercises his will. Mercury comes to remind Æneas that he was not rescued from Troy to dally in Carthage, but to rule an Italy teeming with empire and to lay all the world beneath his law. The man of destiny prepares to depart. Reproached by Dido, he can only say that he does not go of his own free will. The tragedy culminates. Æneas sails before dawn. When morning breaks, Dido from her watchtower sees the empty harbor and the sails far out upon the sea. On a pretext she has built a funeral pyre, surmounted by the marriage bed.

Upon it she kills herself with the sword of Æneas. Her soul passes out upon the winds that speed him toward Italy.

'Well, after all this tragedy, we come back to the epic mood. A storm drives the Trojans to the same Sicilian harbor from which they had set sail for Carthage. It is the anniversary of Anchises' death and Æneas celebrates it by athletic games — you will recognize the *Eighth Book of the Odyssey*. This is a pleasant interlude. But Juno busies herself again. She drives the weary women mad so that they set fire to the ships which threaten once more to take them out upon the sea. Only three ships are left. Æneas divides his forces, leaving in Sicily the women and all who are content to have none of glory. The chosen remnant are ready for the last dash for Italy.

'The sea is calm, the sky clear. As night comes on, the sailors nod and sleep. Even Palinurus, the helmsman of Æneas's own ship, drowses and is washed overboard. The leader must take the helm himself. As he guides the ship through the night of waters he mourns his friend: —

'For faith reposed on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doomed on shores unknown to lie.'

Tucca laid down the fifth roll, and came back to the mixing bowl. 'You know the next book, Sosius, the divine Sixth — you heard Virgil read it himself. Here in Naples the world of the dead seemed near to him. From Cumæ, almost at his door, he plunged down among the shades. Certainly to us now, in this hour, the journey of Æneas does not seem as imaginary as it did that day on the Palatine.

'Talk about Æneas's journey being modeled on that of Odysseus! I suppose this book contains the quintessential difference between Virgil and Homer. Our poet uses the legend of Hades as a vehicle of philosophy. For one thing, he lets Anchises give his Platonic views about the nature of the soul. The old father informs his son that within man there is a fiery glow, a heavenly nature, a struggling against the clogs of corrupting flesh. The lapse of ages will cleanse the ingrained stain and leave a residue of heavenly intelligence. For another thing, also Platonic, he lets Anchises rehearse the list of the unborn souls who are to appear on earth. So he inverts life and death. It is a roster of our national heroes, down to Augustus Cæsar himself — born to restore the Golden Age and to extend our sway beyond the solar path, beyond the starry way. But fate has deprived him of a successor in the young Marcellus. These very cups we are holding mark Octavia's feeling when her beautiful son was described. "Heap lilies with ungrudging hands" — Virgil's voice was like a lute among spring flowers — you remember how our lady broke down in tears.'

Having drunk his wine, Tucca went back to the table and took up the rolls again, moving more quickly this time. 'Five more books, Sosius, and I wager you know practically nothing of them, and yet they contain a galaxy of portraits. The coloring is Iliadic; Æneas has to fight his way to win Latium, which at last he reaches. Our poet sings now of "grim wars, embattled lines, kings whom honor drove on death, and all Hesperia enrolled in arms." He uses our dim legends, our immemorial customs and ceremonies, as epic material. The substance of our national origins he embroiders with rich details.

'But the opening of Book Seven is as idyllic as any passage in the *Eclogues* or *Georgics*. After a moonlight sail up the coast, Æneas describes in the early morning, just as the calm water is reddening under the sun, a richly wooded shore and the river Tiber flowing down to the sea. The birds are filling the bright air with song. Joyfully the wanderers turn their prows and glide into the shady river. Latinus, the king, receives them kindly, and because of favorable omens promises to give his daughter in marriage to the princely stranger.

'Then again Juno interferes. The young prince of the Rutuli, who is betrothed to Lavinia, declares war. Æneas goes for assistance to Evander, who rules at Pallantium — our Palatine, you see. I know that Virgil spent months of research on this portion, tracing back the Capitoline, and the Campus Martius and the Forum. But he never forgets the story. Evander gives troops under his son Pallas, praying that if fate has death in store for the boy the thread of his own life may be snapped now while he still holds him in his arms. As Æneas carries off the boy to fight for the destiny of Rome the servants are seen to lift the old father from the ground.

'Always the "pity" of tragedy, is n't it, Varius? Youth dies all through these later books. You could make a score of plays out of them. Take the Trojan Nisus and Euryalus, for example, friends such as Euripides drew in *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The mother of Euryalus had refused to stay in Sicily, when he was chosen to accompany Æneas. He is killed here in Latium like a purple flower severed by the plough. That's Sappho, I suppose, but Virgil saw it as often as she did. Nisus avenges him and dies. And Euryalus's mother, hearing the news at her loom, wails so bitterly that the martial spirit of all who hear her flags and faints.

'Then there is the young Mezentius, King of Etruria, and Camilla, the Amazon princess of the Volscians, a beautiful creature. They all have to die, that Æneas may triumph. Finally, Turnus himself is killed by Æneas. The gods desert him. He fights on as in a nightmare, moving as we move in dreams when we try to run and cannot and our tongues try to speak and cannot. Wounded, lying on the ground, he reminds the conqueror that he is loved by his father, as Æneas was loved by Anchises. But he is wearing a trophy taken from Pallas, who had been sent back dead to his father. In rage Æneas slays him. The soul of Turnus flies groaning into the dark.

'The *Æneid* ends! My friends, will our Virgil tread the same asphodel with Homer? Where is his joy in combat? True, the great Mæonian felt the pathos of humanity. As are the generations of leaves, so also are the generations of men, burgeoning in the spring, only to fall in the autumn. But it seems to me that Virgil saw each leaf as it fell. And now he, too, has fluttered to the ground.'

Tucca slowly rolled up the last papyrus. Neither Varius nor Sosius spoke. But from the door a harsh sob broke the silence, revealing the presence in the shadows of grizzled old Geta, who had been Virgil's chief copyist for many years. Sosius beckoned to him, and he crept in like a dog deserted and forlorn. 'Come to Rome with me,' said a kind voice, 'and help me to make your master still live.'

IV

Horace to his Mæcenas. Greeting

The evening air is clear and the smoke is going up from the little farmhouses. Sabine quiet is falling on my own farm. We were busy to-day in the vineyard, harvesting my modest store of grapes. With the warm work went the usual merriment. But I kept thinking of the day — how long ago! — when Virgil went about my few acres with me, to pick out the best exposure and test the looseness of the soil.

Dear friend of mine, pride and glory of Rome's poets, what limit can be set to our longing for him? I cannot read to-night. I have told Davus to admit no guests. And yet in this last month my neighbors here have comforted me more surely than I should have been comforted had I gone back to Rome. They accept the decrees of fate with a patience which is more tranquilizing than the equanimity of the philosophers. They say farewell to their dead with those old rites which seem to unite the generations of men, and then, without speculation, without complaint, they go about their business. Virgil used to say to me that it was because they know the processes of nature, and, as unconsciously as the cattle or the trees, submit to the beginning, the maturity, the end of all that lives.

He was really a countryman, was n't he? How shy, how sweet he was! Do you remember his embarrassment that day in the theatre when the audience rose because one of his lines was quoted on the stage? And on the street I have seen the blood rush to his face if he realized that he was being pointed out to a stranger. The acclaim of Rome — for whom else in our generation has it been so loud and clear? — seemed never to sound for him above the inward voice of his own ideals. Your golden friendship, the emperor's divine favor, issued in love, in gratitude, in endeavor, never in self-assertion, scarcely, alas! even in self-confidence.

In this hour I want only to talk of him, as if through the gate of horn, a real presence, he could come back to us, for a space, from the Eternal Sleep. I asked him once why he had Æneas and the Cumæan Sibyl return from Hades through the gate of ivory. Was it all a false dream — that triumph of the heavenly nature? But he only smiled, a little sadly, and said, 'Certainty belongs only within the eye's radius, does n't it, Horace?' He could follow Plato in hope, but not in the assurance of a soul which has made its way from the shadows of the Cave to the sunlight of Truth.

And yet, how beautiful, my friend, was our Virgil's hope! Straight through from the *Eclogues* to the end of the *Æneid* he kept his vision of a better age for us all, of peace and goodness prevailing among men. But it was not a mirage. Out of the body of the Roman character he fashioned it. Do you remember the delight of Augustus in that superb passage in the *Sixth of the Æneid*, where he chisels the face of Rome as distinct from the face of Greece? Grant to Greece all her arts and sciences, yet Rome, too, has a destiny. To govern nations justly, to impose the rule of peace — 'These are imperial gifts and worthy thee.'

But his intense patriotism was not without fear. I suppose that only the one who hopes most for Rome can know the full measure of terror for her shortcomings. How many do you suppose hear with spiritual ears that impassioned call in the *Georgics* back to the rural gods, back to home and hearthstone, to the natural employments of the seasons, to simple virtues and sweet content? The turmoil of the Forum seemed mad to him, as if it all meant evil ambition, and greed, and poisonous luxury. Fundamentally I know that his desire for a purer life among the people made him malleable to the emperor's wish for an epic to glorify Rome. He believed that if we could be brought back to a reverence for the early strength which started us on our road to greatness, we should work more ardently for a noble future. You and I know how he immersed himself in that early history which is based on the idea that Rome was predestined by the divine will to become mighty. He believed the past to be a fount of inspiration. Who knows?

Yet he could not accept the power of Destiny in our approved Roman way. My peasant neighbors, your senatorial neighbors, you, I, say at most, 'It is hard, yet patience makes it bearable.' But Virgil! How divine his pity was! Did you ever know him to fail to think of the weak instead of the strong, the unhappy instead of the happy? The tears in things he never forgot. Marvelously the *Æneid*, which is a glorification of Rome, is also a setting forth of compassion. Every triumph of Æneas means another's defeat. And in his destiny Æneas takes no joy. When Dido begs him to stay in Carthage, he tells her that his real choice, were he free from fate's desire, would lead him back to the Trojan shore.

Ah, yes! Our Virgil was the whitest soul among us. Greed and lust and meanness slunk from his sight. If I said so in our youth, how much better do I know it now! One day on the shore at Naples, he read me his lines on the woodland princess, martial Camilla. As I listened — we shall never hear that voice again — I thought to myself that in her he had unconsciously projected his own spirit, in which virility and virginity met and mingled. I do not wonder that the Neapolitans called him Parthenius!

I have been writing with my own hand, as you see. The autumn wind is rising, prophesying rain. The brazier grows cold. My friend, my guard and my defense, such part of my heart as our Virgil has not taken with him I dedicate to your service. Farewell.

THE RISE OF THE FAR WEST

BY SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

I

> SEEN from this angle, history offers possibilities far beyond the ambitions of all previous research, which has contented itself in the main with arranging the facts of the past so far as these were known . . . the possibilities, namely, of overpassing the present as a research limit, and predetermining the spiritual form, duration, rhythm, meaning, and product of the still unaccomplished stages of our western history; and reconstructing long-vanished and unknown epochs, even whole cultures of the past, by means of morphological connections. — SPENGLER, *The Decline of the West*

All readers of the *Republic* are struck by those passages in the sixth book where Plato ceases to speak as a Greek and becomes a Messianic prophet. In them, preëminently, the universality of his genius becomes apparent. He transcends the very culture of which he was the grand and final summarist, and dreams a culture that is to be, when the One Man, the King's Son, the Philosopher, will lay the foundations of the City of Righteousness upon earth, and persuade the multitude to dwell in it. In much the same fashion, the universality of Saint Augustine's genius becomes apparent in his vision of a world of will which was never realizable in his own 'Magian' culture, but which came to be in the soul of the Western

'Faustian' man, born half a millennium after the eyes of the Bishop of Hippo closed forever.

Goethe also had his instant of clairvoyance: the instant in which he ceased to be merely the final symbolic spokesman of his culture, and became the prophet of a child-soul wherein was radically contradicted all that his own soul knew. To the contemporary European, the solution of the problem of Faust seems terribly tame and unconvincing. Goethe's hero, his figure of Western man, it will be recalled, sets himself at long last to the redemption of a tract of seashore from the sea. Blind and old, he loses at length his wager, and implores the passing moment to abide: —

A marish skirts the mount, whose smell
Infecteth all the land retrieved.
To drain the festering sump as well!
That were at last the best-achieved.
I open room for millions there, a dwelling
Not idly sure, but to free toil compelling;
Green fields and fruitful, men and herds at home
Upon the earth new-wrested from the foam;
Straight-settled on the hill-strength, piled on high
By swarming tribes' intrepid industry.
Within, a paradise, howe'er so grim
The flood without may bluster to the brim.
And as it nibbles to shoot in amain
Flock one and all to fill the breach again
My will from this design not swerveth,
The last resolve of human wit,
For liberty, as life, alone deserveth
He daily that must conquer it.
Thus childhood, manhood, and grey old age here,
With peril girt, shall spend their strenuous year.
Fain would I see such glad turmoil,
With a free people stand on a free soil.
To such a moment past me fleeing,
Tarry, I'd cry, thou art so fair!

Nützliche Tätigkeit, useful activity, was the lesson Faust had to learn. If the European finds it tame and disappointing, the American, the Far Western man, is inclined to ask whether it was really necessary for Faust to resort to black magic in order to learn what seems to him the most transparent of life's facts. He conceives himself, before all else, as a doer, and of things which he measures always by their usefulness. With him, an idea only has meaning when 'something must be done about it.' When nothing can be done about it, the idea fades into unreality and unimportance. 'Actions,' he insists, 'speak louder than words,' and means that useful activities are the chief symbols by which his being finds expression.

'How do you react to this proposition?' 'My reaction is so and so.' These are no mere vulgarizations of a laboratory term. They are meaningful symbols of the Far Western soul. Thought itself is a sort of action. When it is not, it is worthless. Those in charge of American education are more concerned over the control of 'activities' than they are over the imparting of erudition. A student who is not interested in activities is at best an eccentric, at worst a disgrace.

Behaviorism is a plaything of the schools in Europe. In America alone it has meaning, is a crude attempt to rationalize a deep, inner sense that will and consciousness, with all the intellectual faculties of the old psychology, are an immoral explanation of life. Life is a series of disjunct doings, behavior particles, in automatic response to a demand from without, not from within. The existence of this demand from without must be posited, for the activity must, somehow or other, be useful. If one acted upon an internal stimulus, a will, or a rational purpose, his action might be useless. One raises an umbrella because it is raining. Lo! his action is useful, and the rain is kept off. If he raised it because he willed it, or because he thought it best, or because he was inspired, his action might be useless, since the rain might not be falling at all.

Another crude rationalization of the same American trait was pragmatism

— the die, so to speak, of which behaviorism is the coin. Pragmatism would test philosophical and logical behavior by its results. Pragmatism did not go far enough, since it only offered a test, by activity, of something — pure contemplative thought — which must have had an inner impulse, and which, apart from any tangible, useful activities it produced, might have satisfied an inner need, useless and luxurious.

The American feels that life itself is dependent upon useful activity. A will to live means little to him. Generally only moribund persons are said to possess it, as if it were a magic talisman, picturesque, but not likely to work. A person is full of 'vitality' when he is constantly in action, always doing something. There is, further, the belief, among Americans, that when a man's work is done he dies. Saint Benedict taught that idleness is the enemy of the soul, but the Far Western man believes it to be the enemy of life in the flesh. As for a future life conceived as one of rest in God, or, more vulgarly, sitting around and playing harps, it is meaningless and abhorrent to the American. When Saint Theresa of Lisieux said that she would spend her eternity doing good upon earth, she won a permanent place in the American martyrology.

II

Enough has been said to illustrate the hypothesis that in America the vision of Goethe is realized, that the Far Western culture is a new thing and in it useful activity holds the same dominant place that the will held in Western Europe, or the spirit in the Magian soul, or the body in the culture of Hellas. It will be worth while, however, to make a parallel study of the attitudes of these four 'souls' in their three most significant modes of expression — politics, religion, art.

The Greek city-state was conceived corporeally. It was a natural embodiment which had laws of life identical with those of the individual. The *Republic*, it has been well pointed out, is not a dubiously tenable argument by analogy — the analogy, as we should say, between the organic life of an individual and a group. A substantial identity of state and individual is what Plato meant to imply by his illustration of the large and small letters. The corporeal notion of the state in Plato is strengthened by his description of its decay in terms of genealogical descent. The best state begets a timocracy, the timocracy begets an oligarchy, and so forth. Aristotle's ideal size for a state is minuscule. Plato, in the *Laws*, suggests five thousand inhabitants. The state must be small enough to be seen. If parts of it were invisible, its corporeality would escape observation. Without corporeality, it was nothing.

The Magian state was, of course, the City of God. Men were bound together by a common experience of the breath of God. The Magian nation earned that name not because of a common ancestry, real or putative, but by reason of a common rebirth. Saint Augustine, it will be recalled, comments upon Cicero's definition of a people: It is not every gathering of men, but one bound by a common sense of right, a *consensus juris*. To Saint Augustine, perhaps to Cicero as well, that *consensus* was a mysterious experience of divinity. There could be no common sense of right, said the Bishop of Hippo, unless the state worshiped the one true God.

The European, Faustian, state, as Gierke showed, is nothing but the enlargement of a sense of the group will from the tiny, primitive, German

Genossenschaft (fellowship) into the great national communities of the nineteenth century. Rousseau provided the final formula for the European state in his grand conception of the 'general will.'

The American awareness of the community is sharply distinguished from these. American political thought, in the sense of a conscious analysis and verbal description of inner political experience, is still crude and imitative of European models. When it develops we may be sure that it will follow the lines suggested by the term 'mob psychology.' Mob psychology is the behavior of a crowd of persons, especially those features of the behavior of the crowd which distinguish it from the behavior of an individual. Because a human collectivity makes the individuals which compose it act in a different way from that in which any one component individual would act, the American is aware of the existence of a community. McDougall, the Englishman, who can view the Far Western soul with some degree of objectivity, in his studies of what he calls the 'group mind' has best suggested the future lines of native American political thought. McDougall proves the reality of the group mind, not by proving its possession of a common will, but by showing that mobs behave differently from those who compose them.

The American sense of liberty is in sharp contrast with the European. The European concedes the individual a complete liberty of action, but aims at an absolute control of the will. The motto of Rabelais's Abbey of Thelema, 'Do what you will,' is to the European mind an innocent enough proposition. It does not conjure up a picture of crimes of violence and complete social disorganization. On the contrary, it is chosen as the motto of the most strict of communities, a monastery. Because it is an abbey, Rabelais inwardly feels that a group will is in control of the will of the inmates, so that, whatever they do, it will not be noxious to the community as such. To the American, the command, 'Do what you will,' on the contrary, suggests acts in the presence of which no community or culture could exist. It is, therefore, profoundly offensive, and America is right in banning Rabelais.

The common law of England, indeed of Europe, never punishes acts. There can be no punishment without 'proof' of a guilty intent. Malice of will alone is liable to punishment. The most amusing fictions have been devised to avoid the absurdities which would result if justice were really administered according to this doctrine. The courts have been compelled to argue in a circle that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, the evidence that a punishable act has been committed will be taken as evidence that the doer had a guilty intent. The fact that a man has stolen goods will be taken as proof that he was malicious when he did so.

This is so much nonsense to the American. All American punishment is designed to prevent the repetition of an illegal act by the same person. The American sees an analogy between the criminal and a mad dog. Reform of the will is impossible, but at least prison walls will prevent the criminal from offending again. Every American deeply approves the principle of the Baumes Laws, which punish not a guilty act, but the fact of repetition. The particular form of the Baumes Laws may be disapproved, or their practicability doubted, but the principle is accepted and will stand permanently in American penal philosophy.

Similar instructive contrasts can be made with respect to the sense of authority in the several cultures. The

Greek democracy was in no sense the rule of all, but of a relatively large *politeuma*, or governing class, conceived as fitted to rule largely by natural endowment. The Guardians of the Platonic Republic must be men of golden natures in the first place, before their education begins. In the Magian world, all authority must bear the evident stamp of divinity. Even the Christian emperors, enunciating strictly civil law, continued to call themselves *Divus*, divine, knowing that their only title to be legislators was their participation in divinity. In the European culture, all authority depends upon the assumption that the lawgiver is the organ of the general will.

Far Western feelings about authority are only beginning to find expression in external politics. Almost from the beginning, the American imagination has been enthralled by the Presidency, and has never really understood or respected either the representative-legislative function or the judicial. By slow degrees, however, the executive department of the Constitution is gaining a complete practical ascendancy. Americans apotheosize their Presidents because they symbolize authority-in-action. In the latest Presidential election, the American soul realized its long-suppressed dream, and was actually allowed to elevate to the 'highest office in the nation' a man whom it thought of as a doer. On the other hand, American legislative bodies have followed the courts into general and publicly expressed obloquy. The Senate of the United States, which is really very much as it has always been, is now openly declared to be ruining the country, standing in the way of those activities of the Executive by which the country lives. He who says, 'There ought to be a law,' is a comic figure. The vast number of laws on the statute books is considered disgraceful, and the plea is for fewer laws, fewer and shorter sessions of legislatures, greater discretionary power in the Executive. The Englishman calls the will of his legislative an 'act,' and America still uses the term, but without in the least understanding why. To the Far Western soul, nothing is less like an act than a statute of Congress.

III

When Samuel Morse first made a public trial of the electric telegraph, the message he chose to transmit was, 'What hath God wrought!' The ejaculation might very well stand as the symbol of the American consciousness of divinity, of the Far Western apprehension of religion. God as Plato conceived Him, whose copy of the eternal ideas was Nature; Aristotle's unmoved Mover; the Pentecostal God, whose breath made the prophets speak with tongues; the Holy Wisdom; the Pneuma — these are not the meanings which Godhead has for the American soul.

Set Morse's message over against the cry of Pope Urban's audience at Clermont, the cry which set the Crusades in motion and kept them in motion, '*Deus vult!*' (It is the Will of God!), in order to estimate the gulf which separates American religion from that of Europe. The Crusades, the product of a God of Will, seem to America an utterly useless expenditure of blood and treasure. The will of God and His servants eventuating in such a vain exploit seems like the whim of a destructive child. 'What hath God wrought!' An instrument of unlimited usefulness. His activity, eventuating in an electric telegraph, is that aspect of Him which can seize the Far Western imagination and retain hold of it.

Henry Adams, child of an alien race, a family of pure Faustian culture domiciled in an unfriendly environment, with an insight deeper than he himself, perhaps, realized, set a prayer to a dynamo within a prayer to the Virgin. Electricity, as a 'force,' seemed to him comparable, in the nineteenth century, to the force of the Mother of God in the thirteenth. The Virgin is still the great symbol of the Faustian soul: a human being bringing forth infinity, by reason of its perfect correspondence to the Will of God. The European Adams realized this. The Virgin, dimly understood, was still to him, a late man of a dying civilization, the ultimate force, the supremely meaningful sign of his being. 'A curious prayer, Our Lady, is it not?' he asks, after his address to the dynamo. The Faustian soul is one with him in finding it curious. The dynamo means nothing to Europe. Like all the electrical conveniences it makes possible, like power-driven machinery, like telephone and telegraph, it is simply a 'labor-saving device' in Europe. Only the economists pay any attention to these matters. The life of Europe, sluggish and tired as it is, is grateful that labor is saved it, but goes its secular way quite as usual.

Not so America. The cults of automobile and radio have a meaning for Americans which can only be described as religious. Both cults, indeed, are very far removed from useful activity, yet both symbolize it in the highest degree. The automobile is the acme of mechanical, the radio of electrical, efficiency. Behind both of them stand stupendous industrial systems, in which countless individuals are usefully active. Filling stations, open day and night, are the wayside shrines; broadcasting stations the oracles or the diocesan centres of the Far Western religious organization.

The Far Western man cannot always be usefully active, and human laziness is such that even if he could be, he would not. Automobile and radio confer the illusion of useful activity. By the former, one is going somewhere in space; by the latter, one is going somewhere in time. Both provide the movement which is radical in all useful activity. Both, as we have seen, symbolize useful activity in more ways than one. By an attachment to them, as to sacraments, the Far Western man hopes for salvation from the body of this uselessness.

That God may be electricity is a favorite American speculation. That He is lurking in machinery is also a not unusual suspicion. Certainly an electric current, with the manifold useful activities which it engenders, and a smooth-running, efficient machine have something of the marvelous and divine about them. The Far Western imagination has made saints out of all its great prophets of electricity from Franklin to Steinmetz and Edison. Edison, indeed, like Alexander the Great, is already in his lifetime a demigod and something of an oracle. His friend Henry Ford, the prophet of the automobile, enjoys a devotion not much less idolatrous than that offered the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Unlike the cultures of Faust and of the Magi, the Far Western soul will never, probably, tolerate the emergence of a priestly caste. Upon men of whose useful activity there can be no doubt, Americans confer and will continue to confer the respect due to the anointed of God. But Americanism, as Pope Leo XIII noted, respects the active virtues only, and has no use for contemplation. Doctors, whose supposititious restlessness in the pursuit of scientific and healing truth, whose putative twenty-four-hour days devoted to curing the sick and preventing sickness, seem to epitomize useful activity, are all of them invested with a sacerdotal character by the American soul. As Europe has had its anti-clericals, so America has its anti-medicals, whose shrill protests against medicine only set in bold relief the depth of reverence felt for doctors. The white-coated 'scientist' of the advertisements who has discovered this or that, forbids this or that, recommends this or that, always wears a grave, fatherly, essentially sacerdotal mien, and, judging by the frequency of his appearance in the pages of America's journals, deeply impresses those who read of his doings and sayings.

A priestly aura surrounds bankers as well. Alone among edifices devoted to commerce, banks seem hushed, even when they are noisy. Money and credit are black magic to Americans. The products of an alien culture, they are hothouse growths in the Far West, which has not yet produced a medium of exchange symbolic of its own economic life. Yet from money and credit all useful activities *seem* to flow, though, of course, the source of useful activity is far deeper than this. The banker inevitably appears to the American as a dealer in big medicine, a magician of the highest order. The American who approaches the desk of a vice president of a bank is somewhat comparable to the European who approaches the confessional. The conversation is marked by a similar nervousness on the part of the layman, a similar grave kindliness in assent or dissent on the part of the priestly executive. One may attack banks and bankers outside their doors and behind their backs. That is anti-clericalism. To attack them to their faces, within the sacred precincts, is sacrilege. The few who have ever done it tremblingly boast of their achievement the rest of their lives. A bank robber is, if public abhorrence be the measure of infamy, the most abandoned of criminals.

Christian ministers enjoy far less sacerdotal reverence than the doctors and bankers. Their enjoyment of it is strictly proportional not to their piety and prayers, not to their influence upon the divine Will, but to their useful activity. If they provide a plenitude of social services and embark on ambitious building schemes, they are conceded to be useful men in their communities and are revered. Such a minister stands on even terms with the doctor and the banker. Among the three there subsists a mutual respect based on fear of each other's powers.

There is little or no distinction between Protestant minister and Catholic priest. Curiously enough, Father Boyd Barrett has recently suggested that the latter's influence in America would be increased if he were married. A married man is of necessity a more usefully active man. Not only would the married priest's health be better, writes Father Barrett, but 'there would be a stronger natural incentive for priests to preach well and make a success of their parishes if the comfort and prosperity of their family were dependent upon their so doing. Actually many priests are lazy, and let things drift because they lack *natural* incentives.'

The Far Western soul will not tolerate a priestly caste, a body of men commanding respect and obedience by reason of a ceremonial initiation into holy mysteries. No ceremony can make a man supreme in respect of useful activity. Nature or nurture may make him so. But no imaginable rite can clothe him with power over the God of the lightning and of the dynamo.

In the classical world, too, the bankers were priests, of the Delphian Apollo, or the Athenian Goddess, or of any of scores of temples which dotted the Hellenic landscape. The doctors were initiates in the cult of the god Æsculapius. As for the old tribal priests, who are more or less homologous to the Christian ministers of America, they were made socially useful by receiving minor political functions.

The question whether 'Christianity' will survive in America is rather an idle one. Cultures have always made their own religions. Magian Christianity is only materially the same as that of Western Europe, as Spengler and a host of others have consciously and unconsciously shown. Far Western Christianity is, can be, and will be like no other Christianity of history. It is not inconceivable that Jehovah may take permanent form as the God of the dynamo, whose symbols are the automobile and the radio. He has been a God of pure Spirit, a God of pure Will. He can also be a God of pure Useful Activity. Perhaps the Far Western soul will ultimately throw the whole mass of Christian formulæ into the discard as too stiff with age to be reshaped to its needs, and get on, like the classical, without any formal theology.

Christianity, after all, has meaning and has had meaning not for cultures and collective souls at all, but for a few souls of individuals, who with remarkable spiritual intelligence have shut out the clamor of the world, cut themselves off from their cultural environment, and, in the quiet of their hearts, listened to the still small voice, and directly and immediately apprehended the meaning of Godhead and Christhood. These are the only truly religious men. They have existed, like enclaves, in every culture, and have left little record of themselves, for no tongue could utter, no eye could see, the things that were revealed to them. It is hard to believe that any true Christian could ever be a theologian. It is a strange child who will make a scientific study of his love for his father, and write about it for people to read. The historic Jesus was Himself, it would seem, most certainly one of these religious men. His record is so scanty that there are grounds for doubting whether He ever had an historic existence.

IV

The meaning which every culture gives to life or finds in life receives its first tangible expression in the temples and material implements of religion. In the manufacture of these, the culture creates its style, reveals its habit of growth. By a comparison of early Far Western cultural monuments with those of the Classical, Magian, and Faustian cultures, we shall, perhaps, discern what is the American style.

The Greek temple and the Greek Apollo are profoundly symbolic of corporeality. Architect and sculptor were alike preëminently concerned to give their works supreme visibility, because perception by the senses was essential to a perfect belief on the part of the beholder in the bodily substantiality of what he saw. The means taken was the adoption of simple geometric harmony of proportions. It was not possible to see the Parthenon all at once. But it was possible to see at once the rule of proportions according to which it was constructed. From having seen the rule, one saw, as it were simultaneously, the whole edifice. In the Apollos, too, a few easily recognizable systems of rules of human proportion were used, and one, the canon or measure of Lysippus, was finally adopted, so that the beholder, from seeing the length of the foot, could 'see' the whole god.

The Magian art form was preëminently cavernous. There was a minimum of background, and, ultimately, no images at all. In the Pantheon, the Church of the Holy Wisdom, the Mosque, the worshiper was surrounded and shut in by the enveloping pneuma of the deity. All suggestion of the corruption of material nature was painstakingly excluded. Security, a sense of rest in God, were marvelously suggested. Even the basilica was a half-cavern, the apse, with a huge, artistically meaningless hall attached to it for the comfort of the faithful.

The Norman and Gothic temples in Western Europe are the supreme architectural expressions of the Faustian soul. By half-understood, deeply sensed principles of thrust and counterthrust, they contrive to convey concretely the infinite aspirations of the human will. All that suggests limits to that will, such as roof, side walls, apse, is subtly suppressed. The Gothic church in its highest perfection is a universe in little. Infinite distances are brought within compass of the worshiper's will.

The American building, par excellence, is the skyscraper. It is not, of course, a temple in the sense of a gathering place for worship any more than the Greek temples were. As the latter were meant to embody, incorporate, the city, these Far Western temples (cathedrals) have the primary object of impressing the beholder with the useful activity of those who use them. Why does the skyscraper stand for useful activity? Useful activity is movement with a maximum of direction, a minimum of dispersion. The skyscraper suppresses the dispersive dimensions, length and breadth. The directive dimension, height, alone is emphasized. One can only move up and down in a skyscraper: up to the top, down to the bottom, in a direction as purposively, usefully straight as the elevator shafts in which one travels. There is no opportunity for the aimless wandering which length and breadth afford, or even for going on and on in a horizontal straight line in pursuit of a retreating horizon.

All other American architectural forms are artistically meaningless. Their immense and unintelligible variety is sufficient evidence of this. Their interior arrangements are designed to facilitate whatever useful activity is to be carried on within them. Their exteriors are merely containers of whatever is inside them, save in the unhappily frequent cases where some amateur draftsman has embellished the blue prints of the elevation with a hotchpotch of naïvetés borrowed from alien civilizations. The four-square, unembellished house, a plain box of usefully arranged rooms, is the ideal American building. If anyone doubts that Far Western forms are meaningless, let him ask himself whether every American architect does not begin his work with the floor plans and finish with the elevations. The sole exception is, probably, the architect of the skyscraper. Then let him inquire whether the architects of the Louvre, or of Versailles, or of the Trianon began the same way.

The automobile, as might have been expected, has at length attained to significant form, following in the footsteps of the locomotive. That neither of these has any style among the Europeans is profoundly significant. Yet it is possible that European locomotives and automobiles are more efficient than those of America. In America, these things symbolize the culture; therefore they have style. To ask efficiency of them would be sacrilege. American locomotives and automobiles aim to convey a sense of directed movement, useful activity, by a suppression of all dimensions save that of length. The limit toward which they move is the straight, horizontal line. Probably the demand for 'straight-eight' cars is principally due to the excuse thus furnished for a longer and narrower hood. The mechanical superiority of eight over six is nugatory.

Alone among radio receiving sets, that achieved in America has style. It takes the form, where it has form, of a smooth, solid, impassable obstacle, like an oblong block of dark stone placed in the pathway. It is, symbolically, the terminus of the directed waves of radioactivity. In front of it sits the master of the house, controlling by the intelligent manipulation of a single knob which waves he will admit and which exclude. Purely automatic control of the radio, labor-saving as it is, has never, and probably will never, become popular. The man must still seem usefully active to himself, though his activity is limited to turning a round piece of bakelite and understanding the significance of the numbers which appear on the dial before him.

V

The physiognomist of the Far Western soul must avoid attaching any deep significance to those external aspects of life in America which really mean nothing to the Americans. Among these formally meaningless things are the American political organization; the humane curricula of colleges; the exploitation of European art, music, letters; above all, perhaps, the cities. Spengler has borrowed from the mineralogists the term 'pseudomorphosis' to cover manifestations of this sort. The Far Western soul, still in its feudal age, has been crushed into the false forms set for it from without by the overripe civilization of Europe, which for two centuries had the financial and political upper hand in the Far Western world.

Since 1776, America has been steadily crusading against the civilization of Western Europe. The Civil War was chiefly meant to extinguish the European 'gentleman' of the South. The war of 1917 was rather a war against Europe than a war against Germany, as the aftermath has shown. Hostility of Far Western soldiers to English and French was often more deadly and personal than was their hostility to the invisible Germans. For outcome, European victors and vanquished alike are eliminated from all control over American life, and, indeed, are in a fair way of being controlled by America. The Crusades are not over yet. By the end of this century, however, it is to be assumed that a final, crushing blow will be dealt the decadent civilization of the Old World.

The problem of the free growth of the Far Western culture is profoundly complicated by the fact that another culture, that of Russia, was coming to birth almost simultaneously. Peter the Great was to Russia what Washington, Adams, and Hamilton were to America: the means by which the pseudomorphosis was imposed. Peter forced Western forms upon the Russian genius and attempted to persuade a people in the late tribal stage to adopt the manners of the civilized courts of Paris and Vienna. The false political forms of Russia and America alike have been succeeded respectively by false economic forms. The 'international bankers of Wall Street' bear the same relation to America that the Bolsheviki bear to Russia. Both cultures have yet to evolve their characteristic money forms. It is curiously symbolic that John Quincy Adams was the Hamiltonian government's minister to Russia. Far more deeply symbolic is the present want of any sort of diplomatic relations with Russia. This does not arise through any want of understanding between Wall Street and the Soviets. It is America's way of expressing hatred not for the Soviets but for the Russian soul, which it now at last deeply realizes is to be its implacable rival throughout the history of the next thousand years.

What is to be America's future? History does not predict as science does; it foresees. For the living soul of America, now in its childhood, history foresees, as for any living thing, an adolescence, a young manhood, a maturity, an old age, a senility, possibly a death, possibly an ossification analogous to death. The normal life course of a culture is something near a millennium and a half. It is possible to foresee that, if the American soul does not meet a violent end, it will be culturally comparable to the European soul of 1929 in about the year 2700 A.D. — civilized, old, unproductive, like the Athenians to whom Saint Paul spoke, ever anxious to tell or hear some new thing. Modern Europe dwells in the past; its major preoccupation is history. America is young. History, for America, is, in Henry Ford's classic phrase, 'bunk.' America is contemporary with pre-Homeric Hellas, with the Mediterranean world of Diocletian's day, with Western Europe at the beginning of the Crusades.

In her normal life cycle, America should experience a great politico-economic upheaval sometime toward the beginning of the twenty-second century. The feudal lords, hardened into aristocratic castes, should then commence an internecine strife, out of the ruins of which will emerge a number of unified political entities in which the third estate, a body of real city dwellers, men to whom city life and its concerns are second nature, will hold a balance of power. By 2300, America should have perfected her medium of exchange, a money no doubt symbolically related to useful activity, and from then on money will play an increasing part in politics.

At the end of the twenty-sixth century, a revolutionary movement, based on appeals to the city mob, but directed by a genuine American money power, should overthrow the absolutistic, palace-intrigue-ruled states. Imperialism will characterize the twenty-seventh century. There will be an American Alexander-Napoleon. The Far Western soul, very old, having little but the physical strength which money power affords, will proceed to the mechanical extension of her culture over other regions. In the early years of that century, the great conclusive systems, philosophical, theological, scientific, should make their appearance. Nothing will then remain to be done culturally save the formation of a specifically American view of history. Accident may interrupt this normal growth at any point. The whole culture may be violently and prematurely cut off, as was the earlier American culture south of the Rio Grande four hundred years ago. The life of a culture, like that of a man, is not a scientific experiment. It cannot be repeated. Therefore it cannot be predicted.

Regardless of the actual events which will befall the Far Western soul in its secular growth, we may at least be sure that its essential physiognomy, its style, will never change. Infinitely weary of its life formula, useful activity, the Far Western soul will cling doggedly to it until the end, although its last and greatest seer, its Plato, its Saint Augustine, its Goethe, will cry out that not by useful activity, but, let us suppose, by resignation, man may be reconciled to his environment.

PONCHO, SON OF THE JUNGLE

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I

I DON'T know how Poncho came by his name, nor how he came by his present batch of bloody wounds (not by his own teeth, probably), but I can imagine the fracas he was in last night, and how very near he came to 'passing out.' I think that every coati-mundi is in a fresh fracas every night, and the wonder is that every scrappy one of them does n't pass out. Poncho wears his wounds in public as a prize bull his blue ribbon. Instead of going off to a cave in the jungle until he is healed and fit to appear in print, he ambles out of the woods about the laboratory in broad day, with just enough whole parts to operate his remains, as if this gruesome, shattered condition might entitle him to a fatter, softer banana. For next to a fight Poncho loves a black-skinned, mushy banana. I must say that he shows good taste in bananas; and I don't believe he suspected that I should put him into print.

Poncho is an old male coati-mundi, alias *gato solo*, alias *pisote solo*, alias *Nasua narica panamensis*, a quite common animal of the Central American jungles, about the size of, and closely related to, our raccoon.

The coon he has a bushy tail,
The possum's tail am bar',

runs an old Negro melody, tails playing an important part in the classification according to this sort of natural history. It is Poncho's upstanding tail and his outstanding snout which should unrelate him, at first sight, to the raccoons and put him in a class completely by himself. But he has the feet of the coon, — plantigrade feet, with naked soles, — and other family marks in his anatomy, to say nothing of the strongly marked family traits of character.

Poncho is an old male coati, how old I cannot tell, but old enough to go *solo*, as the natives say, which, of course, means alone — driven out of the pack, probably, on account of his grouchy temper, or else forsaking the pack because the young ones are grown big enough to fight him back now, and with twenty or more against him the odds are too uneven, dearly as he loves to fight.

I am only guessing, but I cannot be far wrong. Behind Poncho's solo existence lies his nasty temper, and behind his nasty temper stand his nasty teeth. Teeth, temper, trouble — for men and nations and wild beasts, as well. Poncho is the best-armed denizen in the jungle, unless that may be more accurately said of the peccary. Both of them are terribly well armed, and, being armed, — according to human philosophy, not experience, — ought to keep the jungle peace. Instead, these two critters are always looking for trouble, being prepared for trouble, and so happy doing what they are best prepared to do.

Just at present Poncho seems to have found more than he wished for, at least more than is good for him. He is on a three-legged programme, but only because he cannot get around on one leg, or even on two. Doctors often disagree, but I think all the surgeons of the great Gorgas Hospital at Ancón would tell Poncho that three of his legs should be given a week in their surgical ward or he might never be able to fight on them again. His tail needs a bed by itself, too; and there should be another bed for the rest of his remains. If Poncho was the winner, as evidently he was, what, I wonder, is the condition of the other peacemaker?

I am in danger of making Poncho into a monster. Instead he is a most human and really a friendly beast, though accounted (the coati, I mean) the only dangerous animal in Barro Colorado Island jungle, and the only animal there that has ever deliberately attacked and bitten a man. The coatis have been guilty of that thing three different times lately, whereas the shy and gentle panther will flee when no man pursueth, and if there are deadly snakes, like the bushmaster and the fer-de-lance, they, too, have kept to their hidden dens when the laboratory folk have gone abroad. But, speaking of dangerous beasts, it is the wild-pig bands, the peccary bands, that make me nervous when I come across them, though the little fighters can't climb trees, while I can, if I have to, and can find a tree that I can climb.

Nothing on four feet in the jungle can outclimb a coati, not even a monkey, who really has a fifth foot — or, more like, two feet — in his automatic, sure-hold tail. I do admire the American monkey's admirable tail, but I admire very little of the rest of the monkey. The coati climbs in spite of his long, heavy mast of a tail, using it, as I have often observed, to counterbalance his body when wobbling gingerly out among the tips of branches overhanging a hundred-foot fall, and bringing it into play as a kind of friction brake when descending head-on down some slender, swaying liana from the roof of the jungle. But the coati cannot clasp a limb and swing with his tail like the monkey, though he ascends as high and seems to travel overhead almost as fast, doing as daring aerial stunts, with the exception of the trapeze act and the breathless, flying leap from tree to tree.

II

The coatis, until they become solo, hunt in bands, probably bands largely composed of females and growing children. Poncho seems to have tribal relations with the roving band that turns up nightly (mornings and afternoons as well) about the garbage pit behind the laboratory, where he takes a leading part in all the 'roughneck' work of the scrapping clan. But he goes solo now and puts in an appearance at all hours — on bananas bent, I take it, from the sniffling, nosey way he holds us up in the back yard.

He can smell better than he can see, and he can smell banana better than any other odor of the jungle. We raise our own bananas at the laboratory, bunches of them hanging in the main room, where you are bumping your head into them, and bumping them into your head, until you are ready to go out and call for Poncho to come and help you save them. Such bananas! Such fat, sweet, soft, and far-smelling bananas! Only the odor of such bananas ever reaches Hingham, Massachusetts, where I am smelling them now. 'T is little wonder that Poncho, with his banana nose, sniffed them from all parts of an island jungle only six square miles in extent!

When Poncho advances for banana directly upon you along the back-yard path, and you try to look him square in the eye, he shows a shifty, shady countenance, I must say. He has a very narrow, wedge-shaped face to begin with, and I think that he cannot focus his eyes straight ahead, having great need to watch both sides and behind him all the time. But on he comes, smelling, not seeing you, his long, inquiring, wriggling snout making passes over you in a most uncanny, uncomfortable manner, backed up by those close-set, unsteady, unseeing, uncontrollable eyes.

For a wild animal's eyes are weak members when they look straight into human eyes, and embarrassing to their savage owner, whereas a man's strength is in his eyes. He could not face danger without eyes, for what he really does is to *look* it down. You could not look Poncho down. You could stop him by hurling ripe bananas at him. But imagine the feeling of being advanced upon by a wild animal who had taken you in part and in whole for a ripe, fragrant bunch of bananas because he could n't see the difference! I was not exactly afraid of Poncho, not very much afraid anyhow, but when he came straight at me all nose and no eyes he could put a flutter through the very middle of me by way of the diaphragm!

The experience of having any wild animal come out of the jungle and walk up to you for a 'hand-out' smacks of the sensational, whether he comes 'watch-eyed,' 'cockeyed,' or wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. For Poncho is wild, and the Laboratory Pack is wild, and these friendly relations between the jungle and the garbage pit are more, by a good deal, than mere banana oil — whatever banana oil may be. Barro Colorado Island is a wild-life sanctuary, and nothing better proves it than Poncho and the Laboratory Pack.

In our back-yard landscape the coatis take about the part of the bears behind the hotels in the Yellowstone National Park. They behave very much like bears, too, though nothing about them is bearlike except their plantigrade feet. Yet they walk like bears, like very little bears, about the bigness of two tomcats. And they talk like bears, if I know how bears talk, though they ought to talk like coons, and bushy-tailed olingos, and the funny kinkajous, being members of the family Procyonidæ to which these others belong.

When Poncho sees me coming he drops his long, narrow head close to the ground and humps up his shoulders. That's a very formidable attitude both for outside appearance and for inside experience — not confined, either, to Poncho's inside. Then he humps up his hind quarters higher than his fore quarters; and over these high hind quarters elevates his mast-like tail, so that from his low-slung snout to his stiff-tipped tail he comes on as one increasing purpose.

The first time he saw me he came on increasingly until a few yards off, when he suddenly stopped and said, 'Uff!' And he meant 'uff,' though what 'uff' meant is another story — probably 'banana.' But it did n't sound like 'banana' to me; I had just landed on the Island and did n't know one word of Coati Spanish or Pan-Am dialect of any kind. 'Uff!' he said again with a distinct internal-combustion accent, the word exploding within him and jarring him ominously.

'Uff, yourself!' I jarred back at him, wondering if I could make the laboratory door behind me in not more than three jumps, but standing as still as a concrete post. I had evidently uttered the right thing. 'Uff, yourself!' was the password, for with that the ice broke and Poncho paddled straight up to me, thinking I held ripe bananas on my person, when, in truth, all I held were in my person, much to my dismay, and to Poncho's great disgust; for he turned his back at once upon me and ambled over to the garbage hole — no offense intended, possibly; anyhow, none taken. I was standing on two scared feet, not on offended dignity; and when Poncho turned to amble off I also turned and 'beat it' for the laboratory without any show of dignity; nor could I describe my gait as ambling. It was mighty decent of Poncho, I say, that he did n't force me into the garbage hole!

So I have fed him many a sweet banana for that; discreetly, of course, following the work of his wicked tusks with all my nervous fingers. He has never bitten me, but then, I never shook a bunch of keys at him as one of the foolish scientists did, and for no reason at all except that he was told Poncho hated the jangle of a bunch of keys. You must not tell a scientist anything queer like that, for if he has n't a bunch of keys he will not rest until he finds a bunch; then he will go up to Poncho and jangle them, and then Poncho will leap like a wildcat upon his shoulder and bite him in the neck.

Very odd of Poncho, is n't it!

Not being much of a scientist, I leave my keys at the bottom of my trunk when I go into the jungle and carry squashy bananas instead. There is no jangle to them. I am almost certain to meet a dozen to twenty coatis on any trail, among whom is likely to be at least one with ragged nerves. I am neither hoping nor plotting to have Poncho bite me in the neck. Nor in the leg, either, if he should wish to do the finished piece of work on mine that some other nervous brother of the jungle has just done on Poncho's left hind member. What punishment the old solo fighter can stand up under! And hobble about with! But he is indecently gruesome to-day and ought not to be allowed to inflict himself upon the suffering public.

III

Poncho sits nicely upon his haunches now, places one paw gently upon my knee, and snaps viciously at the banana, trusting all my intentions except those that have to do with the banana. He is a pig as well as a *pisote*, and hates a piece of banana as he hates the jazzy noise of keys. He opens his wicked jaws and lunges for the whole banana, and usually gets it, for there are plenty of bananas, but very few of my fingers, a certain shyness on my part still hanging over from our first encounter.

He held me up again the other day, to my everlasting embarrassment. I was just starting on an all-day hike along the trails, yoked with my heavy field glasses, brave in tall boots, an armed stick, a camp stool, and leather-bound notebook. I looked like a real explorer. Then Poncho, crossing the yard from the jungle, got his fishy eye upon me and saw all this kit as nothing but bananas. So he squatted in the walk before me square in front of the cookhouse door.

I could n't step over him. I would n't go around him. For several good reasons I could not kick him out of my way. I could have gone back for a banana and bribed him, but how many native eyes besides Nemesia's were peeking from behind the cookhouse window? And I a 'doctor'! So up I strode as if unaware of him and about to tread him down. But Poncho knew better. He had my measure, and sat there wringing his nose, which to the watching cookhouse was tantamount to thumbing his ugly nose, and was very funny — to the cookhouse.

Then Nemesia (bless her gallant, womanly soul!) threw a broom, and he slouched away. But I could n't find a spot deep enough, or dark enough, in the jungle that day to hide me from the cookhouse; and though it is unfair and ungallant of me, I shall always wonder at which of us, Poncho or me, Nemesia threw her broom.

The jungle on Barro Colorado Island is very nearly incarnate in Poncho and his band, though there is nothing else in the jungle quite so friendly as Poncho. Perhaps the unapproachable black monkeys more truly express the spirit of the jungle. Poncho and his band belong with the laboratory. But then, one of the seven bands of black howlers also belongs to the laboratory side of the Island and sticks to the tall timber near by as if held by something like a human bond. We don't know how many coati bands there are distributed over the Island. The animals are nomadic, and rapid travelers. You meet them everywhere, part of the pack moving through the tree tops, part nosing along on the ground, snuffling into holes, overturning rotten sticks, digging into everything, destroying or eating everything — nuts, fruit, birds' eggs, insects, reptiles, especially the large iguana, a tree lizard, which they hunt as a pack, resorting to the tricks, it is said, of a weasel on the trail of a squirrel.

I came upon a band on one of the trails the other day that allowed me to tag along in their wake with nothing but an occasional head turned in my direction and now and then a warning 'Uff!' A dozen of them were up the trees, as many more on the ground, keeping together and making a clean sweep, as thorough and as terrible as marching army ants. If I got too close one would hustle up the back side of a tree and poke his grayish, snooty, hatchet head around the bole about on a level with my face and try to stare me cross-eyed. He usually stopped me in my tracks, which was his real purpose, no doubt, while the clan moved on through the brush about its own business, as I should have been about mine, according to good jungle manners.

Barro Colorado Island being a wildlife sanctuary, probably no coati now roaming its jungle ever heard a gun fired, or has ever discovered the true nature of man, Nemesia's broom being the most deadly missile ever directed against him by the human hand. And I have intimated that Nemesia may really have thrown the broom at me. No, I must correct that. I caught Miguel throwing stones at Poncho the other day. I heard suppressed swearing and scuffle of feet beneath my study walls and looked out to see Miguel chasing Poncho about the yard with swearwords and stones, Poncho, at the instant I got into the picture, sitting bolt up on his haunches and tail, scratching ticks on his tummy with both forepaws, as if he wished Miguel would drop the stones and come help him scratch. And Miguel would have done it too, for by this time he had n't a stone in his hands, and could n't have thrown one anyhow, on account of tears and laughter. Poncho had probably broken into Miguel's own cache of bananas, and instead of scratching ticks on his tummy was showing Miguel where his bananas were, and how round they made his belly. Poncho knows a thing or two about these native Panamanians, and he is as fond as any of us of personal attention. I am quite convinced, now, that Nemesia threw her broom hard at me — though I am flattering myself — and not at Poncho, the old beggar, and fighter, and son of the jungle, and, more than any other thing in fur or in feathers, the SPIRIT of the jungle.

THE SONG OF CHARLESTON

BY M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

It is a fortunate thing that the spendthrift 'collectors' who scour the land for spoils cannot completely sack every place they visit. In all conscience there are objects enough, purchasable and portable, for them to carry home. Some things, by the grace of heaven, cannot be borne away — old houses, old gardens, old essences and flavors. These things can be transplanted only in picture and in memory. Not even in picture, only in memory, can the musical note and rhythm of a town, city, or region — the song that goes on singing itself in your heart — be appropriated by the wayfarer. For every place has its rhythm — indeed, its song. These are of two sorts — the insistent, plainly audible, and the still small voice, speaking for what lies hidden within. In the vast orchestra of city sounds — with many latter-day, local variants upon 'great London's central roar' — one instrument after another may dominate the melody and rhythm. The note of smaller places may be less constant, less certain to be recognized. Yet, outward and inward, the two voices of every place bear their part in making the *genius loci* — and for all the weight of what you see wherever you go, it is probably what you hear that swells most palpably the homeward-bound luggage of the spirit.

Such are the thoughts that spring to one's mind on returning from a visit to the city which, by the American measure of antiquity, must be called the ancient city of Charleston, South Carolina. There — with good luck in point of time and opportunity — one may hear a note, a definite song, so purely indigenous, so utterly characteristic, that it seems to spring as inevitably from Charleston soil as the porticoed, seaward-looking houses that could be found nowhere else. Their positive distinction of line and tone speaks for a civilization, a highly organized society, that has no American duplicate in scale and effect. Not the dwelling houses alone, but the public buildings, churches, and halls, connote a dignity and leisure that could have sprung only from an order of existence in which a powerful local oligarchy concerned itself with matters of grace and beauty.

It is not here and now a question whether the basis of privilege on which such an order erected itself was valid or the opposite. There it was, and the tangible fruits of it, surviving the repeated assaults of wars, earthquake, fire, and hurricane, stand proud and beautiful to-day, undefeated if a little wistful, in testimony of the lasting uses to which a society of planters could turn its untold resources of labor. And it is precisely in the songs of the Negro toilers of the great South Carolina low-country plantations that descendants of their owners are preserving to-day, in an admirable spirit of blended gratitude and *noblesse oblige*, the veritable song of Charleston.

Thus the South Carolina counterpart of the 'Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities' — to whose ministrations aging spinsters have been heard to wish themselves liable — is the Charleston 'Society for the Preservation of Spirituals.' There is no boasting, but a simple acceptance of the fact that the community lacks funds for any general restoration and preservation of its physical monuments. There is nevertheless a spiritual monument — a monument literally to the spirit — of Charleston in the past which was in actual danger of disintegration until, some eight years ago, a small company of Charlestonians, bearing for the most part the historic names by which the streets and the best houses of the city are known, undertook for their own pleasure to meet and sing together the songs which they had learned as children from the black servants on the plantations that were their homes or places of frequent visitation. These informal gatherings planted a seed of rapid growth. Friends heard the singing and enjoyed it so much that they bespoke a wider hearing for it. A local charity needed help and the loosely organized society sang for its benefit.

As the organization took form, that form rendered it unique among choruses. For one thing, no singer with a trained voice was eligible for membership: what Negro singer of spirituals has had a trained voice? For another, it was essential that the members should themselves be plantation-bred, or at least plantation-'broken' — for plantation life in its essence, be it said, long survived the Civil War. 'You either lived on a plantation' — it has been written of this qualification — 'or you did n't, and you can't use political influence, money, or good looks, or any other handy asset to turn that trick for you, if you did n't begin earlier in life than this to be eligible for membership.' An alien to the childhood influence of spirituals, with a voice trained by the best singing master in the world, — a candidate with either or both of these handicaps, — is automatically blackballed. You must go to Charleston for a genuinely exclusive club.

Did the society, thus organized, content itself with singing and resinging the spirituals for which its members could draw upon their own earliest memories? By no such process could they have accumulated their present repertory, including about a hundred and twenty songs. Their plan, on the contrary, has been to visit plantations and churches where the older Negroes are still singing their religious melodies, to learn the airs direct, by as many repetitions as need be, from these singers, and, lest the words — in the strange Gullah dialect of the South Carolina low-country — should evade remembrance, to make written notes of them on the spot. It has always been through such first-hand study — in the Santee country, on Beaufort, Edisto, and James Islands, and at other places in the region tributary to Charleston — that the songs have been gathered. If the spirituals familiar to theatregoers through *Porgy* have seemed to 'ring true,' the facts that Mr. and Mrs. Du Bose Heyward have been active members of the Charleston Society for the Preservation of Spirituals and that songs rescued by that organization have thus found their way to the stage on both sides of the Atlantic may well have something to do with it.

For the first few years of its existence the Society restricted its concerts to Charleston. Then, on demand from Savannah, Columbia, South Carolina, and other cities and towns within relatively easy reach, it appeared before audiences peculiarly qualified to appreciate its distinctive Southern flavor. Only within the past year has it journeyed farther afield — to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and the neighborhood of Wilmington, Delaware. So definitely amateur an organization, made up of ladies and gentlemen whose occupations are at the farthest possible remove from those of a traveling troupe, cannot be made a subject of common exploitation. Indeed, one hesitates to expatiate upon its merits even in so utterly unsought a piece of writing as this. Yet after one has experienced, all unprepared, the memorable sensation of hearing the Society give one of its concerts in its own town of Charleston, it were almost churlish to keep that experience to one's self. After all, the tickets are on public sale.

The town was packed with tourists, for the Middleton Place and the Magnolia Gardens — acclaimed by the temperate John Galsworthy 'the most beautiful spot in the world' — were nearing their climax of beauty. The evening in an overcrowded hotel looked a little formidable. But not far away was the local Academy of Music — such a theatre, though somewhat enlarged, as that in which Napoleon III first saw the Mariette of Guitry's play; such, again, in period though not in scale, and stable rather than afloat, as the scenes of *Show Boat* recall in travesty.

But the chorus on which the curtain rises is no such questionable company as that which the professional theatre so often assembles. Instead one sees some forty ladies and gentlemen who might, without any violent demand upon the imagination, have come together in the fifties of the last century out of the stately houses encompassed in a circle drawn from the theatre to include the Battery and the shores of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The women's simple dresses of blue and pink are of that earlier time; the men identify themselves completely with it merely by substituting stocks and the semblance of a ruffled shirt front for the more rigid adjuncts of contemporary evening clothes. The president of the Society tells the audience something of its purpose — to preserve a treasured heritage, to employ any tangible gains from so doing for the benefit of old and needy Negroes, and ultimately to publish a book of the distinctive Gullah melodies and words, with pictures and historical text provided entirely by Charleston painters, etchers, and writers, the proceeds from this enterprise to be devoted to helping members of the race from which the preserved spirituals are derived. Each song is then introduced, with a word, in accent subtly local, about its origin. And then the chorus sings.

There are sophisticates who have grown a little weary of the singing of spirituals — and no wonder. The colored singers of them on concert stages are too often beguiled into self-consciousness and a certain overdressing of the simple melodies. The white concert singers of the same songs are often, and inevitably, subject to another self-consciousness — that of the imitator, and their voices are of course lacking in something of which the origin is distantly African. With the Charleston chorus there is nothing of imitation. It is rather a matter of rendering a white interpretation of a folk tradition common, though from different angles of practice and enjoyment, to black and white. The simple stage setting of the Southern outdoors, with enough of pendulent Spanish moss in the foreground to localize the scene beyond mistake, the seated group representing with equal certainty the gallantly surviving Charleston of old, the absence of all the stage consciousness usually revealed in bowing soloist or conductor, — for conductor there is none, and soloist is soon merged in chorus, — attune the spectator, surrounded by an audience quite homogeneous with the chorus itself, to the full effect of the singing. How is this effect, of so remarkable an intensity, produced?

A single singer, man or woman, unprompted by a leader or by any setting of the key, launches the melody, in which the others soon join, rising one by one and sitting again in their places without sign of premeditation or direction, swaying their bodies and clapping their hands in those motions strangely defined as 'shouting,' speeding the tempo, increasing the volume of the song, till that which began as a gentle, deliberate solo ends in an ecstasy of rhythm, rapid movement, and choral mass in which singers and hearers seem joined in that unity of stage and house which is the ultimate test of the power of song and action.

All this, one is well aware, is what an enthusiastic, not yet disillusionized, listener to spirituals might say of them at their best anywhere. Perhaps; but here, one is disposed to insist, there is something different. Here, I for one believe, is that special note which makes the singing of the Preservation Society so indisputably the song of Charleston. You have been told in the afternoon that it took a hundred slaves ten years to bestow upon the gardens of Middleton Place their noble and gracious form; and even the mythical half-year of seven maids with seven mops shrinks in comparison to a minute of time. The measure of things in Charleston seems rather a matter of centuries than of years — centuries of association, in which the interdependence of two races has played no negligible part. Whatever the origin and significance of the religious songs of the low-country Negroes, it is immensely significant that truly representative members of the dominant race are now singing those songs in a spirit of sympathy, reverence, and devotion which are themselves survivals from a less cynical age. How otherwise can true folk song, an indigenous form of art capable of its highest values only by the practice of rigorously art-concealing methods, be adequately preserved? Can the same process be applied in other places, to other species of song, to other forms of folk expression in art than music? The song of Charleston leads one to hope that such things may be, that native American art may flower in many gardens yet untilled.

Meanwhile let Charleston, like Bethlehem, become a place of musical pilgrimage. A festival of spirituals at the time when the gardens are in their glory would not appreciably increase the strain upon the already overtaxed provision for local bed and board. The lovers of flowers and of music are often identical. Old gardens, old houses, old music, all fruits of the same vanishing civilization, are better blended than isolated. And let not the chorus be tempted to stray too often from its own native habitat. Bethlehem with its Bach, Dayton and Northfield with their roaming choirs — however beautifully the singers from these places may sing, Bach is an alien in Pennsylvania; the composers of sacred music, from Palestrina to Sullivan, have nothing in particular to do with Ohio and Minnesota. But Charleston and the low-country spirituals are close of kin: place and music inalienably fit and supplement each other. It would be against nature for such a chorus to be permitted unbrokenly to immure itself at home — and the world beyond Charleston would be the loser if it did. But at home is where one may best hear it, in the Second-Empire-like Academy of Music, with the whole song of Charleston, to which the cadences of the spirituals contribute a moving and determining part, throbbing itself quietly along in one's heart.

MODERN FARMING — SOVIET STYLE[1]

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

MODERN farming has come to the peasants near Odessa. Farming more modern than on up-to-date farms in America, yet grafted on a husbandry more ancient than that of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Here until yesteryear men ploughed with homemade implements, and the village now rechristened 'Red Way' had less than one horse for two families. To-day a State-owned Tractor Station, centrally situated, ploughs on contract for seventy-six villages — ploughs, and harrows, and sows, and reaps, and threshes, gives seed and seedlings and French vines on credit, furnishing all machinery while the peasants furnish labor. Such is the type of farming which within a year will be duplicated in two hundred districts, and which, if it succeeds, will rapidly cover one sixth of the earth's surface.

The Tractor Station Shevchenko is named for a Ukrainian poet — a singer of revolution who suffered much in prison. To poetry, indeed, belongs a dream so daring as that which unites the Ukrainian village Red Way and the German village Naikova and the Jewish settlement Felixdorf and nearly fourscore other quite incompatible villages in the bonds of a single machine. To poetry also seemed to belong those fields when I first saw them — black rows of winter fallow sweeping from horizon to horizon, miles and miles of green undulations of winter wheat, unbroken by any boundary, yet containing the harvest and 'land rights' of hundreds of peasants. The boundaries of centuries gone in a single year — it is fitly named for a poet of revolution.

After the unbounded fields — the Tractor Station, a cluster of buildings like a new townlet springing out of the soil. The great machine shop looms like a central temple in the Soviet religion of industrialization where the machine is idol. Only half as high, as if on their knees before it, four parallel rows of long, low tractor garages hold their two hundred tractors, each of which must enter the shop to confess its internal sins, and receive the penance appointed, and after a thorough revival retire to rest in its dark bare cell till spring. A little apart from the shop, by a lake now frozen, are the white cottages of workers' bedrooms, the central dining hall, the club, the offices.

Here is the centre of machine farming for one hundred and fifty thousand acres. Yet the men here living and working own not a single acre, and plough not a single furrow by their own hands. The Station gives machinery, chosen and organized. The peasants do the ploughing and receive the harvest — those peasants now scattered over the snowy fields beyond the horizons, in the same ancient villages they have always known. Yet across those fields and horizons those primitive peasants are knit by this Station into one great factory system, producing not iron or cloth, but grain.

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[1] This is no pæan in praise of the Gigant, that Soviet State Farm which has won world recognition by becoming in one sudden harvest the biggest on earth. Scores of articles and one motion picture already show how its tractor armies took the virgin fields of the Caucasus, seeding 150,000 acres in a single first season. The Gigant, however, is only a problem of engineering; Shevchenko Tractor Station is a problem of the reorganization of mankind on the soil. — AUTHOR

From the Station the tractors go out in spring to the villages, and to it they return for winter. From it go out the ploughs, the seeders, the reapers and threshers in their turn. From it go out farm experts, in Ford autos or Chevrolet trucks, to work out plans of crop rotation and give instruction. To it come in each winter the chosen youth of the villages to take courses in running tractors. They work and study all winter in the repair shops, and return in summer to the fields. From the Station go out also the selected seed, the imported French vines, the young apple trees, the cows and sheep and chickens bought on credit for fourscore villages. And to the Station comes each fall the surplus harvest, to be sold to the State on behalf of every village.

To the Tractor Station come also many conferences. Conferences of poor peasants and farm hands — a distinction which still exists but may soon be abolished in the general leveling process of the machine. Conferences of farm wives, centralizing for culture; they arrive in batches of a dozen in one creaking wagon. The Station aspires to autobus lines some day; but that is for the future. Conferences of elected delegates from the seventy-six villages, discussing the taking of stock in the Tractor Station, so that they, as well as the State, may share its ownership.

Five presiding officers sat at the table of one such conference — the Russians have a way of electing five chairmen instead of one. Here is an old Ukrainian, with ragged sandy-brown beard and hair, with clothes completely disheveled; could such a kindly, shiftless antique be disciplined into the regular labor of modern farming? Next to him the Party Secretary, young, smooth-faced, speaking persuasive words in the soft Ukrainian tongue — his usual manner that of the cajoling parent, changing to harsh fanaticism when crossed. Centrally seated, a German who by common consent takes the chair most often, in clothes so orderly and well brushed and with small moustache so neat under his astrakhan cap that he seems a petty city official rather than a peasant. Then a Ukrainian woman, — for by Soviet custom the women must always be represented, — with a soft brown shawl on her head. Last of all, a black-haired, black-moustached Jew from the new farm colonies, with dogged determination fixed in his reddish face.

So varied are the living elements in one small district of Soviet farming — alien and not easily assimilated. The Germans regard the Ukrainians as shiftless and irresponsible; the Ukrainians look on the Germans as 'all of them kulaks,' formerly rich exploiting peasants who are now by Soviet decree being ruthlessly 'liquidated.' The Jews are new to the soil — they are artisans, traders, workmen, peddlers from the little towns in the former Pale of Settlement. The Revolution bankrupted their private trade, but gave them land; they are burdened with debt, but resolute. All of these elements are now in the melting pot, as patrons and future owners of a central Tractor Station. All of them are giving up horses and depending on a central mechanism. How are they related to it?

II

The farm experts of the Station are enthusiastic about the German village Naikova. 'So orderly, so responsible! At the end of the day their tractors are all lined up in a row, all facing in the same direction, with the ploughs in another row at a little distance, and the kerosene cans and seeders at the other corners of a regular military square. Not one of their members ever fails to show up for work on the day assigned him; they carry out exactly the advice of the experts. Not like most of our Ukrainians,' they nod sadly.

Yes, the alien experts are enthusiastic about Naikova; but Naikova is not enthusiastic about itself. Few German villages are, in present-day Russia. In the new equalization of land ownership, the once prosperous Germans, who formerly hired Ukrainians and Russians to till their surplus acres, have lost land to these penniless neighbors. The wave of collectivization, which means to the Russian peasant that 'land rights' expressed by a dozen tiny strips always changing shall now be expressed by a proportionate share in a tractor-gained harvest, brings on the other hand to Germans the break-up of cherished individual farm plots fertilized and worked by ancestors. So they seem a bit cheerless at Naikova, though plodding and patient. Some of them — those who were poorest before — have gained much by the Revolution. But the village as a whole has lost land to other villages.

In the glamour of twilight Naikova seems a very prosperous village. Majestic old trees planted along orderly streets; big houses, of which the simplest is better than the kulak's house among Ukrainians. By harsher daylight the dwellings show shabby — no shabbier than Ukrainian houses are always, but seeming down-at-heel from a better past. Germans set great store by houses, both outside and inside. The room which I entered to meet the president of the Naikova Collective Farm was so typically German that it was hard to believe the broad fields of the Ukraine were beyond its windows. Photographs in plush frames, bunches of dried grass hung on framed family portraits, embroidered towels, plaques of cross-stitching, fussy and homely decorations attached to every article of furniture. A text above the bedroom door: *Meine Seele ist stille zu Gott, der mich hilft.* A tiny Christmas tree, artificially made from a bare bush in a land where there are no firs, yet so artfully trimmed with green papers and tinsel stars that it almost created an illusion of a real 'Tannenbaum' Christmas.

Similarly uprooted, yet similarly persistent in their clinging to the forms of a far homeland, were the German farmers. Settled here since the days when Catherine lured them with special privileges of land and tax exemptions, they had never in all the century and a half become assimilated. They spoke their own language; they cherished the 'German standard of living,' a standard bought at first patiently by industry and thrift and later expanded on the labor of less clever Ukrainians. When their lands were equalized with others, they revolted against the Soviets, and helped Denikin; and for this they were suppressed. For a few years more they rented their old lands back from the poorer peasants who could not work them. But now the Tractor Station worked all lands alike, equalizing everyone. This common standard of living left them not very happy.

Perhaps it was merely the German phlegmatic temperament, rather than any unhappiness, that accounted for the calmly patient and thorough report they gave me. The members of the Collective Farm had, after all, mostly gained through the Revolution, since this farm was first organized from the former farm hands and poorest peasants, and was only now acquiring the rest of the village by mass influx. At any rate, they deeply appreciated the Tractor Station. Not as some peasants did, because for the first time all their lands were ploughed. No, the Germans had always ploughed all their lands; but the tractors ploughed better. Thanks to the tractors, they had this year a fair harvest, after two years of drought and frost-killed wheat.

The work which each farming family does and the harvest it receives are proportioned to the 'land rights,' which are based on the number of souls. These German farmers keep their records thoroughly. Here, for instance, is the 'labor book' of Margarita Klaus, a widow with four children, of whom one son and one daughter are old enough to labor. Having 'land rights' to thirty acres of land, she was required to furnish eighty-seven rubles' worth of work during the summer. Her son carried water one day, and was credited with 1.20 rubles; her daughter weeded millet three fourths of a day, and was credited with eighty kopeks; the family horse turned out for three days, with the labor of two persons to cultivate maize, and was credited at 3.12 rubles daily. Thus with some seventy-five days' labor of a single person assigned to Widow Klaus by the elected Field Manager, and by her portioned out to members of her family, she did her stint of work and earned her harvest.

In return for this work Widow Klaus and her family received eighteen bushels of wheat, thirty-nine of barley, twenty of oats, twelve of millet, forty-five of maize, and thirty-six dollars in money, besides the payment of a debt incurred in the spring for sixteen dollars' worth of vegetable seed and tractor work on their vegetable garden. The garden gave them melons, cabbages, onions, carrots. It was not much, considered as a whole year's living for a family. Yet it was a year's food and shoes for five persons obtained by seventy-five days' labor of one unskilled youth or girl. The problem of the Klaus family was, clearly, not a larger return for labor, but the getting of more labor, properly spaced through the year. Incidentally, the share of Widow Klaus would have been larger had not the thrifty German villagers decided to pay for last year's seed and this year's out of a single harvest, and set aside a village grain reserve against crop failure of the future. This, which they counted virtue, their easier-going neighbors called sheer individualism and lack of trust in the government. What was government for, if not to give seed on credit in case of crop failure?

III

To the German village of Naikova the Ukrainian village ten miles away is in all respects a contrast. Formerly named Zavodovka, from a landlord's family, it now rejoices in the name Red Way, in token of freedom. About its people the farm experts refuse to indulge in raptures. What a mess they made with their tractors and kerosene cans! One day, during seeding, a tractor stopped all day, because the man assigned to work the seeder went to market. One day during threshing fifteen of the girls and boys went off on a picnic, and the threshing stopped till the morrow.

But if the farm experts fail to wax enthusiastic over Red Way village, it is otherwise with politicians and social workers. How loyal is Red Way! How it loves the Soviet Government which gave it land, and then lent money for seed, and now sends tractors! What, indeed, would Red Way do without the government, which last year not only ploughed for them, but lent them eight thousand dollars' worth of French vines and other seedlings, and this year is financing a cow barn of a thousand cows? And how wonderful is the club work in Red Way; how fine the choruses and dramas! And when someone starts the idea of a 'socialist competition' with the next village, how the work rushes along then, like a royal sport! Anyway, even if the girls and boys did stop to picnic, they got a better crop than the near-by individualist peasants who had no Tractor Station to help.

Practically no one owned land in Zavodovka before the war. The people worked on the lands of General Rauch, whose spacious villa in a near-by park is now an agricultural school for the village youth. When the Revolution gave them land, they could not plough it; among four hundred and seventy-three households there were only two hundred and ten horses. Not a majestic list of livestock for a farming community. No wonder Zavodovka wanted help, and loves the government that gave it.

The real boss of Red Way village, and the inspirer of its many changes, is Rochagoff, the school principal and the Communist representative. Owing to him, it is a village made over. To begin with, it has its new name, 'Chervoni Shliag,' which is Ukrainian for 'Red Way.' To be sure, I did not hear the peasants use this name during my visit; they called it Zavodovka as of yore. But the name is signed on all official communications to the Tractor Station and to any branches of government, where it doubtless has its effect. You will look in vain for an official notice of a village called Zavodovka.

Then also, Zavodovka — I beg its pardon, Red Way — has a new calendar. Not merely the European calendar, in place of the old-style Russian. No, something much newer! They have adopted the 'five-day week' from the city workers. They have even made new names for the days, abolishing Saturday and Sunday altogether. There is Party Day, and Young Communist Day, and Pioneer Day, and Trade-Union Day, and Collective Day; the names may seem prosaic — but think how convenient, since these are the days when those organizations meet! One meeting every day for five days, and then over again. They assured me that their months are all thirty days exactly. When I asked how they got on with the city of Odessa, which has a different calendar, they replied persuasively that the city would soon copy them. But somehow I have a suspicion that if near-by villages still have market days on Sunday, Red Way manages to remember them.

Red Way has even new names for its babies. There are no more churches in this settlement of three thousand souls. The Baptists, the Adventists, and the Orthodox have all given up their buildings for various social purposes. The priest and the psalm singer have gone away. So babies are no longer baptized; they are 'Octobered,' by a ceremony held in the former church, now the club, under the strict atheist auspices of Principal Rochagoff. Old saints' names, like Ivan, are frowned on, and only revolutionary names win the principal's favor. Such as Kim, the initials of the Communist League of Youth; or Yu-pé, standing for Young Pioneer; or Vilen, for

Vladimir Ilich Lenin. October is also a possible name for boys, but it is more favored as Octobrina, for girls. Rochagoff has as yet no longer list of names than this, so one worries about the babies still to come. Perhaps his imagination will expand; if not, Russian villages have survived with scores of Ivans; doubtless Red Way will not perish if it has thirty or more Kims.

Red Way also has, since there is no more a priest, its 'Red Funerals' and 'Red Weddings,' at which Rochagoff officiates. The young folks register their marriage first at the Soviet registration bureau, and then come to the village club for a party. A speech is made about the difference between the old and the new marriage. 'Formerly,' says Rochagoff, 'the priest told wives to fear their husbands. But we say this is nonsense. A wife should be a good comrade; she and her husband are equal.' This subversive speech is ended by music from the village orchestra, also organized by Rochagoff. Such are the Red Weddings!

No wonder Red Way obeys Rochagoff and his ally, the Tractor Station. Has the Tractor Station not ploughed for Red Way the fields which had never been ploughed since the days of General Rauch? Has it not furnished seed, well selected? One fourth of the village joined the collective farm the first year, one hundred and sixty-five families, and these received in addition to the ploughing a loan of materials to the amount of one hundred rubles per family, mostly in imported vines; Red Way has set out a collective vineyard. Even the easy-going ways of the collectivists did not seem seriously to hurt their harvest. With their land ploughed deep by tractors, they got thirteen bushels of spring wheat to the acre, though the year was dry, while their individualist neighbors, who worked much harder without machines to aid, got barely seven or eight. Happy collectivists, who can miss a day or two at picnics and still be better off than their neighbors!

Now, however, everyone in the villages has joined the collective farm,[2] as was natural after such a showing, and especially in view of the credits offered by the Tractor Station for purchase of cows. The government wants milk for the babies of Odessa, and it wishes also to help a good village of former farm hands like Red Way. So collective cow stables are to be built, housing a thousand cows. For the building, the State gives half the cost on credit, while the peasants give half in labor. For the cows, the peasants have only two hundred and sixty, so the State will furnish the others. Gradually, out of the profits, they will pay back the debt and own the cows as property of Red Way. A collective chicken ranch, with two hundred cocks and two thousand hens, has just arrived from the Tractor Station; and many new fruit trees, now carefully covered against frost, are next spring to be set out as a collective orchard.

In spite of the farm experts' respect for Naikova, it is with Red Way that one falls in love. Red Way with its little white houses decorated in pale blue, in the gay Ukrainian fashion. Red Way with its enthusiasms and loyalties. We stroll down muddy streets and learn that next year trees will be planted here, by the 'Red Way Beautiful Committee,' to make a boulevard and park. The 'Scrap Iron Committee' shows us great yards full of ancient ploughs and reapers and implements of all kinds, gathered to sell as junk to the nation's industries and earn an honest penny for Red Way. There are dozens of tons! Easily the price of a couple of tractors! A noble job! But somehow one can't imagine that the German village would ever have let so many implements go bad.

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[2] This is the tale only of those peasants who are accepted by the Tractor Station. Some are shut out — the kulaks, or former employing farmers. Their fate is indeed a harsh one; they are being 'liquidated as a class.' By economic, political, social pressures, and sometimes by direct administrative measures, they are thrown out of the district. A fate not unlike that of small individualists everywhere, in the growing trustification of industry. In Russia it is much swifter and more deliberately planned than elsewhere, taking place in one year instead of twenty, and directed to a conscious end — the collectivization of farming. — AUTHOR

We turn at last to the village club, where a health exhibition is on display. Really, when one finds such a club in a small village, criticism stops and enthusiasm holds sway. Here is a programme that would do credit to a town thrice its size and with thrice its culture. Posted on the wall is the 'Treaty of Socialist Rivalry' concluded with the club of another village. In the course of the three winter months Red Way Village Club agrees to hold thirty-eight lectures, of which eight shall be on collectivization, four on science, eight on anti-religion, eight on daily life, six on sanitation, and four on care of livestock. Four mock trials must be held, on political subjects; four women's evenings and four dramatic presentations. Once a week the movies come, followed by discussion of the theme presented, from a civic and social point of view! Radio must be installed — in fact, this is already done. Among the study circles meeting regularly are those on drama, on current events, on daily life, on collective farming, on anti-religion; there is also a string orchestra, as well as a chorus of sixty voices.

The tiny library of a thousand paper volumes is better served than many of thrice its size. It sends out two traveling libraries to near-by hamlets; a brigade of seventeen 'book carriers' go every week from house to house to take books to the older peasants and thus encourage reading. Another brigade of forty young folks spend an evening a week reading books aloud to peasant adults. The committee of authors which produces the wall newspaper numbers twenty-five budding writers. Two excursions have been organized to places outside the village.

Rochagoff told us, with pride, how the villagers had all voted to use the churches for clubs and schools. The Baptists gave their church and the Adventists theirs, and the whole village met to decide on the big Orthodox Church. Even the priest and psalm singer signed the petition for the club, and declared that there was no religion any more. It was a wonderful story, told with optimism and enthusiasm. Was it indeed true, I wondered, that the ancient village of Zavodovka had been in so short a time completely made over?

Later I met a group of the peasant women and asked about the taking over of the churches. Was it really done by majority vote of the members? Did the Baptists, for instance, vote to give up the Baptist building? The women looked doubtful.

'Well, you see,' said one, 'the Baptists at first opposed and sent a delegation to Odessa to protest against the village taking their church. But they saw it was no use, so they agreed. The Adventists gave their church quite easily; but it was n't their own building — it was the house of a kulak which they rented. Then taxes began on churches and they had n't much money, so they voted to give the house for a school.

'But the Orthodox — there was quite a fight there. Half the village raised a scandal and left the meeting, trying to break it up. But those who were left, who were chiefly the young folks, voted to take over the church. They said: "The older ones can pray at home, but we can't have a club at home." And the older folks said: "Give us a few years to pray in the ancient manner in our church; then we shall be gone." But anyway, the young folks took it.'

'The Baptists did better,' said one woman with a touch of pride. 'They gave up without scandal.'

'You Baptists!' cried a third. 'It was n't much for you to give up. You Baptists only existed a hundred and fifty years, but we Orthodox existed nineteen hundred years, from the days of Christ himself.'

Thus they contested superior merit in sacrifice. Anyway, Rochagoff had the churches for clubs and schools, and the young folks were with him. Under his strenuous care the village of Red Way, with its warm Ukrainian temperament, sociable, undisciplined, was going through club work and musical societies to better farming. What could one expect of a village of farm hands only recently given land? Now they were holding lectures, dramas, exhibitions; they were studying current events and farm methods. They were organizing brigades for the summer work, to carry over into farming the 'socialist rivalry' which had worked so well in the clubs. They who were last shall be first! If thrifty, individualist German Naikova had sunk in scale of living, the easy-going farm hands of Red Way were joyously rising.

IV

Near to both these villages was the Jewish colony Felixdorf, grim, proud, determined. 'For three years the government fed us when our harvest failed. This year we feed the government. Thirty thousand poods we gave from our sixty households — two thirds of our harvest.' So spoke Tulchinski, president of the Collective Farm of Felixdorf.

Of all the many villages for which the Tractor Station ploughs, none are more needy than these of the Jewish colonists who came from the desolate cities wrecked by civil war and the long attrition of revolution and turned to a new occupation — farming. Four years ago they received land near Odessa. After their first sowing came three years of famine. No reserves except relief societies and government. In the fourth year the Tractor Station worked their land — and harvest came!

The village of Felixdorf, of which I heard the epic, was named not for that 'Felix' which means happiness, but for Felix Dzerjinsky, who died at his distant post in the year of its founding, a symbol of ruthless, efficient struggle. From many Jewish towns its founders gathered — traders, artisans, workers. Not one soul of the first forty-three families had ever tilled the soil. The Department of Agriculture lent each household three hundred and fifty rubles to put up a mud house; the Jewish Relief Society gave credits for a horse and a cow.

So they sowed — hardly, with unaccustomed hands and insufficient livestock. Each year the winter wheat was frost-killed; each year the spring wheat parched before fall. For three years they made a statement of need through the village government, and got from the State emergency aid — a pound of flour per day per person through the year, and forage for horses to save them as farmers. In spite of this aid, the livestock diminished till sixty households had only twenty-five horses; and every household owed five or six hundred rubles, which was more than all their possessions.

In 1928 they made their contract

with the Tractor Station. Again the winter wheat was killed; if they had depended on their own strength, they would have been lost indeed. But the Tractor Station lent spring seed, and quickly replanted the land to other cultures. 'We got at last a harvest. We kept for our food a good norm, two pounds of bread a day. Not all wheat, of course; our bread must be mixed with barley. But we had thirty thousand poods left to pay the government, to begin settling our debts for the past four years.

'We did not even save any grain to insure the future. We gave it all to the State, which insured us in the past. We have also begun to arrange for a cow collective; the Tractor Station helps us build a barn for two hundred cows. Land we have also prepared for seventy acres of orchard; the Fruit and Wine Coöperative gave us five thousand rubles' credit for this and to buy trees. The Tractor Station is testing our soil to find a place for a vineyard. As for grain farming, we don't worry any more. Our best horse ploughing was five hundred acres; the Tractor Station ploughed for us fifteen hundred.'

So are these villages knit together, German, Ukrainian, Jewish, so unlike each other, keeping their own characteristics, but welded into one grain-producing mechanism. As a result of two years' experience, several new functions begin to be added to the Tractor Station. It has become a branch of the Agricultural Bank, replacing all credit coöperatives. It buys equipment, livestock, seed, vines, and issues them on credit. It collects grain direct from the thresher and ships by railroad, saving the waste of a hundred government buying agents and bookkeepers. It becomes a cultural centre also, bringing educational and health experts from the city. Even now a health exhibition accompanied by four evening lectures is making the tour of these villages, and five experimental day nurseries are opening, with food furnished by parents and personnel by the Odessa Health Department.

Not by accident was the first Tractor Station set up in the Odessa district, where frequent drought destroys forage crops and depletes the village of horses, and where three bad years in succession have left all peasants poor. So popular now has become this type of large-scale farming that the budget of Odessa district plans for sixteen such stations to be built during 1930; by the following winter of 1931 there are to be twenty stations, ploughing the whole two and a half million acres that make up Odessa *okrug*.

To-day, across the whole Soviet Union, the idea of the Tractor Station is taken as a model for the rapidly advancing mechanization of farming. Two hundred such stations are being organized, each with two hundred tractors, for the winter of 1930. As they spread across the land, their local relations also develop in the direction of more intimate local control. The villages elect representatives to sit in the Council of the Tractor Station; they begin to subscribe 'share capital' toward its ownership. They begin to organize new activities, more intensive farming, small industries, to use the surplus labor which the coming of the tractor has freed.

Such is 'modern farming — Soviet style' in the second year of its experiment and the first year of its expansion. If it succeeds, — and it has all the resources of the State pledged to back it, — these forms and methods will conquer the continent of Asia, and will send tremors of hope and of fear rocking the farming peoples in the lands beyond two oceans.

PALESTINE — AN IMPASSE?

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

From Jerusalem to Bethlehem is a pleasant five-mile walk. If one starts an hour before sunrise he can reach the old monastery at the top of the hill looking down on both cities in time to see day break over the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. At this hour the contours of the tumbled wilderness which wastes away from the stubble of the near-by fields to the denuded rocks of the lower valley are sharply visible in the contrast of light and shadow. Motor traffic has not yet begun on the highroad. Only the rural Arabs are abroad, bringing their market truck to town on donkeys or camels. Here at the Crusader's rampart, or farther on at the tomb of Rachel, one can still summon the illusion of antiquity, and find the landscape a fit setting for those occasional authentic spots whereon the historical sense dwells with that peculiar satisfaction which for many millions of souls, Jewish, Christian, and Moslem, constitutes the primary meaning of Palestine.

But even now there are disturbing notes. A cluster of red-tiled roofs belonging to a group of bungalows whose wide windows reply sharply to the first glance of the sun betoken a new settlement, European in architecture and surroundings. The Arab villages, poor as they are, belong to the hillsides out of which they grow. These new colonies, clean and well-appointed, strike one as exotic; involuntarily one asks, 'Why are they here?' There is a pride about them, a challenge, a stir, as if some gong of modernity were sounding from them; and the spirit of Palestine, stirring also, but trying to listen to other sounds, seems to respond reluctantly, 'Must I, too, go this way, and become altogether one with these?'

Here speaks the temperamental antithesis between the new Zionist and the Arab; and in such undefined contrasts lie the germs of political conflict.

Nowhere else in the world is an overt political clash so clearly the surface play of forces before which politics is helpless. Diplomacy would like to wash its hands of the matter. We see Great Britain, the mandatory, passing a critical decision to the League, and the League hesitating to accept responsibility!

There are no precedents in the case; and therein lies its persistent hold on our interest. Some long-drawn struggles make us weary — the endless cross-pulling of patent self-interests. Some enlist our chivalry, as cases of right against might. Some command a deeper concern — the conflict of two rights, two equally justifiable ideals, which the facts somehow have made incompatible; these contain the essence of tragedy, for without sacrifice on one side, or on both, there is no solution. This is the case in Palestine, for here are two corporate streams of hope which we rudely describe as 'national,' each with a valid claim on our sympathy, while both cannot be realized. And no political power dares deny either the right to life.

It is futile to try the case on the basis of the promises and declarations of Great Britain. Her fumbling efforts to give shape and limit to the conflicting hopes are pertinent, but secondary. The aspirations of Jew and Arab have not been created by any Balfour Declaration or by any Hussein-MacMahon correspondence. They spring out of the new life running in two great peoples, encouraged by all that has been said and thought since war time about the rights of national movements. It is not Great Britain alone, it is the entire Western half of the world which is involved in the dilemma. Britain, to be sure, is in the further plight of having committed herself to both sides — first of all to the Arab — and of having received from both sides a substantial *quid pro quo*. But this unhappy position becomes a crucial one only because the pressure of demand comes from populations who know little and care less about the letter of written agreements.

Britain has to deal not with what she has promised, but with what masses of Jews and Arabs think she ought to have promised. The Arab populations in Palestine and behind Palestine are thinking in terms of their desired kingdom with its western verge on the Mediterranean Sea. The Zion-minded Jews the world over, knowing Palestine only through the mirage of tradition, dream, and hortatory eloquence, think of their rights in that land in terms of their ideal Jewish community, united and free. These masses are the drive and heft of two immense animated wedges whose sharp ends cross and contend in Jerusalem. Let us then disregard for the moment the political entanglement and go at once to the centre of the matter, the logic of the opposing ideals.

II

Zionism is no ordinary national movement. For many Jews it embodies in one concrete programme the entire social and religious idealism of this people. Zion, the ultimate symbol of Jewish vision, concentrates into itself the intense longing of the intensest of human races. The Jews are not now a nation so much as a people pregnant with nationality. Zionism is to be the birth of this latent nation, and every Jew is to know the reanimating influence of what a part of Jewry thus realizes.

Why should Jews, international in fact and spirit, wish to add one more to the number of national boundaries and rivalries in the world? The answer is, they do not. They wish only to incorporate a distinction which exists, and to give it a regular status in which it can work for human understanding rather than for prejudice and dislike. No one who is not a Jew could venture to say how strong to-day is that conviction of a separate historic mission implied in the Biblical idea of the chosen people. But wholly apart from this, the international Jew knows, as few know, the value of a 'national home.' It is no mere place of refuge; it is not merely a satisfaction for an obscure homing instinct on the part of a homeless people. It is at once a religious goal and a profound psychological promise. For it means that through well-rounded occupational activity the Jew will find, and will show himself to the world, a complete personality. It is Jewish self-consciousness that speaks through Zionism: 'At present we are not, as a people, farmers, mechanics, soldiers, engineers, statesmen, sportsmen. We have been obliged by our anomalous situation as permanent strangers to specialize in a few directions. Henceforth we shall be everything, develop every human aptitude and power in our own measure, and so meet the calumny that we are in our souls part-men, cunning and parasitic. On the soil of our fathers we shall become what we are, renew our cultural fertility, and repay mankind blessing for persecution.' This is a programme whose conception compels admiration. Further, its significance is unique: there are no near parallels in law or in history.

What would be necessary to realize this idea?

For the religious side of it, Palestine. Palestine, restored as a centre of Jewish culture and worship. If Zion is to be a geographical fact, and not merely an ideal condition, no other place on earth will serve. Sophisticated religion tends to turn its primitive concepts into allegories, and Zion might be thought of as a Jewish counterpart of the Kingdom of Heaven, a poetic symbol for the final state of social evolution without specific locus. But orthodoxy is concrete in its imagination, and gives Zion a body as well as a soul. Mediæval Jewish mystics, renewing the ancient splendor of rabbinical learning, tried to transplant their schools to Tiberias and Safed. And to this day that element of realism is faithfully continued. In a current textbook of Jewish religion one reads: —

> By the Messianic time or 'the Days of the Anointed,' the chief of our national hopes, we mean (1) the days of the restoration of Israel to the Holy Land, the rebuilding of the Temple in Jerusalem, the resumption of the Divine service therein, and the return of the Divine Glory to Zion; (2) the days of the universal cessation of warfare and the highest development of all human virtues and happiness.

The universal human hope is there, but the distinctive hope of Israel requires the physical and historic Jerusalem.

For the material and social sides of the programme various conditions are necessary, some of which unhappily do not exist in Palestine. We have to reckon with an inexhaustible moral enthusiasm; we have also to reckon with the facts.

A great community must have its economic rootage. Nothing qualifies Palestine for this rôle except the courage with which Zionists have faced the uphill struggle with a meagre and thirsty land. Palestinian soil will support a close settlement having European standards of living only with the application of a maximum of capital, a maximum of labor, and the science of the twentieth century, added to agricultural talent, skill, and experience. Zionism is resolutely prepared to supply the capital, the labor, and the science, and to acquire the rest. Its spirit is magnificent, many of its results remarkable; it is not for any outside observer to cry impossible. But it is necessary to consider the costs of success. Some of these we can discern by the aid of figures now available.[1]

The Jews in Palestine are now about one sixth of the entire population, 150,000 in 900,000 in round numbers. Their holdings of land, individual and corporate, amount to a quarter of a million acres more or less — not a vast estate among so many. What fraction is this of the entire area of Palestine? In literal truth, hardly a twentieth; for Palestine has five and a half million acres all told; and one might unwarily conclude that the Jews in Palestine have far less than their proportionate share of the land. Figures could hardly tell a more misleading tale.

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[1] Palestine has not yet been adequately surveyed. The official survey now going forward may require eight years to complete. The hasty 'once-over' of 1919, made under Lloyd George's government, is no longer of value except for the purposes of a shifty politician. In what follows I shall rely chiefly on a Jewish source, the report (1928) of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, using round numbers and making my own inferences from its careful data. — AUTHOR

About half of the total area of Palestine is reckoned as cultivable. And of this half barely more than a third,— that is, one sixth of the whole area, — with irrigation and drainage, can be considered fairly good valley land, including both light and heavy soils. The Joint Palestine Survey Commission estimates a million acres (4,144,800 *dunums*) in this class of good valley land, including in this category the coastal plains. Noting that the major Jewish land holdings are of the best valley and coastal land, it appears that Jews now hold nearly one fourth of that scanty fraction of the soil of Palestine which can be considered as fairly good for agriculture.

But we must again consider: it is not 150,000 Jews who are engaged in agriculture, but only some 30,000; the rest are urban. It is one thirtieth of the population that are holding that quarter of the best land, and it is not enough for them — by far not enough.

For the average farm of 100 dunums (say, twenty-three acres) in the Emek or Plain of Esdraelon — probably as good land as Palestine can show — is proving insufficient for a Jewish family, with its relatively high standard of living. The Joint Survey Commission proposes sixty acres for a minimum dry farm. This would more than double the demand on land for the present group of farmers. But, again, that group is obviously too small a proportion of the total Jewish community, especially in a land which sustains no important industries. If the present community were divided evenly between farm and town, we should need once more to double our land requirement. And thus, without any further immigration into Palestine, all of the best land would be requisitioned!

This is a rude estimate. But no correction can alter the essential truth it intends to convey, — the extraordinary pressure for more land which Zionism even now creates; the disproportionate draft on the best soil, — for the Jew, as new to agriculture, would feel himself too much handicapped with any other than the best soil. How can this draft be met?

Article six of the mandate was written, without adequate survey, in a spirit of hopeful vagueness. This article speaks of 'state lands and waste lands' which may be made available for settlement. This sanguine phrase has become a current myth. State lands there are, and waste lands in plenty; but by far the greatest part of the waste is unreclaimable, and the state lands are not, as a rule, vacant. They are, generally speaking, fields or pastures whose use was paid for as a tax to the Ottoman treasury rather than as a rental to private landlords. The occupants hold them, under the shiftless methods of Turkish registry (*chiftlik* happens to be their word for it), without recorded title, but with a customary tenure which cannot be disregarded. No doubt many shaky claims have been trumped up by unsettled Arabs making capital of British scruples for precise justice. But when all this is discounted, the amount of usable vacancy in Palestine is but a crumb for a hungry man. Zionist land at present grows chiefly as it has grown — by purchase from private owners. Picture the situation, in one or two actual cases: —

'The most important single irrigable area in the Jordan Valley is to be found in and around the marshes of Lake Huleh. This land is of exceptional fertility. Two obstacles stand in the way of this reclamation. One is the heavy cost [of engineering the drainage] . . . the other is the acquiring of title to the land.' Estimate suggests that

$468 per acre will overcome both obstacles.

Or again. 'The coastal plain from Haifa to Gaza is probably the finest citrus-growing area in the world. . . . This area is comparatively densely populated.' In other words, Arabs are here and have been raising fine oranges on this soil for years. But further irrigation is possible; and note: 'The only perennial stream of any importance is the Audja . . . the right of irrigating from which has been conceded to the Palestine Electric Corporation.'

Under such circumstances it must be excessively hard for the Zionist to refrain from coveting his neighbor's land. Collectively speaking, he has the money. The Arab on the land is commonly poor: he is either a tenant cultivator whose livelihood may be sold over his head by an absentee landlord (a process now happily checked) or he is an owner to whom a mounting price may become an irresistible temptation. At first it could be assumed that at some figure or other land could be bought. But now the corporate apprehension of the Arabs crosses private transactions: campaigns for ostracism are occasionally started in the press against the would-be seller. And apart from this, the process has an evident limit.

For while in twelve years the Jewish population has increased through immigration and natural growth by one hundred thousand, the non-Jewish population has increased through natural growth alone by roughly one hundred and twenty thousand. The Arabs are not melting away before the Jewish influx — they are merely moving from the better land to the poorer. They see thirty thousand Jews, one thirtieth of the population, holding one fourth of the fertile land and requiring much more. They see a large share of the wealth of the world, backed by British power, abetting this growing acquisition. They reasonably foresee and fear that it would not be too much for a successful Zion if all the exploitable land of Palestine were to become Jewish property, leaving to the growing Arab majority the two million acres of rocky waste.

III

Let us suppose this economic difficulty surmounted. Note simply that, to accomplish this, the settlements must have every advantage, including the intensive application of modern methods, the spread of electric power and motor roads. Industry must be developed wherever possible, with a sprinkling of small shops and factories. The landscape of Palestine, already marred, must take the consequences.

Let us leave out of account also the dismaying difference in temper and spirit between the newer immigrants from Eastern Europe and the older Jewish residents, the fifty-five thousand Jews of the pre-war period and the devoted Zionist pioneers. One must speak here from impressions, since there are no statistics of the hearts of men. To me it appeared that the new arrivals are commonly devoid of religion except the social gospels of the oppressed; that they hope much from the future, but are free from sentimental attachment to the past, whether Jewish or other. In that ill-omened march to the Wailing Wall of a year ago, they carried, not the means of worship, but the Zionist flag! If the soil has any sacredness to the piety of Moslem, Jew, or Christian, they show but a subconscious awareness of it, and are ready to disfigure Palestine unconcernedly with the marks of a Western experimental civilization. Their hope is to enrich the world by demonstrating some advantageous novelty in social order, education, literature, drama.

Zionism will be justified, they think, in proportion as it hastens to 'contribute.' It is no light task to make these emancipated spirits into a moral unity with those who see that Zionism is justified *in Palestine* only for those to whom Palestine is a holy land.

But let us suppose this task also accomplished. There remains the social-political side of a truly national home. This side is essential — perhaps from the psychological point of view the chief essential; for of all the human functions it is just this one of running his own nation of which the Jew, whose genius is the Law, has in his dispersion most keenly felt himself deprived. And it is just this side which in Palestine is most demonstrably incapable of achievement.

For how can the social and political spirit of any people express itself without a connected community, and without that community under its own control?

Physically speaking, Zion in Palestine is a dappling of separate settlements, interspersed with far greater numbers and areas of alien elements. Further land purchases on a large scale might mend to some extent this physical brokenness. But when will a Jew be able to stand on any hill in Palestine and say of the land in sight, 'This is ours'? Not until the 660,000 Moslems and 80,000 Christians are required to cede the ground. With four Moslems to one Jew, and the Moslems not inclined to go, what can happen? Double the number of Jews: the Moslems are still two to one. Give the Jews all the good land: the Moslems are still all about, on the hillsides and in the rocky pastures. The Jews remain a physically scattered minority.

But what of that? This group of detached patches on the map has already a unified political life of its own. There is an official Jewish Community, with powers of taxing and making rules for its own voluntary membership; there are Jewish representative bodies, organs of national thought and will. Can we not imagine this complex but lively organization a budding political entity, and the present Government of Palestine a temporary protecting mantle, to be withdrawn as the new state-within-a-state gains in numbers, consistency, and strength? The land would thus quietly come under Jewish control, either as an independent state or as a 'Seventh Dominion'; and Jews would then begin to enjoy a fully responsible political experience.

One would prefer to believe that there are no longer any well-informed Zionists so far deluded by an inexorable wish as to cherish this impossible expectation. For it remains the elementary truth of the situation that until the inconceivable happens, — that Moslems and Christians, through consent or through force, accept the right of the Jews to make laws for all, — the Zionist Community must remain under a major law which it does not make, and accept a military protection which it does not provide. And indeed the leaders of the movement, in view of this crucial discord between the logic of the facts and the logic of their ideal, have for the most part, after some natural hesitation, resigned the near prospect of political control, preferring to forget the ominous words of Dr. Weizmann about 'making Palestine as Jewish as England is English,' and proposing some intermediate objective.

Some would aim at parity in numbers with the Moslems, reasonably assuming that this would mean a preponderance of political influence. Others, like Mr. Harry Sacher of the Zionist Executive, would hope ultimately for a Jewish majority. There are some who would cantonize Palestine, making, say, six Jewish, seven Moslem, and three

Christian cantons — in a country two thirds the size of Switzerland, or nearly the same as Vermont. Jewish cantons would naturally be drawn about existing Jewish centres in the best land, — the Northern and Southern Plain of Sharon, the Valley of Jezreel, Upper Galilee, — and by the subtle coercion of bringing contiguous Arab land under Jewish rule would tend to complete Jewish ownership within the canton boundaries. On the other hand, the all-or-none spirit of the canton would lead to the presumption of unwelcome for Jews in the non-Jewish cantons; and Jerusalem would resist cantonization. These halfway measures all lack the essential political virtue of national control; and their proposers do not too closely ask themselves the question of Solomon, whether such a half of the Zionist infant would have as much as half the value of the whole child.

They continue to interest themselves in these partial goals, I believe, because the logic of the Zionist conception continues to work in them; and this logic makes for a Jewish Palestine. It shows itself most widely in the arguments by which Zionists assert their *right* in Palestine. For any argument based on historic possession or on a divine mission is logically a claim to the whole land. The voice of religious orthodoxy is explicit: 'The sins of Israel have brought about the loss of their independence as a nation, of their land and Temple. But the Divine decree that ordered the exile of our nation has also promised the restoration of Israel.' The more philosophical statement of the case may be read in *The New Palestine:* —

> The Jews are entering Palestine because they have a right to. They are building a homeland in Palestine because there is an organic indissoluble connection between the identity of the Jewish people and the country from which it was ejected long ago.

An organic connection is normally complete and exclusive: heart, lungs, and liver cannot well be shared. Once Zion is conceived as a political entity on earth, the consistent Zionist is driven, consciously or subconsciously, to claim not a right in Palestine, but the right to Palestine.

IV

This claim of right, based on a mission which it is felt a religious disloyalty to compromise, cannot be shaken in the Jewish mind by analogies from history or international law. To urge that the same reasoning which leads the Jew to claim Palestine after eighteen hundred years would give the Arab a right to Spain after seven hundred years is quite sound so far as it appeals to the ordinary flux of historic conquest and possession; but it wholly misses the sense of this 'organic indissoluble connection,' this right of destiny. Such a right has the force of a religious conviction for those who have that vision; it has the weakness of subjectivism for those who do not share it.

Sensible of this forensic weakness, Zionism has sometimes sought to strengthen its claim by emphasizing the cultural contrast between Jews and the rural Arabs of Palestine. Should half a million ignorant fellahin, it is asked, only languidly concerned in the matter except when excited by demagogues, block the united aspiration of fifteen million members of a highly gifted and advanced race?

The answer is not quite simple, even if the picture were a true one; but it becomes important to correct the error — unhappily widespread — of this picture. Palestine has its rural Arabs and also its urban Arabs; its Moslem Arabs and its Christian Arabs; its peasantry, its Bedawi, and its cultivated men of affairs; its fanatics and its sober leaders with liberal minds and a sense of humor. Amin el Husseini, Mufti of Jerusalem, is one of these leaders, a target of many unjust accusations. During the spring of 1928, an International Missionary Conference brought to Jerusalem a group of positively charged Christians whose intentions were an occasion of much speculative misgiving among the Moslem masses. Lord Plumer opened the Conference: perhaps the military subjugation of Islam was to be followed by an ecclesiastical campaign of aggression! The thousands of pious celebrants in the Nebi Musa pilgrimage of that year might be heard singing with wild fervor, 'Down with the Missionary Conference!' During this disturbed time, the Grand Mufti used his position to show to this suspected Conference an exceptional public courtesy. He threw open the chief Moslem shrine, the Mosque of Omar, to the supposed conspirators against Islam, and supplied them group by group with guides to its several sacred spots. He acted then in his usual rôle as a man of courage and wide understanding, to temper prejudice, not to rouse it. In thinking of Palestinian Arabs, we must remember their notables, their scholars, their tradesmen and their craftsmen with innate deftness and sense of beauty and arts long lost to the West, as well as their farmers, shepherds, nomads.

Of these peasants, it is true that they, like many peasant peoples, are for the most part ignorant and backward. But they are aware of their plight, and are growing out of it. Their direction is more important than their present place. They have a national movement of their own; they are a conscious part of the great Arab background having its foci in Damascus, Baghdad, Riyadh, Mecca, Cairo; they feel the pulse of the reawakening of Islamic culture. For the Arab as for the Jew we cannot forget that a man plus a national movement is a man enlarged and ennobled. Further, these people have a high native capacity, mental and artistic. It is a matter of justice, not to say of generosity, if we refer to their actual backwardness in terms of *our* arts, to remember that they and their leaders have suffered for centuries under the exactions of an unprogressive tyranny. What they are is not to be seen on the present surface of their culture.

But my plea is not for generosity, it is for realism. If we in America, Jews and Gentiles, could see things as they are in Palestine, we should recognize as axiomatic three things: (1) That nothing like the full plan of Zionism can be realized without political pressure backed by military force; (2) that such pressure and force imply an injustice which is inconsistent with the ethical sense of Zionism, undermining both its sincerity and its claim; (3) that every increase of pressure now meets with increasingly determined Arab resistance, within and beyond Palestine. Hence the question which political Zionism must answer is whether or not it proposes to-day, as in ancient times, to assert its place in Palestine by aid of the sword.

To many Arabs, the Balfour Declaration, in spite of its careful safeguarding of all existing civil and religious rights, is understood as obliging Great Britain to 'do something' for the Jews. Many Zionists have the same conception. And the Arab mind inquires: What can Great Britain now do for Zionism which is not *against the Arabs?* What favor can it show which is not favoritism? If the question is capable of an answer, it needs to be a clear answer, plainly spoken. Great Britain is serving Zionism. It is doing so not only by maintaining security and order in the land (with some lapses), but by furnishing the administrative staff without which no such settlement would have been possible, and by creating new opportunities. Under the older Ottoman régime foreign Jews were at a disadvantage: they — like other foreigners — could acquire land only in the name of Ottoman subjects. These disabilities are now removed; as is often said, Jews are now in Palestine by right, not on sufferance. Why press for more than this equitable opening, when more means a reversed injustice? The rural and industrial centres already founded need no more than an equal legal status for their normal peaceful development. The great Hebrew University on Mount Scopus needs no more than this on the legal side to realize its destiny. And this university, be it said, under the prophetic leadership of Dr. Judah Magnes, is the symbol of all that is best in Zionism. For the true and attainable Zion is the Zion of culture and faith, not the Zion of political nationalism.

It is indeed a bitter thing to the sincere Zionist that his ideal community cannot have in that unique spot of earth its perfect body as well as its perfect soul. What I have to say, I say with deep personal regret. For I went to Palestine seized with the idea of Zionism and warmed by the ardor of Jewish friends to whom this vision is the breath of life, prepared to believe all things possible. I came away saddened, seeing that to strive for the perfect body, as things now are, can only mean the loss of soul and body alike. To pursue any campaign for a more vigorous fulfillment of 'the British promise,' to force cantonization on Palestine and so to repeat the standing grievance of divided Syria, to press for any further favor of the state, is to work blindly toward another bloody struggle involving first the new settlements, then Great Britain, then no one knows what wider area.

In this we have been assuming that on the issue of Jewish dominance the Arab mind is irreconcilable. Is this true?

The answer lies partly in the fact that for the Arab, whose local attachments are peculiarly strong, Palestine, beside being his home, is also a holy land. It lies partly in the fact that to his mind Palestine is not a separate province: it is an integral part of Syria, with Damascus as its natural trading and cultural capital, while Syria is an integral part of greater Arabia. In his dream of a free Arab empire, Damascus may have served as capital for the whole; or Syria, together with Palestine, may have constituted an autonomous province. In any case, the new Arabia through Palestine reached the western sea; while Palestine as a part of Syria became a partner in that new and proud political enterprise. The expulsion of Feisal from Damascus by the French was a cruel mutilation of this dream. The mandate for Palestine excludes it from the imagined kingdom and shuts that kingdom from the Mediterranean. Even so, political arrangements may be unmade. But village settlements are a more final obstacle — they build a human barrier and put an end to hope. The progress of Zionist colonization thus becomes for the Arab national outlook a culminating stroke in a series of breaches of faith.

A letter from King Feisal to Mr. Felix Frankfurter is often quoted to show that there is no inherent incompatibility between the Zionist programme and the Arab interest. It may be surmised that Feisal when he wrote that letter (which he no longer endorses) spoke for few beside himself, inasmuch as the American Commission of Inquiry found but 1 per cent of its petitioners in favor of the National Home. Feisal was not a member of the official Arab delegation to the Peace Conference. His voice at that moment was presumably the voice of the British Government, with which he was in touch, and which had the strongest motives for persuading itself of the alleged harmony of Arab and Jewish interests. But the chief point in interpreting the letter is the circumstance that if and when Feisal wrote its Arabic equivalent (for at that time he understood English imperfectly, if at all) he had every expectation of ruling in Damascus with Palestine as a part of the Syrian state. A Zionist colony within an Arab state is worlds apart from an Arab colony within a Jewish state. The former might be considered by an Arab prince, the latter never.

No — Arabia will not be reconciled to Jewish dominance in Palestine. For thirteen hundred years Moslem Arabs have lived here, tilling the soil, caring for their herds, raising their fruits and olives, practising their trades and crafts. Between them and this habitat there is a genuine adjustment, an almost perfect equilibrium; technique and custom, dress and architecture, they transmit from antiquity with an unconscious faithfulness; they *belong*. The rights which go with this long occupation and use cannot be brushed aside, even though no letter of a British agreement could be cited to confirm them in their place.

On the basis of existing theories of right, then, there is no way to reconcile or to arbitrate the conflicting claims. Perhaps it is time to seek a new principle.

V

Zionism has challenged all prevailing theories of territorial right, in view of a unique religious and cultural mission. Regarded as an article of Jewish faith, the claim is, as we said, subjective. It ceases to be subjective when that mission or some part of it becomes an article of faith to the wider world, as when France, the United States, Arabia, can say with Great Britain, 'We believe in the mission of the Jewish people.' A claim of 'right' can substantiate itself just so far as this wider persuasion is forthcoming. The principle that seems to emerge is something like this: territory should belong, other things equal, to that group which can put it to its best use, the total interest of mankind being considered. What would be the implications of such a theory?

First, Palestine is a land of interest to three great living faiths. Each one of these may regard itself as able to make the best use of the land; no one of the three is qualified to act as sole judge in its own case. But since the use in question is primarily religious, any one of the three is clearly disqualified which aims to exclude or dominate the others. Result: no one of the three may be in exclusive control; Christian, Moslem, and Jew must recognize the separate status of Palestine and accept whatever consequences this fact may have for their national aspirations.

Second, Palestine is indivisible. Each faith is interested in all of it, and in free movement to all parts. Cantonization is offensive from every point of view; and those who propose it thereby show themselves spurious guardians.

Third, rights in Palestine have nothing to do with the results of war. Neither the Allies nor the League nor any other grouping of mankind is competent to dispose of it on military or political grounds. The idea of settling the status of Palestine by consulting the written promises given by Great Britain to one group and to another is the height of solemn impertinence. Not with the consent of all governments has Great Britain such authority. As conqueror, the Allies have the power to do what they will; if they consult right, they will regard Palestine as belonging primarily to the religious interests of humanity.

If these interests remain disunited, the powers will consider them politically — that is, in proportion to the aggressive pressure they exert. I should like to join a group to assert these interests collectively; a group of Jews, Moslems, and Christians, resolved to prevent as far as possible that secularizing and industrializing of the country to which the imperial interests of Great Britain and the economic drive of political Zionism are alike committed. I can imagine such a group addressing the political Zionist in this vein: —

'We do not want new social and economic experiments in Palestine. Worship there with us, but conduct your social laboratories in other lands, where they are favored by natural conditions and where they do not disfigure and secularize. To have meaning for the modern world, such experiments must be in the heart of it, not artificially fostered in a remote place. Your Einsteins cannot go to Palestine; they must live in the atmosphere of scientific concentration, among colleagues. Your Bergsons cannot go there; they must live where they can catch by intuition the *élan vital* of contemporary life. Your great artists cannot live in Palestine, if they have something to say to this age. Industry and finance on the modern scale cannot find a centre there, a land without fuel, without ores, and with meagre power.

'To our minds, the poverty of Palestine is its preservation. We do not want Palestine spoiled, and your attempt, if you persist, will merely spoil it and not satisfy yourselves. Bethink yourselves in time and save yourselves and humanity that distress and loss. Spiritualize your conception of the national home, and for the earthly Zion accept the achievable symbol in place of the inachievable completion. Strengthen that magnificent university, with its broad conception of its mission, with its scientific ministration to the needs of the people and to the historical interests of the Moslem and the Christian as well as of the Jew. Through that university and its affiliated institutions, let the Jewish wisdom show itself a comprehensive wisdom in which all creeds and races may find sustenance. "And *all nations* shall flow unto it. And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."'

And to the Arabs of Palestine and beyond, this group might say: —

'With you, we record our rejection of Jewish domination in Palestine. We reject also the political domination of any faith, Christian or Moslem, in that place. We wish to assure the Moslem inhabitants of Palestine of the security of their possessions and of their ways of life: they shall not be placed at a disadvantage by any act of any Western power. We request your aid in maintaining the spirit of reverence in this ancient land. To achieve this, we call upon you to lay aside the spirit of exclusiveness proper to the older era of Islamic life, and adopt the spirit of coöperation proper to the newer stage. Recognize the religious element in other religions, the common bond among mankind constituted by the worship of God, and the peculiar bond between the three religions whose common tradition centres in this place. Welcome the situation which has brought the piety of Jew and Moslem to agree in honoring the site of the Temple; make it easy instead of difficult for your Jewish brethren to worship at the Western Wall. Allow Palestine to be set apart among the regions of the earth, not for the imperial aims of any nation, and not to the disadvantage of the new Arabia, but as a shrine and place of pilgrimage in perpetuity, a meeting place for the spirits of East and West.'

As to the administration of Palestine, there must be a political order there; and this order must be either national or international. Theoretically an international administration would show the needed hospitality of interest. On the other hand, it would suffer the curse of neutrality, which might bring with it a fatal indifference to any religious interest as outside the political province. These deeper concerns are better secured by a power which unites a positive appreciation of faith with a wide toleration of temper. No power, to my mind, fulfills these conditions so well as Great Britain — on one of the two sides which she shows in Palestine.

On that one side, Great Britain is acting as a faithful custodian of the wider human interest. She is conserving the monuments, clearing the walls of the city, preventing alterations within the walls without official approval, encouraging historical research, establishing a museum of antiquities, coöperating with the Hebrew University. But this side of Great Britain must be summoned to keep with us a watchful eye upon that other, the imperialistic side, which has no mandate, whether from the League of Nations or from mankind, for enterprises on this soil which serve the Empire alone — the guarding of the Canal, the opening of communications to the East, the piping of Mosul oil to port. Let Great Britain, we say, serve herself as she may within the greater interest; but let her act first as an honest mandatory. Let her put off her weak acquiescence in the trend to industrialization. Let her *retard* the inevitable changes of an intrusive modernity, adjusting their pace to the awakening needs of the people, so that Palestine may retain the harmony of its customary life and of its aspect as it grows into new forms. And let her recognize the interest of the Arab states by securing to them free access from the interior to the sea, and freedom of trade and political intercourse across the obnoxious boundaries.

The two enemies of peace in the Holy Land are fanaticism and fear. The movement of the modern spirit within all creeds is having for one of its beneficent effects the gradual melting of fanaticism without argument. Fixed and antagonistic dogmas are transforming themselves into alternative sets of symbols which can dwell together. But fanaticism is kept alive and sharpened by fear; clashes at the Wailing Wall are symptoms of political rather than religious apprehension. These fears of displacement, of national thwarting, must be put to rest; and they can only be quieted by unequivocal public commitments, renouncing the intention to dominate and to exclude. If there is to be peace within the gates of Jerusalem, the first condition, as I see it, is that Zionism publicly disavow its unholy alliance with Western military power, and therewith (following the lead of a recent resolution within the Jewish Agency) its purpose to dominate in Palestine. Then, that Great Britain restate not alone her policy toward Jew and Arab, but also her general conception of the mandate, in terms which clearly subordinate the interests of the Empire to the general human good. Then, as under such a mandate they might reasonably do, that Moslem authorities publicly accept the administrative separateness of the Palestinian area. With this degree of mutual sacrifice, interests now mutually repellent will be found to enlarge because they can interpenetrate.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

UNFETTERED INHERITORS

THE other day I was seized in the plenitude of my powers and dragged to lunch by a banker. He talked. I listened. Then I talked and he listened, and I saw by the color rising to his pallid cheeks that he was astonished and shocked. Yet what I told him was merely the everyday philosophy of a gambler.

Let me hasten to explain that I am not a wicked gambler in this land of righteousness. Nor am I a wanton gambler of life. I am a mere enjoyer, content to take life as it comes and striving not to fetter the lives that directly succeed me.

The relation of this simple fact irritated the banker beyond all pretense to politeness. When I indicated what provision I have made for my children after my death he told me that I was no business man. That was, coming from him, a term of horrified contempt. But I was flattered, and thanked him for the compliment.

Your business man, capitulating to the propaganda of other moneygrubbers, has learned to believe that his cash, be it personally accumulated capital or life-insurance funds, must be left in trust to his descendants. The almost universal adherence to this quaint custom has been fostered, I maintain, by the overpowering advertising of those companies who profit by having money left in trust with them. For how, by any process of original thinking, can a man wish to deny his offspring the full and untrammeled use of the money he leaves them?

It was right here in the exposition of my gambling philosophy that I brought the flush of horror to the banker's cheeks. I asked him, tit for tat, what provision he was making for his children, and he told me that he had arranged a trust of which they were to get the income until they were twenty-five, then half the principal, and the remainder of the principal at thirty-five.

'You mean,' I asked, 'that your dead hand will reach out of the grave and grasp the money you can no longer spend? Do you really want your children to hate you as a post-mortem skinflint?'

This was, I admit, a brutal way of expressing what he imagined to be a benevolent course of conduct. He rallied to his own defense, quoting statistics to show that the average child to whom money is left outright at the age of twenty-one squanders it within seven years, claiming that not even his children would know the value of money when they were twenty-one.

I gave his statistics and his claim the attention they merit — which is nil. I offered it as my opinion that at maturity a boy should receive outright whatever his father is able to leave him, so long as the sum is written in less than six figures. Perhaps if I were able to think higher than five figures I should not have made even this exception.

Consider the cramping effects of a frozen inheritance of, say, $20,000 on various types of youth. The income is 5 per cent (less the trustee's fees), or a bit less than a thousand a year. My first type is lazy. He finds that with an easy job at a small salary he can eke out his trust income and live comfortably. He dawdles along, never exerting himself, except to spend without imagination the capital that comes to him at twenty-five. B is tremendously ambitious, knowing the value of money, and finding an immediate use for capital. Prevented by law from laying hands on his own money, he goes to a shark who tenders a loan against his inheritance at a modest charge of 50 per cent. Such a boy has reason to curse a father who leaves half to him and half to the loan shark. C has in him the makings of an artist and would like to devote the formative years of his life to study under the best teachers. This being impossible on an income of a thousand a year, he turns to illustrating, postponing, if not completely ruining, his artistic career.

It may well be argued that these three types, chosen at random, are better off than youths whose fathers leave them nothing and who start from scratch. But that is beside the point. The ambitious boy and the talented boy will be better served by giving them their inheritance outright, and the lazy youth and all others who do not know what is termed the proper value of money will at least enjoy themselves while it lasts and get down to cases sooner.

The proponents of the trust fund contend that no person devising property to minors knows what they will be like on reaching maturity. A father supposes that his son will be a chip of the old block, but Old Man Statistics proves that he will be a seven-year profligate. Nevertheless, say I, let him have his capital when he reaches man's estate. What man who has amassed a fortune will admit himself to have been incapable of handling a lump sum at twenty-one? Then what outrageous egotism to maintain that his son is less capable of handling it! What a complete negation of his own principles to believe that a group of impersonals whose guiding policy is conscientious apathy will better administer an estate than the descendant to whom it belongs!

There are egotists who leave their money in trust in order to keep intact the monument personally erected to their business sagacity. They would so leave it in perpetuity if a law (in my state, at least) did not restrict the bestowal of trust funds to 'two lives in being.' The effect of this bequest is that the son, about whom the parent knows something, is denied full use of the inheritance, while the grandson, about whom the grandparent may well know nothing, gets the whole 'wad.' What the law grants to the third generation a wise parent should voluntarily accord the second generation.

But I have none of the crusader's spirit, and shall make no further efforts toward unfettering the second generation. In fact, I only desire to show that a man who is 'no business man' may have valid reasons for letting his own life terminate when he dies so that his successors may have fullest freedom to work out their lives. If they work hard and make more money than they start with, perhaps they will be happier that way. If they lose all and have nothing, there will be plenty to tell them that those who have least are happiest. In any event I shall have given them the loose rein which is desired of all youth, and the admonition to be as happy as I am.

GRAND OPERA

THE other day I chanced to speak of grand opera in the presence of some young people, regretting that it seemed about to be crowded off the boards by triumphant and all-conquering jazz. There was an ominous silence; then: —

'Grand opera! None of it for me!' And in the eyes of the protester kindled the light of battle. 'I went to hear some of your grand opera last winter. A great, fat woman came out on the stage, and you should have heard her yodel!' And forthwith the youth began to stretch his neck and 'yodel' in imitation of the lady. When he had finished, the other young people present began to flay alive, 'noint over with honey, and then set on the head of a wasp's nest (I quote loosely Autolycus's grim joke) all opera singers, jointly and severally.

So, when the tumult and the shouting had subsided and the young people had departed, I fell to pondering the matter, but found it difficult to persuade myself that in their mature lives the jazz of their youth would, in retrospect, be as precious to them as grand opera is to me and other music lovers of my age.

And yet I know that I am deluded. Those young people will look back upon that, to me, vulgar and offensive trash, and through the alembic of youthful memories distill an essence quite as wonder-working as any that my memory brings forth from the recollection of a certain grand opera season in Covent Garden Theatre, attended when I was about the age of the youth who so unfeelingly belittled this great but dying art.

I had arrived in London footloose and in time for Easter services in Brompton Oratory (that imposing Byzantine structure, Westminster Cathedral, was not yet completed), the Ascot races, and a week of grand opera. The English aristocracy had returned from the Mediterranean in time to burn incense to their sacred trinity — Church, horse racing, and grand opera, and I was to witness all three rites for the first time!

Probably few Americans familiar with Covent Garden Theatre are aware of a narrow side street down which a long line of music lovers forms hours before any great musical event. I think that there is no other collection of human beings quite like it anywhere else in the world. In it you will detect all the important languages of Christendom, see most of the national types, and observe the nice distinctions which set apart the Frenchman from the German, the German from the Englishman, and the Italian from them all. Each, in his own way, is waiting for the theatre doors to open that he (and many a she) may pay his half crown for a balcony seat.

When I joined it on that opening night, the line already stretched a long way back from the door, and gradually it was extended behind me until it passed out of sight round a corner. There was still a good two hours to wait; but here were real music lovers for whom the feast in store quite offset the hardship of standing in the chill London air. Here and there a woman or an old man had brought along a stool, and the many little courtesies that centred about these seats impressed me deeply. A gray-haired woman just ahead of me, frail and scantily clad, offered her stool to a bent old German, who, with an accompaniment of characteristic gutturals, was holding on to the small of his protesting back. With an innate sense of courtesy that was the essence of gentility he accepted the offer, remaining seated for only a few minutes, however. Farther up the line a grizzled Italian, evidently of peasant stock, offered his stool to a fellow countryman of higher social rank. About the offer, and the acceptance, was a fine flavor of courtesy of which we on this side of the water are quite incapable.

Up and down the line conversation

ebbed and flowed; but it never broke out into hilarity, and so far as I could hear never became personal or familiar. Men addressed casual remarks to female strangers; women chatted pleasantly with those about them, regardless of sex. Here and there I noticed someone who had brought along a book or a magazine to pass the time, and the contents furnished suitable material for small talk. But to me the fine thing about it all was that on the morrow it would be quite bad form to recognize on the street any chance acquaintance made here.

And then at last the doors opened, and soon, with no jostling or crowding, I found myself seated well forward in the balcony. An all-star cast was to present one of Wagner's operas. In a box on my right sat a certain duke's daughter who was making her début. She was reputed (as are all dukes' daughters) to be nothing less than lovely, and hundreds of opera glasses were leveled at her like the arrested antennæ of overgrown insects. I, alas, had no glasses; but I could distinguish her lustrous gold hair and envied the gay young blade who strolled into her box and leaned nonchalantly upon her chair.

And then the gods of the operatic world appeared — Melba, Plançon, the two De Reszkes, and all the brilliant galaxy of that all-star cast. Ah, the shining armor, the flashing swords, the heroic gestures, the eloquent pleadings, hot denunciations! And flowing through it all like a great river were those voices that, when the spell was broken, made me, like poor Caliban, cry to dream again. Too bad that in later life I read Nietzsche's uncompromising criticism of Wagner's art, and quite agreed with the findings of that crystal-clear mind.

I am little concerned about Heaven and the hereafter; but if I should go there I think that I should be satisfied just to sit and live over endlessly the days of my youth. But I should wish my seat to be well away from the golden streets and the blaring trumpets of the Jewish Heaven — far over, in fact, in those green Norse meadows with their trees casting a grateful shade.

TEA

When I was a boy, nobody in our neighborhood served afternoon tea, but only gave a tea. I mean that a tea was a social function to which one was invited, while tea was served with a meal. In our house we seldom drank it at all except at Sunday evening 'supper,' as we called the cold victuals that served as a frail bridge between the sumptuous Sunday dinner and the ordinary dietary of week days.

On our block there was, it is true, a retired English sea captain whose wife served tea — or had a tea, as we said — every day at half-past four in the afternoon. I remember attending only once and being astonished at the quantity of buttered toast, muffins, scones, or crumpets consumed, with marmalade. The captain's three daughters hovered about and in and out of the room after more hot water or toast and ran after 'jugs' of milk or hot water, while his wife, in black silk, lace collar, and 'water waves,' presided at the little table and poured and poured and poured. I was shocked to see the captain, a burly man with a voice capable of subduing mutiny, drink three cups, for I had always supposed that tea was a woman's drink. His doing so was the more surprising because in the same room hung an oil painting of a blue ship on a green ocean, tossing about upon angular waves before an almost visible hurricane; and this ship — the *Sarah Jane* — was, I knew, the last ship the captain had commanded, and it had been wrecked off Cape Hatteras. He had been rescued in a breeches buoy!

I have no doubt, nevertheless, that the first thing the captain did on landing was to shout for tea.

The ways of the world have changed in the intervening years, and now even American sea captains, still in active service, do not hesitate to drink tea in the cabin with their passengers. And all over the world, wherever it is possible to muster ten English inhabitants, there is a tea shop.

Only the other day, as I was riding along the Italian coast, there where a stairway of rocks rose steeply from the road in a lonely place was a sign that read, 'Tea and Buns' — only that, and nothing more. Somewhere above us on the cliff was a little shop, no doubt, where, in majolica ware and on blue tables with orange legs, one would be served with those viands that appear to have supplanted the roast beef which, we used to be told, had made England great. Here, in tweed knickers or walking skirts and sensible walking shoes, and carrying stout walking sticks, Englishmen and Englishwomen — with not a few Americans, who have adopted English customs — drank that beverage which certainly does not inebriate, whatever else it may do to the drinker.

For tea is, of course, a vile drink. Served with lemon, it becomes only a spoiled lemonade; with milk, something the domestic cat would turn away from; clear, a medical brew, of the same family as those concoctions of camomile, eupatorium, or sassafras which country mothers used to administer to their children in spring. And yet 'that monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,' has singled it out, erected its dispensing into a rite, invented a ritual with holy vessels and elaborate libations. A group of seasoned tea drinkers is a soul-shaking spectacle, with their peeping into the pot, calling for hot water, discussing the respective virtues of China and Ceylon, black and green, prognosticating with tea leaves, carefully skimming off bubbles which they call 'money,' pouring in more hot water, pitying any of their number who does not like tea, and classifying themselves as one-cup, two-cup, and three-cup drinkers. They are as superior as married persons toward a bachelor. They are the same kind of people as those who love cats. Some of them are even said to drink tea in bed before they get up, and then to drink it for breakfast, and after tennis, and during sea bathing, and between races, and in the intervals of cricket, and out of vacuum bottles on walking tours, and as a basis for punch. I have heard of a tea cocktail!

During the past year, in Europe, I have talked with many Englishmen, voluntary expatriates, who, no doubt because they drink tea, can no longer endure their native climate; and they have one and all agreed in ascribing the 'perilous state' of Britain to Ramsay MacDonald and the Labor Party. I have not had the courage to suggest to them that all England needs is to dump all her tea into the Channel or the Irish Sea and learn to make coffee.

Anyone who has tasted their coffee is not surprised that they prefer anything else — even tea.

There can be no doubt that Englishmen cannot have been diluting their blood for two centuries with impunity. The eighteenth-century physique could cope with even six cups of tea at a sitting without depleting the vital forces. Dr. Johnson used to drink tea by the gallon, — though no doubt the acridity of his temper was the result of the habit, — and yet remained virile.

But the twentieth-century physique — unless, like G. K. C., it drinks beer, or, like G. B. S., it drinks nothing but water — cannot look at the world with courage and pugnacity when its eyes are tea-ry.

There is something pathetic in watching the English and Anglophile Americans rally round the teapot, in Nice, Florence, or Rome. They have staggered through the day somehow, thinking of buttered scones and muffins, and at half-past four, evincing a pale reflection of jollity, like the twilight of an English November day, they pull up their chairs, fix their gaze on the pourer, and wait in palpitating silence for the first cup. The aroma, like that of wet straw, ascends to their nostrils and awakens sentimental memories of drenched English lawns, the Strand and Piccadilly, Crosse and Blackwell's, and Eno's Fruit Salts. The scalding of the steaming water in their œsophagi titillates their vertebræ and makes them almost loquacious. They very nearly chatter. At least they become quite chatty.

Up and down the street and around the corner are French or Italian shops where one can have just as good tea and much better cake for half the price; but one must listen to happy people prattling French or Italian. But these very seldom drink tea. A craze for an execrable drink called *café expressé* or *caffè espresso* has swept over Europe during the past few years. It is concocted by forcing live steam through ground coffee, is sweetened with from two to six lumps of sugar, and is drunk out of a little cup. Some add cognac or anisette. All drink it with anchovy sandwiches or little cakes of almond paste or marchpane. It has made the Germans recover from the war, the French the only nation in Europe free from unemployment, the Italians Fascists. What it will do to America, if it ever arrives on our shores, is a nice speculation. I cannot like it — perhaps because the Europeans drink South American coffee and burn it in the roasting and then, like as not, mix it with ground chicory or dried figs; but it has a kick like that of a Kentucky mule and makes one ready to do and dare — for about half an hour. After that, if one's digestion can withstand it, it is time for another. As *caffè latte*, it is mixed with milk, which makes it, if anything, worse. At best, courage is required to drink it. And yet the Latin peoples appear able to drink it at all hours, from breakfast to midnight, perhaps because it is a trifle less deadly than their *vins ordinaires*, which nowadays taste like acetic acid flavored with tin.

A Florentine tradeswoman said the other day: 'We like the Americans because they laugh. We laugh a great deal, too. The English, they don't laugh.' I had never thought of this, and yet I am not surprised. One can laugh on coffee, even *caffè espresso;* but on tea? 'It is a question to be asked.'

But I am afraid that nothing I can say will wean the Englishman from his teapot. I have a vision of the day when England (dear old England, for I really love her), who has been declining and falling so long that her declining and falling appear to have become chronic — when England shall have at last really declined and fallen. And I see her last inhabitant and his wife sitting on the ruins of the Tower of London, viewing the remains; but they will view them over the edge of a teacup, from which the fumes, as of wet straw, will ascend to their nostrils, and one may be sure that even in that dim day they will conduct themselves with decorum. The last Englishman's last wife's last words will be: 'My dear, can I pour you another cup?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

PHOTOGRAPHS of the trim little *Tagua* at her moorings in San Francisco show her to be hardly bigger than a cockleshell, while pictures of **Robert Dean Frisbie**, Captain Andy Thomson, and their Kanaka shipmates suggest that there must have been good nature aboard even in the roughest weather. **E. Bax** writes of the American Embassy in London from intimate experience of many years. **William Preston Beazell** says of himself: 'I took my first newspaper job the day after I was graduated from college thirty-two years ago. As reporter, city editor, editorial and political writer, I spent thirteen years in Pittsburgh. Twenty years ago this spring I came to New York, and the *World*, where I spent eleven years as a reporter and eight and one-half years as day managing editor. For seven years I have been a teacher of journalism at Columbia University — and I loved every day I spent as a newspaperman!'

Emilio Lussu describes a unique escape, for, up to the present, Captain Lussu, Francesco Nitti, and their party have been the only prisoners to elude the Fascist guards on Lipari. **Dr. Herbert Busher** writes from St. Paul, Minnesota. Δ The initials **R. S.** guard the literary personality of one who seems to us indisputably a poet, although eminent in a quite different profession. **Joseph Wood Krutch**, whose well-remembered papers on the Modern Temper brought him to the front line of contemporary critics, has recently been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship. **M. Roy Ridley** writes as a fellow and tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. **Sherry Mangan** formerly edited a small magazine of modernist tendencies, but in 'Thirteen' writes a story of universal humanity. **Eleanor Risley** concludes the adventure of the abandoned orchard with appropriate triumph. Δ Daughter of a mural painter and wife of a professor of history, **Helen Garnsey Haring** writes of an experience that will touch the lives and sympathies of many. An accomplished classicist, **Anne C. E. Allinson** pays homage to the immortal Mantuan in the year of the two thousandth anniversary of his birth. **Summerfield Baldwin** — somewhat tongue-in-cheek, we suspect — applies the Spenglerian method to America. Δ We feel especially privileged to present to **Dallas Lore Sharp's** many devoted *Atlantic* friends this last paper from his pen. **M. A. DeWolfe Howe** is acting as Consultant in Biography at the Library of Congress in Washington. **Anna Louise Strong** has been an intimate observer of the Soviet régime in Russia, Central Asia, and China. **William Ernest Hocking** is Professor of Philosophy at Harvard and a keen student of current affairs.

Readers of Miss Vida D. Scudder's paper on 'The Franciscan Adventure' in the June *Atlantic* may have been startled to learn that the Zealots 'ransacked the Church Fathers in support of their wives.' The sentence stood correctly in the galley proof which was read by Miss Scudder and by the *Atlantic's* proofreader. But in the later processes of printing, a word dropped out, and its separate letters were restored in a new order by the printer. The Zealots, of course, did not have wives, but they had views, and it was their views that they ransacked the Fathers to support. The *Atlantic* hopes that the unfortunate error will not perpetuate a misapprehension about the more austere division of the Franciscans, and very much regrets the misrepresentation to which Miss Scudder's distinguished scholarship was unwittingly subjected.

Mrs. Langer's terse imperative, 'Just Think,' seems to have accomplished its object in some quarters at least, although, with the characteristic anarchism of the truly thoughtful, her commentators disagree.

SAINT STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Cheers! Cheers!

Mrs. Langer's article in the May issue is worth a whole year's subscription money. There are others of us who in the colleges must deal with the myriads of victims of current educational malpractice and do our best to revivify intellects long narcotized by the project methods and orientation courses and other rubbishy devices characteristic of the painless education increasingly common in the schools. We have been listening with increasing anger to the chants of those 'educational scientists' who are rapidly taking over and making over the training of our young, and who regard all who respect the human reason, or human intuition, as hopeless mediævalists to be dismissed with a tolerant smile. Almost nobody in public retort has been calling these 'experts' the names they so richly deserve. Mrs. Langer's article is the more refreshing for the long delay. At the sound from the trumpet the seven thousand who have not as yet bowed the knee to Baal may with more courage rise up to approach Mount Carmel, in the name of Reason and the Absolute!

But let all those who would join the cohorts of the Lord and His prophet consider well what would happen were we again seriously to promote thinking among the people. Suppose that we were able to turn out into America ten thousand persons a year capable of thinking and skilled in the same. What would they not do to the tariff-mongers, for instance, and to the pseudo-philosophical dogmatism of Professor Harry E. Barnes, and to prohibition, and to that humanitarian and sentimental benevolence which has in most Americans replaced religion, and to the antics of demo-plutocracy! Would it be good for America to have trained intellects? Might that not result in our being like those wanderers of yore who found themselves in Circe's domain, recognizing that their environment, while luxurious, was indeed a little piggy, restless to escape the enchantment?

No, there is too much dynamite in thinking, the dynamite of discontent with a Ford-Hooverized world. We have right now the very best sort of education for the security of things as they are. There is no help for it: Mrs. Langer and the rest of us absurd people should be blacklisted by all true patriots.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mrs. Susanne K. Langer in the May *Atlantic* accuses secondary teachers of dealing too much with facts and not enough with abstract thinking. I wish to offer a defense.

We do teach — or try to teach — facts. After all, are they not the raw material of thought? On what else is abstract thinking to be based if it is to have any validity? Does n't any scientist worthy of the name establish his facts first and draw his conclusions later? Does n't any other method lead to the loosest kind of thinking? As to opinions, my students have the most definite and all but unshakable ones on political questions, frequently — I might almost say generally — hardly even colored by the faintest trace of authentic information. It is this very difficulty that I am struggling to correct. If I can open their minds to a few facts, even if they are only 'alleged' ones, and then teach them to modify their thinking in the light of them, I shall feel that I have succeeded in a worthy cause.

Adolescence is the age when the students' interests are wide rather than deep. At its beginning it is a collecting age, whether of information or of postage stamps. As he grows intellectually, the student reaches a stage where he can make an orderly arrangement of his material; but philosophy is generally understood to belong to a later age.

I was interested to note the type of general problem that Mrs. Langer thinks should be considered in high school: 'Where do historians get their information?' Why, by the time our students are juniors, if not before, they have been introduced to the difference between source and secondary material. 'How far back does history go?' Any student of early European history finds himself exposed to the earliest known date and is probably given a liberal dose of anthropology just for good measure. The main purpose in teaching history, it seems, should be to make the student realize that the world we live in is an inheritance from the past. Why, bless us, that is just what we thought we were doing. Any student of mine who thinks that history begins with Columbus or even with the Greeks and Romans had better keep it a deep, dark secret from his teacher. We call all that just simple information, not abstract thinking.

There is a difference to-day between conservative and progressive schools. Perhaps the unsatisfactory students mentioned in the article were trained in schools where lists of dates and names of kings still make up the daily diet. Progressive teachers begin with facts and have the greatest respect for them, but continue from these in an effort to teach the student how to use them. Our results are feeble, perhaps, because no one yet seems to have invented a reliable formula for teaching people to think; but at least we realize that a collection of facts, valuable as we consider that to be, is, after all, only a beginning.

HAZEL TAYLOR

His head bloody but unbowed, the Office Iconoclast stands aside to let Mr. Griswold have the last word.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is almost beyond human nature to let the Office Iconoclast, despite his much appreciated compliment concerning my article, 'Pseudo-realism,' go unscathed for the criticism he took three columns to expound in the May *Atlantic*. What particularly annoyed the writer of the article with regard to this criticism was to be hauled over the coals for not having discriminated between writers of undoubted literary merit and mere popular scribblers. He felt he had guarded himself against this particular criticism by saying he had chosen his illustrations 'haphazardly,' without regard to literary merit and wholly from the point of view of what seemed to him their unjustified indecent passages.

Perhaps the writer should have made it still more clear that he was concerned with certain fairly widely read authors, good and bad, from a single aspect. He would be delighted, if the *Atlantic* were disposed to pay for his opinions, to pen an appropriate eulogy, for example, of Marcel Proust; but the point remains that, delightful as much of Proust's work is, he obtrudes needless scenes now and again (and even in the lauded *Swann's Way*) that are dirty beyond dispute, and throughout his entire series he displays a morbid fascination for unwholesome morals that makes his books profoundly distasteful. Also, no amount of learned commentary will render palatable to a healthy taste certain pages of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

It is silly nowadays to pretend to be shocked by anything; and the whole point of the paper on Pseudo-realism was merely to protest, not that these 'daring' modernists are shocking anybody with regard to moral problems that are matter of common discussion, but that they are offending good taste by needless indecencies.

LATTA GRISWOLD

'What has become of Hilda Rose?' is a perennial inquiry. The following messages received by her faithful friend Dr. Hobart paint a telling picture.

FORT VERMILION, ALTA.
December 11, 1929

DEAR DR. LADY, —

The letters are piled up and I have so little time, as Daddy is in such poor health and takes hours every day of patient nursing when he has his poorly spells. Between these he is quite chipper, though gradually failing in strength. Karl and I do the work and the chores. They keep us busy. I try to teach Karl something new each day. To-day we learned about the Koran and how it came to be written, and this evening he is writing to a boy in far-away Hawaii who wrote to him.

This winter is more lonely than ever, as only two trappers are still on this side of the Fort, with 150 miles to themselves. They are catching nothing to speak of and live on wild chickens and squirrels.

The four dogs keep us company. When the cold came they begged to come in, and now they sleep beside the heater, while the thermometer drops so it takes me a couple of minutes to figure out how cold it is as the mercury creeps into the bulb at the bottom. It is only 46 degrees below zero to-night and the stove is very hot and comforting, while the percolator is perking me a nice cup of hot coffee.

My grubstake is ample for our needs and we eat tremendously in this cold place. It is hard sledding yet for me, and I am often discouraged, but not for long. Karl is such a comfort and a wonderful boy, so different from other boys in many ways. He is more mature than is usual at his age, and so much depends on him that he acts and talks more like a man than a child.

Though the pups are only a little over eight months old, they are big dogs and Karl is training them this winter. Two of them pull real well already. They will make a dandy team.

No henhouse yet. Had to put the twenty hens and two roosters in the little well-house. It is made of logs with a dirt roof. The well is in one corner and the rest of the space fenced off with chicken wire for the hens. The hens are warm, dry, and comfortable, though the place is small. They are not laying, but they are happy to be in out of the cold. They talk to me when I feed them and I tell them I will make them a better henhouse by and by.

When Karl and I were doing up the chores this afternoon he went to the cabin frequently to put wood in the big heater so Daddy would be comfortable. When he came back to me I was in the well-house with my hens. He said, 'Mother, it's nice to have Daddy — like talking to a visitor. We have good times talking to Daddy, don't we?'

December 18. — Christmas mail is not in yet. We think that perhaps settlers who have horses may be traveling with the carrier. Several settlers have been at the end of rail for months, as the big steamer was wrecked on a sand bar and no one could bring them down. The mail should not take so long now that one third of the road is finished. The mail leaves on the first of December and has been on the way nearly three weeks. It will be a break in our lives when we hear once more from the outside.

December 22. — No mail yet. Extremely cold and growing colder. We live from day to day and keep the stove roaring night and day. It is quite comfortable in the cabin, though not so easy to do the chores.

Hilda Rose

From the Warden of Smith College.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mrs. Lee's article in the April *Atlantic* on 'Censoring the Conduct of College Women' is of interest — for one reason because of the presumption behind its appearance that people outside are interested in the inside problems of colleges, and for another because it testifies to the fact that in women's colleges more than in men's the social life is still in transition. The restrictions of the female seminary are past, — sometimes still casting a shadow? — but the freedom of the men's colleges has not been reached.

To understand the regulations of the conduct of women students, the past and future have to be reckoned with. How soon and how safely can the colleges emerge from society's timorous hold over girls? How much can they use the growing freedom of women in the world to set the standard for girls in the colleges? It is easy to say there are too many regulations, and doubtless it is often true. But no one generation of college students alone, however equipped with training in psychology and mental hygiene, is ready to handle the discard. The difference in the social life in men's and women's colleges, the claims of individual versus group, the preparatory nature of college life for future work, all have to be studied if haste is to be made wisely. Happily, two people with complementary points of view are at the task — the student and the dean. Where they are working together progress is hopeful.

The conduct of women in the colleges is, one recognizes, a part of the whole current question of refashioning of women's work and freedom.

Laura W. L. Scales

'I too have been in Arcadia.'

Toronto, Ontario

Dear Atlantic, —

Bradford K. Daniels's delightful story of his boyhood, which appeared in the April number, aroused nearly forgotten memories.

Mr. Daniels does not say in so many words where his birthplace is, but from his description of places, people, and customs it seems to me that I have little difficulty in recognizing it. It is the beautiful and historic Annapolis Valley of Western Nova Scotia. I might even venture so far as to hazard a guess that the scene of his boyhood was in the western part of the Valley, probably in the vicinity of Bridgetown, or between there and Annapolis Royal.

I, likewise, spent a considerable part of my early life in that Arcadian region, but, unlike Mr. Daniels, was not born there. He is a true son of the Valley, whereas my family were aliens, in a manner of speaking. We were newcomers mainly of Scottish Jacobite ancestry, while our neighbors were descended from New England Loyalists who came there after the American Revolution and whose attachment to kings dated no farther back than the House of Hanover.

The Valley, as I remember it in the nineties, might be described as a New World Arcady. It had the historic background of a romantic past. The landscape had a touch of the idyllic charm we associate with that idealized land of ancient Hellas. The summer and autumn were delightful and the winter not too cold; the spring inclined to be rather rainy, and was the most unpleasant season.

Nobody was rich; the possession of eight or ten thousand dollars constituted wealth in those days, and no one was destitute of the necessities of life. Everyone worked, but not too hard, and could always find time to attend a camp meeting, a horse race, or a fair, as his fancy might dictate. The people were strongly religious, but time had mellowed the rigid puritanism of their forefathers and religious bigotry was unknown in that favored land.

It was truly a happy valley in those now distant times, and may be still for aught I know, for, like Mr. Daniels, I have long since left it.

In closing I thank him, for, in re-creating his own boyhood, he has given me back also something of my own.

J. A. Reid

Yankee talk.

Poultney, Vermont

Dear Atlantic, —

I was so interested in what one of your recent contributors had to say with regard to old New England speech that it set me thinking of some of the old phrases that I had learned from my forbears, who have lived and died New Englanders since the first among them was 'a yeoman of Massachusetts Bay Colony under His Majesty King George.'

One terse word descriptive of a very lazy, dirty, neglectful housewife is 'slutchikin'.' Never having seen the word in print, I may not be correct in my spelling, but about the sound of it on the lips of an energetic forceful old Yankee housekeeper I am very sure. In direct contrast there is the woman who has 'gumption' or 'faculty,' the two words expressing much the same meaning.

When a real old Yankee says 'clever' he does n't mean 'brilliant' or 'witty.' He says, 'That's a clever dog, he won't bite anybody,' or 'That's the cleverest horse I ever had' — meaning that the animal in question is docile and gentle.

I have heard a husband described as 'kine of a meechin' clever man,' and very likely the wife of that same man might be characterized as a 'Mrs. Step-an'-Fetch-It,' which name probably needs no explanation.

Do modern city dwellers know that to many an old farmer green vegetables are 'gardin-sass'? Or that 'sparrow-grass' and 'pussley' are two of those same 'sasses'?

Old Vermont farmhouses had no refrigerators or pantries. Instead were the spring-house and the buttery. Over the ell or the woodshed of such a house would be an open space usually called 'up-chamber.' There all sorts of things might be stored, including great bunches of dried herbs. And from the herbs 'up-chamber' it is only two flights 'down-sullar,' where the switchel, the mead, and the cider barrel were often found.

About the first two drinks I can only say that they accompanied the haymakers into the field in stone crocks, being sunk in a spring or brook to keep cool, and that the chief ingredient of the one was molasses, and of the other honey.

EMMA WILLARD LITTLE

Perhaps apropos of a reference to metheglin in our columns, St. Julien R. Childs sends us these unsigned verses, copied from the *South Carolina Gazette* of September 13, 1735, 'containing the freshest Advices Foreign and Domestick.'

'FOR THE HONOUR OF OLD ENGLAND'

The *Russ* loves Brandy, *Dutchman* beer,
  The *Indian* rum most mighty;
The *Welch* man sweet metheglin quaffs,
  The *Irish* aquavitae.
The *French* extol the *Orleans*-grape
  The *Spaniard* tipples sherry;
The *English* none of these escape,
  For they with all make merry.
The *Spaniard*'s constant to his plume,
  The *French* inconstant ever;
But, for the best old hats of all,
  Give me your *English* beaver.
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
  Some great and others small things;
But, oh! your liquorish *Englishmen*
  They love to deal in all things.
The *Italian* with her *siren* voice,
  Scotch lass, and *Holland fro* too;
The *Spanish* ruff, the *French* madam,
  They will not fear to go to.
Nothing so strange or dire they dread,
  Tho' lodg'd within the centre;
No fashion, health, no wine, or wench
  On which they will not venture.

THE SALLYPORT

Was Richardson a great man? Few people, seeing him so pleasantly demolished by Mr. Krutch, would say so. A prude, with a tradesman's conception of virtue, proud of the humility with which he looked up to the world of fashion, whose glittering wickedness he lovingly tried to depict even while arrogating the right to pass moral censure on it, he stands exposed, when Mr. Krutch has polished him off, with little to cover his nakedness. Was he a great writer? If a writer cannot be great who goes unread, then it was well that Richardson did not have to wait for posthumous flattery. Can a noise be a big noise if no one hears it, or even a noise at all? If not, then the once authoritative thunders of more of our classic English novelists than Richardson have shrunk to silence, for it must be admitted that their fulminations now go off largely *in vacuo*. How many to-day are acquainted with the sound of Scott or George Eliot, or — but no, it would be unkind, ungenerous, to continue the list. At least we may say that under the proper circumstances the potential detonation is terrific.

And so with Richardson. It is easier to expose the faults of the man than the merits of his books. It takes at least as much courage to stop reading him as to begin. When all is said and done, the spell that sustains us in the round of human life is the spell of trivialities. Men will labor valiantly day after day at tasks on which important consequences hinge, but what really interests them is the freedom to hit a ball or tease a fish over the week-end which they have gained by their toil. If other interests were lacking, life could be kept from extinction by watching a fly to see whether it would cross a crack in the floor or turn aside.

Richardson filled his books with a multitude of trivialities and petty expectations, and so paralyzing are the toils in which he gradually winds the reader that presently only a strong and brave man can burst his way out and fling the story aside. Of course Richardson had an advantage that life seems frequently compelled to do without. He kept a major climax always in reserve, and made his trivialities an obstacle race through which the reader had to toil with increasing fury to win the grand award. It is part of the spell of his books to see how long the man can keep from doing what he is obviously, from the outset, going to do. Even this has the drawback of allowing the reader to skip two volumes and find the situation unchanged.

A writer is great who has a large control of life, and, reluctant as one is to admit it, an astonishing amount of life is contained in Richardson's volumes. It seems intolerable that the miserable little prig should have had the stuff in him to make books with life between their covers. But it was so. Even his gross and palpable misrepresentations have life. They are the sort of misrepresentations that abound in every age of society, and make up the sentimental transcript of the world that informs the simple with delusions of grandeur.

It is nothing new for a great man to be a prig. Bearing in mind the lessons of modern biography, a great man might be defined as a notably disreputable, inconstant, or eccentric fellow who, for reasons that do not appear, produced large and lasting effects on the course of the race. But a satisfactory criterion of greatness is not an easy thing to propound. Fundamentally, perhaps, the test is this one of effects. That man is great whose acts or thoughts have widely and profoundly influenced his fellows. But this would admit inventors of all sorts of devices that have transformed industrial or social life, and often these men are neither great men, in common opinion, nor perhaps even great mechanics. For another test of greatness is preëminence in a given science or pursuit. Archfiend and archbishop are simply preëminent specimens of their kind. Not many people would deny that Keats was a great poet, but the question whether he was a great man would bring divided opinions. It depends, among other things, on one's view of the value of poetry. But however greatness is to be judged, it has never been a foe to idiosyncrasy. Men may be great and yet be tight with their money, obsequious, vain, timid, jealous, or what you will. They may even be prigs. Byron was a great poet, and a man with admirable and charming qualities. Yet he had a vein of depravity that worked cruelties past belief on others and on himself. Goethe was bland and complaisant with petty princelings; Beethoven rough and a boor. If there is no opinion so fantastic that it has not been upheld by some philosopher, there is no quality so inconsistent that it has not been exemplified by greatness. It is all part of the charm and oddity of a diverse world. Worshipful readers of biography sometimes indignantly deny this to them embarrassing fact, or if they cannot deny it, put the blame on the biographer as a sneering, iconoclastic fellow who presumes to criticize his betters without first learning to respect them. Often enough cheap use is made of the oddities or vices of the great for the sake of a *succès de scandale.* But the biographer who denies his readers a knowledge of the rich and varied spectacle of human behavior as it displays itself in all its delightfully shocking spontaneity is denying them the whole color and truth of history. There is no need to be alarmed or distressed because the past can show its peccadillos and the great their eccentricities. These all belong to the proportions of the world as it is, and so many of us pass our whole lives without ever an unprejudiced look to see what really exists on earth that it would be a pity for those who have it in their power to enlighten us merely to blind us further.

No, it is hard to deny, despite the débris which Mr. Krutch makes of his personal qualities and his moral ideas, that Richardson was at least in a qualified sense a great writer. But then, it is about equally hard to maintain that he is much worth reading.

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A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

BY HOWELL VINES

I

For more than three years I have thought endlessly of a golden North Alabama summer. I cannot get over that season that is now gone, the cabin I lived in on the Warrior River twenty-five miles from Birmingham, the woods, the roads pictured over a variegated landscape, two rivers, my grandfather, and a girl named Halma.

If anything will bring tears to my eyes it is the thought of the past. The past is close kin to pain, and it is near to happiness. For four months I gadded about with my enthusiastic soul, doing what was best for it. These things I write down, harnessing up the unbacked horses of my brain. And in doing this I can best relive those surpassing hours, that summer half spent with Halma, that season like a wildflower hunt.

Not farther from my cabin than a man can throw a stone lived my youngest uncle, though I lived in the woods and in the dark alone when I was in the hut. A young man still, he runs a fishing camp on inherited land, has a wife good to look at, and a growing boy. When his carpenter, a plug of a man, had finished my cabin, this fine young riverman said to me, 'That cabin would be mighty fine for two.'

There's not a person among those who knew me well in my home communities but thought I would marry Halma then, thought she was to share the cabin with me. They had no way of knowing that I had for years housed a passion that consumed, that urged, that burned. My creative passion was driving me far and fast. I was secretly living a hard, full life.

I did not live in this cabin all the time, only about every other night; though I was there part of nearly every day for more than three months. The rest of the time I lived in Hueytown with my parents and my sisters and within short walking distance of Halma.

Old river settlers used to camp in the woods where Hueytown now blossoms prettily as they made laborsome and long scheduled trips to Old Elyton, Old Jonesboro, — forerunners of Birmingham and Bessemer respectively, — and Tuscaloosa. And later it was Hueytown logs which served as heading and fuel to old-timers from the river on their trips to early Birmingham and young Bessemer. And a full history of the community would tell of the days when almost every old man living there to-day, or else his father, learned to swim in the Warrior River. Hueytown's good acres were

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coveted by the rivermen, who cared more about farming than about nature at its best. It must now be passed through in order to reach the city part of Jefferson County from the two Warriors. In truth it is a gateway to the city, the gateway to the rivers.

There are two Warriors: the Big Warrior, the Little Warrior; the Big River, the Little River, the latter emptying into the other about two miles below where I lived in the cabin. It was a cabin built for a secret passion. No fisherman lived there.

The family name of Halma gives Hueytown its name. The place is full of disturbance from the mocking birds in their season. My parents have found in it a place that satisfies. There lives the girl who made life a thing different to me, made it a peeping into a treasure box. For such reasons I think well of the community. 'Fine as a house in Hueytown,' said an old-timer and Big River man to me once during the summer when speaking of a certain man's house in another settlement.

My heart is always such a dominant part of my life that I am kept full of myself all the time. In the presence of the Warrior River, restfulness flows down my marrow, autumnal calm comes upon me. It is a calm, a long admiration, ever good to think about. Week after week I tied myself anew to these two rivers; to their hills, their bluffs, their hollows, and their running levels; to their woods, their birds, their creatures, and their people.

Halma helped me glory in all these things with all her strength.

Not a day of the aggregation of one hundred did I travel roads riverward without hearing birds singing to one another, or seeing others showing off to one another, — the redbird is best at this, — or seeing a rabbit cross in front of me, making, with dawn or dusk and road, a picture ahead of my Ford. I never failed on such an occasion to exclaim inwardly, to give silent thanks to the Lord God of beautiful sights and sounds, and startling colors. Oftentimes I exclaimed aloud to another, for Halma companioned me many times.

It was a great joy to see my grandfather's figure, more than that to hear his voice, usually loud. I never failed to be astonished at the thought of the experience that had drained through his distinctly tall and naturally swayed form. During his prime his features were particularly dark, and even yet, when approaching his mid-seventies, gray was partly held at bay. With the dark bead of his sharp eyes he could still aim truer and quicker than any one of his five sons, all experts at looking out a gun barrel. His hair was thin and short, and only exactly on top of his head was it practically gone. Without a smooth shave he was fidgety and restless.

He was as spry as I was and without my pallor, with a scant ruddiness of face and some haleness of chest, and masterly in bearing. The spectacle of his large, slim form, with its natural sway, walking his immediate premises with his hands to the small of his back, cramming in his shirt tail whenever my grandmother told him to, and tightening his belt about his long body, is one of the best things of my life. To see a somewhat broad black felt hat is to think of him, with his dark clothes and soft collar-attached shirt. I often advanced to him as he hunkered down, looking or studying, and playfully considered the unusual top of his head and his moderately broad forehead which sloped back like an athlete's pompadour. His head was neither long nor round. Even when watching him smoke a cigar or take a chew of old-time twist tobacco, drink a dram of whiskey or a bottle of home-brew, I realized that I was seeing and knowing an enormous genius. Not once do I recall having seen tobacco stain about his person.

His youngest son, Raymond, is one of his two boys most like him in figure and features. My own figure has something of his, but more of my father's, whose form is distinctly average, though once rather slender. But my features and favor come from my mother, his daughter, and from her mother. More than anything else in form, mine is a line without fleshiness; more than anything else in features, it is a dark-haired race. And my eyes are gray.

II

It was one Thursday near the middle of June when I made the cabin look good to live in, made it enticing to men who love to sleep alone with the dark, made it attractive to men who love to listen to all the attentive ear can hear in Alabama summer woods at night.

The furniture had been borrowed from my people, a reading lamp had been given me by Halma. No other cabin that I knew had a reading lamp. However, I did not read, not as much as any one of my uncles did in reading the newspaper. I had books, writing material, a small black trunk, and a homemade table for my business. I only handled the books and nothing more. But those who passed by and noticed doubtless thought that it was the shack of some student. Halma knew better, though I had bashfully kept it from her up to this time.

It was yet a few hours before my first night alone in the woods. Supper was to be had with my uncle and his wife. There was nothing to do but loiter about and feel important, important as a wealthy Warrior River landowner. The river was the very place for me, me with all my reflection. I was kept away from it about half of the nights by a girl who had the river's influence and something besides in her great blue eyes. It was good to be alive, better than I had ever known. This girl on my brain and in my marrow, a willowy strip of rapture to me, had brought the bridegroom's mood into my life.

I had a front porch: this porch was built on the ground through a mistake of the codgering carpenter, and my uncle did not like it. This, he said, would cause it to rot. I found that I liked the porch: I could walk right into my house without having to climb steps. My brother-in-law had helped me cut three cedar trees for porch posts from a bluff nearer the mouth of the river. We had a hard time cutting down these young trees, — trees with a touch of life everlasting about them, — but it was a hard time we enjoyed. We hauled them up the river with an outboard motor; and it was a good ride I had sitting astride one of the unbranched saplings. Then the carpenter blundered again, sawed the posts too short. He pieced them out with lumber; and I forced myself to be pleased with the house as a whole, despite the instantaneous anger over the matter of the posts.

The cabin was mine for the summer. I resolved in my heart to consider myself an important human being on the Warrior River — living there, belonging there. That feeling of belonging to such a river, to two such rivers, that I was close to the ultimate with these two rivers, was a peace giver and a pleasure.

Time to waste in a delightfully useful way before supper. My cabin faced an old field. When a man in this part of the world turns a field out to the birds and rabbits, and dry cows, persimmon bushes and young pines usually soon take it. There was a patch of small wild persimmon trees not far from my admirable little front porch. I sat on this porch in my good chair. The chair had been borrowed from my grandfather and was made for him years ago by an old chair maker across the Big River.

The merest passing thought of each little earthy thing made the very fibres of my body thrill and sing. The katydids, I thought, should start their summer singing. They were late. Making such observations inaudibly, I walked out of the porch and into the persimmon thicket, plucked some leaves and bit off their stems. An old habit of mine, an obsession, this biting tender leaf stems. I am always doing some such thing when I idle about. On such occasions everything is wonderfully earthy, as fresh wild-poplar honey is earthy, as the old wine Keats once had in mind was earthy, and I know that the mysteries and the inexplicables are not out of my territory.

I went into my room, went in there to try out the cot, to admire the thick red and white coverlet borrowed from my mother. Her father gave it to her when she married, and it had been kept almost unused. And I handled my books, handled them as setting eggs are handled in the spring. Then I took to writing down men's names, the names of my favorite great writers. I thought to myself how I'd been doing such things for years. The period under the oaks of my high-school grounds was recalled; the four years under Tuscaloosa's water oaks were reviewed; the year under Cambridge elms summoned. I shuddered when I thought how hard it had been to live in the same hull with this tremendous passion as long as I had without doing anything about it. To comfort myself I reflected that not the harmony of verse but a great different harmony of prose was mine, and for this I needed some maturity. Then stepping out upon earth again, sandy soil where my grandfather's men farmed for fifty years, I faced the cabin and its trees, stood by my Ford, and I knew that the time to do something had come.

Afterwards I walked to the boat landing, borrowed a skiff and paddle, and was soon on the other side of the river. Dusk was with me, and dry cows and yearlings were sauntering with the dusk under scores of young sycamore trees, trees scaly, slender, smooth. I made my way in a shade as old as the leaves of the sycamores, the sweet gums, and the willows that formed it. In that shade and with that dusk I could not contain all of myself. I was sensitive as a worm is sensitive, and Mabel, my aunt, roused me from it all by calling me to supper.

They were waiting for me. At the table sat my uncle, his wife, his growing boy, and his whiskey-drinking carpenter, a man with a very important air. I sat with them, talked with them, and enjoyed a well-cooked, savory meal. The cold supper was made up of new boiled potatoes, large butter beans, homemade mustard dressing, ice-cold clabber milk, cornbread made of water-ground meal, macaroni and cheese, plum pie, pineapple pudding.

Raymond said, 'I know you hope that lavender-colored girl of yours will be as good a cook as my wife. My wife's a pretty good woman. I know that. Only, she won't brag on me like she ought to. I'm a good-looking man, and she was lucky to get me. I could have married up at Short Creek or at most any old home place in Toadvine. She should brag on such a nice man as your old uncle. Little things like that help a man. But if anybody brags on me I've got to do it myself.'

In my cabin that night I listened for

katydids and did not hear them. They were to sing the next night, one of my nights in Hueytown and with Halma; I was to hear them the next night for the first time. I heard a goat bell and the bleating of a strayed kid across the river. The dark and the woods haunted me to the kernel of my being, took hold of my body and influenced my blood; but I was inspired, not afraid. Two rivers, the two Warriors, refreshed my brain; the one to match my passion for the girl, the other to pair with the creative impulse.

An outboard motor sped the river. It was whirring towards Birmingport, near where I was born, at the mouth of Short Creek. I was almost asleep when a mocking bird broke loose in a hickory sapling as if everything sweet must be said in a few minutes. I wondered if its song did not contain more good than the early morning song of the bird I had heard in Hueytown that morning.

I was saying myself to sleep on Halma's words of the night before: 'That part of me that's higher never has found anything it cares for but you.'

I mused to myself in thoughts to this effect: 'Her figure and voice conserve the attar of the best bird worlds I have known. All of this has been put into a beautiful female being. I have never before seen a girl who in her movements reminds me of the purple martins I have always loved to watch about their gourds. And I am satisfied that she is the one being yet issued who so adequately compacts the world of the redbirds. She holds at her subtle fingertips all such things. Nowhere else could I find kisses so like the motions and ardor of a redbird.'

III

All's deep about me these happy days, deep as the Warrior River, and as placid. In going to the river I had to pass my grandfather's house, and I stopped there many times.

One day I remember I stopped there. It was getting on in June. I was longing for the night song of the katydids, the little green throbs so completely at home in the green world informed by the Warrior. There was my grandmother alone on the well porch. She would talk about them willingly to me. Yes. They were, she said, at it good and proper last night. It's glad I'd be, I told her, if they would sing to me when night came. And of course they would. Summer would not be summer, I added, without the little noisemakers. I did beat all. She just knew I loved such things more than anybody she ever saw in her life. But, too, she liked to hear them herself. There came then from an old walnut tree near by, — as I drank cold water from a cedar bucket, water which I had just drawn from a well over one hundred feet deep, — a tree my mother played under as a child, the day song of the katydid. Not an approach to the night song, but good to hear.

Leaving the small seventy-three-year-old woman with her six walnut trees, her favorite trees because of a long life lived with them, I walked to the front porch where that extraordinary old man sat and watched the public road.

'Have a chair. I want to talk with you,' he said.

'I always like to talk with smart men,' I replied.

'Thank you for the compliment. Thank you. Thank you for the compliment. You know I always did say I'd give anything to see that princess you're going to marry. I believe you've found her at last, and I want you to bring her down to see her old granddaddy. And pay attention to what I say: you'd better not marry without telling me. You just try it. Your grannie wants to see her. She was talking to me about it to-day. Bring her down and you'll be surprised how well everything will turn out. I had thought that I didn't want you to marry for about five years. I wanted you to wait till you was thirty. But what you do is all right with us. We don't mind a bit. I don't know whether there's any use in waiting or not. You may do better with her than without her. If the pressure's so great you can't stand it, you go on and take her now. I mean that. If it will do to bring her to see us, do it; if it won't, let it alone. Now that's what I've got to say about it. Only, do bring the girl down; we both want to see her more than you can imagine.'

'I've told her about you. She wants to see such a curiosity.'

'Bring her down and let me give her a history of my life. Reckon she'd run?'

'She's twenty, and a girl. You'd better tell it to me.'

'It would take a long time, my young gobbler. . . .'

That sunset, that sunset! I was riding into one of the finest sunsets of my days on the earth, riding toward the river, headed for a great bend with its long, beautiful bluff. That bend and its bluff would be an indelible scene for any world traveler at any of the four seasons. I was then considering that bluff as a possible summerhouse place; it being my grandfather's land. A heavenly field of myrtle, skirted with purple, was being lowered into the clear water of the river right before me. From my grandfather's house I could coast most of the mile to my cabin. What could I do about such beauty? I coasted along and looked at earth and above earth as at a redbird.

As I neared the great bend something happened. A redbird darted across the road ahead of me and flew over the small hills of one of my grandfather's famous old fields. When Nature wants to show off, when any particular spot needs to be displayed, she sends the rooster redbird darting.

It is late dusk at my cabin. I muse to myself that I will reason out a wonderful thing. 'Yes. I have an actual passion for the dusk. What if it should assume the form of a young woman, the likeness of a girl with large eyes? I once knew a girl who was made up entirely of the dusk, and another made in large part from the dusk. Dusk and beautiful young woman, for all I know, are kin. It is a time when a thousand sensuous things become one sensuous thing, beautiful and wonderful.'

A little later my ears began to take in something from every tree. The woods were full of strange-throated things, things with noisy mouths. That's all I knew about some of the singers. I recognized the katydids (in the lead), the crickets, a whippoorwill in the distance, tree frogs, river frogs, a whoo owl, a screech owl, and a mocking bird. My grandfather would say, I laugh to myself, that the pressure is too great with that bird.

Night, and not dark. The moon makes the old field in front of my cabin light. This land was first settled by one of Halma's ancestors. Bareheaded, throat open, in love with a girl, hands slinging, hands in pockets, exchanging looks with the heavens, humming an exchange tune with all the katydids, breasting the indelible bend, I walk on a white road that leads through the old field and alongside the river. I surrender myself to the night song, the earth song, the greenwoods song, the river song of the katydids, and I live only on the earth with them. And the Warrior is the great wonder of that earth.

I looked at my watch. By the light

of the full moon I saw that it was growing late. I was satisfied as with cud. On the return walk to my hut I sidled up to the strip of woodland that bordered the river. This woodland held private cabins, then public shacks. Mine was the fartherest cabin up the river.

Then I touched tree after tree to make the katydids stop singing. I had seen it work many times. The resiny piece of throb, wing, and leg never failed to stop short when so much as a forefinger touched its tree. The katydid must have an inviolately natural universe or it will not sing. During that silence I was very familiar with the earth and its beautiful river. And it all came about through my intimacy with the trees, through tankering with the katydids.

It is near midnight. A clock is ticking, a clock I bought in Cambridge. I think thick, fast, and full of misses. I muse to myself something after this fashion: 'A splendid rooster redbird crosses the road ahead of me almost every day. That one to-day was large, and overly beautiful . . . yes, it was beautiful as a turtle's hard.'

IV

The feeling of the little road, the intimacy with the trees, the peace of the shade, the inspiration of each other, all these things are ours. She takes my hat. She loved me better, she told me, with my hat off.

'I could go to these trees and touch them in the dark, and know just exactly which tree I was touching,' I said.

'And hush the katydids,' she replied. . . .

'There's no piece of sculpture in the world as beautiful as a poplar's body.' We had been stopped by a hollow of poplars. . . .

'And the bodies of these beech trees are just as beautiful,' she said, as we passed several fully grown beeches.

On down the spring-branch hollow road. Over this road our parents, our grandparents, and our great-grandparents had traveled to mill, to town, to the old meetinghouses, to gatherings — about their business and their pleasures. They had, we knew, traveled before us on foot, on horseback, in hacks, in surreys, in wagons, and in buggies. This summer we were traveling it all alone. During the whole course of the summer we met only one person on this road, and that person was, I knew, a whiskey maker and a rum runner. Yet the road was in excellent shape and was always shady and altogether rustic.

On my grandfather's road, and we made it last a long time. At the Old School House Place we paused under the great red oak where I had talked with my whiskey-making friend. Halma wondered if he saw us that other day we were under the red oak together. If he did, I answered her, he only saw two people very much in love. As we drove on I told her that I had often wondered what Hardy would have thought of this road.

At the old man's house I left Halma in the Ford and walked to the back yard to let them know that I would be back by with her. My grandfather was on the back porch, and he had on only his underwear, his socks, and his trousers. He was immensely pleased with what I told him.

We neared the river and the sun had set, but the after colors remained. When we lived on the Warrior, I told her, I wanted her to match her dresses with its sunsets. Her face was lavender, just like her dress in color, and they both matched perfectly the colors above the river. She kept her eyes on a large green knoll in the middle of an old field. I had always liked that knoll.

Now I would never be able to pass it again without thinking of her words about it.

After passing by my cabin, where I lived an impassioned life with the katydids, and visiting Raymond and Mabel, where I ate very good suppers and drank very cold water and coca-colas, we drove from the river.

The old man was all feeling, and he did practically all of the talking. 'Glad to see you, mighty glad to see you,' he said as I introduced Halma. 'Have a chair. He's one of the two or three grandchildren I've got. I'm proud of him. When did you-all get married?' Halma was embarrassed. He talked away, and, in his talk, he considered us man and wife. Why were we off together at dark if we were not married? He'd like to know that. Halma laughed and smiled, and was confused. I knew that she had met a new kind of human being. My grandmother was on the front porch, too, but the old man filled the darkening scene, held the attention, said it all. I walked to the well shelter. The old man, I knew, wanted to say a private word or two. While I was gone he talked to Halma about me. As I walked back through the hall towards the front porch, I heard him say, 'He's funny. But you'll catch on to him, you'll soon learn him.'

He talked about his young days and his young wife. 'I loved her so good that I could have swallowed her whole, and I've wished I had a thousand times since.' He was in a big way and out for fun.

He shifted and continued. 'I was a great friend of your old granddaddy. He was a man of his word. His word was his bond. When that old man told you a thing, you could depend on it. He was a man, not one of these things. I've always told this boy of mine you're with to let his word be his bond. Yes, he was one amongst the best men that ever lived. But, in his way, he was one more sight. I've told this kid lots about him.'

We'd have to be going, we told them. It was already past dark, and we had to drive to Hueytown.

The old man said, 'Come down and stay with us when you do marry, if you're not already married. We've got plenty of room, and we'll try to make you enjoy your stay. You'll get such a welcome you won't forget it soon. . . .'

That night we sat in the large room on the davenport she had bought with her own money, money made teaching school. Already it was ours. Late in the night I said, 'Do you think I'll ever amount to anything?'

'You do amount to something,' she said. She consoled me.

'Yes,' I said jokingly, 'I'm quite famous in these parts. Why, I'm a professor in a big college somewhere in Texas.'

'And he makes hundreds of dollars a month, and he don't do much work. Best-educated person anywhere in this neck of the woods. Why, he's been to Harvard.' We laughed heartily.

'They have no notion that I do not like to be considered and called a professor. They think it's a fine thing. You know what I think about it. If you don't, I can tell you.'

'Your grandfather believes in you. And I believe that you can do anything in the world that you want to. I know your ambition, and I believe in you. I do. If you don't want to teach, I don't want you to. I want you to be satisfied. My happiness is almost too much for me now. . . .'

It was after midnight when I drew water from my father's well in Hueytown. I made a practice of drawing a fresh bucket every night when I reached home after the date with Halma. Oh, it was so cold and it tasted so good!

I heard a hard-pressed mocking bird in a holly tree, another in a magnolia tree. I could not rid myself of Halma's words: 'You do amount to something. You do.' I ran on to other words she had said: 'You're the only one who has ever courted at this place except those who courted my sisters. And you're the only one who shall. There's none else beside you — and there's none like you. . . . None like you on earth. . . . None besides you. . . .' She's beautiful . . . yes . . . beautiful as the two Warriors . . . and as good as the two Warriors. Yes, that's just it. I've thought it all out, and that's the way it is.

V

My good days have come. Halma and the two Warriors are with me all the time. I roll on the grass under the magnolia tree at home and give thanks to my God for every breath Halma breathes. Comfort such as I have never known comes upon me every time I go off alone and see the Big River. To see the Little River is to be full of peace, the peace that comes to me when I drink from freestone bubbling springs. . . .

Always something was happening to touch my life with beauty. Quite often, and at different hours of the day, I would have blithe-hearted encounters with two mocking birds. They were raising what seemed to me a late brood of young singers in a thorn tree on the fence row of our back yard. I would harmlessly bother these birds by walking to the bush and, on tiptoe, looking into the nest. Usually bareheaded, I was careful to guard my eyes against the oncoming floggers. I was always totally passive, and I found out that the mocking bird is an accurate and persistent fighter during the raising season. Upon hearing the fussy sound, I knew immediately to cover my eyes with one arm. Then the bird, sometimes both birds, would hit at my head and catch snips of my hair. Before I could reach the back porch the birds would sometimes get three or four dives at the top of my head. Sometimes I stood still under their onslaughts. The mood of the woods went through my body on such occasions, and I gave thanks for every bird dart in the Warrior world that day.

It was a sight my mother loved to see and it always made her laugh. My sisters, too, would walk to the back porch or to the swing under the chinaberry tree and a water oak and watch the encounter. I started this affair with the birds by merely wanting to see the young ones. Now a walk in that direction is a challenge to the mockers. My sisters would not brave the attacks; but my mother would travel the path near the thorn tree, laughing and protecting her face as she hurried along.

This morning I amused myself for a long time with a to-do with the birds. The young birds were growing off fast. While this was in progress, our next-door neighbor came to see about something. She talked to my mother and my sisters about my affair with Halma. There were people in many communities, she said, wondering whether I intended to take her with me to Texas. She just knew before we ever met that we should just suit each other. We were, so her daughter had said, just alike in about every way.

At my grandfather's house I talked with my grandmother and left a dozen 'rosenears' for the old man. He was, she said, at the Fork of the River. She was stringing beans, and I helped her string a few. I'd better come back for supper that night, she said, for Bert Prescott was going to spend the night with them. 'Yes,' she said, 'he's a case. He's one more sight in this world.'

After a short time the old man came

in. He had, he said, just had his nigger driving him around. He'd just been looking at the world.

'Here, you must come up here to-night for supper. Bert Prescott's coming here to see me on business and he's going to spend the night. He'd tickle a dog, the way he talks, some of the things he says. Bert's a sight. But I like him. He's got about a hundred bee gums in his house. Every morning before Bert gets up his room is full of bees. They never sting him. He's stingy as he can be away from home. He won't spend a nickel in town if he can get out of it. But go to his house, and he'll treat you like a governor. He's got plenty of honey, molasses, meat, lard, canned goods, and everything else. He always does have. He's a Bert. You come on up here for supper. It does look like you could stay for dinner.' . . .

At my cabin I had a long time alone. I pulled persimmon leaves and bit the stems, pulled black gum leaves and bit their stems, and tried to choose between the two. Then I bit grass stalks, pulled the stalks and enjoyed doing it, and dropped the seed part on an old wagon road as I meddled along to the river. At the river I pulled sweet gum leaves and bit the stems. For beauty of leaf and stem they have few equals, and they are better for biting than most other leaf stems. But there is a taste about them that I do not like.

I walked back to the cabin, and as I walked I gathered poplar leaves, and I gathered pink and red leaves from the black gum tree where my little alarm birds roosted. On my porch I sat and studied the colors in my hand, felt the coldness of the poplar leaves against my face. A grasshopper sang his song of nonsense and nothing in the wild clover in front of my cabin. There was nothing to that noise, but I liked to hear it well enough. . . .

Mabel was canning string beans, and would have a pot of beans and meat for dinner, and I clerked for myself in the fishing-camp store. Then I played light-hearted pieces on the victrola. As I heard the records, I looked at the river through the screen wire, pranced to the tunes, snapped my fingers from a hummer's mood, and talked with Mabel. . . .

I walked under great red oaks and poplars at my grandfather's cow lot and old gin lot. And in the deepening dusk I strolled a path to a spring, and the katydids drowned the whole woods world and smothered my being with their dusk song. Suddenly the whole above woods was black, and lightning bolted towards the great poplars above the spring. I hurried to the house and found my grandfather and Bert Prescott at the two long water shelves washing for the supper table. We walked to the back screened porch and sat down for the night meal. My grandmother poured milk and coffee, said she was not hungry but might eat a bite later on, and the old man started eating, and Bert and I did likewise. A great rain was falling.

The old poplar tree outside the porch had ceased to drip and the whole rain was falling through. The katydid song had stopped short for the night. The carbide lights were burning, and Bert said that he could tell who I was by the favor. I studied the small, dried-up, dark bachelor from across the Little River.

'Well, Bert,' the old man said, 'it's a wonder in this part of the world for you to stay away from home a night, ain't it?'

'Yes, Lat, this is the first time I've stayed away at night for several years. I've lost count. I thought I'd better saneter over here while my brother was there to look after the place and tend to the things.'

Bert, old-timer that he was, ate grease and sugar with his biscuits, though the table was full of good things to eat. And, though he was the keeper of a hundred beehives, I noticed that he was eating honeycomb. A large platter was full of home-cured ham, and it was sweet and very good, but hard. I had trouble cutting my ham with a dull case knife.

Bert said, 'I've got an old butcher knife at home that'll cut like hell. I keep it on the table and use it.' The drawl to his words was as singular as the content.

'Bert,' the old man said, 'there's a fine red bull that stays over here. I seed him to-day. Raymond says he's yours.'

'Yes. I'm going to sell him.'

'A brute like that's valuable to a settlement, Bert.'

'Yes, you're just right about that. I guess I could keep him. I don't want to kill him if he's going to help anybody.'

'Cindy's got a Jersey cow with twin heifers, and they're the prettiest things you ever seed. She likes them so well she hobbles to the cow barn every morning to look at them.'

'She has? I'd like to see them.'

'Yes, you must see them in the morning.'

'I allus let my calves suck lots of milk. They grow off as quick again. Damned if they don't.'

'I don't need much milk even if I do nearly live on sweet milk. I turn my calves to it and let joy go with them. By God, that's the way to raise a calf. Oh, hell yes.'

My grandfather said to me, 'Bert cans more things and fixes up for winter more than most women. You just ought to see what he's got at his house.'

'Well, Lat, I sure have got a good place, and if I can't make a good living on it by myself, I'm just not worth a 'sarned damn. I've got a whole passel of cowcumbers put up, and they'll be mighty fine when I kill hogs and cook collards. My smokehouse is full of canned stuff and my kitchen floor's so full I can't get about in it well. And my hall's full. Yes, my porch is full of bee gums.'

'What kind of a man is it that don't want a smokehouse? Every old-timer does. But the smokehouse here belongs to Cindy, and the cellar's mine. I've got the best cellar in this country. Everybody knows that.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are.'

'Bert, have you got many hogs in the woods?'

'Yes, the woods is just full of them. I'm going to get shut of them-a. It's too hard work, and it takes so bygodded much of my time. What in the name of hell fuzzy do I need with a river bend full of hogs?'

'Bert, you just work all the time, don't you?'

'Yes, Lat, I keep busy all the time. I saw and split stove wood and split rails of a winter when I ain't got another form thing to do. I've got all the shacks on the place full of stove wood and fodder. I've got some fodder fifteen years old. Well, I believe I like the old holler black gum better than anything else for my bees. I've got all kinds of gums. Doust if I ain't cut about every holler black gum tree on my section of land. I had to hunt a long time before I could find the last tree I cut.'

'Bert, you've got a great outlet for stock there where you live. Have you got any goats and sheep?'

'I've got a hundred or more damned old goats up the Big River on the bluffs. I would n't stand them anywhere around my fields. Hell fuzzy, I don't need the damned old goats. And they stink like hell. They can turn to pine knots on the bluff for all I care. I used to keep a lot of sheep, but the low-down dogs killed them out and scattered them. My old daddy allus kept a gang.'

The downpour has ceased and it is raining gently. Thick clouds make the night dark. Carbide lights are burning on every porch and in the kitchen.

'Come on around to the front porch, Bert. I believe we'll set there instead of here on the back porch or the well shelter. Hal, bring you one of the chairs you like to set in. We're going to talk.'

Settled comfortably on the front porch, the road a few steps away, I do as the old man, prop my feet on the banisters. I look out on the obscured earth and listen. Bert's feet are not propped up. My grandmother has remained in the back part of the house.

'Bert,' the old man began, 'you're not old and doty. You're still in your prime. Do you ever think of marrying?'

'There ain't no use to buy a cow when you can get all the sweet milk you want free. No sir. Women just ain't worth keeping up, the majority of them ain't. They are pretty near all so by-godded triflin'. I just won't fool with one long at a time.'

The drip of the house denotes peace. The breath we breathe is refreshing. The chairs we lean back in are comfortable.

'Lat, Milly Macmillan is one of the few old-time girls left. Let me tell you she's a good cook and as good a housekeeper as ever lived. Her house stays as clean as new ashes.'

The old man had told me that he expected Bert and Milly to marry when her old father died. She lived alone with him in a great hollow of beeches a mile or two from Bert's house.

That Bert. He is mightily drawn toward woman. She is a loadstone to him. Yes, that's what she is to Bert. A man made by the woods, a man made in the woods, a man grown peculiar by much solitude. Solitude has made him think strange thoughts, and it has made him want woman. He is a properly subdued man of the woods, but nevertheless a ball of fire when woman is around his bed or on his paths.

An automobile passed in a drizzle of rain going toward the river. A voice we did not recognize called, 'Hello, Uncle Lat!'

The old man said, 'Bert, we ought to think a lot of our woods. What would we be without them? We would n't have a bit of sense. And our rivers, the Big River and the Little River, what would we be without them? We would n't have much peace without them. And what would our country be? Just take the second thought.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are on that.'

'When I get ready to die,' the old man said, 'I wish I could change a little and go off in these woods around here and get lost, and drink branch and creek and spring water, and sleep on the roots of beech trees in the summer and in pine straw in the winter, and eat leaves and live on what the animals and birds do for a thousand years. It'd take that long and that kind of a life and my mind to learn all about these woods. But I would n't be satisfied without a woman. I'd want a young woman with me part of the time. A woman with that kind of a career would get wise, would n't she? No wonder young women don't know no more than they do, the kind of lives they have to lead. A woman with me that long and young all the time would be wise when I got through with her under any conditions. And I'd like to go to the Big River and the Little

River of nights. Just think what it would mean to go to the river bank with the foxes, and the groundhogs, and the minks, and the muskrats, and the coons, and the weasels, and the whoo owls, and the scrootch owls, and everything else of a night for a thousand years. And of a day we could take out after the redbirds and keep right with them and learn to live like they do. A man could amount to something if he had the time. We've certainly got the place here.

'Why, if it was that way there'd be other couples around in the woods and on the paths we could meet when we wanted to. Looks like the Lord would try things out that way: have, say, me to test out the way of life I'm talking about and give me time, and give some other man the chance and time to try out some other good way of life. Of course you both know I'm mostly just talking. But I think this would be as good or better than the scheme we now live and die by. Why, I'd be content to just go around and look at my part of the world and do nothing else for a thousand years. If I could think it's beautiful once a day and feel it, that would be enough happiness to live on and enough to live for.'

'I'm just of the opinion you are. And I'd a whole hell of a lot rather do that, for I know things here, than to go to the good place the preachers talk about. And I'm just of the opinion you are about hell. I don't believe in such bosh.'

Another automobile passed on the wet road headed for the river. A second voice the old man did not recognize called out, 'Hello, Mr. Lisper!' Tree frogs were hollering for more rain, for the rain had ceased, and the old man carried on the talk.

'Bert, do you know what woman you'd like to spend a thousand years, or eternity, with in these woods? If I ask you for the truth, will you tell me? Well, who's the sweetest, best woman — I mean woman — you ever fooled with?'

'Hildy's the sweetest woman I ever touched. She was enough to run as puny a thing as me plumb crazy.'

'Give me a slim woman or no woman at all. Now, without any foolishness. I'm serious now. This boy of mine here says his woman's as slender as a young poplar and always will be. She was down here with him the other day nearly at night, but it was so dark I could n't see her. And I forgot to strike a match. But if she's slim like that, she'll be worth her weight in gold to him. I mean that. I'd say that on a stack of Bibles. I know women. I would n't have a fat, chumpy girl. When I see a young man marrying one, I shake my head to myself, for I know he's not getting much. They're just like logs.'

'Yes, that reminds me,' said Bert. 'That Josie was the sorriest woman I ever had dealings with. If she's the one I had to spend a long time in the woods with, I'd rather go on to some other place and walk city streets. And I certainly had rather live in these woods than go to any city to stay, no matter how golden it might be. Why, I don't like to stay in Birmingham twenty-four hours. It might be different in some ways. But there'd be too many people to suit me. I would n't want to be scrouged up. Right now I just would n't live in the city twenty-four hours. Oh, hell no. If there's anything I like it's elbowroom. I would n't sell any of my land on that account. No, I don't want to be scrouged up. Doust if I do.'

'Well, Bert, when you're dead, you're dead for a long time. I know how it is. I think I do. They'll put me down in the red sandstone of my land, though it's white on top and blue deep down. When I've been in my red sandstone for a long time, I hope somebody'll set out the finest red oak or water oak that can be found right about on my grave, and let it feed on me. I'll be there in the sandstone, and I'd like to get back in the open air through a tree like that oak in the old gin lot. And if the generations would be kind and knowing enough some oak tree could feed on my grave as long as there are oak trees here.'

'And the end of it all with me will be that I'll be dead and in the ground under the pines and dogwoods there on my place, by the side of my old daddy and ma, for a long time. I'm like you. I believe that when you're dead, you're dead for a long time.'

I drove to my cabin in the night and left the two men in a business conversation.

(*To be continued*)

THE LAW OF THE LAND

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

> Law, *n.* Body of enacted or customary rules recognized by a community as binding. — Oxford Dictionary

I

In an article published the other day by the *Spectator* in London some interesting figures about lawmaking in America are given. It appears that five thousand bills have already been introduced in Congress during the present session, and that four or five times that number are to be expected before the session ends. Not all of these bills, to be sure, will be passed, but many of them will be, and meanwhile the various state legislatures have enacted 16,900 odd laws, increasing the whole number, federal, state, and municipal, on the statute books of the United States to some 2,400,000. All of which moved a critic to say that America has more law and more lawlessness than any other nation in the world.

This last neat phrase set me thinking. Are we really more lawless than any other people? One would think that we were about the most tractable and organizable people in the world. We will do almost anything that anybody tells us to; we will shout in chorus whatever a 'cheer leader' bawls through a megaphone; try to look pleasant at the mere sight of a sign in a shop telling us to 'keep smiling'; and a rumbling voice over the radio ordering us to get our teeth cleaned, or to watch our colds, or to join in this 'drive' or observe that 'week,' comes to us as a command from on high. We move in multitudes like sheep, and march and countermarch in vast and solemn masses, in a way unknown in other countries. If we almost automatically obey all of these unofficial and anonymous voices, how does it happen that we have such an unfortunate reputation as lawbreakers?

As a matter of fact we do not deserve that reputation. We have more statutes, to be sure, than any other nation in the world, and we have more crimes defined in them, but it does not follow that, because we have more statutes, we have more law; nor, because we have more crimes defined in our statutes, that we have more crime. We seem to have more law because we have more statutes, and we have more statutes because we have more parliaments; other countries have only one, while we have forty-nine, running full blast. And then we have more cranks and reformers incessantly trying to improve and perfect our morals, not by the spiritual means of persuasion and reason and example, but by the profane means of violence. Numerous acts that are considered innocent, and even refined, in all other civilized countries in the world are made criminal in America. The result is that not all of these two million statutes are obeyed and respected, and they are not respected or obeyed because they are not laws; they are simply statutes, and all or most of the trouble about the enforcement of law in America comes from the persistent refusal to recognize the distinction between a statute and a law.

There are certain acts which the conscience of mankind, the collective opinion of all civilized nations, condemn as wrong. These acts fall into certain easily defined categories. Everyone knows what they are, and does n't have to look into the statute books to find out; all he has to do is to look into his own heart, for he knows the difference between right and wrong. They are acts that no one, anywhere, can commit without a feeling of guilt. They are wrong in and of themselves — *mala in se*, as the lawyers call them. There is no great difficulty in enforcing laws that enact penalties for deeds of this kind. All men are agreed about them and are united in a common effort to punish those who commit them. Even those charged with having committed these offenses do not deny the justice of the law; they merely deny their culpability, or advance some excuse to make their case an exception to the general rule. That is, humanity in general is unanimous, or practically unanimous, in upholding the codes that define these offenses and exact penalties for their commission. These enactments are the record of the customary rules recognized by the community as binding. In the good old phrase they are *the law of the land*, and so far as respect for the law of the land is concerned, the American people are as law-abiding as any in the world.

But, since we have forty-nine parliaments constantly functioning, and since, as the old parliamentarian said, whenever the Commons have nothing else to do they can always make a new crime, we have a mass of statutory enactment that is not a part of the law of the land, enactments that vast sections of the population do not respect, and will not obey, and that cannot be enforced. The people do not respect these enactments because they know that the deeds the enactments declare to be wrong are not wrong, and it is impossible by the use of force, however strong or violent, to impose upon the moral sense of the people a feeling that a given act is wrong just because those whose prejudices it offends have been able to induce a legislature to enact it into what is called a 'law.' It is not a law, in a democracy at least, or in any other form of government, for that matter, unless it has the sanction of the people, is implicit in their lives, and has its roots deep down in their habits and customs. Custom is the supreme law in all communities, civilized or savage, and unless the statute conforms to the custom it is no law — that is, it is not the law of the land.

II

We still think of law in the outworn sequences of the *Ancien Régime.* We still think of government in the old terms of absolutism, and of a law as an edict decreed by a monarch and imposed on the people by force and fear. If the edict is not obeyed, we conclude that it is only because sufficient force has not yet been applied to inspire the requisite fear. We think that all that is needed is bigger and better policemen. Even in modern democracy this habit of thought survives; we use the cant phrase 'the will of the people,' but do not hesitate to force upon them statutes that do not represent the will of a numerous and respectable minority and that are contemned and flouted by them. A criminal statute that seeks to regulate personal habits will not work unless it has the sanction of practically all of the people, and is therefore in harmony with the public opinion. A mere majority, though sufficient to enact a statute, cannot make it a law, because a law must derive its force and sanction from the public conscience.

Men do not fear the penalties of the law half so much as they fear public opinion, which for them is the opinion of their neighbors; the statute indeed may disapprove their conduct, but unless their neighbors disapprove it, then, so far as that community is concerned, it is a dead letter. Juries will not convict, and neighbors will not play the spy and informer, for among men of decency and honor that is one of the things that are simply not done. That this truth is beginning to find recognition was shown the other day when it was announced that a fund of $50,000,000 was to be raised for the purpose of conducting an 'educational campaign,' extending over a period of ten years, in favor of Prohibition. If the people believed in the prohibitory statutes there would have been no insuperable difficulty in enforcing them, and no necessity for an educational campaign. But the trouble with the reformers is that they are always getting the cart before the horse. They imagine that they can change the custom by changing the statute; but they can't — they must change the custom first. That, of course, is a terribly hard thing to do, and probably the reason why they prefer to change the statute; they find it so much easier.

Emerson, whom one perhaps, at the risk of appearing naïve in an advanced and sophisticated age, may still quote — Emerson said: 'Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city, that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education and religion, may be voted in or out; and that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen; the strongest usurper is quickly got rid of; and they only who build on Ideas build for eternity; and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population which permits it. The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious, and esteem the statute somewhat; so much life as it has in the character of living men is its force.'

But if Emerson should be considered

too transcendental, an able discussion of the whole question, in all its practical and realistic bearings, will be found in a book entitled *Law, Its Origin, Growth and Function*, written by the late James Coolidge Carter of the New York Bar. If this admirable work could be prescribed as the book of the month for a year or two, we might learn something to our advantage, though it probably would have little effect upon the reformers. There is a certain mysticism about them, and especially about the Prohibitionists, with which reason, facts, and experience are all powerless to deal.

A notable example of the authority and supremacy of custom was afforded in England nearly a century ago. There the law provided that a convicted murderer should be hanged and then drawn and quartered. But with the growth of culture and refinement, and the more humane sentiment they produce, the senseless barbarity of this penalty, or at least of the latter part of it, became apparent, and the practice fell into disuse. The provision remained unchanged on the statute books, but murderers, though they were still hanged, were no longer drawn and quartered. Public opinion had completely abolished the practice years before the statute was changed to conform to the new custom.

We have recently seen this same principle at work in Michigan. The legislature of that state had enacted a statute punishing with imprisonment for life anyone convicted of an offense four times. The statute was intended to apply to habitual criminals, and under it a woman who had already been convicted three times of violating the Prohibition statutes was convicted of a fourth offense and sent to prison for life. She had sold a pint of whiskey to buy food for her children. But the people of Michigan were too enlightened and humane to imprison a woman for life merely because she had sold a pint of whiskey. That sort of thing was not one of the customs of Michigan. No jury could have been found to convict offenders if such a dreadful penalty were to be attached to their verdict. And so the legislature found that they had been mistaken and amended the act so that it should no longer apply to violations of the Prohibition statutes. They found out that their statute was not a law, and it was not a law because the people would not back it up.

For that is what a law is in a democracy — a statute that the people will back up; indeed, in the long run, that is all a law is anywhere. The laws of a nation or of a community are the recorded customs of the people of that nation or that community, and all the historic codes — the Mosaic code, the laws of Solon and Lycurgus, the codes of Justinian and Napoleon, the Civil Law, the English Common Law, and the legendary taboos of savage tribes — are but customs that have existed so long that they have crystallized into law. Men may write them on parchment, publish them under solemn sanctions, and provide penalties for the small minority who fail to observe them. But these men do not invent them any more than grammarians invent a language. The grammarians merely analyze a language after it has been spoken and used for centuries. In the same way the great lawgivers of the world did not sit down and think awhile and then write out the laws they thought ought to be in force; they found out what the law already was, and wrote it down — that is, they collected and codified the customs of their people. It is not the law that makes the custom, but the custom that makes the law, and when statutes run counter to custom they are impotent.

III

A great deal of the difficulty in establishing national Prohibition arises from the fact that the personal habits of the people are not uniform throughout the nation. There are — or at least before the prohibitory statutes were enacted there were — many localities where the old custom was not in serious conflict with the new statute. Total abstinence, while not by any means universal, was there so general that it was considered disreputable to drink liquor; indeed the conditions and the manner in which liquor was consumed were enough to make it disreputable. The trouble arose when earnest teetotalers who could see no difference between a hill-billy getting drunk on applejack and a man having a bottle of Château Margaux to his dinner tried to impose their habits and standards of conduct on the entire population of the land.

In the effort to cure one evil, moral reformers often succeed in doing no more than to substitute another for it. Often they substitute something worse. As Remy de Gourmont said: *Quand la morale triomphe il se passe des choses très vilaines* (When morality triumphs very ugly things happen). They are possessed by their theory, and they are bound to stick to it through thick and thin. Now a theory is a theory; it may be good or it may be bad, but after all it is only a theory, and the only way to find out whether it is a good theory is to try it. If it works, it is a good theory; if it does n't work, then it is a bad theory, and at this point a wise man discards it and gets another. The scientific mind deduces its theory from the facts of life, or adjusts it to them; the reformer evolves his theory out of his own prejudices which he mistakes for principles, and tries to fit the facts of life to it. And as facts are stubborn things, and quite often will not fit into the theory, something has to give way, and it is never the facts. This process of trying to force the explosive facts of life into the narrow limits of a theory is responsible for much of the trouble in a world that already has more trouble than it knows how to deal with. So much time and energy are spent in the hopeless task of trying to enforce statutes based on these impossible theories that none are left to devote to the real criminals, and the lack of respect for these statutes is contagious and breeds disrespect for the real laws. Gresham's law works here as elsewhere; bad money drives out the good, and foolish legislation weakens that which is wise and salutary.

What we need is to have our legislation entrusted for a session or two to codifiers. If only we could have a commission, composed of, say, Moses and Lycurgus and Justinian, to go over our two million 'laws' and mark those that are not in accord with the customs of the people, and if our legislative bodies would repeal the statutes so marked, relegating some of them to the shades of a forgotten past, and placing others on file to await the dawn of a Utopian future, what a blessing it would be, and what peace would descend upon the land! The Constitution would be restored to its rightful place as the safeguard of our liberties, and we should be released from our insane preoccupation with the personal habits of other people, to devote our thought and energies to questions of real importance.

HEADS OR TAILS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

If you put a kettle on a nice hot fire, will the water freeze? 'Certainly not,' says common sense, indignantly. 'Probably not,' says physics, hesitantly. According to physics, if every member of the human race put a kettle on the fire every day for the next million million years (during which, according to Jeans, the world is to remain habitable), it is not unlikely that sooner or later the water in one of these kettles would freeze instead of boiling. Unfortunately it is impossible to know in advance when this is going to happen, otherwise the man to whom it happened could get himself revered as a magician.

The kettle that freezes when put on the fire is only one of many kinds of occurrence which in practice we regard as impossible, but which in theory are only enormously improbable. If you let a drop of ink fall into a glass of water, the ink will diffuse itself throughout the water, discoloring the whole; it is theoretically possible that after doing this the ink should collect itself again into a drop, but any man who thought he saw this happening would conclude that his eyes had played him a trick. Eddington, in his book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, gives many examples of such improbabilities, which are nevertheless not theoretically impossible. For example, suppose you have a vessel divided into two portions with a trapdoor between the two: one portion is filled with air, the other is a vacuum; you open the trapdoor and the air streams into the portion that was previously empty; if the trapdoor is left open, it is theoretically possible that at some future moment all the molecules of air will have collected themselves again into the first compartment, leaving the second empty. It is also theoretically possible that an army of monkeys strumming on typewriters may accidentally produce all the books in the British Museum, but Eddington points out that this is less unlikely than the reassembling of the air in the one compartment.

Are we to ignore altogether such wild improbabilities? Dare we treat them in theoretical physics as we do in practical life, and assume that they will never happen? In old-fashioned physics it was thought that if we were sufficiently clever we could calculate everything and deal only in mathematical certainties. It cannot be said that this view is now *known* to be false, but there is an increasing tendency to throw doubt upon it and to hold that laws which are merely concerned with probability have to be brought in to supplement the laws that are concerned with certainty.

The chief of these laws concerned with probabilities goes by the somewhat imposing title of 'The Second Law of Thermodynamics.' This is nothing like so alarming an affair as it sounds; it states, broadly speaking, that the universe is becoming gradually less and less improbable. To take again the drop of ink in the glass of water, it seems improbable that all the ink should be in one place and all the water in another — such a state of affairs, we feel, requires an explanation; but if the ink is uniformly diffused throughout the water, that seems only natural, and we do not look with the same conviction for some reason that it should be so. We may say, in this sense, that the universe grows every day less surprising. It is like a pack of cards, which comes from the makers arranged in proper order, but after being in use for some time shows no trace of its original arrangement. This again is only probable; it might happen that by casual shuffling of a pack of cards you got it back into its original order, but you would require a very unusual reputation for probity before you could get anybody to believe that this had happened. Modern physics suggests that the world is getting gradually more and more completely shuffled, so that the traces of the original order are gradually disappearing.

Imagine some tidy old gentleman's library, with all the volumes beautifully classified according to subject and size; imagine that in his absence children get into the library and throw the books at each other's heads, while next morning the housemaid puts them back into the shelves higgledy-piggledy; gradually the traces of orderly arrangement disappear, and the books are found haphazard throughout the shelves.

This is the sort of thing that physics says is happening to the universe. For some reason, which I do not fully understand, this theory is welcomed by theologians as evidence of the divine government of the world. It is arguable that the theory affords evidence of a creation, but it affords the very reverse of evidence that any design has guided the subsequent course of affairs. I am by no means persuaded that the theory as it stands is valid; I think that both theologians and their opponents will be ill-advised if they treat it as the last word in theoretical physics.

Physics is a subject which has been changing with extraordinary rapidity in recent years, and there is no sort of ground for supposing that it has arrived at a stable phase. One reason for thinking this is that the concept of probability is wrapped in obscurity and affords indeed the chief scandal of modern logic. Nobody knows what is meant by saying that an event is improbable; nobody knows in what circumstances we are justified in assuming that an improbable event will not happen. At every moment the most wildly improbable events occur. Why do we accept some of these quite calmly, while others cause amazement? Nobody really knows. I have no satisfactory theory to offer, and the extent of what I have to say in the present article is to make people a little wary of all theories that depend upon this rather hazy notion of probability.

II

But let us first consider a little more in detail what probability in physics means in practice. If you have a family of two, they may consist of a boy and a girl, or of two boys, or of two girls; it is twice as probable that you will have a boy and a girl as it is that you will have two boys, and twice as probable as it is that you will have two girls. In this case probability has, or may have, a very simple meaning. If you were to enumerate all the families of two children existing in the world, you would find that about half consist of a boy and a girl, while about a quarter consist of two boys and about a quarter consist of two girls. At any rate, we may suppose that this is the case for purposes of illustration. The second law of thermodynamics would suggest that originally all families had consisted either only of boys or only of girls, but that gradually families evenly divided between boys and girls had come more and more to preponderate. This particular illustration, if taken literally, would, of course, be misleading, but it suffices to show the sort of thing that is meant.

In the sun there is a great deal of energy, while in interstellar space there is very little. The second law of thermodynamics suggests that gradually there will be less and less difference between the amount of energy in one place and the amount of energy in another, so that the universe will become more and more homogeneous and democratic. Everything pleasant is associated with some transition toward democracy, and becomes impossible when democracy has been completely achieved.

Life, both animal and vegetable, is an incident in this transition, since it consists in the utilization of solar energy: first in the building up of those chemical compounds that are essential to life, and ultimately in the dissipation of their energy throughout the universe in the form of heat. The warmth of the human body is derived from the energy of the sun; it warms the surrounding air, and the warmth of the surrounding air is dissipated by radiation. Thus the warmth of the sun, after keeping us alive for a little while, becomes diffused throughout space in a form which is no longer available for any useful purpose. This train of thought is to be commended to those who imagine that the evolution of life is the purpose of the universe. If modern physics is to be believed, the purpose of the universe is to make the emptiest and coldest portions of the universe slightly less cold, though not warm enough to be suitable even for an Eskimo.

This train of thought rests on probability, and probability rests on muddle.

I do not mean to deny that all this will probably happen; I only mean to assert that people have not the least idea what they mean when they say so.

Before we plunge into philosophy, let us consider the application of probability to daily life. At every moment, as I remarked before, the most wildly improbable things are happening. Let us take some illustrations. Suppose you hire a taxi, and suppose its number is M-Z.102348. What could be more improbable than that you should have hit just upon this number? You were bound to hit upon some number, but the odds were so strongly against the number which in fact you did hit upon that any sensible man would have dismissed this occurrence as practically impossible. And yet it occurred. Or again, take a simple question like your height. If you are asked how tall you are and you reply, say, 'Five feet, ten inches,' the answer does not seem at all improbable. But suppose you are a person addicted to mathematical accuracy, and you reply that your height is 5 feet, 10.321 inches; you have now made an assertion which may be true, but which is exceedingly improbable. The moment your height is measured to a thousandth of an inch, it becomes very improbable that you are the height you are, although at the same time it is quite certain that you are the height you are.

Again: how many square miles are there in the United States? I do not know, but if you suggest some number I shall be justified in saying that it is very unlikely to be exactly that, and yet there is some number that it is, although this is so improbable. What all these illustrations indicate is that every actual occurrence is wildly improbable as soon as it is accurately described. It does not astonish us unless the improbability remains when it is described only vaguely. If I say I met a man whose height is 5 feet, 10.321 inches, people will say, 'What of it?' although I have asserted a marvel. But if I say I have met a man over twenty feet high, they will be either incredulous or amazed, because I have said something which remains improbable in spite of being vague.

Two things emerge: first, that the improbable is not always astonishing, and second, that even the most wildly improbable things do happen. The things that do not often happen are astonishing things, but this is a law concerning our emotions, not concerning the world, for obviously what happens often does not astonish us. Bishop Butler said that probability is the guide of life, but I doubt whether he had thought out the implications of his statement, any more than the modern physicists have who say that probability is the guide of physics.

If the views of modern physicists were accepted in daily life, they would have a somewhat bewildering effect. Take, for example, some quite simple question, such as 'What is a red flag?' Some people say that it is an illegal symbol of revolution; others that it is a mark of a steam roller. Such views, according to Schrödinger, are shallow; according to him, it is an undulatory distribution of statistical probabilities of certain kinds of quantum transitions in atoms. Everything that we see is nothing but a distribution of probabilities. We do not see what is there, but only what is more or less likely to be there, and we see it just as much when it is not there as when it is there, provided the probability is right.

This view of the world certainly outdoes Bishop Berkeley at his own game. You are not obliged to accept it, for you may instead believe with Heisenberg that a red flag consists of some billions of infinite rectangles of integers, but few people would find this view any more comforting than Schrödinger's, though I confess that I am one of the few.

III

It is time to ask ourselves what, if anything, is meant by probability. There are two theories on this subject, neither of which, to my mind, is satisfactory. One is known as the frequency theory; the other is the theory whose ablest advocate is Mr. Keynes, known to publicists by his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, but to the learned world by his *Treatise on Probability*. Mr. Keynes holds that probability is an ultimate notion not further definable, consisting of a certain relation between premises and conclusion. Premises may *prove* a conclusion; in that case the conclusion is certain in relation to those premises. But they may only make the conclusion more or less probable; for example, if you are in contact with scarlet fever, you are not sure to catch scarlet fever, but there is a certain degree of probability that you will do so. The premise 'I am in contact with scarlet fever' does not demonstrate the conclusion 'I shall catch scarlet fever,' but the conclusion has to the premise a certain relation of probability. If this view of probability is accepted, we cannot be asked what we mean by the word, since the word is not definable in any other terms. It is clear that since words can only be defined by means of other words, any system of definitions must start with certain words that are not defined, and Mr. Keynes proposes to put the word 'probability' among these primitive notions.

Mr. Keynes is, I think, almost certainly right in holding that probability does not attach to a proposition in itself, but only in relation to certain premises, and that its probability in relation to certain premises may be quite different from its probability in relation to certain other premises. For example, if all you know about a man is that he lives in the British Isles, there is a certain definitely ascertainable probability that his name is William Williams. This probability is measured by dividing the number of males in the British Isles called William Williams by the total number of males in the British Isles. But if you know further that the man lives in Wales, the probability of his being called William Williams is very greatly increased. This does not mean that the probability that you had obtained before was wrong; it merely means that it was relative to different data. Given sufficient data, any statement is either certainly true or certainly false, so that probability only arises in relation to insufficient data. That is why probability is specially useful in regard to the future, as to which our data are always insufficient. So far I think we ought all to agree with Mr. Keynes.

But when he maintains that probability is indefinable, he is on more doubtful ground. I do not profess to have a satisfactory definition to offer, but I think that with sufficient ingenuity a satisfactory definition could be found. When a word is said to be indefinable, it is necessary to maintain that one knows what it means without the help of a definition. There are a number of words of which this is true; we know quite well what we mean by such words as 'red' and 'blue' and 'sweet' and 'sour,' and 'up' and 'down.' After we have learned the definition of these words, we do not understand them any better than we did before. But where probability is concerned, I at any rate have no such feeling; I wish to be told what it means, and until I am told I am in doubt. I do not think that Mr. Keynes's theory can be refuted: it is a self-consistent theory which cannot be *proved* to be untrue. But it leaves one with a certain intellectual dissatisfaction and a feeling that a difficult problem has been evaded.

The so-called frequency theory does not have this defect, though in its traditional form it has others. The frequency theory in its simplest form states that when you know that a certain object belongs to a certain class, and that a certain proportion of that class has a certain characteristic, then that proportion measures the probability that the object in question has the said characteristic. We had an instance of this just now with the man called William Williams. In all statistical applications of probability, this definition is satisfactory. It is adequate, for example, to the use of probability in connection with life insurance. It is adequate also to the use of probability in modern physics, and in the doings of bookmakers. It is adequate, in a word, wherever exact numerical estimates of probabilities are possible.

But unfortunately this definition leaves us in the lurch as soon as we come to the question of induction, and we generally do come up against this question when we try to use probability as a guide in life. Take, for example, life insurance, no longer as mathematics, but as a practical proposition. Life-insurance companies have generally argued that people will die at the same rate in the future as in the past. In fact the rate at which people have died has been diminishing ever since life insurance came into vogue. The result has been that the insurance companies have grown rich; since this gave them no ground of complaint, the intellectual fallacy at the basis of their calculations has not worried them. If the purchase of annuities had been commoner than life insurance, the companies concerned would have been led to bankruptcy by their intellectual errors, and would, in that case, have become more acutely aware of them. They might, at least theoretically, have corrected their errors by a wider induction; but, however wide an induction may be, it can never lead to certainty.

The trouble is that the kind of probability derived from an induction does not seem to be the kind dealt with by the frequency theory. When a certain number of observations seem to have established a law of nature, every man of science knows that further observations may prove the supposed law to be incorrect. The law is therefore at best probable. But when we ask, 'How probable is it?' and hope to get a definite numerical answer, such as 'The odds in its favor are a thousand to one,' we are disappointed. Mr. Keynes maintains — and I for one do not know how to refute his arguments — that even the best-grounded inductions are not more likely to be true than false. Will the sun rise to-morrow? We none of us feel any serious doubt on this subject, and yet the best view seems to be that it is not more likely to rise than not to rise.

There is no way of dealing with the situation on the frequency theory. If we were to take all the natural laws that have ever been believed, and ask ourselves what proportion of them can still be regarded as tenable, I am afraid the result would be far from encouraging.

Moreover the frequency theory does not give any reason why a rational man in action should act upon the greater probability where certainties are unobtainable. And yet that is what we all really want probability to do for us. We all of us do act upon probabilities, not only in a remote and ultimate sense, but in a perfectly obvious everyday sense. Every glass of water that we drink, every mouthful of food that we eat, may contain bacteria or poison, but we disregard this probability except when for some reason it is unusually large. When men are found guilty of murder or theft, there is always some chance that they may be innocent, but when the chance is very small we behave as if it did not exist.

So long as a probability is numerically measurable, this seems sensible enough, but the most important probabilities are too vague to come under this head. What is the likelihood, for example, that psychical research may demonstrate a future life? Clearly we have not the data required for a numerical estimate, yet some kind of estimate has to be made by any man who is free to decide whether he shall or shall not devote some time to psychical research. What is the likelihood that universal education will improve the condition of mankind? Nobody knows, and if it were worth while a very good case could be made out for the negative. Yet we all cheerfully act upon the assumption that education is desirable, to the extent of paying out good money for the purpose.

The degree of probability that we demand depends, however, upon the nature of the case. Before executing a man for murder, we demand a much higher degree of evidence of his guilt than we do of his innocence before voting for him as President.

IV

I have been speaking lately of probabilities without adducing any definite premises, which might seem contrary to what was said in connection with Mr. Keynes. In all such cases, and generally wherever one is considering a probability in relation to practice, there is a tacit reference to all relevant knowledge as constituting the premises of the probability. Take, for example, the man accused of murder: from his own point of view the matter is certain, because he has knowledge which the judge and the jury do not possess, but when one speaks of the likelihood of his guilt without specifically adducing premises, one means the likelihood in relation to what is known to the judge and jury. This is clearly the sort of probability with which practical men are concerned, but unfortunately it is a sort about which theorists are, as a rule, very hazy.

This whole matter of probability in relation to conduct is extraordinarily unsatisfactory. If men were rational animals, it would be even more so, since they would be paralyzed in action by their theoretical insecurity. As a matter of fact we act upon our passions, among which credulity is by no means the least. Without credulity we should be brought to a standstill, not only in love and marriage, politics and business, but even in science, since induction has no hitherto discovered rational basis. The civilized man differs from the savage, not in the extent of his credulity, but in its character. His credulity is systematized and organized, and can in the last resort be confined to a few great principles; when these have been swallowed, all the rest of his procedure becomes comparatively rational. The savage, on the contrary, has a large number of disconnected credulities — some connected with the wind, others with the rain, some with the sea, and others with the mountains. In this respect, as in others, it is system, organization, and interrelatedness that distinguish civilized life. But to suppose that these things have beneficent results is itself part of the civilized man's credulity. Ethical and metaphysical postulates, however irrational, usually go hand in hand. The man who holds that the world is of such and such a kind almost always holds also that it is our duty to make it so. The civilized man, conversely, holding that it is our duty to make the world orderly and interrelated, holds also that the world is orderly and interrelated. On this basis it is possible to find a metaphysical justification for induction, as has been shown by Bergson and Dr. Whitehead.

For my part, I see no reason to believe that the world must be convenient for the man of science. It may be that all the law and order that we seem to perceive in the world is due to our own selective apperception. It is amazing to what an extent preconceptions can falsify the testimony of experience. Ignorant people believe that when you pour hot water into a glass it is more likely to crack if the glass is thin than if it is thick; educated people believe the opposite. Each side appeals with equal confidence to experience. A rational man would conclude that the laws of nature are different in the kitchen from what they are in the laboratory. But this is not the conclusion that either party does in fact draw.

Why should the man who has a laboratory so confidently dismiss the testimony of his cook? He is persuaded that she is a bad observer, misled by her prejudices, and he believes that he is quite impartial in his observation of phenomena. But there are plenty of facts which go to show that the man of science is not so very different from the cook. When I was young there was a universally accepted mathematical proof that the action of gravitation must be practically instantaneous. When Einstein came along, it became necessary to hold that gravitational action is propagated with the velocity of light, so the previously accepted proof to the contrary was found to be fallacious. I am not for a moment denying that it was fallacious; I am only saying that such instances should make us somewhat skeptical as to what arguments should still pass as valid.

It is a mistake to confuse probability with uncertainty. Everything that passes for knowledge is more or less uncertain — that is to say, there is a greater or less risk of error in regard to it. But this applies to knowledge concerning probability as well as to other knowledge. When we say that the chance of a coin coming heads is a half, we are not saying that we have uncertain knowledge that it will come heads, we are saying that we have practically certain knowledge that it is as likely to come heads as not to. Some knowledge concerning probabilities is as nearly certain as any knowledge that we possess.

Probability, therefore, is not to be associated with fallibility and our liability to error; probability is a definite branch of knowledge, but at present a very unsatisfactory branch. I think that its further study requires a clear separation of those cases where an exact numerical estimate is possible from those others that we considered in connection with induction. Where an exact numerical estimate is possible, the frequency theory is satisfactory, but in relation to such problems as that of induction this theory fails us.

Perhaps a mistake has been made in applying the one word 'probability' to the two classes of cases; perhaps two radically different concepts are involved. If so, a very large realm may be rescued from the vague and unsatisfactory condition of the general theory of probability. Even so, however, the problems that remain are serious, important, and difficult. I do not know of any branch of logic where new ideas are so urgently called for.

ATMOSPHERE VERSUS ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

ATMOSPHERE is the cheapest intrinsically and the dearest financially of our various æsthetic commodities. Everybody wants it, wants it quick, and is prepared to pay for its speedy delivery. From Naples to Edinburgh, ceilings or entire decorations of old rooms are being ripped out of ancient buildings and set up again in brand-new American buildings which in style are French flamboyant, Tudor Gothic, Italian or Spanish Renaissance — heaven knows what. And in the antique linings of these pseudo-antique shells men and women of reasonable intelligence are listening in on radio, drinking synthetic cocktails, dining, or playing bridge — all in a costly glamour of the installation created for people who played their own music on their own instruments, and drank sound liquor.

And many of our art museums are far keener for atmosphere than they are for art. They feature 'period' rooms — complete interiors with the appropriate furniture and utensils, fine works of art being generally excluded. The museums are becoming the formidable rivals of the architects and interior decorators in exploiting a borrowed picturesqueness at the cost of looting through bribery much of the real picturesqueness of the old countries. I am perfectly aware that, as the director of a tiny and poverty-stricken museum necessarily without atmospheric pretensions of whatever sort, I shall seem to many to be a decrier of the more abundant grapes of my betters. I hope to show that the grapes really are sour — that the pursuit of atmosphere is unsatisfying and really alien to the cultivation of art, that too many of our museums are mistaking their mission and retarding or even missing entirely their real development.

Of course the whole argument rests on what is conceived to be the purpose of a museum of art. A museum — that is, a place dedicated to the Muses — I think everyone will agree is primarily a place where works of art of whatever sort are safely kept; and, secondarily, where such works of art are effectively shown, chiefly for purposes of culture and delight, secondarily for purposes of formal education. We are still, however, far from a real definition, for what are works of art? We may narrow the matter down by saying that traditionally, and in fealty to its patronesses, the Muses, a museum in the strict sense of the word should concern itself chiefly if not exclusively with the fine arts. And here again we face a new issue of definition. Historically speaking and practically, the fine arts for museum purposes have been sculpture, painting, and the allied graphic arts. The reason for this exclusion of the applied or industrial arts has been, first, practical — that by the time the fine arts have been cared for there is no more space; and, second, theoretical — that the fine arts rest upon and convey a far wider human experience, hence make more fully for culture. In this regard, until quite recently, the industrial arts seemed far less important.

Here we are at the very nub of our problem. Until less than fifty years ago no one would have seriously challenged the superior value of the fine arts. Then the arts and crafts movement went strong, and such critics as Whistler and Oscar Wilde, with the French impressionist critics, appeared, with the result of a confusion of all æsthetic values. We were assured that all that really mattered in any work of art was exquisite handling by the artist. Velásquez's 'Las Meniñas' was exquisitely handled; so might be a nutcracker or a Chelsea snuffbox. They were all exquisite works of art, and there really was nothing to choose between them. What old-fashioned people called the spirit of the artist was nobody's business — not even that of old-fashioned people. An artist might be a saint, a ruffian, a degenerate — nothing of that mattered to his art. Puvis was thoughtfully making great poems on French walls; Jean Carriès was thoughtfully inventing new glazes for little pots in his kilns. The same critics wrote of these two as entirely equals. To find symbols for a civilization or to find a new kind of gray glaze — it all came to the same thing. If both were exquisite, nothing more was to be thought or said of either.

While this obviously crude and narrow view is gradually giving way to better values, I think it still too much dominates the policy of most of our art museums. I find among many friends in museum positions a dislike of acting on the principle of a hierarchy of æsthetic values. Ask such people if they are really willing to equate a fine Chippendale chair with a fine portrait by Gainsborough, and they will answer, 'Certainly not,' but they will also betray an uneasy consciousness that the Chippendale chair is being badly treated. The point is, of course, that while to appreciate the Gainsborough portrait is an advance in culture in the widest sense, to appreciate the Chippendale chair is merely a gain in minor archæology or in dilettantism. Both experiences have their value, but the values are not equal. A man can hardly know fine painting without having some notion of fine design in furniture, while he may be an accomplished connoisseur of furniture and blind to the great painters and sculptors. In short, what is important is the quality of spirit involved in the act of creation and in that of appreciation, and the only measure for this is personal spiritual experience guided by delicate common sense. In the equalitarian æsthetics of the 1890's in which I was nurtured there was little enough of either.

II

What is the duty of the museum toward the work of art? First, obviously, to preserve it. Primarily a museum is simply a high-class storehouse — or, more politely, a treasure house. Why preserve the work of art? Evidently that it may continue to convey to the sympathetic spectator the creative ecstasy that went to its making. Thus it is a collateral duty to show the work of art and show it well. Here difference of opinion arises. What, after all, is exhibiting well? We may get at it by recalling a peculiar quality of all works of art in a museum — their homelessness. Very few works of art, and those not the best, were made in order to be exhibited in a museum. Most sculpture and most painting were in one way and another associated with architecture; in any case they were made for surroundings and eyes quite different from ours. From those surroundings they have been torn; frequently the original environment has been destroyed; their old home has gone beyond recall; the museum provides on an artificial basis a new home.

If this fact were accepted simply, most of the errors in exhibition would be avoided. We should realize the folly of trying to reproduce around the thousands of exhibits in a museum some mere travesty of their original environment. The more artificially and contemporaneously museum exhibits are treated the better. As the late Benjamin Ives Gilman writes in his admirable book, *Museum Ideals*, the guiding principle of selection and exhibition should be 'anthological.' Now an anthology is a literary convention. No poet ever wrote for an anthology. But it is, however conventional, one of the best ways of making the treasures of past poetry available for the present.

The prevailing antiquarian sentimentalism resents so simple a view. The poor works of art are indeed homeless; let us do something to make them feel at home. Something like this a prominent architect said to me only the other day.

Let us follow out what this making at home actually involves in practice. A worried curator awakes to the fact that a fine big altarpiece is homeless in his gallery. It was painted for an altar. So he buys an altar of the period and sets the picture on it. I write feelingly, for I have seen it done. But the altarpiece and its, at best, borrowed altar are together mildly ridiculous in the gallery. What to do? Why, take the further steps toward putting the altarpiece at its homely ease! If funds permit, buy a chapel of the period — they are, unhappily, for sale — and set up therein the altarpiece and the altar.

Now, according to my architect friend and approved museum practice, the picture is ideally at home. What a delusion! It stands over an altar and in a chapel for which it was not created; its being at home is an archæological fraud. Why not introduce a priest, waxen or in the flesh? Why not hold a Mass, oral or phonographic? Why not revive the gallants strolling amid fair devotees? If a masquerade be worth making at all, it is worth making thoroughly. To maintain the fiction of reviving its home for any altarpiece all that I have suggested and much more would be necessary — and the sum of it all would be merely an elaborately false installation, more proper to romantic opera than to the museum.

No, the problem is far simpler. From the moment that a work of art made for a particular place is moved therefrom, an original set of associational values drops forever away from it. The attempt to recover them otherwise than through the historical imagination is entirely futile. It is the business of the museum to ascertain and exploit the values that remain. The picture, say, is now an exhibit in a museum; the task is to bring out to the full its museum values. It now is, or should be, in a neutral environment — in which, however, it is probably far better seen than it was in the gloom of its chapel. If it has lost by the move, it has also gained. And the museum value, while it lacks much that was important to the artist, also dispenses with much that was adventitious and confusing. The primary value is imperishable: the passing of a high creative impulse to an understanding soul — all this is intact. Indeed, through a degree of generalization and the dropping away of local associations, there has often come a new value of universality. It is by no means to be assumed that the Sistine Madonna was better seen in her chapel at Vicenza than she has been seen for generations in her museum sanctuary at Dresden. And it is even less to be supposed that she would be seen better at Dresden if the

German Republic could persuade the Honorable Mussolini to cause the original chapel, still extant, to be taken down and set up again in the Dresden Gallery. In short, the way to run a museum successfully is to treat it as a museum and not as a congeries of antiquarian compilations.

III

In contrast with the usual human tendency to magnify one's office, many a museum director of to-day is a man ashamed of his museum. He wants to sugar-coat it, to take off some imaginary curse. It is n't really a museum he is running; it's a homey place, *ganz gemüthlich*, as intimate and livable as the Rathskeller of yesteryear, as easy as the Spanish smoking room in the mansion of Mr. Average Man's employer. So the painless museum is added to that noble company which includes decaffeinated coffee, denicotinized cigars, and griefless funeral rites. That this is a cheapening of the museum's function need hardly be argued. A museum is properly a somewhat formidable place. One goes there to gain contact with personalities far greater than those we meet in ordinary life. It is no light matter to make the acquaintance of Rembrandt. All the museum really needs to offer is opportunity — and that means getting the right things and exhibiting them skillfully.

So far from vainly attempting to recover the forever lost atmosphere of time and place, the more nearly the great work of art is shown in a neutral atmosphere the better its exhibition will be. Give it time, and it will rebuild its new atmosphere in the museum. It is idle to hurry up the process. Much effort is wasted in decorative arrangements of pictures and sculpture, often at the sacrifice of their being seen well. Good lighting, avoidance of obvious clashes, generous spacing, simple and neutral backgrounds — this is all that is necessary to enjoyment. The elaborately decorative appointment and hanging of an art gallery is largely labor lost. It is based on a false psychology — that the ensemble is highly important. It is really of very slight importance. The visitor, if he knows his business, makes an act of concentration by which he sees only one object at a time. Unless he is capable of such concentration, he is helpless in a museum, however exquisitely arranged. It really does n't matter what is alongside or opposite the masterpiece he is contemplating, so long as he can isolate it for enjoyment.

What, then, is the use of elaborate arrangements and tenuous suggestions of historic atmosphere that can only keep the untrained visitor away from his goal of appreciation, while the trained visitor probably ignores them from the first and in any case promptly thinks them away? Such expedients are better left to interior decorators, with atmosphere to sell, or to amateurs of decorative bent. For such it is a reasonable enough diversion.

The late Mrs. John L. Gardner carried this creation of harmonious ensembles to its ultimate perfection. Everything in a gallery — pictures, sculpture, furniture, the vases on the tables and the flowers in them, the scarf thrown over a chair, the type of pedestal or picture frame — everything was exquisitely calculated. Nothing in her galleries could be changed or moved without involving a complete rearrangement. As I had the pleasure of going about with her, she would carefully move heavy chairs which in the cleaning had been misplaced a quarter of an inch one way or the other. I once wrote her that she had invented a new decorative art the raw material of which was *chefs-d'œuvre,* and I don't think it displeased her.

I cite this instance because Mrs. Gardner carried the ideal of the intimate gallery much further than any museum ever has or ever will carry it. She was too intelligent to think for a moment that she was in any strict sense re-creating the atmosphere of Florence, Venice, France, or Flanders. She was creating her own atmosphere, and it is startling and instructive to note how her studied and exquisite installations, which are still piously maintained, have lost significance now that she is no longer here as their explanation. The museum that attempts to emulate Mrs. Gardner will at best build up decorative ensembles which are the atmosphere merely of a director or a curator. Such an atmosphere will mean nothing to the student and will be merely distracting to the naïve art lover. It rests on a mistake of function. The reasonable exhibition of great works of art does not involve practising a competitive art of exhibition. Within the modest scope of perceptive showmanship there is plenty to exercise the taste and the wits of the most ingenious curator.

IV

But it will be argued that the period rooms are immensely liked, and the readiest means of drawing a reluctant public to the museums. Recently the Pennsylvania Museum has taken a vote and has found that a comfortable plurality of its visitors are most interested in the period rooms, with a good minority for the picture galleries.

Before weighing the issue whether it is the business of the art museum to join the moving-picture theatre in giving the public what it wants, just a word on the conditions of the much advertised Philadelphia vote. At the time of the vote, the only organized and fairly complete department in the Pennsylvania Museum was the period rooms. In every other branch the exhibitions, while not without fine items, were incomplete and spotty, and, owing to radical faults in the design of the galleries, on the whole unattractively displayed. In short, there was really nothing to vote for departmentally except the period rooms. Much as I disapprove of them, I should have had to vote for them myself. So the vote was without significance of any general sort, except for the very gratifying and surprising fact that under rather unfavorable conditions the pictures got so many suffrages. But let us suppose the vote really indicated a deep longing on the part of our museum-visiting public for the delights of historico-æsthetic atmosphere as offered by the period room — would that be a good reason for giving the public what it wants?

This question is best answered by indirection — by following out what happens concretely when museums engage in this course. All our art museums, with the possible exception of that of Newark, New Jersey, give a certain, however grudging, preference to the fine arts. Practically that means that if they had a picture gallery and a Dutch room, and came into possession of a fine Rembrandt, they would hang it rather in the picture gallery than in the Dutch room. Why? Because they know it would be better seen in the gallery than in the Dutch room, and they deem a masterpiece of this sort worth the seeing. Now suppose, instead of a Rembrandt, the museum bought a fine but not great picture — say, a Metsu. Should it go into the Dutch room or into the gallery? Evidently the decision would rest on the director's judgment of the picture. If it was a very fine Metsu that deserved to be studied and contemplated, he would, if he had any sense at all, put it in the gallery. If, on the contrary, it seemed to him just an ordinary Metsu that deserved no concentrated observation, he would properly make it a part of the decorative ensemble of his Dutch room.

And now we reach the centre of our discussion. Galleries by honored use and wont contain objects of the fine arts for the purpose of delectation and contemplation. Period rooms contain such objects of the minor arts and such minor examples of the fine arts as can be combined into an atmosphere which may be respired and enjoyed without concentration, contemplation, or taking thought of any kind. Here we capture the simple secret of the vogue of the period room both with the public and with a certain type of museum official: it can be enjoyed — nay, it can be created — by persons relatively without taste and too busy for reflection of any sort. For the tired business man it is indeed the ideal art museum, and so it is for the bewildered museum director at his wit's end.

V

Let me remind the reader that whatever is said here about ideals concerns the museum of fine arts only. Much of the trouble, as I have tried to show in a recent article,[1] comes about from the failure of the American museum to recognize and limit its function. There is, of course, a place for museums of applied arts, and there is no reason why complete interiors, when they can be come by ethically, — as in the case of old buildings being destroyed, — should not be preserved in such museums. These collections of the industrial arts have evident historical value for everybody, and they serve most practically the collector and designer. In particular, the record of our own past should be preserved. The various American museums, whether independent or associated with general museums, deserve all encouragement and support. All that is contended for in this article is that this activity is alien to that of a museum of the fine arts, hence that it should be conducted independently.

The line of demarcation may seem vague, but under the parable above, the principle emerges: whatever needs to be contemplated deeply belongs in a museum of fine arts; what merely needs to be observed passingly or to be studied technically belongs in a museum of minor arts. In the first instance an attempt to re-create the original atmosphere is impertinent; in the second instance it may be reasonable to combine the numerous small and miscellaneous objects into an ensemble which shall give some illusion of the atmosphere of the period. But a sensible curator knows that it is an illusion, and that if he makes people think they are breathing the air of Rembrandt's Amsterdam he is merely fooling them. Even if you could transport a Dutch room with all its own fittings and furniture, — which is virtually impossible, — a Dutch room on the Schuylkill does not look like the same room on the Amstel.

It has frequently been my hap to pass through a suite of period rooms in order to see particular pictures. I reach the end, and recall with a jolt that I have missed half a dozen pictures which I came to study. Where are they? I ask a guard. Of course the Correggio is in the Italian Renaissance room. It had been so decoratively subordinated that my fairly alert and trained eye completely overlooked it. What I actually saw was a carved stone chimney piece and some yellow majolica jars of no remarkable quality. So the 'sympathetic' or atmospheric installation of a fine work of art is really just as confusing to the student as it is to the disinterested art lover. And while an art museum ministers to the student only in second order, still he has claims to reasonable consideration.

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[1] See 'Smaller and Better Museums,' in the December 1929 *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

It would be unfair to leave this matter without admitting that much of the enthusiasm for atmosphere has had its causes in the frequently preposterous management of our art museums. A city becomes ambitious. It helps a board of museum trustees to build an immense structure, which is put in the hands of an architect who, without guidance from museum experts, builds himself an imposing and very costly monument. As a museum, it will inevitably be a shocking and extravagant misfit. Many of our museums are of this sort; it is unnecessary to name them. Tardily the trustees, with an enormous building on their hands, wake up to the fact that they have n't a director or collections. A director comes fairly easy — they hire him. Collections come hard. What is the director to do? His position depends on his making a prompt public impression. The empty halls haunt his dreams. Instead of thinking in terms of fine objects one after another, as a real director of fine arts must, he thinks in terms of galleries. There are many empty galleries, there are many periods of decoration — period rooms are the quick and easy solution. They are in the market; as compared with great works of art, they are both abundant and cheap. So, ho for period rooms, and the long-eared public behind you! In this fashion one might readily make a great art museum which would not contain a single great work of art.

Now the fact that this is a natural way of extricating one's self from certain awkward situations does not excuse it. If the aim of a museum is to extend culture through the understanding of great art, we have to do with a complete negation of its main purpose. At best we are dealing with a thoughtless sentimentality, at worst with a cynical disloyalty. I suppose that museum directors have to live, — I have to, — but I think some of them would be wise to let blundering trustees and overbearing architects stew in their own juice. A self-respecting director might well refuse to take a new museum ready-made. A medical director would make himself heard about his hospital. A mill manager would want a voice in his mill. It would be an admirable example simply to let some board of trustees manage the unfit building they have erected, with only the aid of their architect and their social secretaries. There are two ways out of confusion — to start a fresh confusion, or to sit down and think. In the already chaotic realm of the American art museum the advocates of atmosphere are successfully producing a new confusion. Is it not rather the moment to sit down and think?

THE REAL THING

BY GRAHAM MUNRO

I

THERE was the merest flicker of scorn on the porter's blasé face; there was the least suspicion of a shove as he dropped the well-worn bag in the elevator. Hans Gustav Pedersen, alertly on the defensive, winced, bristled, and then smiled — a superior, reserved, confident smile.

Of course he knew that his old traveling companion was out of place in the Hotel Royal Condé. The hotel was spick and span, a new venture in that rather dingy quarter of old Paris between the Odéon and Saint-Sulpice. A very sophisticated and very successful blend of ancient dignity and quaintness, American comfort, futuristic decoration, it consciously appealed to those who appreciated the unusual — and could afford it. The bag was emphatically nondescript. It had never been handsome, even in its robust youth, way back in the early Rooseveltian era. Two decades of intermittent strenuousness had left it discolored, travel-stained and weary, limp, sagging and bulging, hideous and pitiful. It lay on the elevator floor with the humble mien of a cur expecting to be kicked. Well, to-morrow, this very day perhaps, it would go to its long rest. Or, more likely, sink to a lower circle in the endless inferno of suitcases. Horrible thought! Shouldn't one give decent burial to an old retainer? Hans had a brief vision of the bag, filled with sand, mercifully dropped into the turbid Seine at midnight. Like Buridan of old. . . . And also a vision of the tragi-comic sequel: a policeman springing out of the dark, a hopelessly muddled explanation before the *commissaire*, an undignified appeal to the Embassy, his friends the next day chuckling and winking over their Parisian *New York Herald*. . . . No; better leave the poor old thing to its ignoble fate. Hans was not a sentimentalist, anyway.

To get at last a new bag was one of his chief reasons for being in Paris at all. Indeed, it was his *middle reason*, snugly fitting between his avowed purpose and his secret intention. Ostensibly, he had come merely to attend a Mathematical Congress. He would duly read a paper on Sigmund's automorphic functions, to which half a dozen of his peers would listen, and which two at least might understand. Then there would be all the sober festivities which invariably grace such gatherings: a reception at the Sorbonne, under the pale frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes; a special meeting of the Academy of Sciences; a formal banquet presided over by a rather dull war secretary with a brilliant mathematical past. Next his respected French friends would take him to the Opéra, the Comédie-Française, the Louvre — 'real France, you know, not those frivolous spectacles patronized only by Americans.' At the thought, he groaned and shuddered. He had not come to Paris to be 'uplifted' and bored again. He could get all the uplift he wanted from his books, and more boredom than was good for him right at home, in the poky little college town on the Pacific slope. This time he meant to see 'real Paris,' the Paris he had always read about, and of which he had ever been defrauded. He wanted Montmartre, the Moulin-Rouge, the Folies-Bergère, names no less magical than Napoleon's Tomb and the Eiffel Tower. He wanted to have his fling — within reason. He deserved it: fifty-seven, a great mathematician, a conscientious teacher, a blameless old bachelor. Almost an old maid.

Just a taste of this fabulous intoxicating Paradise, and he would return, content, to his modest quarters, his dingy classrooms, his everlasting equations. To-morrow he would be old, or at any rate ageless. To-day there was spring in the air, and he felt young. His tweeds sat tolerably well on his Viking frame. His Scandinavian blue eyes had kept their youthful candor: there is no better preservative than the higher mathematics. But this time it must indeed be 'the real thing' — no mere show of superficial naughtiness rigged up for the country cousins from Kiowa. 'The real thing,' he repeated softly to himself; his scientific thoroughness would be satisfied with no substitute. The Convention, Montmartre, the new bag; if, within three days, he had done justice to all three, he would feel he had won the Battle of Paris.

II

So he sallied forth, on conquest bent, along the darksome rue Saint-Sulpice, in the shadow of the great *barocco* church. No dim classical vault, incense-laden, picked out with twinkling tapers, no drone of chanting priest and shrill response of choir boys for him, this fine June morning! On to the busy, commonplace rue de Rennes, to the first leather-goods shop recommended by the omniscient concierge. A neat little shop, the window full of frivolous wallets, purses, handbags; but, inside, his respect for the place increased. There was a very fair show of suitcases, of all sizes and shades, of all materials from lowly brown canvas to genuine leather.

A bright little madame, buxom and alert, capably smiling, pulled down one bag after another for him, and, with an expectant upward glance, poured forth an unceasing Franco-American chirp. He understood very little, except that she was a friendly, courageous little body, who was very eager to effect a sale, and whom he would greatly like to oblige. So he smiled, his slow, quizzical, benevolent Nordic smile; but, alas! no bag in the shop would suit his fancy. Mere cowhide lined with buckram, the kind he could have got anywhere on Market Street, and at half the price too, in one of those perennial bankrupt sales. A few suitcases did have a jaunty, Parisian air — true *midinettes* of the leather world! Totally unfit for a leading mathematician, six foot two and fifty-seven. Anyway, a mere tyro among bell boys or redcaps would have smashed them or wrenched them to pieces even without trying. So he bowed and went, apologizing in his best American French, registering regret in every tone and feature; but he was so beaming with the joy of life that the little woman, overcoming her disappointment, smiled in return, a smile warm and sunny like a blessing.

On down the narrow rue Bonaparte, without a glance at the art shops; across the familiar bridge and the Louvre Gardens — wonders which he had always enjoyed vaguely, dumbly, without presuming to voice his admiration, for he was not a trained artist, and he despised those amateurs who venture beyond their appointed sphere. Avenue de l'Opéra: closing the vista, the mass of the grand theatre, a huge lump of architecture laden with tarnished jewelry, like an aging coquette — yet impressive, vital, unforgettable. But for the Opéra he had no eyes, for there, at the corner of the rue Saint-Roch, in a window full of splendid traveling articles, lay the bag of his dreams.

It was a marvelous creation of pigskin and heavy brass, elegant and substantial, rich without ostentation, capacious yet manageable. Half opened, it revealed a tray lined with suède. And Hans Gustav imagined the reverence with which the porter at the Royal Condé would handle such an aristocrat. Here was a patent case of preëstablished harmony. That bag and Hans Gustav Pedersen had been foreordained for each other. He came, he saw, he was conquered. The price? A mere trifle — 1200 francs.

A mere trifle? He awoke from his daydreaming. For the two fancies that had so long haunted his mind, Montmartre and the bag, he had set aside, after meticulous computations, a maximum of 1500 francs. And not even an Aberdonian could *do* Montmartre improperly on a paltry 300. It could not be done: the world authority on automorphic functions had reached the parting of the ways.

For the throng that jostled him, the June sunshine may have preserved its radiance; for Hans Gustav Pedersen, the gold had turned to ashen gray. Only the midday heat remained — a heat that was not even redeemed by fierceness, but was insidiously, oppressively mild. A crowded, rattling autobus took him back to the Latin Quarter.

He sought comfort as well as sustenance at Le Petit Cochon de Lait. But the labored picturesqueness of The Suckling Pig, and even a commendable *châteaubriand aux pommes*, failed to restore his cheerfulness. The aged Odéon across the street loomed more lugubrious than ever; its leprous walls seemed to exude the *tædium* of untold generations. . . . Why was pigskin so much more expensive than cowhide? Roast pork did not cost more than roast beef. . . . The eternal triangle: two conflicting desires, an emaciated purse. For such an equation the highest mathematics could find no solution.

As he walked along the boulevards again, in the late afternoon, he could not help noticing the taxis bulging with luggage — for Paris was in the thick of the Great Invasion. Pigskin, cowhide, fibre: aristocracy, bourgeoisie, rabble; by their bags they could be told. Would he be satisfied with anything short of the best? Was he not entitled to the visible sign of his intellectual prominence? He owed it to the mathematical profession! But then, would he have to turn homeward again, his thirst for romance unappeased? Just in order to impress the bell hop at the Royal Condé and his ilk? Still, worldly pleasures soon fade in the memory; a pigskin bag lasts a lifetime — at least if you don't reach extreme old age. And the battle went on indecisively in his uneasy soul.

He had planned to spend the early part of the evening, in orthodox fashion, at the Folies-Bergère. A mere appetizer. He brushed his pepper-and-salt suit; a silk handkerchief peeped saucily, but not impudently, out of his pocket, and he had changed to low black shoes. He could dance or not, as the spirit moved him. The spirit? *That* would move willingly enough, but how would he go about it? Would he conquer the ineradicable timidity of a lifetime? He longed for an experienced, indulgent, confidential friend; but he dreaded most of all to come across any of his colleagues.

The Folies show went easily enough.

Exquisite dancing; bewitching curves displayed without stint; lights that would clash and blend in the weirdest, most entrancing fashion; music that blared and drummed away every thought and care; words that possibly had a meaning (and maybe two), but which you did not need to bother to understand; there was no sense to it all, thank whatever gods may be! Just pure art, if you were not too squeamish about the definition of 'pure.'

A taxi to the Place Pigalle and Le Rat Mort, duly recommended by excellent authorities. Why a dead rat? Sheer absurdity, or French wit beyond his depth? Rat Mort, Amor? An allusion to ill-fated Polonius? Paris was so cryptic! He remembered a friend who expected Au Bœuf à la Mode to serve beef with ice cream. He felt exhilarated, slightly reckless, past straining at any rat, dead or alive.

A gorgeously uniformed porter opened the door of his taxi. But Hans Gustav asserted his manhood by moving haughtily away. Dead Rat indeed! He was not going to be rushed, for the only night he would spend at Montmartre, into something so blatantly commercial! This was not the real thing; Pigall's, on the other side of the street, was more alluring. On to Pigall's!

No, Pigall's would never do. Pompons and confetti flying; shrieks of laughter; effluvia of pungent perfumery; heat, drink, and smoke. Pleasure chased through such reek and din would be a sickly, bedraggled thing. And with firm, decided step he walked away from Pigall's.

A fine figure of a man, no doubt, as he forced his way through the crowded sidewalks—purposeful, masterful. But at heart he was despairing. He felt the mood of his compatriot Hamlet upon him: 'Not yet, not yet!' And it would ever be so. Before every Palace of Pleasure the ghost of his scholarly solitude would stand, and drive his desire away, sullen and untamed. He knew that, in the end, he would meekly sit on the *terrasse* of some café, sip an innocuous bock, and pretend that it was best — with hopeless rage in his soul.

III

He had wandered into a quieter street, — rue Fontaine, was it? — and his nervous irritation was yielding to the comparative obscurity and silence, and to the healing touch of the gentle night. A dark red lantern, an electric sign, attracted his attention: TROIKA, RUSSIAN DANCING. A handsome Cossack stood in the doorway and smiled invitingly. Was there a depth of timidity behind that smile that called unto the depths of Pedersen's shyness? He smiled in return and went in. Before he had come to himself, his hat and his coat had been taken away from him, and his retreat was cut off. Slightly dazed, but exulting in his own daring, he sat on the plush seat that ran round the wall.

The place was small — hardly larger than a private drawing-room. There was nothing gorgeous or bizarre about the dark walls and hangings; the light was subdued, yet there was no sense of gloom. A gypsy quartet played music that he could understand. There were very few 'guests'; across the floor, eight girls in bright Russian costumes were chatting in muffled tones, and glancing at him. Quite evidently they were talking him over, appraising him with practised eye; but he felt no embarrassment. The whole scene was strangely exhilarating and at the same time soothing to him. To be there at all was an achievement after his despairing quest. It was a haven of refuge from the brutal vulgarity of the noisier resorts. Those girls would probably pretend that they were princesses in exile: it is the stock in trade of every White Russian, and Bolshevism has multiplied the Muscovite aristocracy a hundredfold. He did not care: he was willing to play their game. Yes, they were exiles — and so was he. They would help him escape from that awful Montmartre that he had so eagerly sought, and from which he recoiled.

Among the girls there was an older woman, tall and dark, not so gayly dressed as the others. He did not stop to scan her features; he caught only the proud poise of her head, the pleasant contrast between her sombre dress and the healthy pallor of her face. She gave him a quiet, friendly, understanding look. Would he dare to ask her to join him? The waiter had placed champagne, cherries, and almonds before him; from time to time, he would give the bottle a turn in the pail of cracked ice. Some of the girls and Cossacks were now giving an exhibition dance in the centre of the floor. He had no eyes for them: his dark beauty was still gazing on, placidly, not stupidly; mysterious, yet not menacing. The gypsy music filled the room with strange nostalgic calls. Hans Gustav Pedersen had never been moved in such a way before, yet he had no sense of surprise or fear. It seemed as though he were entering into his heritage.

He beckoned to the host. 'Please ask this lady to join me, won't you?' She came, without reluctance and without hurry, with her quiet, sympathetic smile. A wonderful creature, so handsome and so self-possessed! He felt so safe with her, although throbbing with delight! Would she dance with him? Certainly. But he could only waltz? Waltzing was very nice. A waltz was requested, and she guided him firmly, gently, still smiling, round and round the room. He was happy beyond words, and a little out of breath. 'Now you must sit down and rest a little,' she was telling him in her clear, slightly guttural French. 'We shall have another dance later on.' He nodded approval. Wine and waltz had slightly impaired the mathematical clarity of his thought. Her words came to him muffled, remote, with blurred meaning: 'Her husband could not dance very long either'? Her husband? It did not really give him a pang that she should have a husband, although he answered, '*Très triste*,' with doubtful relevancy. Somehow, in the magic circling of the waltz, she had seemed to belong to him. . . . Preposterous! Such a splendid creature among the colorless faculty wives, in the sedate little college town! Champagne had gone to his head, no doubt. . . .

The gentle dream went on: warm hands in his hands, soft music in his ears, confidences exchanged and not remembered. The other guests had left; the musicians were placing their instruments in their cases; the waiter laid his bill on the table. Reality chasing away vague visions! The bill was enough to sober him, more efficiently than spirits of ammonia or onion soup. With a brave show of steadiness, he stood up, bowed before his partner, kissed her fingers, and slipped into her hand a crumpled blue note, vaguely identified; he hoped it was not outrageously too little — or too much. '*À demain!*' And she answered, '*À demain!*' with the same quiet, understanding smile. Bag or no bag, Congress or no Congress, he would be at the Troika to-morrow night — or was it this evening?

The memory of her smile, the haunting gypsy melodies, the thinning fumes of champagne, made the drive across Paris a moment's flight. Life was good. When, at the Royal Condé, he saw on the elevator the usual notice, *L'ascenseur ne marche pas*, he smiled with overflowing indulgence. How very French! What a nice little touch of the artistic temperament, even in modern machinery! There was but one Paris in the world! And so to bed, and no dreams.

IV

The *femme de chambre* drew the curtains and placed his *café au lait* beside him. The sun was well up, but the long heavy sleep had brought no refreshing. He had a definite sense of discomfort, and a vague sense of loss. His paper on automorphic functions? His watch? His passport, tickets, travelers' checks? No, something less familiar, yet more precious than all that — but what?

Then his eyes fell on the ancient suitcase, sprawling untidily in the middle of the floor — the horrible suitcase that he wanted to drown, and which seemed to cling to him with despairing energy. And the veil was lifted. He remembered his two great experiences of yesterday — the pigskin bag and the Lady of the Troika. And the old dread came upon him again; within a few hours, he would have to make a choice. He had not been quite so generous as he had hoped, or feared, last night; he still had 1200 francs to spare; the bag was not beyond his reach. The bag, or else two, three nights at the Troika. For the first time in his life, Hans Gustav cursed a world in which the highest mathematics were not so profitable a commodity as chewing gum.

He had to go to the Mecca of all travelers, the Opéra district, where American banks, newspaper offices, and tourist agencies grow in serried ranks. Sophisticated globe-trotters follow that daily ritual as piously as Gopher Prairie folks meet the afternoon train. And at the corner of the rue Saint-Roch he saw the bag of his dreams. The Hamlet strain again! Ever 'Not yet'! He rushed inside the shop, pointed to the bag, flung down the cash, and walked off with his prey — erect, indomitable, a berserker fiercely roaming the world; wondering at every step whether he could muster courage to return and try to get his money back.

Still, it was pleasant, as he had surmised, to watch the approving glance of taxi driver and hotel porter; happiness consists in impressing those we despise. The old bag was flung away, and the room was transformed. Self-confidence, pride, and joy seemed to radiate from the pigskin beauty. It would mark a new era in Hans Gustav's life. And, as he passed his finger tips voluptuously over the suède lining, he repeated with a blissful smile, 'The real thing!'

Then, on the table, he saw the programme of the Troika: a picture of the entertainers in a group; in the centre, tall, dark, proud, and friendly, mysterious yet understanding, the lady he had promised to meet again to-night.

He toyed with the marvelous brass fittings of the pigskin bag. 'The real thing!' he repeated.

But there was an imperceptible crack in his voice.

KEEPING STEP WITH SPEECH

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY

I

EVERYONE who has studied the pronunciation of English words realizes the difficulties that must be faced by persons who wish to establish a uniform system according to which all international differences of speech can be harmonized. It is commonly known that on both sides of the Atlantic where English is used almost as many types of the language are spoken as there are large cities or states, county towns or counties.

Looking over the list of terms that are different in pronunciation or accentuation in the speech common to the people of the United States and the people of the United Kingdom, it is necessary to bear in mind that many words met only in books or very seldom spoken have no established pronunciation, and these are uttered or read occasionally as analogy or principle indicates. Many of these terms are mere dictionary words, frequently selected by the aspirant to literary distinction for the purpose of being different from anyone else. The words treated here are words in current use, and the treatment presented assumes that correctness in pronunciation, like correctness in diction, in general depends upon the consensus of usage. Obviously, correct English pronunciation should be determined by the best and widest usage among the English-speaking races. No exception can properly be taken to a manner of pronouncing a word that is general among the educated classes of these people. Occasionally forms that are used by even a few only of the great speakers may call for consideration and possibly record. The dictionary's, particularly the New Standard Dictionary's, recognized aim, after having ascertained the facts concerning English usage in pronunciation, is to place them on the record, indicating at the same time that which it considers best usage.

In his *Pronunciation of Standard English in America*, Professor Krapp, of Columbia University, emphasizes the fact that 'most cultivated persons in America to-day, and an increasing number in England, are more or less self-conscious about their speech. Yet everybody knows that there is no type of speech uniform and accepted in practice by all persons in America. In England differing opinions are held on the question of standard speech,' and the good Professor claims that the general public seems pretty well agreed that the English of the southern counties of England has greater right to be regarded as standard than any other form of British speech.

On the other hand, Dr. Daniel Jones, head of the Department of Phonetics of London University, has told us that the standard speech in England is that of the schoolboy of the great public boarding schools. 'The English public school accent,' he says, 'is the most uniform, and it is the only pronunciation common to various parts of England,' and so upon this pronunciation Dr. Jones based his *English*

Pronouncing Dictionary. But the English themselves are not in harmony with the recommendations of their experts. From the pages of a condensed dictionary, said to be adapted by the Fowler brothers from a larger work, we learn, for example, that in the condensation the pronunciations of the *magnum opus* planned and edited by the late Sir James A. H. Murray, although 'they have been consulted and noted, *have not always been followed.*' This statement may be applied also to other lexicons published oversea. The result is lack of harmony in the pronunciation of such words as 'cottage,' sometimes indicated *kot'age,* whereas the normal pronunciation of the term is *kot'ej.* 'Furniture,' 'knowledge,' and 'often' are other simple words over the pronunciation of which English dictionary-makers are at loggerheads. Whenever the pronunciation of his native tongue is challenged, the average Englishman takes the attitude that it is his mother tongue; that he himself is autocrat of its pronunciation, and that no one else has any right to criticize or comment upon his priceless inheritance. Self-righteousness in matters of speech only produces pronunciation-consciousness, and whenever one is subject to this weakness one's utterance becomes formal and stilted instead of naturally smooth.

On this side of the Atlantic, we are a word-ridden people. Our sum of literary coinage is much greater than that of any other nation, but none of us have worried ourselves to any great extent about the differences and distinctions that exist in the manner of putting over what we want to say. George Bernard Shaw, speaking before the British Association, took occasion to refer to the muttered inanities of hostesses as they welcomed or sped their guests, and characterized the speeches used on such occasions as 'mumble-jumble and parrot-talk.' On this occasion, he suggested that the people of England 'find a standard actor whose English is unchallengeable; then set him up as a standard, saying, "This is good enough. If you come within a reasonable distance of it, you will be all right."' The other philologists do not like the idea of acquiring speech via the golden-calf type, and each one has his own views or axe to grind. So, when doctors disagree, who shall decide?

It is much the same with us. A man from Mississippi asked a woman from New York whether she could note any trace of British English in his speech. She insisted that he had a British accent. The man had never gone north of Mason and Dixon's line until years after he had left college, and since that time he had been living in Alberta. He used 'leftenant' unconsciously, and although from Mississippi, but bearing an English name, he made use of other words common to the race of his forbears. His speech demonstrated the fact that what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh.

II

The genial Irish critic, St. John Ervine, believes our affirmative *yah, yuh,* and *yehah* are all corruptions of the word 'yes'; but some years ago the *Literary Digest* availed itself of an opportunity to point out that this was a variation of the Old English *yea,* or a reintroduction thereof, now pronounced as if written *yey,* but pronounced as a diphthong, *yeh-ah,* in Shakespeare's time. *Yep* may be as careless and snappy as it is common among the younger generation, but it has spread to the mouths of those who know better, and who first made use of it humorously, but who now use it permanently. In the United States one very seldom hears a good sibilant assent 'yes,' even in highly educated circles, nowadays.

A little attention to what we are saying would save us from speaking of being 'abzorbed' when we mean 'absorbed,' and of overcoming 'difficalties' when we mean 'difficulties'; or of saying 'yestidy' for 'yesterday,' 'entervene' for 'intervene,' 'pronosticate' for 'prognosticate' (for that is one of the words in which the *g* is sounded, not silent), 'Bogo'ta' for 'Bo″gotah',' 'perticler' for 'particular,' 'Monac'o' for 'Mon'aco,' or better still 'Mo-nah'co.' By looking up words with which we are unfamiliar, we can frequently save our faces and avoid ridicule — such ridicule as *pro-doos'* and *rec'antation* are likely to bring to our doors.

Correct pronunciation of any language is that used by the better-educated classes in any good locality. A certain well-spoken actor, written down as hopeless and characterized as provincial and suburban because he persisted in pronouncing 'England' and 'English' as they are written, instead of as they are commonly heard on the lips of the people of the tight little island, 'Ingland' and 'Inglish,' was chided by a famous playwright for so doing. This led to a prolonged argument, during which the actor stood his ground and insisted upon this so-called mispronunciation. Finally the playwright, who was none other than Sir Arthur Pinero, surrendered. 'Have it your own way,' he said; 'I don't wish to rob you of any laughs in this part.' The actor did so and jarred some of his audience into the realization that he was striving to correct another absurdity. Now there is no more sound reason why *e* should be turned into *i* in 'England' and 'English' than *a* in 'make' and 'take' should be turned into *y*, and spoken as *myke* and *tyke*, or *e* in 'derby' or 'clerk' turned into *a*. To those thousands of fine young women whose efficiency saves the country from being ridiculed, the word *sec're-ta-ry* is one of four syllables and not, as some of our recent importations from Great Britain would have it, one of merely two — *secr'try*.

The true purpose of speech is to say much in a few words; get the maximum of effectiveness with the minimum of effort. Anyone who wishes to convince himself that only a small percentage of persons use American speech clearly and forcefully can do so without going farther than his office chair, and listening to the speech of the persons who come in during the day. Not one of us in fifty speaks English so that it is clean-cut and clear, or free from colloquialisms, coarseness, or vulgarity; not one in twenty expresses his thought in delicate, elegant, and beautiful words. Very few persons — and among them many native-born Americans of English-speaking stock, and men and women born in England — really pronounce correctly. To this day the American says 'hostil' while the Englishman prefers 'hostyle'; the American usually aspirates the *h* in 'humble,' but some educated Englishmen still speak of 'an *umble* and a contrite heart.' This class refers to 'an *abit*ual criminal, an *os*pital, an *is*tory, an *is*torical novel, and an *otel*,' where the American says 'a *h*abitual criminal, a *h*ospital, a *h*istory, a *h*istorical novel, and a *h*otel.'

Although our colloquial speech is careless, the speech common to the English is slovenly. They are given to dropping the *h*, smothering the *r*, maltreating the *a*, and mouthing the *o*. Objection has repeatedly been made to the prevalent English practice of breaking down the vowels in the unstressed syllables used in conversation, yet fault is found also with us for striving to attain precise uniformity of vocalization. Among certain other racial peculiarities that perplex those who speak English, the words 'again' and 'been' are repeatedly cited as examples. *A-gain'* is repeatedly heard on the air and is occasionally heard in common speech, and before long the English *been* will be assimilated at the expense of the American *bin.*

The number of persons whose pronunciations accord strictly with the usage indicated by the particular dictionaries that they claim to accept as authority is limited. Thirty years ago the pronunciation of New England was based upon the work of Joseph Worcester. That of the states abutting New York followed Webster. When the Standard Dictionary and the New Standard Dictionary were issued by the Funk and Wagnalls Company, the pronunciations, indicated by Dr. Francis A. March, Sr., reflected the best American usage, and this venerable Anglo-Saxon and English scholar took particular pains to see that every word submitted to him was correctly pronounced.

In the House of Commons recently, Sir Alfred Knox warned the British President of the Board of Trade against 'the encroaches of the dangerous American language,' as if our good friends across the sea had not already provided a few dangers of their own! As a result of the contact of the men of the American Expeditionary Force with British-speaking troops other than the Canadian, an un-American pronunciation of English was brought back to our shores from oversea. Not so very long ago, St. John Ervine described this as 'an emasculated utterance.' It is this very pronunciation that has been responsible for so much slovenly speech on both sides of the Atlantic. Unfortunately for us, the maxim 'Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise' has been taken literally, and is lived up to rigidly every day by persons who should know better. Thirty years ago the pronunciation of the word *in'ter-est-ing* was a guide to the social position of the person who made use of it in England. To-day this word has suffered, in common with a great many others, from a strange departure in the way of its correct pronunciation — *in'tris-ting,* to which further reference will be made.

There was a time when the Australians were not particularly proud of the quality of English spoken under the Southern Cross — English that was constantly the butt of the Australian press. That day seems to have passed, and, if we may cite Sir George Hubert Wilkins as typifying the best that the continent can produce, the Australians have every reason to be proud. It is true that Sir George Hubert clips occasionally, as when uttering such words as 'interested, territory, meteorology, particularly, contrary, and laboratories,' but that is a British characteristic. His enunciation is clean-cut, clear, crisp, and magnetic; his tonal quality charming to the point of fascination. All in all, he speaks his mother tongue admirably.

III

Bearing in mind that there is no absolute standard of authority for all English-speaking peoples to-day, and that the standard accepted is the best usage of educated persons in every country, state, city, county, or region, pronunciation must and will vary widely among persons of equal intelligence and cultivation. The institution that purposes to establish on a solid base an authoritative standard is bound to take into account the whole practice of the entire body of educated men who are entitled to consideration over all the world. How, then, is this practice to be ascertained? There is little doubt that, even if everybody worth consulting could be consulted, we should still be left in the same state of uncertainty as if they had not been consulted. Jealousy fostered by racial antagonisms and opposition would assert themselves, as they did in the days when Samuel Johnson and Thomas Sheridan walked the earth, or when Lord Chesterfield and Sir William Yonge quarreled over the pronunciation of the words 'great' and 'state.' Samuel Johnson was jealous that Sheridan should attempt to fix the pronunciation of English words, and he protested against any Irishman attempting to do this. All was not plain sailing then, nor is it to-day.

Here are two words, both of two syllables, 'adjourn' and 'sojourn.' The first is correctly pronounced with the accent upon the last syllable — *a-jurn';* the second with the accent upon the first — *so'jurn.* In both words the *u* approximates to *u* in 'burn.' The pronunciation of 'sojourn' as here given is indicated uniformly by American, English, and Scottish dictionaries, but the New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (N. E. D.) gives *suj'ern, soj'ern,* and *so'jern,* in the order noted here, as reflecting usage in Great Britain.

In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act III, Sc. 2, l. 171), a play appearing in 1595, the stress is on the last syllable; but in *King Lear* (Act II, Sc. 1, l. 105), a play written in 1605, the stress is placed upon the first syllable. By Milton the noun was stressed on the first syllable in one poem and on the second in another; see *Paradise Lost* (Book III, l. 15), published in 1667, and *Paradise Regained* (Book III, l. 235), appearing in 1671. Modern dictionaries stress 'sojourn' on the first syllable and 'adjourn' on the last.

The word 'gladiolus,' as the generic name of an Old World plant of the iris family, is pronounced *gla-dai'o-lus* — the *ai* being pronounced as in 'aisle,' and the *u* as in 'but.' But the same word, used as a plant name and not a generic name, in the flower market is pronounced *glad-i-o'lus* — *a* as in 'at,' *i* as in 'habit,' *o* as in 'go,' and *u* as in 'but.' The plural of the generic name is commonly *gladi'oli,* and in pronouncing it both of the *i*'s should be given the diphthongal sound of *ai* as in 'aisle.' The plural *gladio'luses* is commonly used in the flower market, but there are some persons who apply this plural to the generic name. For this reason both forms are placed on record.

In our own time, the word 'demonstrate' is pronounced with the stress on the first syllable or on the second, and so we hear *dem'on-strate* or *de-mon'-strate.* Both pronunciations occur in Shakespeare, but the first recorded here is now preferred in the United States, while the second is accepted in the United Kingdom. 'If you say *dem'onstrate,* why do you not say *rem'onstrate?*' asked the late Professor Lounsbury in his work, *The Standard of Pronunciation in English,* several years ago, and he continued: 'Well, the latter word will not have its back broken if people should choose to so pronounce it. To the question itself there is but one answer. The users of speech do not say *rem'onstrate* for the reason that they never had a disposition to do so.'

Medial *t,* as in 'listen,' and the like, is unlike midday 'tea,' for the first is silent and the second is noted generally for garrulity or the brilliancy of its conversation. When followed by *le* or *en,* as in 'apostle, castle, epistle, thistle, whistle, and wrestle,' or as in 'chasten, moisten, fasten, hasten, listen,' and so forth, medial *t* should go unpronounced. Whatever the modern tendency may be, the speaker who, in his address on the correct pronunciation of English, says he prefers *of'n* to *of'-ten* is on the winning side, for no pronouncing dictionary with a reputation to lose ever sounds medial *t* in such words as 'Christmas, mistletoe, ostler, chestnut, often,' and so forth.

Following Shakespeare as our guide for the pronunciation of the word 'contemplate,' we know that the stress was placed on the first syllable in his day, and although he frequently varied the position of the accent in his lines, he never shifted it with this word. In our own time, however, *con'template* is recorded as the accepted pronunciation of American dictionaries and the only English dictionary worthy of the name — the New Standard, the International, and Murray's New English Dictionary. But Ogilvie and Annandale, as well as Stormonth in Scotland and Hunter in England, as late as 1882 indicated the stress upon the second syllable — *con-tem'plate*, which pronunciation was accepted by Dr. William D. Whitney for the edition of the Century Dictionary issued under his editorship. Dr. Whitney here took over a Scottish pronunciation that had been advocated in the United States by Joseph Worcester in the dictionary that he published in 1859.

John Walker passed the following comment on the word in the edition of his work issued in 1797: 'The very prevailing propensity to pronounce *contemplate* with the accent on the first syllable is a propensity that ought to be checked'; but how much the other philologists thought of their colleague's opinion is shown by the fact that twelve out of fourteen of the earlier lexicographers, from Johnson to Worcester, indicated the stress on the second syllable, while modern usage has supported the accentuation on the first. Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson used both *con'tem-plate* and *con-tem'plate*, but the latter was preferred by orthoëpists to the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Thereafter the former prevailed, and is accepted as best usage to-day.

The pronunciation of 'interesting' is uniformly recorded by the dictionaries as consisting of four distinct syllables, yet in England, in our own time, the tendency has been to pronounce it as if it consisted only of three. 'How *in'tris-ting!*' is a commonplace of fashionable circles. This tendency to suppress syllables is more noticeable in other words, such as 'laboratory, deliberately, dictionary, extraordinary, hosiery, secretary, secondary, military, oratory, purgatory,' of which, in English practice, the penultimate syllable is commonly suppressed. Some expert has told us that speech energy extends from a frequency of 60 cycles to above 6000, with an average of about 200 cycles. The vowel sounds carry most of the energy of speech and their important frequencies lie below 3000 cycles. The consonants are the characteristic quips and quirks with which the syllables begin and end, weak in energy but important to intelligibility. In frequency they are rather high, some involving vibrations attaining to a frequency of 6000 cycles or even higher. The speech energy output of the normal voice has been found to be at the rate of about 125 ergs per second, and computations reveal that if we could have a million persons talking steadily, and were able to convert the energy of their voice vibrations into heat, these people would have to talk for an hour and a half to produce enough heat to make a cup of tea, and yet we are charged with being the sole purveyors of 'hot air'!

SOUTH SEA FAIRYLANDS

A Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

January 9. — We arrived at the atoll of Manihiki this morning, and Captain Thomson went ashore to see our trader, Henry McDonald. There are heavy seas on the reef which surrounds this island, fifty yards or so from shore. The combers rise fully twenty feet to crash down with a deafening roar, flinging spray high in the air, and forming a cloud of mist between us and the land. To cross such a reef is hazardous even with the best of boatmen; with an inexperienced boat's crew it would mean certain death. To-day Captain Thomson had to wait in the offing nearly an hour before there was a momentary lull sufficient to let him get across.

Manihiki is a lonely little island with as gentle and pretty a people as there is in Polynesia. The women are soft little creatures with fawning, voluptuous manners; the men a happy-go-lucky set who have much tolerance for the weaknesses of their women — weaknesses for which they are responsible. From the offing we can see, through a cloud of reef spray, the white coral church, the schoolhouse, and the government building with their bright red roofs breaking the monotony of blue sea and green islet. Behind the big buildings are the wattle-and-thatch huts of the Manihikians, with here and there a brightly painted European house, merging into the coconut groves until they are lost among the shadows. But down lanes cut across the island we can catch glimpses, far across the land, of the lagoon, dotted with islets, sparkling in the midday sun.

Toward evening the seas on the reef had increased to such an extent that I knew it would be impossible for the Captain to leave the shore on this side of the island, so I sailed the schooner around to the lee side, and lay off and on close to the reef. Soon I saw, between two islets, a sailing canoe crossing the lagoon. It beached on a bank of sand and a few moments later I made out the Captain crossing the shallows to the reef. I sent the ship's boat off and brought him aboard.

He told me that I might go ashore, and as this was my first chance to stretch my legs since leaving Rarotonga, I dressed and climbed into the boat. Food and Second-Return went with me. They are Manihiki boys, as is Ropes, who went ashore in the morning with the Captain.

We landed on the reef and waded through the shallows from one tiny islet to another, and soon came to the main islet. There we followed the lagoon beach, watching the schools of mullet leap out of the water as they finned away, their silver bodies flashing in the evening light. They moved with marvelous coördination, a hundred fish leaving the water at the same instant and returning to it with a single splash. It was dusk by the time we reached the outskirts of the village. There the sailors left me while I walked to Dan Ellis's little thatch house near the lagoon beach.

Dan is one of the traders in the village of Tauhunu, while his brother, Ben Ellis, is the principal trader in Tukau Village, five miles across the lagoon. Dan is a fine specimen of a man, about six feet two, and with two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle. He and his wife, a Manihiki girl, welcomed me as an old friend.

On entering the house I found Henry McDonald sprawled in a steamer chair. Henry has always reminded me of the Dutchmen Rip Van Winkle met in the Catskills. He has the same pointed ears, long and bulbous nose, wily lift to his eyebrows, and short crooked limbs. His skin, as dry as parchment, is deeply wrinkled around green eyes that are both malignant and cunning. All he needs to fill his gnomish part is a skullcap with a tassel, a green doublet, thigh boots, and a lantern hooked to his belt. Though Henry is cunning, his tricks are evident. He has little imagination, and he could not have succeeded in his rascalities anywhere except among credulous natives. In one breath he admits that he is a rascal and in the next brags about his honesty, and how such respectable merchants as Bunkley and Charlie Brown of Papeete put absolute confidence in his integrity.

He met me with a servile leer and immediately started talking about himself — how he was getting most of the copra on the island, obtaining fabulous prices for his goods, making thousands buying *pi-pi* pearls. Dan poured us a few glasses of raisin wine and tried to get a word in edgewise; but it was useless. Soon Henry started to lament the recent death of McLeod of Atiu. He swore that he, Henry McDonald, was the best friend McLeod ever had, and he told us how he had decided to adopt McLeod's infant son — the one who had come north with us.

'It's a thankless job, adopting these half-caste brats,' Henry whined.

Dan, a half-caste of the finest type, a thousand times more credit to the white race than Henry, flushed, but said nothing.

Henry went on: 'But I'll do it in memory of my dear old friend McLeod. I'd do anything for Mac, I would; he could have the shirt off my back! This brat that I'm adopting will steal everything I've got, and desert me when I need him most; but I'll put up with it for dear old Mac's memory!'

I was furious, for I knew that McLeod had despised the little rascal as much as do all the traders in these islands. I said, with no attempt at a friendly tone: 'Of course, Ben Ellis will be fool enough to let you have his grandson. He won't think that you are after the Ellis and McLeod properties, for of course Ben does n't realize that McLeod's boy is the only male descendant in both families. You are a poor schemer, Henry; your crooked little plans are too evident. Imagine any respectable man trusting his son with you!'

It is impossible to insult Henry McDonald; he glories in his depravity. Now he smiled fatuously while muttering something about how all white men should stick together.

I turned to Dan and asked him to take a turn through the village with me; we left Henry without any ceremony. A few yards from the house we stepped into the deep shadows under a *tamanu* tree, and waited for Henry to leave. We could see him in the house, emptying the raisin-wine bottle and gulping its contents down. I glanced at him with amusement, for Henry drinking is always a comical sight. He stood close to the lamp, in full view through the open door. We could see his long nose penetrating far into the glass; one eye was closed and the other cocked open until it was quite round, with the eyebrow arched nearly to the scalp. His long pointed ears added to the drollery of the sight, as did his Adam's apple, which is abnormally large and oscillates mightily when he swallows.

When he had finished the wine, his little green eyes pried about the room until they discovered a cigar lying on top of the cupboard; a moment later he left the house smoking the cigar. He passed within a few feet of Dan and me, but he could not see us because it was quite dark, and there is no moon to-night.

Dan and I returned and had supper. Afterward the big man bid me good-night and left. He is sleeping in a little house on the end of the wharf where his store is situated, and has left the main house entirely to me.

I sit on the roofless verandah under the stars, smoke a cigarette, and write my journal. The wind blows against me delightfully. It is a caress; it is like the soft fine hair of a woman. I can hear the little waves splashing against the coral wharf and jingling the gravel on the beach. There is a susurration among the leaves overhead, and from somewhere inland comes the strange harmony of the *himené* singers. Never have I enjoyed an atoll evening as I do this one. Perhaps it is because I am a sailor again, working hard, eating poorly, breathing the stench of a cockroach schooner, and never lying down without the disquieting knowledge that in less than four hours I shall be called to go on deck. This gives me something with which I can contrast the fascination of a still night by an atoll lagoon.

Some figures have broken from the shadows to the left of the house. I shall call them in.

Later. — They were two boys and two girls, eight to twelve years old. One of the boys carried a ukulele. They sat on the floor beside me and, without any sign of embarrassment, started an animated conversation, telling me all kinds of gossip about husbands who had been unfaithful to their mistresses, and so forth. Then the boy with the ukulele struck a few chords, and with a volatile rush of spirits they started singing: —

'*Titoutou mai te vaine Manihiki*
Mei te manu rai pitate.
Pitate, pitate, pitate, -tate, -tate.'

(Graceful is the Manihiki maiden
Like the great bird, a peacock.
A peacock, a peacock, a peacock, peacock, peacock.)

The two girls and one of the boys jumped to their feet, and as the ukulele player strummed the strings they danced with the peculiar abandon of the Manihikians.

Abruptly the player struck up another rhythm. The boy dancer leaped in front of the two girls, and as he knocked his knees together and moved his hips and shoulders in time with the music all the children sang: —

'*Te vaine roa ei!*
Te vaine poto ei!
Te is ra oe, te vaine poto?
Uka, uka, teterevete;
Paru, paru, teterevete, ah!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah — ah!'

(Oh, the little short girl, ah!
Oh, the great big tall girl, ah!
Where can be my sweet little short girl?
Pliant, pliant, like the velvet;
Supple, supple, like the velvet, ah!
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah — ah!)

The older of the two girls danced with exulting abandon, giving one the impression that there was something ritual in each movement of her body. There was not the effect of effort that one usually notices in young dancers; she danced as she would play, as though it were the most natural thing in the world — as though, perhaps, there were something more profound, a magic or an enchantment, in her movements. Presently the other two children sat before her, and as the ukulele player warmed to his music the little girl danced alone, unaware of her audience, oblivious of everything but the rhythm of music and graceful motion.

As I watched her it was difficult to believe that the same world held sailing ships, brutality, sickness, scheming traders; yet, only a few hundred yards from this strange and beautiful creature, born by mistake into a sordid world, lived Henry McDonald with his schemes to acquire the McLeod and Ellis properties by adopting the 'half-caste brat'; with his plans to cheat his customers out of another penny a tin on boiled beef, to gain a ton by sprinkling his copra with salt water. And out on the ship was the brutal life forced upon one by grim necessity; while farther away was civilization, where the fundamental beauties of life were lost ages ago.

It was after midnight when the dancers departed. I went into the house and, throwing a mat on the floor, slept with my head at the doorway; and I dreamt that all the beauty of Manihiki was real and not the dream that it appeared in waking hours.

January 10. — Captain Thomson came ashore in the afternoon. He told me that we must both be aboard tonight, for the barometer is dropping, and there may be a blow from the north.

When I said good-bye to Dan I asked him what I could bring him from America. He rubbed his hands together, glancing down at me with great satisfaction. 'A pair of shoes,' he said. 'Yellow ones with bulldog toes — light-yellow ones with flashy caps and broad shoe laces and big eyes. Size twelve and a half, extra wide!'

Midnight. — On reaching the ship, Andy decided to sail to Rakahanga, twenty-two miles to windward, where he believes he can boat copra over the reef on the south side. We are beating against a head wind now; the sky is overcast with ragged clouds that tell of high winds raging above us.

January 11. — We came up to the reef on the south side of Rakahanga at six this morning, and went to work landing cargo for our trader, Tommy Eustace.

In the evening, after we had washed down decks and were through for the day, a boat came off with a note from the Captain saying that he would stay ashore for the night and telling me to sail well away from the island.

The heat, the work, and the gallons of water I have consumed have given me a burning acid stomach, with the consequent nervousness. The barometer is falling rapidly, and is now three tenths below normal; the wind has shifted to the north, and there is a sinister bank of clouds rising above the horizon. I may be in for three or four days of stormy weather. If the masts were sound this would be a relief, as I could heave to the schooner and rest; but I do not like to be aboard this old wreck alone in stormy weather, for if anything goes wrong the blame will naturally be put on me.

Ten o'clock. — At seven I put the schooner on the starboard tack with reefed sails, and started beating up to windward. A long rain squall is screaming over the schooner now, and the wind is shifting to the northwest, the worst quarter for storms. I cannot for a moment forget that two rotten masts are hanging over me. Well, if they go to-night, any of us who are killed by their crashing down may be saved a worse death in the North Atlantic. The more I think of it, the more impossible it seems that we shall ever make the coast of California!

January 12. — There was no sleep for any of us last night. By midnight the wind had increased to such a gale that I had to turn out both watches to take in the jib and double reef the fore and main sails. When I went forward to wake Ropes, the fat little Manihikian refused to get up, saying that this was his watch below. Ropes is inclined to be cheeky. As this is the first time I have been in charge of the schooner, I thought it would be a fine opportunity to establish my authority. I caught hold of him by the shoulders and jerked him out of his berth, letting him fall as hard as possible on the floor, four feet below. Jumping to his feet with a sputter of Manihiki profanity, he drew back his fist. I did not give him time to strike, but whirled him around and sent him flying out of the forecastle! After that he was quite willing to help with the sails. I do not look for any further trouble from him.

This may appear to be unnecessary brutality, but it is not. Many a time in the course of a voyage a moment's delay will mean the loss of the ship and all hands; and when a sailor believes he can ignore the orders of his officers, he has at that moment put the ship in jeopardy. Also, it is much kinder to teach a lesson once and well than continually to nag a sailor.

We worked nearly three hours on the sails. Several of the boys being ashore, it was a heartless job getting in the reefs, but by three in the morning it was done; then we went to work putting lashings on the reef boat and a number of empty gasoline drums that were rolling about in the waist. By the time everything was shipshape morning had come. I then brought the ship on the other tack, using the engine to come about, and sailed back toward Rakahanga. By evening we sighted the island, so I tacked again, and am now standing out to sea.

The wind is milder to-night, but still it blows a gale. The old ship labors heavily without a good cloud of canvas to steady her. I can give her no more, for even now, at each lurch and roll, I feel my muscles tighten with the expectation of the masts coming down on our heads.

Sunday, January 13. — This morning the sky was clear and the wind back in its proper quarter in the northeast. At daybreak the island was about five miles to windward, so I told Pepe to start the engine and we steamed up to the southwest reef, where we lay off and on for the rest of the day.

I slept most of the morning, but during the afternoon watch I lay in my berth reading *Cyrano de Bergerac* for the fiftieth time. Sometimes, setting the book to one side, I watched the reef islets from my porthole as we sailed slowly past them. Of all the islands in the South Seas, Puka-Puka and Rakahanga are my favorites. They are both atolls, and, though most of the traders favor the high islands, they have no fascination for me. The beauty of a mountain is more than I can grasp; I stare at it and turn away dazed, retaining no concrete impression of its beauty. But an atoll is within my grasp; I can glance at it and understand it, afterward holding a palpable impression of what I have seen. I wonder if it is not the same with most people, and they are only dazed or confused when they think they are thrilled with the beauty of a mountainous prospect?

Night. — This evening the Captain came aboard with a number of passengers for Manihiki. He told me that he was quite at ease during the blow, knowing that I would do everything in my power for the safety of the ship. We are now on our way back to Manihiki, and as the wind is fair we expect to be off the reef shortly after midnight.

January 16 (Manihiki). — Captain Thomson returned from a visit ashore this morning with a worried expression. 'Poor old Henry!' he said when I met him on deck. 'He's about gone! His heart is giving out and he is lying back on his bed unable to move!'

Andy was silent as we entered the cabin. Then he said: 'Ropati, I feel like a dog when I think of all the mean things I have said about him. After all, he has been one of us up here in the Line Islands — one of the oldest traders. He has seen his days of plenty and his hard times, and he's done all of us many a good turn. He said to me, "Andy, I've lived my life and I've got no regrets. I've been a rascal and that's what people will remember about me; but I've been a good friend too, though nobody will think about that when I'm gone. I'm dying, Andy," he gasped, "and there ain't a soul will weep a tear except my old Tahitian girl, and her tears will dry pretty quick when she finds that I have n't left her as much as she expected!"'

I found myself remarkably cold. I wanted to say something about his death being a good riddance; but I could not when I noticed the genuine concern on Andy's wholesome face.

January 17. — This morning we landed two boatloads of trade goods, but by nine o'clock the reef had become too rough to work. Captain Thomson went ashore and found Henry still alive and possibly a little better. He begged the Captain to take him away, claiming that if he could get to Penrhyn Island and catch the *Tiare* with Dr. Christie aboard there might be some hope of his reaching Tahiti alive, and there he could die in peace.

'For God's sake, Andy!' he pleaded. 'I'm an old man and my time is at hand, and it's terrible to think of dying on this God-forsaken island. In Tahiti I have friends who will plant me out with the rest of the boys in the Teperuae Cemetery; here I'll be stuck in the sand with the Kanakas. If you've any humanity, Andy, take me away!'

Andy was deeply affected. He asked me what I thought he should do.

'Leave him,' I answered promptly. 'If you take him away without a proper stock-taking, and let him slip away to Tahiti, he will steal everything he can lay his hands on; and when you return to Rarotonga and McKegg finds you have done this on your own initiative he will discharge you.'

'Henry is too far gone to think of stealing now.'

'Don't you believe it. He may be sick, but Henry is never too sick to steal.'

'Then what am I going to do?' Andy asked in an irritated tone. 'I can't refuse the last request of a dying man; it would be on my conscience for the rest of my days.'

We dropped the subject, but later in the day the Captain decided to return to Rakahanga and get Tommy Eustace to relieve Henry.

To make a long story short, it turned out, as Dan Ellis told us, that Henry was malingering. When we sailed to Rakahanga for his relief he was foolish enough to jump out of bed, drink a bottle of gin, and brag to some of his cronies about how he would buy pearls in Penrhyn and start a big hotel in Tahiti with the proceeds. Of course that settled the Henry McDonald problem.

January 24. — Back in Rakahanga again. In the evening two Rakahanga girls came off with their luggage and paid their passage to Penrhyn Island. We had our copra stowed by dark, and at last cleared away for Penrhyn Island, our last port of call this side of San Francisco.

The girl passengers sat on the midshiphouse deck to-night. One played a guitar while the other sang and danced. About ten o'clock a squall came down upon us, pelting us with a volley of rain and driving the passengers below. It is raining and blowing hard as I write this, at midnight.

January 25 (Lat. 9.55 S.; Long. 160.15 W.) — We have been beating against a head wind since leaving Rakahanga, making about thirty miles a day toward Penrhyn Island. Captain Thomson has turned the schooner over to me, to get me in shape for the long run north, I suppose. He seems quite at ease, comfortably established in his berth most of the time, reading my two volumes of *Don Quixote*. At meals he often quotes some striking passage.

Everything that Noel does comes to grief, especially his stews and curries. Each day his cooking becomes worse, in spite of our threats and entreaties. Last night Six-Seas told me that the food he gives the sailors is nauseating — half-cooked or burnt rice, and tinned beef that he has not bothered to warm. Andy threatens to thrash him and I have asked him to give me notice when it takes place.

January 29 (Lat. 9.35 S.; Long. 157.59 W.) — I hope to make land tomorrow. I am sailing on short tacks of twelve hours each, for the wind shifts a point to the east during the day and a point to the north at night.

This schooner is as bad as a steamer. Ten times a day the lady passengers ask when we shall make land, and, as I give them vague replies, they are beginning to believe that I do not know, which is quite true. Last night I told them that we have missed the island, and are beating back and forth hunting for it. They are quite dismayed.

January 30. — At 10 A.M., having taken double chronometer sights, I found that we had worked to windward forty-two miles since yesterday noon! There must be a favorable current helping us. When I told Captain Thomson that he should sight land at two this afternoon, he replied that I had made a mistake in working out my sights.

At noon, as I was taking a meridian altitude for latitude to check up my other observations, land was sighted from the masthead. A few moments later the Captain came on deck and took charge, telling me that he had no fault to find with the way I handled the ship, except that I had been two hours in error in my calculation as to when we should sight Penrhyn. I replied that I had calculated on sighting land from the deck; but he paid no attention to this excuse, only wagging his head and muttering that many a ship has been piled high and dry because of less error.

He sent Pepe below to start the engine, and with all canvas close-hauled we were able to make the lee of the land.

At two o'clock, in sweating up the main purchase, the block aloft came adrift and the mainsail fell. Captain Thomson was on deck at the time with Food and the cook. He jumped under the main boom and Food ran to the windward side of the ship. Noel, being a landsman, did not realize the danger. The block struck him a glancing blow on the skull, cutting a gash to the bone four inches long. He fell, while the block, completing its downward course, struck his thumb and amputated it except for a little of the skin.

When I came on deck I found Ropes kneeling over the cook and staring at him stupidly. I put a tourniquet on Noel's arm and asked the Captain, who had been forward for water, to bring me his razor. With it I cut off the rest of Noel's thumb and threw it overboard. This shocked greasy little Ropes, who said that I should have kept it until we arrived in Penrhyn, when the missionary would have given it a Christian burial. He annoyed me so much I chased him forward and called Six-Seas to help me. A half hour later I had the cook bandaged and in his berth.

Captain Thomson kept well out of the way, for the sight of blood or suffering sickens him. He will delay killing a pig because of his dread of hearing the creature's final squeal to the departing world. Only fish can he see bleed and die without agitation.

When we entered the lagoon we made out, over the low fringe of bush on the passage islet, the masts of the *Tiare Taporo* where she was tied up at the stone wharf before A. B. Donald, Ltd.'s trading station. This relieved us, for we knew that Dr. Christie, the Cook Island's medical officer, was aboard and would take Noel off our hands.

I am afraid that the Captain and I showed inordinate brutality while William Ford, the pilot, was conning us through the reefs and coral heads to our anchorage.

'Well,' the Captain said, looking straight ahead of him, his face immobile, 'what do you think about this accident? I suppose we won't be able to take Noel with us to San Francisco.'

'No; thank goodness!' I replied, without glancing at the Captain.

'Poor lad!' Andy said coldly. 'I feel sorry now for all the hazing I gave him on the voyage north.'

'Do you really?'

The Captain smiled slightly; then his face resumed its impenetrable bluntness.

I ventured: 'When I saw him stretched out on deck I could not help thinking that now we should be able to sign on a new cook.'

Andy became more confidential than usual. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'I thought exactly the same thing.'

We dropped our anchor near the wharf, threw lines ashore and warped in until the *Tagua* lay directly astern of the *Tiare Taporo*. The shore was nearly deserted; an old woman sat on the Donald trading-station verandah that fronted the lagoon, and Prendergast and Harrison, traders of Penrhyn and Rakahanga respectively, were on the after deck of the *Tiare*. They could not help glancing at me superciliously when they saw my filthy clothes and the sweat running down my face as I worked with the sailors on the winch. I understood what they meant as well as though they had said: 'See what the Puka-Puka trader has fallen to! He thought he was a big man in Puka-Puka, writing stories and trading for A. B. Donald; but now that he's left the firm he has to work with a set of Kanaka sailors!'

When the schooner was safely berthed we went ashore and met Prendergast and Harrison.

January 31. — Dr. Christie arrived at midnight. He examined and sewed the gash in Noel's scalp, but left his thumb until this morning. After breakfast I acted as surgeon's nurse while it was trimmed and sewed up. When the cook was neatly swathed in bandages the Doctor suggested that we stroll to Phillip Woonton's house, which we did. We found all the whites back from Tautua and on his verandah. There were nine of us, including Prendergast and Harrison; Willson, the Resident Agent, a man who was wrecked here forty-odd years ago and has lived here ever since; Captain Viggo of the *Tiare*, the most loved and most influential man in the Line Islands; Dr. Christie; Verenreth, a retired sea captain who is now the Resident Agent of Aitutaki and is visiting the northern islands during his vacation; Andy, myself, and Phillip Woonton, our trader. Phillip has lived on the island most of his life, and his father was one of the first white men to land here.

I sat next to Captain Viggo and we talked of old times, for Viggo was a father as well as an employer to me during my four years' trading on Puka-Puka. Before long Phillip brought out a bottle of rum and soon the conversation became general and meaningless. Later Andy and I dined with Phillip. We had a real atoll meal of raw milk mullet in coconut sauce, roast suckling pig, *puraka*, and baked bananas.

February 13. — For some days I have been wondering why Captain Thomson does not go aloft to examine our broken mainmast. On the voyage north we could see it wobbling above the hounds, and recently it has had a permanent list to starboard. We know what this means, but avoid speaking about it, as a condemned man would avoid discussing various types of homicidal machines. I now discover that the Captain did not want to find anything the matter with it while Viggo and the *Tiare* passengers were in port. He dreaded their comments and advice.

This morning he went aloft and was on the crosstrees more than an hour, sitting there most of the time in a brown study, only occasionally looking at the mast. He came down for lunch, sat at the table for a few moments without eating, then went into his cabin and lay down. In the evening I made some clam chowder and asked Phillip aboard to share it. Andy ate a little, and when Phillip and I had finished and we had gone on deck for a smoke Andy said: 'Well, Ropati, you and I will never see San Francisco at this rate. The mast is broken clean through and there is nothing keeping the part above the hounds from falling overboard except the four-by-six brace that was bolted on in Tahiti last year. How it has held this long is a mystery; I could wobble it with my hands.'

He made a wry face and I thought I could detect a shudder passing over him.

'I was lucky to have weathered that gale off Rakahanga,' I said, half to myself; and the Captain elucidated the matter by muttering, 'Fool's luck!'

Phillip opened his eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently we rose by common impulse and walked to his house. There, under the influence of a bottle of home-brew, we cheered up and started discussing the possibility of repairing the mast. There were plenty of ideas, but none seemed feasible.

February 14. — Andy was worried. He and Phillip talked over ways and means most of the day, but to no effect. After dinner we sat on deck as usual while they continued their discussion on how to strengthen the mast. I did not listen to them. Suddenly the voyage had become interesting.

'There will be danger now and I can prove myself indifferent to it,' I thought.

This intrigued me so much that I fairly purred with gratification. On the voyage north, with only hard work and winds tempered to the shorn condition of our ship, the voyage had palled on me, and I had wondered what silly notion could have induced me to go to sea and become an ordinary drudge of a sailor when I might enjoy a more interesting life ashore. Several times, while here at Penrhyn, I had been tempted to board the *Tiare* and sail to Tahiti, and I believe that it was only the fear of someone saying I had been afraid to sail on that had kept me from deserting. But now, with a fine chance of being dismasted at sea, the voyage became interesting.

As I lay on deck my eyes turned to one of the topmasts lashed along the midshiphouse rail. Only vaguely aware of what I was saying, I muttered: 'Why don't you take this topmast and lash it alongside the broken mainmast so it will run up to the truck and down ten feet or so below the hounds? Drive a couple of bolts through both masts and lash them together. They will never give way, even though they do look odd.'

Andy jumped to his feet and cried: 'There you are! I said not to hurry, but to let things soak in our heads for a while. Curse of Satan on me! That's the very thing!'

Though it was quite dark, the Captain got out his rule, and with a flashlight started measuring and planning. In an hour's time the technical points were worked out, and his gloom had given way to high spirits. Before turning in he glanced at me with a whimsical smile. 'Out of the mouths of babes and fools comes wisdom!' he misquoted.

By to-morrow he will have forgotten that I made the suggestion.

February 15. — Phillip and the Captain have been working all day on the topmast fittings. They have made their own bolts and nuts, and are forging iron strops out of old chain plates. These strops will nearly encircle the mainmast with its topmast brace, the remainder of the circumference to be taken up by turnbuckles with which to draw the two masts tightly together. There will be four iron strops and two bolts to go through both masts. Also, the topmast will be wedged into its collar at the hounds, and rope seizings put on in two or three places.

Pepe, our engineer, sailed away on the *Tiare*, too craven to continue the voyage. I am glad I have stayed by the ship; it would be mortifying to know that South Sea gossips are whispering that the mate also turned back.

This morning when I went into the engine room to start the confounded thing I found that I am not nearly as brave as I thought. It is the first time I have tackled the machine alone, and mechanical things frighten me. There is something cruel and impassive about a revolver, a man-o'-war, an automobile engine, or anything made of steel; and in my worst nightmares I imagine I am being transformed into a metallic substance. Iron things kill a man without sentiment, in a detached, feelingless manner. Being murdered by a man who is prompted by blind hate would be more tolerable; or to be poisoned by a wife who might shed a few tears of remorse — but to be killed outright by a machine is terrifying in the extreme. I have a superstitious dread of these machines; something will go wrong, some part blow off and transfix me, or the whole thing go up in smoke and flames and the screaming of dismembered victims. Ugh! I wish Pepe were back to take charge of his cursed engine! An engineer should be a man without imagination; but I, unfortunately, suffer from an imagination.

After the first two or three turns of the flywheel, to my intense satisfaction the thing would not go. I felt tempted to leave it, telling Andy that Pepe, in a malicious fit of jealousy that someone else should be handling his machine, had broken some indispensable part —

taken off the carburetors, removed the crank case, or bored holes in the cylinders. Something of the kind — neither Andy nor I would know the difference.

I sat on the workbench and pitied myself: 'You have enough to do without being an engineer,' I soliloquized. 'The Captain is taking advantage of you. You must stand up for your rights! Here you are, mate, standing your watches day and night, four hours on and four hours off, with never more than three hours' sleep at a time. Also, you are steward, taking charge of supplies and swallowing the opprobrium of both the cook and the skipper. Either you get ugly glances from the cook because you work him too hard and have food that the skipper will eat without a growl, or else you gain the cook's tolerance by letting him boil rice and open a tin of beef for dinner, and hear the skipper cursing all cooks and mates to Gehenna. Besides this, you have to navigate, which breaks up your morning watches below; and you have to sailorize when you should be pacing the deck, admiring the billowy ocean, and enjoying yourself as a chief officer should!'

Feeling much better after this, I gave the flywheel another turn, flipped the spark-plug gadget with my index finger, and to my surprise and consternation the thing started off with a terrible explosion of backfiring. With my heart in my mouth I jumped to the switch and turned it off. Then I climbed out of the engine room as nonchalantly as possible to tell the Captain that I had just tuned up the machine and left it in fine running order.

'I heard you bombarding the settlement,' Andy replied curtly, and returned to his work on the topmast gear.

February 17. — I felt miserable this Sunday morning; tired, bilious, exhausted by the heat and the hard work. During the morning I took six sights of the sun to rate our two chronometers. The sun was twenty-five degrees above a break between two coral islets, eight miles across the lagoon. As I brought it down to the horizon, and through the telescope on my sextant saw the two clumps of palms and the dark red ball of fire between them, a strong desire came to leave this cramped little settlement — to walk far around the reef to an uninhabited islet where I could camp, alone! As I worked out my sights, the desire increased. Deciding to go, I left my results on Andy's table with a note; then went to Phillip's house to borrow his shotgun. With it, a knife, some matches, tobacco, and a length of fishline, I struck out through the village.

I met the native parson before I was clear of the settlement. He glanced at my gun, scowled, turned his head away with an intolerant jerk, and, tucking his Bible under his arm, hurried on. How well the missionaries teach their native satellites to be as bigoted and intolerant as themselves!

A quarter of a mile along the lagoon beach the trail lost itself in a tangle of brush and fallen fronds, for the Penrhyn Islanders have paid little attention to their coconut lands since the pearl boom of five years ago. From the end of the trail I followed the beach, shooting a plover or a curlew when it came within range, and stopping every mile or so to climb a coconut tree and bring down a drinking nut. The curlews were little balls of fat. As I trudged along, plucking their feathers, my weariness and biliousness disappeared with the anticipation of the fine meal ahead, of the pleasure of being away from the village and the ship for a night.

Presently, coming to the ruins of

an old village, I recognized it as the one Lamont wrote about in his *Wild Life in the South Seas*. No one has lived here for forty-five years; it is inexpressibly lonely with the vestiges of its former life. There are coral foundations for houses, paths with stone borders half lost in the undergrowth, and a few hard-wood posts scattered among the coconut trees that mark the sites of the common people's houses. Set apart from the other ruins, near the outer beach, stand the high roofless walls of Penrhyn's first church, reflecting white patches of sunlight through a thicket of pandanus; an *ano* tree grows within its walls, showering the gaunt skeleton with fragrant blossoms. On the lagoon side the water is cut off by causeways that enclose a dozen fishponds, where schools of bonefish and milk mullet bask on the sand bottom; when one approaches they leap out of the water with flashes of silver and gray.

By five o'clock I was far around the reef on the long islet of Mangarongaro.

Across a stretch of shallow water a hundred yards from the lagoon beach was a sand bank with two coconut trees and some low brush. There someone had built a lean-to of fronds, and I decided to make it my shelter.

The first thing was to get my drinking nuts for the night. All the trees thereabouts appeared unusually high; but after walking a quarter of a mile along the beach I found a low tree leaning over the water. I made a strop out of my belt, put my feet into it so the strop crossed the instep, and jumped on to the tree in the native fashion. Thus my feet were on either side of the bole, while the belt held them firmly against it. I climbed by raising my feet as I clung to the tree with my hands, then gripped it with my feet while I straightened up to take another hold with my hands farther up the tree.

There were ten nuts the right age for drinking. These I threw into the water and, climbing down, brought them ashore. When I husked them on a pointed stick braced in a crab hole, the shells of two were broken. I drank them, scraped out the tender flesh and ate it. Next I gathered a bundle of dry coconut spathes to be used as firewood and carried them, with the nuts, to the sand bank.

It was dark by now, but a fire of spathes and husks broke the gloom on the sand bank, touching the lagoon ripples with aurorean lights. The islet was strewn with halved shells of coconuts, the last inhabitant having made his copra here. I gathered about a hundred, and fitted one shell into another, making a long line of them from the fire outward. Soon the shell closest to the fire started to burn with its peculiar white flame, so when the cooking fire had died down to a few coals I still had sufficient light to prepare my meal. Such a line of coconut shells will keep burning for an hour or more, one shell igniting the next by slow degrees down the line.

The birds were picked. Spitted on sticks, I held them close over the coals to grill, then laid three green coconuts on the edge of the fire to boil — these would be my tea. As the birds browned, drops of fat fell from them on to the coals until they sputtered, filling the air with an appetizing odor. I cooked the birds until they were a deep, rich brown, then thrust the spits into the sand so they would keep warm a foot or so above the coals. The coconuts took longer. When the shells on one side had burned they required turning. Finally little spouts of steam whistled out of broken places in each of them, so I took them from the coals and put them to one side to cool.

There is unalloyed satisfaction in forgetting one's duties, conventions, habits — in reverting to savagery. To-night I sank my teeth in the birds with barbaric pleasure; I felt tempted to growl and crunch the bones. I ate six birds and drank the water from all three coconuts.

The wind has sprung up with the setting sun; now it blows over me gently. The *ngangei* bushes spread their gnarled and grotesque branches over my head, rustling faintly and sibilantly like the distant buzz of night insects. At my feet the lagoon ripples lightly, jingling the coral gravel with the tintinnabulation of tiny bells; there is not a human sound to jar upon my ears. Across the lagoon, in the sky above the farthest islet, a sombre cloud has risen; it reminds me of a sitting Buddha. The new moon is casting dim shadows across it with her sad yellow light. It seems as though I were in an ancient temple where a candle burns before the idol of a pagan god. As the idol crumbles among the stars I fall asleep.

Another night on the islet, and early Tuesday morning I started back for the ship, in fine health and spirits, singing as I left the miles behind me. Fourteen plovers and curlews met their fate this morning; they were for Andy, to mollify his rage over my desertion. But Andy understood; he is glad I took the holiday.

February 19. — The day has been fogged in a cloud of perspiration. The wind is dead and the thermometer close to one hundred; with the extreme humidity, work is murderous. But work we must, the Captain and Phillip on the broken mast, and myself with the cargo and in the engine room. I am beginning to find that that place requires a great deal of attention in the way of rusting iron and brass-polishing. To-day we bent on all the sails and stowed the last of the firewood and the gasoline drums full of water. There have been a hundred jobs to attend to, for we put to sea to-morrow!

After my bath this evening, I sat on Phillip's verandah and fell asleep immediately. The Captain woke me at eleven; he had been sitting beside me talking with Phillip for three hours!

I rose greatly refreshed. 'We put to sea to-morrow,' I muttered to myself; and Andy, hearing me, said with a laugh, 'Curse of Satan on me! Have you just woke up to the fact?'

'No,' I replied; 'but I have been dreaming that going to sea will mean one of two things: that I shall see a civilized land after nine years in the wilds, or that we shall be lost at sea! I know it sounds absurd, but both these alternatives frighten me.'

(*The next stage of Mr. Frisbie's voyage will be called 'Full and By'*)

CYGNUS

I

Night after night above our lonely roof
The swan flew west along the Milky Way,
A bird of stars above a stream of stars;
Night after night as I in darkness lay
I listened. Was it the wind I heard?
Or did there come a whistling beat of wings
From interstellar space that plucked and plucked
At my strung sinews and my heart's taut strings?

II

The swan is flying,
High overhead,
The year is dying,
The year is dead.

The meteors drop
Like dew from grass,
Nothing remains
The thing it was.

The year is dying,
The northern lights
Flare ghostly green
Across our nights.

The meteors flare
Like flaming burrs,
And in my body
Something stirs.

The months are shed,
The swan is flying,
Lie close, small life,
While the year is dying.

III

In the red-purple darkness of that tent,
That inner tent hung round with Tyrian red,
In the still darkness, ignorant of the sun,
And of the moon, and the stars overhead,
Ignorant of the swan that nightly flies
On outspread wings, ignorant of any light,
That which as yet knows nothing intricately works
Towards its perfection in the brooding night.

IV

Lyre of my heart
Tuned now to lullabies,
Sound through the dark
As smallest ripples rise,

Sing such a song as reeds
Sing to the tide,
Swaying a swan's lone nest
By the stream side,

Sing songs of streams and reeds,
And of the night,
Formless dark songs of peace
And still delight.

V

I am grown very precious to myself,
I am the leaves, close-shielding the green corn,
I am the ship whose cargo is of spice,
I am the cloud whence springtime rain is born.

A world of women have conceived before,
A world of women yet will do the same,
But had I been unique of all my kind
My forehead would have felt no other flame.

Old but fresh-wrought the inmost mystery stirs,
And new as the first day when the Lord stood
Mantled in chaos, form again revolves
And in and of itself is known as good.

And I who lie in darkness still can feel
The light of stars imagined on my eyes,
And follow to the choiring of my heart
That white traversing of the midnight skies.

Yet, lyre of my heart, sing very low,
Lest I should wake to harshly jangled strings,
And running to the doorway look and look,
And find no swan, and hear no throb of wings.

E. C.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON AND HIS CLARISSA[1]

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

At the distance of one and three-quarters centuries it may seem that the company of Richardson's adorers was more numerous than distinguished, for, though his genius was generally admitted, his intimate circle never came to include a single one of the men and women who made the eighteenth century glorious, and to us it may appear that the absence of Fielding, Hume, Johnson, Sterne, and the rest is not entirely compensated for by the presence of any or all of those second-rate *littérateurs* and now forgotten blue-stockings who clustered about him. But Richardson was fortunate in possessing a temperament which made it unnecessary for him to consider the source of a compliment and which enabled him to judge it entirely by its magnitude. Since he readily assumed that the intelligence and virtue of any man or woman were exactly proportioned to the admiration which that person felt for him, the value of any fragment of adulation was precisely as great as it was extravagant.

Only one person seems to have seriously disturbed his complacency and that person was Henry Fielding, who was generally credited with the authorship of a burlesque which mercilessly exposed the weaknesses of *Pamela*, and who later returned to the attack by beginning his own first novel as a parody of the same edifying work. Richardson never forgave a slight or an insult, but so perfect was the mechanism which protected his vanity that he could indulge his rancor without any impairment of his Christian spirit, for the simple reason that he never failed to discover in anyone who offended him follies or vices which deserved chastisement on their own account. Hence he never lost an opportunity to denounce both the moral and the literary sins of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, because its author had dared to satirize him, and he never, indeed, seemed to suspect how little this nervous depreciation of his greatest rival became one who had been elevated to a height which demanded of him some suggestion of dignity.

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[1] A discussion of Richardson's earlier life and work appeared in July. — Editor

Yet it is not, for all this, by any means certain that Richardson did not learn something from Fielding. He was not incapable of realizing from experience that the lewd were given certain unnecessary pretexts for laughter, and he was determined that these pretexts should be wanting when he came to compose a second mirror for virtuous minds. Clarissa — for such was to be the name of his new heroine — should be placed a good deal higher in the social scale than Pamela had been, but this was not all. She should exhibit a delicacy which would have been out of place in a serving maid and she should be inspired by the hope of a reward more appropriate to her station in life.

Richardson, no less than Dr. Johnson, considered that the 'great scheme of subordination' constituted the groundwork of God's plan. He saw no reason, therefore, why anybody should aspire to anything higher than the rank and privileges belonging to the station just above his own. But while Pamela had appropriately set her heart upon rising in this world through the instrumentality of her would-be betrayer, Clarissa — whom Providence had, so to speak, been pleased to start where her humble sister had left off — might legitimately aim at higher things and be rewarded, not with marriage to a gentleman, but with Eternal Bliss.

The last volumes of the new novel were not to appear until 1748 and, since Hill had begun to speak of the work in 1745, it must have been much longer than its predecessor in the writing, but the most remarkable of the circumstances which surround it is the fact that the writing and the printing became public events. Richardson, no longer compelled to remain content with the encouragement of 'my worthy hearted wife' and her female companions, could now call upon the members of a numerous circle for admiration, encouragement, and the assurance that nothing in all he had written could possibly be changed for the better. Nor was this all, since between the publication of the first four and the last three volumes he was still further delighted by various correspondents (to whom of course he replied at length) who not only described the ecstasy with which they were reading, but either engaged in long discussions of the morality involved or implored him to arrange an outcome agreeable to the affection which they had conceived for this character or that.

While the ultimate fate of Clarissa still hung in the balance, while it was still impossible to know whether her creator intended to save her for some suitable reward, as he had formerly saved Pamela, or to allow her, as the most inexorable supposed, to die at last, there were many who hardly dared to draw breath, and those who enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Richardson's acquaintance hung about his study as though it were the death chamber of a queen. Even Cibber, now seventy-seven years old and, as he set off in pursuit of a reigning beauty, still incapable of practising the virtue which he had begun to recommend in his plays more than half a century before, was no less touched by a mere foreboding of catastrophe, as is witnessed by an account fortunately left by Mrs. Pilkington: —

> I passed two hours this morning with Mr. Cibber, who I found in such real anxiety for Clarissa, as none but so perfect a master of

> nature could have excited. . . . When he heard what a dreadful lot was to be hers, he lost all patience, threw down the book, and vowed he would not read another line. To express one part of his passion, would require such masterly hands as yours or his own; he shuddered; nay, the tears stood in his eyes.
>
> 'What! (said he) shall I, who have loved and revered the virtuous, the beautiful Clarissa, from the same motives I loved Mr. Richardson, bear to stand a patient spectator to her ruin, her final destruction? No! — my heart suffers as strongly for her as if a word was brought me that his house was on fire, and himself, his wife, and little ones, likely to perish in the flame.' I never saw passion higher wrought than his. When I told him she must die, he said, 'God d——n him, if she should'; and that he no longer believed Providence or eternal Wisdom, or Goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed: nay, (added he) my mind is so hurt with the thought of her being violated, that were I to see her in Heaven, sitting on the knees of the blessed Virgin, and crowned with glory, her sufferings would still make me feel horror, horror distilled.

These, adds Mrs. Pilkington, 'were his strongly emphatic words,' and she continues, in order to add her mite of persuasion: —

> I cannot bear the thought of the lady's person being contaminated. If she must die; if her heart must break for being so deceived, let her make a triumphant exit arrayed in white-robed purity. . . . Spare her virgin purity, dear Sir, spare it! Consider, if this wounds both Mr. Cibber and me (who neither of us set up for immaculate chastity) what must it do with those who possess that inestimable treasure? And if the bare imagination of it is so terrible, what must it be when arrayed in the full pomp of such words as on this occasion must flow from such a heart, and such a pen as yours.

It is true that some few, who had, unlike the aged poet laureate, abandoned virtuous sentiments as well as virtuous conduct, professed to feel that a tremendous pother was being made about nothing. It is true also that certain fashionable persons like Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield were less unqualified in their praises than simpler souls, and that these judges, offended by the inordinate length of the work, failed to agree with Hill in finding the redundancy of Richardson's style a virtue. But *Clarissa* had become, even more conspicuously than *Pamela*, a public event, and its heroine a personage to be discussed more fully and more ardently than any living person.

II

Richardson's spirit had been always undernourished. He had been confined to the print shop during the years when more fortunate youths were undergoing experiences far richer in their emotional content, and the effect of the dull routine had been to increase the preternatural sobriety already remarked in the child. Moreover, since he read little and frequented only the tamest of all possible societies, even the nourishment which he offered himself in the form of vicarious experience was of the most watery sort, and no doubt this emotional starvation accounts for both the eager copiousness of his correspondence and the unwillingness which he exhibited to bring *Clarissa* to a conclusion. He clung pathetically to whatever contacts he managed to establish and he was in no hurry to conclude the imaginary adventures which were enabling him to live more richly than he had ever lived before. But if his verbosity was that of a man who prolongs any conversation rather than return to the undisguised emptiness of his own existence, this keen though unacknowledged hunger for some sort of emotional life was responsible for the fact that the book took on a vividness and color not only unintended but unwanted.

Richardson still professed to believe that the art of fiction was, in itself, morally unjustifiable. 'Instruction,' he said, 'is the pill; amusement the gilding,' and he was genuinely concerned lest his characters should become so interesting as human beings that the reader would attend rather to them than to the lesson which he was intent upon preaching. Hence he provided the book with a title designed to call attention to its moral; he sprinkled the text with footnotes explanatory of the same; and he added at the end a disquisition nearly as long as the present essay. But these efforts were in vain. He could not prevent himself from becoming interested in the story he had to tell or from making it glow with a life of its own.

Clarissa is no longer much read, because its inordinate length repels no less than the priggish formalism of its author's frequently obtruded judgments. But an astonishing power to captivate the occasional person who will surrender himself to it even yet remains in the seldom-turned pages.

Clarissa Harlowe is the model and idolized daughter of a genteel family living in the country. Addresses are paid to her by a dashing rake named Lovelace, but her father, fearful lest she should become involved with him, insists upon her marrying a dull, mean-spirited man of his choice. Clarissa, steadily maintaining her right of refusal but never asserting any right of choice, rejects her father's candidate, and when the duty of obedience is urged upon her in vain a family persecution develops.

At this point Lovelace reappears to beg a secret interview. Clarissa consents and he urges that, since there seems no other way in which she can escape the hated marriage, she throw herself upon his protection. At last she consents and departs with him for London, where he promises to respect absolutely her freedom. What he actually does do, however, is to place her in lodgings (after informing the landlady that Clarissa is his secret bride) and then begin to put into operation an elaborate plan of seduction. Clarissa perceives it and is thrown into a panic of despair.

Now Lovelace is genuinely and desperately enamored of Clarissa. Despite his rooted contempt for matrimony, he really intends ultimately to marry her. But he is the victim of a peculiar psychology which Richardson sometimes depicts with a surprising acuteness; although, at other times, he allows his villain to become, like Mr. B, a purely mythological monster. Lovelace is determined to exhaust all his wiles before consenting to take his adored victim to the altar, either because (as he sometimes thinks) he wants to be sure that she is genuinely enamored of him rather than of the safety he can assure her, or because (as he at other times explains) he wants to apply the ultimate test to that virtue which must be absolutely impregnable if it is to justify the bowing of his neck to the yoke of wedlock.

Meanwhile Clarissa has come to feel a kind of love for the man whom she also despises and fears; but, though he does actually ask her to marry him, she refuses, partly because she cannot trust his character, and partly because it seems to her delicacy that he does not sue with either the ardor or the humility which a man ought to exhibit before the woman whom he is asking to become, forever after, essentially his subordinate. Thus the two play at cross-purposes until Lovelace, maddened by disappointed and humiliated pride, tries violence, and the rape (so long imminent in *Pamela*) is actually accomplished.

It was at this point that the excitement of Richardson's readers reached its height. They thrilled with horror at the violation of the heroine and they begged that she should be made to triumph at last by bringing the villain to see the error of his ways. But Richardson steadfastly resisted their importunities, and he did so for several reasons. In the first place he had come (as several specific utterances show) to doubt the propriety of representing the overnight reformation of a confirmed sinner, and he did not propose to have scoffers again remark with scornful glee that he had rewarded virtue by giving it the hand of a rake. In the second place he insisted that Clarissa had committed a fault when she removed herself from the authority of her parents and he did not wish to show that ultimate happiness could be the result of such an initial misstep.

Moreover there was a still more cogent reason, for in the third place he had, though forever incapable of understanding the spirit of true tragedy, come to realize that the sentimental effect of virtue rewarded is less striking than that of virtue carried from one edifying distress to another. The moral would be purer and the emotion would be greater if Clarissa were compelled to die; and hence die she did, perishing of what one of the characters calls, in a rather unfortunate phrase, 'an incurable fracture of the heart,' and leaving behind her a testament which supplies the final evidence of her purity, her sweetness, and the Christian humility of her heart.

Such is the plot of the tale which Richardson requires some eight hundred thousand words to tell and which fills, in a modern edition, nearly two thousand closely printed, double-column pages. Any man, said Dr. Johnson, who tried to read it 'for the story . . . would hang himself.' But Dr. Johnson yielded to no one in admiration for the work, and it is by no means primarily 'for the story' that it exists.

Every important event is told two or three times over in the epistles written by the different persons involved, who give accounts of it from their own individual points of view. Letters pass back and forth in all directions between the thirty-eight principal characters, and the motives and feelings of each chief actor are not only described by himself but analyzed and commented upon by others. Every conceivable opinion is canvassed, every transitory feeling dissected. What is the real character of the man whom the parents of Clarissa have chosen for her? How far was she justified in resisting their wishes? Should she or should she not have accepted under any conditions the honorable proposals of Lovelace, once he had become her violator? May a respectable girl consort with a man of bad character in the hope of exerting upon him a good influence? To what extent is the heart a dependable guide? How far should a young lady consult her own taste in accepting or rejecting a suitor, and what should she feel upon this occasion or that? Upon these and a hundred other questions the characters all differ. Lovelace speaks for the rake, Clarissa for enlightened propriety, her confidante Ann Howe for the rebellious younger generation, and her father for all old-fashioned parents who are sound upon the subject of daughterly obedience.

III

Richardson was thus the first to make the novel an exhaustive commentary upon the minutiæ of daily conduct, and *Clarissa* marks more clearly than any other work the turn as the result of which the interest in a piece of fiction comes to be focused not so much upon events as upon the causes which lead up to and the reverberations which follow them. The older story-tellers hurry on from happening to happening. Richardson is concerned less with adventures than with the discussion of them. He does not let one event take place without examining all the antecedent causes, nor does he ever pass to another until the emotional reaction of every party concerned has been fully examined. And since his mind was as conventional as it was active, the result is something at once vivid and commonplace.

In it readers could recognize themselves to an extent which was impossible in any previous novel. Experiences such as might possibly happen to them were here happening to people like themselves, and they could live with Clarissa on the terms of an intimacy impossible in the case of any other heroine of fiction. No one could possibly behave like Don Quixote or Robinson Crusoe, but thousands must have asked themselves what Clarissa (or Lovelace!) would have done under these circumstances or those.

Thus their creator at once restricted and enlarged the field of fiction. He eliminated all extraordinary adventures and all passions more exalted than those within the range of the more ordinary sort of person, but he examined the emotions appropriate to bourgeois existence with a minuteness never known before and he did for the middle-class heart what Defoe had done for the externals of daily life — he examined, that is to say, all its little hopes, scruples, and perturbations, with an eye which delighted to note and to respect them. Hence it was thanks more to his influence than to that of any other man that the novel could become, as it has, a dominant influence in moulding the opinions, the manners, and the modes of feeling cultivated by a very large section of any literate public.

For the upper middle class of the eighteenth century *Clarissa* became, as a matter of fact, a book of etiquette, a mirror of manners and morals. It is impossible to say how much Richardson actually imposed himself upon his contemporaries and how much his system of ethics and sensibility was something merely crystallized from the atmosphere which had been generated in the course of social development. But the fact remains that his book seems to have established, as it were, the norm which came to be accepted by the members of the upper middle class. In *Clarissa* one saw reflected an ideal; one recognized in its characters models which instructed by example how one ought to act, to speak, to think, and to feel in social life.

The fact that its author happened to be, in temperament at least, an absolute Bobissimus was not for him a disadvantage, but an advantage, since his task was to coördinate the various elements which composed the spiritual universe of his fellows. He could codify conventional manners and he could do something still more difficult: he could give the dignity of art or pseudo-art to life as it was led by vulgar people. He could bring to its full development the sentimental pattern.

Tragedy is the form given to existence in the contemplation of great spirits. But the common man has neither the exaltation of character nor the strength of soul necessary to achieve it, even if his story should ever happen to be on a scale which would justify any such grandiose interpretation of its meaning. He must see lives like his own under a form which is not that of tragedy, but of something exacting less of the actors and more easily comprehended. If he must give up, as Richardson did, the idea that the motif known as 'virtue rewarded' is dominant in the universal symphony, he must find in its place some conception of what constitutes success in life compatible with his timidity, his prudence, his materialism, and his ingrained regard for conventional respectability. Richardson found it, and the fact that he did so is the greatest single cause of his enormous popularity.

Hence *Clarissa* became, above all else, the model for sentimental fiction, by which term we mean here to denominate that vulgar sort of demi-tragedy produced when goodness is substituted for greatness as the necessary qualification of the hero, and when, as a result, the catastrophe reveals him, not going down in rebellious defeat, but tamely acquiescent to the forces which destroy him.

All the supremely great artists have instinctively avoided this pattern and distrusted the sort of satisfaction which it gives to an audience, but the essentially vulgar soul of Richardson felt its way slowly though unerringly toward it. To Clarissa he gave no positive or active virtues, nor even, indeed, any personality. She is no more than a slightly idealized portrait of the conventional 'nice' girl of the period, and the whole course of her life is determined by negative principles. Her dominant desire is the desire to achieve, despite the difficulties which surround her, a completely conventional existence, and the virtue which her contemporaries so much admired is not something which leads to any action, but something which shines forth only when it resists the forces permitted to 'test' it. Since her greatness is of the sort which only unusual trials can reveal, almost anyone might be generously presumed to possess it, and her contemporaries took a satisfaction in her story greater than in any of the genuine masterpieces of literature, for two reasons.

In the first place her excellence is of a sort which can disturb no one; and in the second place her end, brought about by her one violation of the conventional code, in no way challenges the pleasing assumption that all is fundamentally well both in human society and in the universe at large. True tragedy shames and frightens. The greatness of its passions makes us blush for our own comfortable littleness, and there is something terrifyingly anarchical in the refusal of its hero to admit defeat. But sentimental romance produces effects which are exactly the reverse. It flatters us by pretending that timid little virtues like our own are really great and that the submission which draws a pleasant tear from the eye of the beholder is the proper end of a hero.

Delighting to contemplate a purely passive and suffering virtue, Richardson established the vogue of a new kind of heroine whose chief distinction lies in the fact that she is ill-used, and in contradistinction to the tonic sorrow of tragedy he set up an easy pathos by placing all the emphasis, not upon the strength of the hero, but upon the blameless and pitiful helplessness of the heroine who takes his place.

Sentiment is merely the feminine equivalent of passion. Through its influence romantic love, mystical religion, and the thirst for righteousness are diluted and tamed. They are subordinated to prudence and respectability and thus they are made comprehensible to lesser spirits. Juliets are no less rare than Othellos, but a bourgeois society cannot be other than glad of the fact. Fathers must like to believe that their own more manageable daughters are more admirable as well, and the daughters themselves, uncomfortably aware that their souls have scarcely achieved Shakespearean proportions, must like to feel that the domestic virtues are, by their very blamelessness, superior to heroism. Who could hope to live up to a Juliet's passion? Who could maintain, indeed, that the shameless and disconcerting example of her vehemence is exactly edifying? But the conduct of Clarissa is as impeccable as her sentiments are comprehensible. In the very presence of death she forgives everybody. Moreover she sketches out a design for her monument and pays the undertaker's bill in advance in order that her friends may not be incommoded.

Well may her creator boast that the moral of his work is pure and that

> the notion of *poetical justice*, founded upon the *modern rules* has hardly ever been more strictly observed in works of this nature, than in the present performance. For, is not Mr. Lovelace, who could persevere in his villainous views, against the strongest and most frequent convictions and remorses that ever were sent to awaken and reclaim a wicked man — is not this great, this *wilful* transgressor, condignly *punished* and his punishment brought on through the intelligence of the very Joseph Leman whom he had corrupted. . . . On the other hand, is not Miss Howe, for her noble friendship to the exalted lady in calamities — is not Mr. Hickman — for his unexceptionable morals, and integrity of life — is not the repentant and not ungenerous Belford, is not the worthy Norton — *made signally happy?*
>
> And who that are earnest in their profession of Christianity, but will rather envy than regret the triumphant death of Clarissa; whose piety, from her *early childhood;* whose diffusive charity; whose steady virtue; whose Christian humility; whose forgiving spirit; whose meekness and resignation, HEAVEN *only* could reward.

IV

Richardson was now fifty-nine years old. A mere artist might have permitted himself to rest secure in the conviction that he had accomplished all he could ever hope for. But the moralist has an obligation more stern than that of the man whose talents are no more than entertaining. Richardson, convinced that he was living in the midst of 'general depravity,' had contributed his 'mite towards introducing a reformation so much wanted.' Though his age was one 'given up to diversion and entertainment,' though the pulpit had 'lost a great part of its weight,' he had, as he said, managed 'to *steal in* and investigate the great doctrine of Christianity under the fashionable guise of an amusement.' Hence he could not lay down his pen until it had done all the good of which it was capable.

In 1749, Lady Bradshaigh wrote to urge upon him the duty of completing the work he had begun by giving to the world a male counterpart of Clarissa — a gentleman who should be the model of masculine virtue as she had been of feminine. And though he expressed some understandable doubt concerning his fitness for the task of describing that fashionable world of which he was almost totally ignorant, he evidently concluded that the goodness of his heart ought to make up for the ignorance of his mind, since he was soon busy with the plan which was to be executed in the seven volumes of *The History of Sir Charles Grandison.*

As early as 1751 one of the ladies privileged to hear fragments read aloud as they were composed wrote to a friend: 'We have this day had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Grandison extricate herself from those difficulties you left her involved in. Oh! my dear, Sir Charles will be all we wish him —

I am sure he will — and is destined to show the world what the purest love should be, when inspired by an object irresistibly amiable, like Miss Byron.'

At last the enormous work was published in three installments issued between November 1753 and March 1754. Richardson had been, while he wrote, in constant communication with female friends from whose reactions he could judge what was likely to be the effect of every proposed sentiment, and the reception given by the public to his new novel was all he could wish. 'Mr. Urban,' reviewing it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, expressed the opinion that 'such a knowledge of the polite world, of men and manners, may be acquired from an attentive perusal of this work as may in a great measure supply the place of the tutor and boarding school.' Mr. Cibber, again in raptures over the goodness of heart which the author exhibits, declared that he would rather have the fame due Mr. Richardson's 'amiable zeal' for virtue than that due Pope as a poet. A debtor confirmed to prison wrote to say that his principles, unaffected by the rigors of confinement, had been reformed by a perusal of *Grandison;* Lady Bradshaigh expressed the opinion that the author 'ought to have been a bishop'; and — what is, under the circumstances, perhaps the most impressive of all — at least one reader begged for an eighth volume.

Yet, despite the enthusiasm which greeted it, we shall not devote much space to the last of Richardson's novels, for the simple reason that it marks no advance over *Clarissa* and that it has been, on the contrary, for a long time almost universally admitted to be in every respect less interesting than its predecessor. In the first place Sir Charles is a complete prig, deserving only, as Taine put it, 'to be canonized and stuffed.' In the second place the didactic purpose almost always prevails over the interest aroused in the characters and their sentiments.

Richardson was sixty-four years old when *Grandison* was published, and, though he had some eight more years to live, his chief subsequent work was to be a compilation entitled 'A Collection of the Moral and Instructive Sentiments, Maxims, Cautions and Reflections, contained in the Histories of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison, Digested under Proper Heads.' Friends, to be sure, continued to importune him. It was suggested by a person who must have had a very improper idea of the nature of his genius that he might draw the portrait of a bad woman to serve as a foil to his two good ones; and Lady Echlin dropped a much more acceptable hint when she expressed her 'wish to see an exemplary widow drop from your pen.' But Richardson was not to be persuaded to embark upon any more vast projects. He complained of an increase of the nervous disorders which had long served as an excuse for not reading and which now, so he said, prevented him from writing as well. All obligations had been fulfilled; he no doubt felt that he had, in the words which Dr. Johnson used of himself, done enough for his contemporaries; and he gradually permitted himself to relax into an all but undisturbed enjoyment of his fame.

But while the author of *Clarissa* was busy with the prolixities of *Grandison* and while, a little later, he was equally busy with the harmless occupations of his declining years, the influence of his masterpiece was spreading throughout Europe. It was translated into French, German, and Dutch. Rousseau read it and wrote *The New Héloïse;* Goethe read both Richardson and Rousseau and wrote *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Thus *Clarissa* became responsible for an international school of fiction and helped turn the whole course of literature. Everywhere the refined were looking for virtue distressed; everywhere they were luxuriating in a pleasing melancholy. Each person endeavored to outdo the other in sensibility, and it was not so much any of Richardson's specific teachings as it was the overtones of his work — the mood generated by his ardent yet languishing contemplation of minor domestic emotions — which had the widest influence.

On the occasion of our author's death, Diderot sat down and in twenty-four hours composed in a burst of enthusiasm the famous *Éloge*, in which, by reflection, we can perceive far better than we can by an effort at direct comprehension what *Clarissa* meant for the eighteenth century.

'O Richardson, Richardson,' he wrote, 'first of men in my eyes, you shall be my reading at all times! Pursued by pressing need; if my friend should fall into poverty; if the limitations of my fortune should prevent me from giving fit attention to the education of my children, I will sell my books; but you shall remain on the same shelf as Moses, Euripides and Sophocles, and I will read you by turns.'

V

Whole volumes have been written in the effort to define the sentimental attitude which Richardson thus helped to crystallize. In the course of time the adjective itself, once used only in complimentary senses, has come to have only a derogatory significance. But the strangest thing in all the history of both the word and the thing is the fact that the ideological content of sentimental fiction came rapidly to be wholly different from that which its creator had striven to body forth.

Through the influence of Diderot, Rousseau, and Goethe, sentiment became the handmaiden of democratic idealism and natural theology, in spite of the fact that its popularizer, intent upon 'promoting the cause of Religion,' and snob to the core, was horrified by both. He had permitted Pamela to marry a gentleman, not because he wanted to suggest that rank was of no importance, but because a social elevation was the only adequate reward for transcendent virtue; and he had never dreamed of making the 'dictates of the human heart' superior to the conventional code of morality. He distrusted romantic love so profoundly that he had never permitted it to play a dominant rôle in dictating the actions of any one of his heroes or heroines, and so far was he from agreeing with Rousseau concerning the nature of virtue that upon the margin of *The New Héloïse* he inscribed the devastating opinion that its author had 'taught the passions to move at the command of vice.'

But Richardson, in all innocence, had looked into this 'human heart.' By the very act of noting with a morbid concern each throb and flutter he had implicitly suggested that the organ thus meticulously examined was of supreme importance. *He* never intended any apology for romantic ideas; *he* never meant to hint either that love is the greatest of goods or that the dictates of feeling should be put above those of law. But the cult which he founded quite naturally drew its own conclusions. If the heart of the peasant or the serving maid is as sensitive as that of the lord, then rank is a sham. If love is the tenderest of emotions, then it is, of all possible human experiences, the one most eagerly to be sought; and if the innocent soul is the most nearly heavenly of all earthly things, then it is in the impulses of such a soul rather than in the conventions of a corrupt society that true goodness is to be found.

Ultimately these convictions disrupted the sentimental pattern. They are incompatible with that concern with a fixed idea of the nature of virtue with which Richardson starts and around which, as a centre, he constructs his design. Hence romanticism gradually emerges, because the romantic pattern is one formed by making the intensity of an individual experience (rather than its conformity to a standard) the measure of its worth, and because this view of things is the one naturally to be deduced once the supreme importance of the feelings is accepted as a premise. Thus the disciples of Richardson bridge the gulf between his conventionally moral fables and the anarchy of a Stendhal. He had intended to do no more than 'recommend virtue' as virtue was conceived by the respectable citizen. But he stumbled upon 'the human heart' and first taught men that technique for examining it which was destined to result in a complete contempt for those standards of rectitude which he had wished above all else to support.

Fortunately for his own peace of mind Richardson did not, however, suspect that he was to be the encouragement of anything so pernicious.

He died of apoplexy on the fourth of July, 1761, and before that event age seems to have rendered him rather more difficult to get along with than he had been in the days when deference, if sufficiently marked, was certain to keep him amiable. But if Richardson was aware of the fact he must have comforted himself with the assurance that he had at least never failed to give amiability (along with all the other virtues) that 'recommendation' which he considered so important. And it is only fitting that an analysis like the present should conclude with some reference to his influence upon the moral tone of fiction. He was only a respectable printer, but it was his conception of both propriety and morals which triumphed over that of the Gibbons, the Walpoles, and the Chesterfields. After the opening of the nineteenth century, no important English novel ever described a scene or drew an inference likely to be offensive to middle-class propriety until books from France and Russia once more reminded startled readers of fiction that there does exist a world of passions which are undeniably human, even though not usually discoverable in the well-regulated household of a prosperous tradesman.

THE NINETY AND NINE

BY GEORGE E. O'DELL

I

We were, they said, a queer family. But in the late 'eighties and the 'nineties many people were queer, and they intended by their oddity to be the spearhead of a new age. Queen Victoria might very well be allowed her two jubilees without ungracious complaint; and there was no urgent call to be rude to the captains and the kings who came to London to blow out their chests on such occasions. But Victorianism, so far as it might be considered too conservative a check on conduct and ideas, was overdue to be got rid of; and those who now began to struggle out from under often made strange gestures.

For instance, in the matter of clothes. At school, our ladies were accused to me of odd dressing. 'My mother saw them at church parade last Sunday, and she says they wear window curtains. Yah! Window curtains!' Really it was a matter of sprigged muslin, unflounced and untrailing; the womenfolk of our family were feeling after a little grace and simplicity, as against the fearsome fashions of the time. Then my father, around '86, took to wearing at all times a brown velveteen coat and an orange Windsor tie, somewhat incompatibly combined with a white shirt having an immense stiff front. This front had an extraordinary habit: when its wearer, presiding, as was his wont, at the forum conducted in his house, would move in his chair with a thoughtless jerk, the front would buckle about halfway up its east side with a sharp report; so that a speaker standing forward at the lectern was likely to take to feeling his back, from a subconscious fear that he had been shot. Did he look around and say, 'Sir?' he would meet only with an amused smile. My father loved his detonating shirt.

Politics and religion were in his blood, that he should come to conduct a forum. Two centuries earlier, Oliver Cromwell had lifted some psalm-singing Independent out of Lancashire and taken him along to help kill Irishmen and eventually to be planted out on some routed 'papist's' acres. This was on my father's mother's side; as regards his father's side the adventure went back only as far as the Restoration, when Charles II 'granted' Irish estates, first gained in some similarly devious fashion by the Crown, to another movable Englishman, who apparently paid cash for them.

Until the advent of my father, the whole family remained staunchly Tory; its head *circa* 1800, indeed, held the office of First Lord of the Treasury in the last Irish Commons, and, with a majority of the House (as everybody knows), sold out for a round sum to the Sassenach. He must have spent his thirty pieces — some hundred thousand dollars, it is said — during his remaining years, for, although certain of his children and grandchildren did nose around afterward in search of the remains, there were none that they could find. Had there been any, my father would have refused a share: he had experienced a change of soul. Being asked sometime in the 'seventies to fight the great Daniel O'Connell himself for the representation of Limerick in the English House, he discovered that he was no longer of the family way of thinking in politics, and refused. Henceforth he was a man outside the Pale. With characteristic Hibernian inconsequence he transferred his fortunes to London — to find, like his junior, Bernard Shaw, that the English, even if they were, for the purpose of an argument, tyrants and bloodsuckers, still were by no means ill to live among. But he devoured the writings of Carlyle and Ruskin and continued to think furiously for himself.

It was more immediately through religion that he broke into the movement for democracy-by-discussion. Among his ancestors was that queer Countess of Huntingdon who formed a select personal religious 'connexion' which still bears her name. And there was a close Irish forbear who insisted, when he married, that he and his bride should stand on his mother's tombstone while the deed was done. Not that this necessarily indicated oddity: ethics has its geographical aspect; no doubt a man ought not anywhere to botanize on his mother's grave; but why, say in Ireland, should he not get married on it? Still, it did hint at an independent mind. My father, whether through inherited religious willfulness or not, fell, in his middle years, into theological heresy. He came under the influence of Frederick William Farrar, who preached that there is no such place as Hell, and who, naturally enough, — for the doctrine must be especially comforting to politicians, — had been made chaplain to the Commons. My father's humanitarian heart thrilled at the teaching; he wrote two novels based upon it; and Farrar, who had hard sledding because of his heterodoxy, so that in the end they shelved him in a deanery instead of making him a bishop, treated him with open recognition. We did not belong in Farrar's historic parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster; nevertheless he gave us rush-bottomed chairs just by his pulpit, where the pews of the Speaker of the House, the Master of the Rolls, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod were adjacent. Musty company, no doubt, but the best he could provide.

The No-Hell idea, except for Farrar's advocacy, made somewhat silent progress. To my father it seemed that it should be shouted by every adherent from his housetop, or such other spot on his premises as might be most convenient. Quaintly enough, he was also a passionate anti-Darwinian, and had stumped the country in defense of the Book of Genesis much as Mr. Bryan was to do in America — only that my father had a terrifying torrential eloquence, an undisciplined oratorical fury, which, I am sure, would have made even the silver-tongued Great Commoner shake in his shoes, as it did anybody else who heard it. But the newer propaganda, so truly liberating to agonized souls, had an even greater appeal; my father, craving to save poor distracted folk from the fear of Tophet, bought an offering of used *conservatoire* chairs, ebony-framed and seated with maroon rep, set me to row them out weekly in a big room in his house, and invited the world to hear him talk for a series of evenings, free of charge, on 'Hell, Damnation, and Eternity.'

Various of the respectable daily organs of opinion to which he sent his advertisement declined it; in one instance explaining that the composing room had no insurmountable objection to setting up in type 'Hell' and 'Eternity,' but it drew the line at the second member of this dreadful trinity of words. Our experience did not happen to include the interior of a printing shop of that day, or we should doubtless have laughed loud and long at this excuse. As it was, this example of Victorian suppressions helped not a little toward my father's determination, when he had done awhile with quenching the everlasting flames, to throw open his meeting place to all comers, and let who would, or who could be persuaded, take the rostrum and bang his or her drum.

William Morris, the poet and craftsman, it was true, had already got a forum going in a whitewashed stable in the Hammersmith Mall. But it was doctrinaire-socialist in intention, and its audience most glaringly queer. My father was bent on hearing all sides and getting them heard; and as for his audience, it was unusual only in being that hitherto unknown thing among audiences in Victorian London, a rough cross section of the social structure of a varied neighborhood of the time. Here were to be seen ladies and gentlemen, even lords, if not very many or very regularly; occasional clergy; representative local butchers and bakers and candlestick makers; butlers, footmen, cooks and ladies' maids, carpenters, barbers, teachers, artists, politicians, undertakers, journalists, and even social wrecks.

The free-for-all discussion following the customary lecture was commonly opened by the most articulate of the butlers, continued by any except the lords and ladies, and closed by a pathetic foundling, the son, one suspected, of some backstairs misalliance; beautiful of face, compounding fine taste and the gutter in his speech; often startlingly acute in his judgments, but accustomed to slip out to the corner saloon on his bad evenings just before speaking — to return with a bold, bloodshot eye to contribute his five-minute harangue at the end. A medley of minds, they would crowd in on every Saturday evening, to sit on our ninety-nine chairs. Ninety-nine only there were; for the hundredth had been smashed in their original conservatoire by some early Paul Whiteman; and yet I do not remember that anybody dubbed us the Just Persons, or speculated whether, did a One Sinner arrive, he would miss the broken seat. Sinners enough were already there.

II

For years it was always a crowded house. And if as eminently respectable in the front rows as it was sometimes disreputable in the back ones, — through an intuitive process of social sorting, — the variety was due to the often sudden fame in those days of this queer person or that, who could be heard there. But partly also it was due to the mummies and the baked heads.

For, whatever William Morris might have to offer the Spartan-minded in the way of rough bricks and calcimine, as regards interest the environing details of our meeting place had him outclassed all the time. My father, having gone to New Zealand in young manhood to recruit his health, and to fight (quite harmlessly, I am sure) in one of the Maori wars, had brought home as mementos a sackful of sun-dried tattooed chiefs' heads — those heads which a few years later used to be provided for sale, it was said, by the ruthless application of brummagem methods to desiccating one's neighbor's sconce. From dried Maori heads to Pharaohs is not, at least chemically, a very long stride, and to his collection of oddments thus begun my father had later added a couple of Theban priests in their coffins, unrolled, and a considerable selection of reputed North

African sovereigns, named, addressed, and dated in a pretentious document which professed to translate the inscriptions on their tombs — but unfortunately without coffins, and rolled, therefore hard of further identification.

Let it be explained to the uninitiate that, where innocent persons might suppose a mummy deprived by unwinding of its mile or two of bandages to have been unrolled, in the vocabulary of the Egyptologist the deceased gentleman or lady has (like a 'rummy') been *rolled*. These remains which had passed to my father were purported to be those of one or another descendant of the generals whom Alexander the Great planted out as rulers in Syria or on the Nile; one, indeed, should have been great-grandfather to Cleopatra herself. The great Bonomi, of Sir John Soane's museum, who examined them on a rumor of foreign transfer, reported with utter solemnity that they were 'good mummies, and ought not be allowed to leave the country.' Good mummies surely they were; they were perfect models of behavior, and they stood unmoving in their starkness, behind glass, along the walls of our forum chamber, never by so much as a wink of an eye suggesting a desire either for travel or for any other doubtful joy.

My father invariably presided, as he thought to be only right, in his own house. A man of protean personality — author, journalist, preacher, lecturer, traveler, phrenologist; crusader for prohibition, woman suffrage, republicanism, home rule for Ireland, anti-poverty, trades-unionism, Utopia, personal immortality, what not. And with it all a great-hearted, though irascible, gentleman — things would not always go quite smoothly under his management. He had intense convictions, prejudices, proprieties; and the queer people sometimes tried them hard. Not irritable Wells, who must still have been grubbing at science in the South Kensington School a few blocks away, and who may or may not ever have sat in our midst. Not Chesterton, for he was only a Kensington boy in knickers like myself, we having been born in the same year, though not, doubtless, under the same star—and besides, when those joyful juvenilia of his did presently appear each Saturday in the *Daily News*, so that two young members of our household used to get up early to gloat over them undisturbed, my father thought them barely mitigated 'tosh.'

But Shaw; inevitably there was a clash with Shaw. 'I will speak for you,' he wrote, 'on "How to Become an Atheist."' Fireworks! My father, in that early anxiety about his health, had for a while peddled Bibles in Ireland from door to door. 'Very well,' replied Shaw to his protest, 'I will not talk on that subject. Put me down to speak on "How We Become Atheists" instead.' He was let in on that. He came in brown. Hair and beard red-brown; brown suit, hat, shirt, collar, tie, socks; shoes only not brown — brown shoes not yet having been devised. The Shaw shoes, if I remember rightly, were of black cotton with elastic sides; and their sole leather presumably had been stripped from some animal certified not to have been foully slain for food or glue, but merely to have fallen down dead.

The Shavian godlessness was of a sort that to-day would hardly disturb an Anglican bishop; and when later Shaw subscribed to the worship of a new sort of God, he did not thereby imply recantation of his old atheism. But this latter had an unpleasant sound in the 'eighties; and although Shaw did not on this occasion, as on a more notorious one, produce his watch and give the God of Abraham, Isaac, and

Jacob five minutes in which to strike him dead, we were all rather relieved when his visit was over. Free speech had been more or less vindicated, and that was enough.

William Morris tried us more severely; for he raised questions, not of religion or even morals, but of taste. To begin with, the great poet and Pre-Raphaelite wore a blue shirt. This was very early — we had not yet seen Shaw's brown one; indeed, we had never seen any colored shirt except on some peasant or bricklayer, and my father's immaculate stiff white one suffered an awful buckling at the sight of Morris's butcher-blue. A Windsor tie was art, but a blue shirt was affectation — it was pretending to love the disinherited proletarian for what he was in his debasement instead of for what he would be after the Utopians should have done with him. It smacked of the Paris of Marat, and of blood.

But there was worse than this. The author of *The Earthly Paradise* in the course of his address actually referred to the 'fat guts' of millionaires. Now, my father might talk about Hell and Damnation without feeling that he offended good taste; these were but dead dogs anyway. Also, no doubt, he had no great opinion of the propertied classes. But 'fat guts'! Morris was never invited to address us again. He had appraised the tinkers and tailors, the scullions and cooks, scattered among his audience, and talked down to them; he had sought to tickle the groundlings, to play to the gallery. 'Fat guts,' indeed!

Keir Hardie, the third of the half-dozen great bearded socialists of the day, was more to our taste. We loved his private sweetness equally with his prophetic fire. Hardie was the only man who ever dared pull out a pipe in our anti-tobacco house and smoke it. He smoked by the fireside, after an evening of oratory, and told us his fondest expectation. It was a vision of serene old age, of a white cottage on a Scotch hillside, of rambling red roses, of poetry books, a few friends, an earned peace. The same dream as Ramsay and Margaret MacDonald's; but MacDonald's always serving and never resting wife died (if we wan people of civilization may borrow the brave term) with her boots on. So did Hardie. So too will 'Mac.' There is no final peace for social malcontents like them; peace is only a pipe dream.

Hardie first came to us before his big days — before his election to be the original and for long the only partisan of Labor in the Commons, when his 'rip-roaring' friends put him on a commandeered bus, with a brass band and banners, and took him down to be sworn into the House. He wore a homespun suit and a cap; the Commons thought it was the Devil and the world's end. And indeed he was a terror for wrath and foreboding, and only King Edward could gentle him at all. The King had his appendix out just when it was getting respectable to have, or to have had, that organ. Then Hardie had his out; the King sent flowers and daily inquiries; presently they met (by royal command) at a garden party, and the thing was done. The seventh Edward could play gentleman to a gentleman better than any other monarch of his time; not, however, that, though he could meet Hardie, he could meet Shaw. As everybody knows, when he sent for Shaw to come to the royal box and be congratulated on *John Bull's Other Island*, Shaw would not come. 'The silly ass,' said Edward. But then Shaw had never had his appendix out; probably he had n't any, and knew it; being a man singularly without other superannuated vestiges, it may well be so.

III

Our eyes would certainly have goggled could we have foreseen what some others of our platform guests would eventually make of themselves, or be made into by the chances of the time.

There was Sidney Webb, a nice, healthy, innocent-eyed little mouse of a man, who bubbled with intelligence, rather than scintillated like Shaw, and did not dream that the fellow Wells, biologizing those few blocks away, was one day to impale him in *The New Machiavelli* like a kicking beetle on a pin. And Sydney Olivier, correct, polite, and fated to be the first man pitchforked by a Labor government into the House of Lords. And of course MacDonald, who visited us fresh from famishing in his attic (it was said), addressing envelopes at half a crown a thousand, and who was one day to be prime minister, and with his dour astuteness to hold back a young and obstreperous party from splitting into rags. All we saw then was great sanity, a schoolmasterly sternness; all we heard, to remember it, was his Highland brogue, and that when he meant 'dose' he said 'doze.'

And Annie Besant, who had been deprived of her child by process of law as being unfit to mother it, because she denied her unfortunate clerical husband's God, and was to ache from that maternal wrenching for a lifetime until she should find solace in the vicarious grandmothering of a returning Christ. Mrs. Besant had just risen from sitting at the feet of Helena Blavatsky, and came to us to make her first public address as a theosophist. Surely the greatest woman orator of that or any time, she was yet very meek that evening, and even shy. Privately she confessed to fright — it was a plunge for life or death out of the socialism, materialism, birth-control advocacy of her early middle years into campaigning for a doctrine which traversed them all. Question time had almost unnerved her; 'I know so little as yet,' she said, 'and I could not guess what they might ask me.' But the butlers and bakers looked upon her graciously, and heaven knows they had speculated about abstruse matters even less than she. And, besides, who could at short notice cease loving the woman who had welded the tragic, sweated, starved phosphorus-match girls of London in a union, fought with them the first women's strike, and won it?

And Emmeline Pankhurst. It was Mrs. Pankhurst's husband who talked suffrage in those early days; his wife, who was to become a world's wonder, then merely sat up against our rattle-string piano during the musical preliminaries of a forum meeting and watched with solicitude and severity for the errors that little Christabel and Sylvia, pink-faced and rat-tailed, might make as they favored us with classical duets. We were feminists to the core, and would have shouted at a peep into coming political history. But I do not know what we should have said could we have foreseen Miss Christabel preaching 'British-Israel.' Perhaps that there were surely enough both of Englishmen and of Jews in the world already, without anybody trying to see double, or to prove that all Jews are really Englishmen, or all Englishmen really Jews!

A long procession of the odd folk passes. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, whose hair stood on end, and who boosted his mental processes periodically by endeavoring to roll up a very large white handkerchief into the likeness of a tennis ball. Edward Pease, who sought to persuade us that since a bright American named Gatling had invented a machine gun there could be no more revolutions — unless soldiers made them.

Then Stewart Headlam, who, entering the Anglican Church and being appointed curate of a London parish which included the theatre district, was shocked by the request of certain quiet and devout chorus girls not to reveal to any other members of his congregation their means of livelihood. Was the theatre, then, he wanted to know, inevitably a socially and religiously disgraceful thing? He set himself to rehabilitate the theatre in the eyes of the Church, and incidentally to help make it worthy of such rehabilitation. Especially, his fellow clergy must stand by the denizens of the stage, and not allow them merely to be used for entertainment and ostracized otherwise, thereby estranging them from ideals of decency and social self-respect. He took to attending in his clerical clothes the less reputable theatres, proclaimed (this was before Pavlowa and Bakst) the æsthetic and ethical possibilities of the ballet, and would walk along the Strand side by side with Terpsichore, in the person of this dancing girl or that. The bishops inhibited him from preaching. He would, however, lecture — a cherubic and yet faintly ironic-looking man, with a Cambridge voice, and usually accompanied by one or more sample ballet girls, presumably just then 'out of a shop,' who would sit in our front row looking very bored indeed.

Moving for years among these old scenes, one recalls a figure more striking than any other, an Olympian figure, walking with majesty, talking with deep bell-like tones — and a Boston accent. We called him 'Our American.' He was living for an indefinite period in London, and he mentioned research work at the British Museum; more than this for a long time we did not know. Nor did we ask. Such a question was not to be put to a man in the England of those days without a breach of decorum; perhaps it is not to be put even now. In America, let us be asked to dinner, and the strange lady whom I am told off to take in looks me over and says with the most pleasant of smiles: 'What do you do?' But in England one did not 'do' anything. The social convention was that one had an income, or contrived in some way to exist — and details might be asked of one's acquaintances, as a matter of gossip, but never, as a conversational opening, of one's self.

Our American came and went, a mystery. There were absences, from one forum meeting or from a month or months of them, but never a word of explanation. And yet he was, in a way, for long our closest intimate, sharing our supper table after meetings as a matter of course, discussing science, religion, literature, America; the Pilgrim Fathers, of whom he thought very little; Negroes, whom he loved; and the Irish, whom he hated with a consuming hate which my father bore from him with a minimum of flinching when he would not have tolerated a hint of it from anybody else. As a young man he had presided for Sumner and Garrison at antislavery meetings; probably he had fought under McClellan or Grant, only he was the sort of man to die rather than mention it. He was six foot two, straight as an arrow, white-haired, moustached, lofty of brow, with sculptured features and a magnificent aristocracy of eye. Then there were his great fur ulster, his invariable frock coat, and his silk hat — and his habit, did he make a call, of standing solemnly on the doorstep, watch in hand, for the exactly correct moment to lift his hand and knock. He was soaked in such psychology as a man might know at that day, and often took the forum platform to speak on it.

And he would take his five minutes in discussion among the butchers and bakers, modestly and yet a little oracularly, as became a man who had, he said, taught school in his time — and who would admonish me (but only in private) on my folly, which was English enough, of pronouncing 'either' as though its first syllable were German, and 'trait' as though it were French. And we could make no more of him than that.

Except, indeed, that I did think him odd on the subject of music. For he showed a livelier enthusiasm than most for the parlous playing and singing which formed a regular feature of our meetings. The visit of little Christabel and Sylvia appeared to delight him, thump woodenly on our doubtful instrument though they did; and the ladies of our household or from a neighboring artists' colony who sang only so-so — how vigorously he applauded them all! Not that I, being a boy against whose mouth the Chapel Royal organist who conducted chorus at our school would put his big ear and then give him a duck's egg on the weekly report, had any particular right to an opinion. But still one could not help feeling our forum's sad mediocrity in musical achievement; and yet Our American would clap his long hands as though our performers belonged to the Heavenly Choir.

Then, unexpectedly, came the revelation of his specialty. There was a prima donna living on the next street, whose funny little husband — the sort of business-managing, cab-calling husband such ladies are likely to have — one day came running in at the open door of our house. He barely knew us, but excitement lent him familiarity. He had just seen our Jove-like friend leave. 'Do you know who that was?' he cried, with a sort of ecstatic certainty that such mere worms as we could not possibly do so. 'Yes,' we replied, 'that is a friend of ours,' and we pronounced his name. 'But do you know who he *is?*' he pressed, his eyes protruding. 'Do you know that he is the greatest teacher of singing alive in Europe to-day?'

Well, William Oscar Perkins may or may not have been quite that. But was he not a sweet and self-effacing gentleman? Of course when we taxed him, he blushed rosily, but we got this and that of his story. A Harvard man, and also a doctor of music, he was collecting buried and forgotten musical treasures at the Museum. Incidentally he had trained the best-known, most-loved quartette of men's voices of that day, — the 'Meistersingers,' — and taken them here, there, everywhere in Europe, though as to America I cannot say. When he died, these four distinguished men dedicated a costly sacrifice to his memory — they never sang together in public again.

IV

It was the cooks and scullions who, in the end, destroyed our forum. That is to say, it was the spirit of democracy that had been let loose among them which operated crudely, as could hardly be helped. Certain aristocratic timidities had made my father keep the institution a pocket one. He may have imagined, as young Porphyry Benham was to do in Wells's *The Research Magnificent*, that 'all organization corrupts.'

The corruption in the present instance began with a china tea service and ended with a resounding split. The heavyweight of our discussion period was a sort of Chief Butler, a major-domo who managed a large household of other servants for a widow lady who lived mostly in bed. He was a mild Liberal in politics, dressed impressively, and had a nose like Louis XVI and a chin like a frog.

A well-meaning man, but naturally, like many other members of our audience, full of the repressed emotions of a servile class. It was he who one evening was deputed to present the tea service to my father, who received it with what his family knew to be signs of grave discomfort; and indeed he was much too shrewd not to suspect that this contribution to the art of feasting was accompanied by a writing on the wall. Assuredly it was. A few days later the Chief Butler headed a deputation including other butlers, a local baker, a carpenter, and a custom haberdasher, to request the democratic organization of the forum, so as to allow of dues being paid, and to provide for the functioning of officers, trustees, and all the machinery of popular rule. Fundamentally they were right, and my father could not with any countenance say them nay. He only stipulated that so long as they met in his house (and therefore could compromise him) they should pay no rent, allow him to continue presiding, and submit the names of all proposed speakers for his sanction. They agreed.

Then, one day, at the end of a year's service as secretary, the Chief Butler requested and was granted the privilege of entertaining the new society at our house to tea. Alas, his highly formal card of invitation bore no sign that the private residence to which his friends were called was not his own. Of course everybody knew that, but a Chief Butler, of all people, ought to have had the social gumption to mention formally whose residence it was. The fat was in the fire. My father summoned the offending domestic on to his study carpet, and for a long afternoon they fought a battle which might be counted as one of the historic incidents of British democracy had there been anyone to record the argument. The major-domo, for all his weak chin, could fight hard to save his whole face. But he did not save it — in the end he was forced to issue a new and socially correct card. Thereafter my father had an enemy, who still sat well forward, and spoke regularly, but bit his thumb nails to the quick and waited like a jungle cat for the moment which must sooner or later come for a crashing spring.

It was Henry Mayers Hyndman, another of the great bearded socialists, who unwittingly provided the opportunity for the Chief Butler's blow. Hyndman came to us in order to expose what he considered to be the fallacies of William Booth's notorious scheme for rejuvenating all the British down-and-outs, for which he was asking the public to give him a million pounds and some arable land. In the course of his criticism Hyndman saw fit to describe the head of the Salvation Army as a 'pious fraud.'

Now, at that my father made (or did not make, as you please) the presidential error of his life. He rose, white-faced and trembling with anger, and unprecedentedly called the lecturer to order. He could not, he said, in any meeting where he presided, permit General Booth to be called a pious fraud.

It was not that he had any particular love for Booth, who was, indeed, a Hell-Firer of the most pronounced kind. But my father, as a side issue of the forum, had delivered a long and crowded course of addresses advocating the raising of a hundred or so million pounds on the security of the local poor rates, and the absorption of the 'submerged tenth' in a chain of national agricultural and craft villages in which the desperately poor, the old, and the weak might be trained in doing, under joyous conditions, such work as might fit their powers. It would in the end, he claimed, cost less than poor relief, and produce better results. It was a drastic, brave, and doubtless quite unsound proposal. But Booth had sent his latest 'commissioner,' Frank Smith (at one time Commander of the Salvation Army in America, and author of *The Betrayal of Bramwell Booth*), to get a view of the idea and report. Smith beat out with the old evangelist the terms of the modified, dirt-cheap scheme which Booth presented to England with the waving of banners and the crash of tambourines — the scheme which Smith himself was presently to wash his hands of when he entered the Labor movement, and which a quarter of a century later was to be pilloried with such terrible and even cruel scorn by Miss Rebecca West in *The Judge*. But to my father's always kind heart anybody who got busy abolishing poverty, no matter how, was an angel from God; in his presence no such person should be called without challenge a pious fraud.

Of course Hyndman, who was some sort of cousin or connection of the Cecils, and a frequenter of Lady Salisbury's salon, for all his Mormon whiskers and his Marxism, knew how to behave in another man's house. He withdrew the harsh epithet graciously and without a hint of irony, and continued his discourse in strict parliamentary terms to its end. But the Chief Butler's moment, after months of waiting, had come. He knew that the radical section of the audience loathed the Booth scheme, as did also the proponents there or elsewhere of the individualist doctrine that you must not undermine character and self-help. He was ordinarily a windy and grammarless speaker. Now in discussion time he rose to a crude oratory, and denounced the slight which had, he said, been put upon an honored guest, the foul suppression of free speech, the truckling to a 'cheap-jack' charity-monger, the dreadful pit of infamy into which this forum was about to fall if it did not revolt against its paternalistic president's rule. Heaven alone may remember what magnificent nonsense he uttered. Anti-Boothists, suddenly discovering a fierce and unexpected Danton in their midst, cheered him to the echo. He called on all real democrats and patriots to gather with him presently on the pavement outside that they might at once plan a hegira to free and untrammeled quarters.

My father answered him never a word. They gathered, they planned, they went. Not all; the storekeepers, the governesses, the more genteel of the ladies' maids, and the odds and ends of higher respectability stayed with us awhile; it was the joiners, the plumbers, the pastry cooks, the footmen, the gardeners, the between-maids, who set up elsewhere. In truncated fashion they lasted half a season; we a little longer; then, as it happened, my father's health broke down, and the remnant of his forum eventually collapsed with it.

Before the end came Lewis Appleton, the Quaker dandy, the *beau sabreur* of peace. 'Let me arbitrate,' he said; 'that is the sort of thing I am for; let me get you together over a cup of tea [unhappy phrase!], bury the axe for you, make this wilderness to blossom again like the rose.' But my father had for once condescended to wrangle with a man who was a mere butler and to get the better of him; now he had permitted the mere butler to make his return. He had paid his scot to democracy and to the organization that corrupts; there was, for him, no more to be said. Like Shaw's Cæsar, he wrapped himself in the mantle of an impenetrable dignity. He withered poor Appleton with a glance and a word. The peacemaker retired chapfallen and without a blessing; there was, he saw, no more to be done.

EUROPE AS A PLAYGROUND

BY FRANCIS P. MILLER AND H. D. HILL

I

On a peak day in the summer of 1927, 13,300 people went through the door of the American Express Company's Rue Scribe office in Paris. Three hundred thousand Americans went to Europe in 1928 and spent three hundred million dollars there. Who are these thousands, and what do they go for?

The students constitute probably the largest coherent group among them, and certainly the one which has in recent years received the most attention. When the American Immigration Act of 1924 was about to put a stop to one of their highly profitable carrying trades, the steamship companies belonging to the North Atlantic Conference, at the suggestion of the United States Lines, cast an inventive eye upon their steerage accommodations, and Student or, as it later came to be called, Tourist Third came into being. Since then the inexpensive trip to Europe, popularized as an indispensable part of every collegian's education, has been a consistent item in the business of the regular tourist companies and has also been specially arranged through organizations like the Open Road and the Confédération Internationale d'Étudiants. Summer conferences, such as those of the various Youth Movements, International Student Service, or the World's Student Christian Federation, have offered an objective for those whose aim was otherwise purely travel, while for those who contemplated a longer or more sedentary stay there have been founded the various international summer schools, particularly the Zimmern School at Geneva, and the summer courses for foreigners offered by the Universities of Paris, Vienna, Berlin. The American University Union in Paris reports in recent years an annual total of 5000 American students in Paris, for two months or over, registered with it alone, and the great majority of art students are probably not included in this number. The post-war trek of young Americans to France is doubtless the greatest student migration in history, and similar, if smaller, movements are discernible in Germany, England, and elsewhere. A trip to Europe, either during or just after college, is coming to be as much a matter of course to the average American student as the Continental Grand Tour was to the young aristocrat of eighteenth-century England.

Europe as an educational centre, however, appeals only to the very young or to the very academic. What is its appeal for the rest, for Americans grown slightly older?

The other hundred thousands come to Europe to satisfy a wider range of wants than the collegians. The most blatantly conspicuous are the Americans who come to Europe on a 'bust.' They want the Riviera; they want to go to Aintree and the Derby, to Auteuil and Maisons Lafitte. They spread themselves on the beaches from Deauville to the Lido; they cause St.-Jean-de-Luz to be turned into a Southern

California combination of pink stucco and revolving signs. For them are maintained the *boîtes de nuit* around the Place Pigalle, and the *Nacktplastik* of the cafés of Berlin. They support the cosmopolitan and hectic world of cocktails, jazz, and *haute couture*.

Less blatant but more numerous than those who come on a bust are those who come on a junket. The last few years have witnessed organized trips to Europe by brothers of a common interest when that interest varied from Advertising through the American Legion to the Bar Association and the Garden Club. For them Europe is permitted to have few surprises. From gangplank to gangplank they move, somewhat bulkily and with occasional flurries over lost wives, husbands, or tickets, along paths foreseen by the Programme Committee. They are docile in these managerial hands because anticipation of the future lectures on Europe that they will give before the brethren in the home town makes it dangerous to miss anything on the regular itinerary, and because side trips are extras and always cost more than one thought.

Then there are the sightseers. There are the global sightseers, for whom nothing less than all is enough. Before leaving the States they have made a schedule for every day and almost every hour. True to this written word of what is worth while, they journey quantitatively over Europe, with their Baedeker in one hand and the list of Rest Tour hostels in the other. They are mostly school-teachers, professional workers from the lower salary grades, or retired business men and their families from the smaller American towns. Their trip is often the trip of a lifetime, the end of a long saving. The importance which it has attained through years of anticipation makes it accompanied by a moral necessity to be worth while. The familiar doggedness of travelers who continue sightseeing after fatigue has deadened all possibility of enjoyment is the evidence of how hard-earned their trip has been. The seriousness with which they travel is at the bottom of the comi-tragedies that mar such moments as the one in which they discover the institution of paying for theatre programmes, or the 10 per cent tip. Having earnestly tried to do too much on too little, be that little time, money, or understanding, they return to God's Own — and in their opinion Only— Country permanently and with a sigh of relief.

In contrast to the global are the intensive sightseers. They are usually coming abroad for the second or third time. Their first trip was a quantitative survey; now they have picked out the corner that appealed to them most and are bent upon 'knowing every inch of it.' Provence, Cornwall, Devon, Norway, the Harz Mountains, are likely places of selection; they walk much of the way and gossip in the wayside inns to the extent which language allows. They return heavily laden with sketches, photographs, or post cards, according to talent.

A further group is the specialized sightseers, members of the musical, literary, or artistic intelligentsia whose trip culminates in a single performance at Bayreuth, Salzburg, Oberammergau, Stratford, a Brittany *pardon*, Santander. They start inexplicable vogues for obscure cafés in Paris; they form clubs of all those who have visited certain remote Italian hill towns where the trains do not connect. They pride themselves on their avoidance of other Americans and hint darkly at the importance of their European acquaintances. Much of their patter has the patina of the artificially 'antiqued.'

Quite distinct from any of these groups, who spend their days taking trains, boats, and even buses in the usual way, are the *voyageurs à dernier confort.* Clad in the expensive simplicity of Bond Street and certain Edinburgh tweeds, they can be seen boarding the Golden Arrow for London, or stepping, at Le Bourget, into the Lufthansa Special for Berlin. They leave in their liveried Daimler for the château country or for the English lakes, and the gleaming porcelain of newly installed bathtubs marks the successive stages of their way. What they see is not international life but international *luxe.* The people they meet, the accommodations they require, the things that they eat and drink, are the same everywhere. The only differences they experience are carefully selected differences in climate.

II

Supplementing the sightseers are the collectors. The libraries and other places of reference of Europe, and the offices of such European personages as are remotely willing to be interviewed, are filled with collectors of data, abroad either on research fellowships or on sabbatical years. They collect facts, or, in the absence of facts, tendencies. Up to the time of publication they are humble searchers. After that they are authorities.

The researchers collect facts. Other people collect things. It is estimated that, in 1929, $30,000,000 worth of antiques, furniture, silver, and old masters, were shipped to America from England alone. In the course of the last ten years some dozen English houses have been bought as a whole for transfer to the States. A far greater number have become, for a longer or shorter period, the residences of Americans abroad. Some of these are properties of first importance, like Warwick, but even the smallest cottage may have an American as its renting aim. A whole special vocabulary of advertising has grown out of the American desire to live in an ancient English home; no other demand would stimulate descriptions such as this: —

> To be let furnished: Genuine 14th-Century Residence, full of oak beams, open fire-places, stone-mullioned windows, completely modernized, yet retaining all its old-world atmosphere, and representing a home of exquisite charm. Hall, three reception, ball room, with minstrels' gallery, 10 bed, four bath rooms, good offices, servants' hall. Garage for two, and stabling. Electric light; Central heating. Co.'s water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Independent hot water supply. The pleasure grounds comprise lawn, tennis court, herbaceous borders, parklike orchard, well-stocked kitchen garden, old fish pond, and park, in all 90 acres. Rent according to period.

The collecting spirit may indeed go further than the acquisition of an English estate, to annexation of its accompanying title through marriage with the owner. Nor is the struggle for court presentation and aristocratic alliance confined as much as it was a generation ago to the British Isles; France, Italy, and even Russia have gained increasing prominence in this field during the decade since the war.

A final group of Americans who are in Europe as consumers are those whom Europeans diagnose with the intended compliment, 'You are n't a bit like Americans.' These share with the others the attitude that Europe is a very ancient seat of culture, but they are distinguishable from the rest by their belief that tradition is not external. They too go to visit the ancient monuments and marvel at the ruggedness of Durham and the graciousness of Chartres. But they see these structures as the incarnations of a spirit, of an inner vitality which transcended the material thing it built. It is that spirit, and not the concrete evidences of its work, which is to them the unique and infinitely precious reality of the culture of the West. But they take it in various ways. Some of them, hypnotized by their vision, stand transfixed on the spot on which it came. They stay on in Europe, and their lives thereafter are repetitions of the pilgrimage of Henry James. Florence, Paris, London, are full of aging expatriates who 'could n't live anywhere else.' Others who have seen the same vision take it differently. To them a tradition seems not only essentially an inner but essentially an indigenous thing. They feel a final impotence in a life lived only to absorb, however much inner sensitiveness the process may beget. Their aim is finally to carry into creation their own authentic and indigenous vitality. They reverence the European tradition, all that it has meant in faith, beauty, and intelligence, and all it means to-day. They treasure the enrichment, above all the sense of form, which come to them abroad, but they know that to stay too long is to become a parasite. So, after a time, they go home.

III

The scenes at the customs on the New York docks would lead one to suppose that the yearly hundred thousands went abroad only to buy, but the souvenirs of many returning Americans are memories rather than bangles, and not all of the memories are impersonal in character. In the course of their wanderings each year a certain number of Americans meet a certain number of Europeans. The attitude which they develop out of these meetings is important, for it is carried back into the States and contributes largely to the formation of national sentiment. The fact that the European acquaintance of a great many Americans is confined to the porter, the taxi driver, the agent of the American Express Company, and the servants of their hotel, does not prevent their including whole countries in their generalizations: the French have become a grasping and dishonest people because a concierge failed to account for five francs fifty in some provincial *auberge;* the Germans have been painted blacker than in the murkiest war propaganda because a fattish gentleman from Bavaria once disputed an American's train reservation; and the inveterate rudeness (not to say frigidity) of all the English, without exception, has been based on the undesired opening of one railway carriage window.

The generalizations of the pure sightseer are unfortunate, but they form, after all, only by-products of his main interest, which is either in the scenery or in the monuments of Europe, or, at most, in the people as the picturesque but remote personages of a frieze. A whole series of other impressions, however, is continually being formed by travelers who wish not only to see the country but to know the people. Their attitudes, and the means by which they reach them, point a finger at one of the gravest modern problems.

In the days of the Grand Tour, the sons of the aristocratic English houses spent a year or more, about the time of their majority, traveling in France, Italy, or Austria and spending protracted periods of time in the homes of the class which corresponded to their own. The milieu from which they came differed from that to which they went only in the subtleties of its content; the form of the two was much the same. The aristocracies of the eighteenth century had a culture which was European rather than national. To-day all that has altered, or rather been supplemented by something which, numerically, far outweighs it — the democratic mass trip. A great deal of quiet interchange still goes on between families of international culture, and in the world of ideas there is a small but growing group of Americans who have the freedom of the city that is not built by hands; but the coming of consumers' democracy is causing large numbers of the American middle class to seek to join in the advantages of international acquaintance. As a result, efforts are now being made to create artificially and en masse contacts which were once a taken-for-granted and exclusive perquisite of a certain level of social life. A peculiar difficulty in making these contacts arises from the historical fact that it is the bourgeois of the various countries who has always been the prime maker of nationalism. Aristocrat and proletarian alike have had international leanings; the middle class has stood out as the group to whom the domestic and familiar ways of doing things have always been most dear. Creating contacts for a middle class abroad therefore presents difficulties from the very start, and the type of thing which has been so far done has achieved only a moderate success.

In the student world, the American collegians who go abroad on trips have opportunities of meeting students of other nationalities at summer conferences. These meetings have a wide variety of results. Those that last only for a few days are usually successful in a superficial way. It is quantitatively inspiring to think that one has foregathered in Europe with representatives of students of twenty or thirty other lands; to have heard a Bantu speak his own language or to have talked to a real Communist from inside Russia is quite an interesting variant on a summer's tour. But when the agenda of a conference turn from the easy and picturesque internationalism of a concert of respective national folk-songs to joint discussion of a common theme, difficult differences begin to appear. Groups which a moment before had seemed innocuous entities as singers rapidly turn into mass representatives of apparently irreconcilable points of view; Anglo-Saxon pragmatism, Teutonic dogmatism, French individualism, begin to be noticeable; and, if an open split is avoided, there is rarely time to do more than dilute these group conflicts in sentimental emotionalism of the hands-across-the-sea variety.

Nor are the difficulties always cleared up in the case of a longer stay. The student who goes to the Sorbonne and becomes a 'Babe in the Bois,' or the American Oxonian who turns æsthete and spends the rest of his life doing 'arty' bookbindings to what must be the posthumous discomfort of the virile Cecil Rhodes, are familiar figures, as are also the students who return from all over the Continent, bitterly anti-everything, and recounting dreary tales of disappointment and rebuff. In the absence of an adequate common preparation, mutual exposure of national middle classes in an effort to produce mutual liking is evidently not enough.

Much the same situation is true of the voyagers who are older and less specialized than the students. Efforts have been made by such organizations as the English Speaking Union or the various Quaker hostels in European capitals to provide contacts for the traveler with an interest. The American Committee at Geneva offers assistance every summer, particularly during the session of the League of Nations Assembly, to visitors wishing to see the mechanism of international life. But all of these organizations are most successful in those of their activities in which the traveler is a spectator.

When it comes to a question of participation, of entering into one aspect or another of the life he finds abroad, the colonial attitude which, all declarations to the contrary, is still latent in the New World comes out. It is a rare thing for Americans to take part on a par with other persons in the intellectual life of Europe. The world of give-and-take of reasoned points of view, of the development of ideas unrelated to immediate practical application, is to them an unfamiliar and even terrifying world. They do not trust themselves to find their footing in it, and if, occasionally, they make a venture, they are inclined to 'prepare their ideas beforehand' in the form of a set speech. This does not mean, however, that the only Americans abroad are the producers and the consumers. The world of ideas will not be avoided by Americans when it can be organized by them. A shrewd observer once said that the American attitude toward Europe was one of cultural inferiority but administrative contempt. Once Americans can become executive secretary or founder of an organization dealing with an idea, they feel themselves again at home; they can then limit their direct responsibility to arrangements, and they are willing to spend more time and energy bringing various European intellectuals together to discuss an idea than could ever be found even among the Europeans who think it most important. Alongside of the American producer and the American consumer in Europe must be placed the American coöperator, who treats it not as a market, nor primarily as a seat of culture, but as a mission field.

PROFESSIONAL AID

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

I

The eighth day of a transoceanic yacht race frowned on a sea rising in long, crest-tortured rollers, sinking in foam-flecked hollows. The sky, a gray ceiling of nimbus, darkened here and there over falling showers of rain; and the sea, reflecting the hue of the clouds, ineffectually attempted independence with its flashing whitecaps. The wind, ever the tormentor of sky and sea, pressed heavily from the west, ironically belying its force by the delicate tracery of its invisible fingers on the breasts of the waves.

At about the forty-fifth meridian of longitude and the fortieth parallel of latitude — an intersection discernible only to the human imagination — a small schooner of low freeboard drove across the tumbling confusion of the waves. There were men aboard her, and by that token the schooner was superior to the chaotic triune of wind, sky, and sea — she alone having definite form and pursuing a definite course. And these were men indeed, as could be told from the sail the schooner carried. It was not in the reefed mainsail that they asserted superiority. The two tucks in that expanse of canvas, bellying outboard to starboard, were, in fact, a concession to the pressure of the wind. But the number three spinnaker, its four-inch pole flexing like a willow wand, its thin canvas straining at the seams! That impertinent kite showed invincibility of mind.

And yet the men aboard the 54-foot over-all schooner, half of them sitting in the cockpit while the other half slept below, saw nothing magnificent in their audacious defiance. Those on watch — except the captain-helmsman, who occupied himself otherwise — looked steadily at the whipping spinnaker pole, at the frail triangle of cotton interposed before the rushing strength of the hard westerly. They would have said — had said, in fact — that if the Lord objected He could easily blow it away. Failing divine interference, if the spinnaker drove the schooner so fast that the sea sucked aboard her stern, the sail could readily be handed and passed below. While it preserved its integrity against the wind it added three knots to the schooner's speed and steadied her helm in the lifting overtaking seas. There was appreciation in the eyes of the three idlers of the watch on deck, an amused quirking of the lips as they regarded the spinnaker and reflected that under ordinary circumstances a yacht like theirs would have been hove to. But they were racing.

The captain, who was also the owner and at the moment the helmsman of the schooner *Thetis*, looked only occasionally at the racing sail, and then only when the heave of a swell rolled the little ship to port and he wanted visual assurance that the spinnaker pole would not jab the wave crests. He steered with an automatic coördination of muscle and sense, a coördination so perfect that it almost defies division into its separate elements.

The helmsman's hands on the wheel, for instance, now lax and now suddenly white-knuckled, kept the schooner as true as might be on her easterly course — and it was the touch of the wheel which largely told him when to apply strength to right or left. So swift, so instinctive, was the reaction that the sensory impulses short-circuited direct to the muscles and even transcended instantaneity, to the end that for long periods of time the schooner hung immovable on her course, no more than a finger's strength sufficing on one spoke or another to keep her so.

Yet the little black-hulled schooner, presenting her stern to the onward drive of the rolling seas, was potentially able to outdo the strength of two men if more than an instant's inattention gave her charge. She could broach — that is the word of awful significance — and bury her nose and be pressed down by the weight of the wind in her sails while the sea threw high her stern and rolled her over. And then what of the men in her cockpit and those four below who had done their trick and had reposed their lives in the keeping of the helmsman?

But it was not by the delicacy of his strong hands alone that the captain steered. His eyes, clear, now snapping with enjoyment, now soft with content, watched intermittently the compass needle in the binnacle before him. That noiselessly oscillating magic of immovability gave the base course, the steering ideal. The hands, deceived by a groove in the sea when the yacht rode even-keeled and true, might have departed from the ideal by a point or more. But the needle, transmitting its immutability to the eyes and thence to the hands, brought her back again. Nor did the eyes linger in self-hypnosis on the compass card. They looked out ahead to see that the course was clear; they sought every minute the telltale whipping forward from the mainmast-head; they watched the tumble of the seas near and far, and ranged often the sails and rigging. Each glance of the clear blue eyes conveyed to the captain's brain a message of reassurance, each constituted an addition to his overflowing cup of timely knowledge.

With all going well, the sense of hearing was not called upon to aid the steersman's other senses. His ears picked up but let go the spasmodic conversation of his watchmates, and the overtone of the wind in the rigging. They were attuned only to the sibilant susurrus of the schooner's rush through the water, the rhythm of the waves overtaking.

In this art which the captain practised, the sense of touch informed him by another means. The wind, ruffling the short hairs of his neck, was a truer guide even than the masthead telltale. The eyes must impart many messages to the brain, but the skin has only to feel the direction of the wind. If the skin of the cheek as well as that at the back of the neck feels the draft, then the wind has shifted and some change must be made in steering. If, however, the cheek warms again, then it was only a temporary flaw and the course may remain the same.

Blending with all these sense impressions which made steering possible in that hard-pressed sea was the authority given by still another sense — the captain's sense of balance. At intervals the ship rose to a wave and for an instant hung. Then occurred a transition so slight as to be indefinable — so slight that not the compass card could detect it, not even the trained responsiveness of the hands on the wheel. But the helmsman's body as a whole felt the infinitesimal change in balance, and the anticipatory message was telegraphed to the wheel. Sliding off the crest of the wave, the yacht drove fast and true.

All this complicated human mechanism of steering was accomplished without fettering the imagination of the helmsman. His conscious brain forged ahead to possible eventualities, reflected back to past experiences on such stormy days at sea. His judgment hovered in a state of delicate equilibrium, ready to interpret an unusual sound in the schooner's rigging or to seize a portent from the sea. On a moment when the *Thetis* lifted high on a greedy, disappointed wave, he looked ahead and saw a patch of weeds in the course. Instantly a ferment started in his cup of knowledge.

II

The schooner had cruised for days the axis of the Stream, where Gulf weed floats in long brown disrupted banners. She had ploughed through it, and her men, leaning over the side, had scooped up handfuls of the growth to examine it for crustacean life. Gulf weed had been a commonplace of the voyage. But, the Stream curving northeast while the yacht continued east, its distinctive weed had thinned. This patch ahead lacked the suggestion of buoyancy and mobility. Better, then, not to sail through it, but to give it a berth and watch it as it went by. At the next wave crest the patch was dead ahead and a hundred yards away. Tenderly the helmsman altered course to starboard and prepared to look overboard to port. The weed flashed by and a wave in the schooner's wake broke over it.

The helmsman spoke: 'Boys, did you see that? The stump of a spar with moss growing on it. Three feet in diameter and twenty feet long — end on.'

The three in the cockpit jumped up and looked astern. They sat down. One of them spoke: 'Hmph. Good thing you saw it, Charley. It would have gone clean through us.'

'Good thing it was n't night,' said another. 'Bye-bye *Thetis*.'

The spell of silence having been broken, the captain, shifting slightly on the wheel box, asked one of his shipmates for a cigarette. When it had been thrust, ready lighted, between his lips, he puffed and offered comment. 'Good going, this. Wonder how the boys on the sloop *Alcazar* are making it?'

'I dare say they're carrying on,' said the first speaker in the cockpit; but added, admiringly, 'I never saw a boat pushed like this one, Charley.'

The captain shifted position again. 'A grand rag, that small spinnaker. I don't see why it stays with us.' Thus he disclaimed personal merit. Of his skill as a helmsman, no thought entered his consciousness. A clock struck in the cabin, its quick double notes faintly covering the rush of wind and water. 'Read the log, somebody,' continued Charley. 'We're making knots.'

One of the three rose and half climbed, half walked around the helm to the low taffrail. He leaned over, his bare toes hooked over the mainsheet traveler, supporting and steadying himself on knees and elbows. Astern the white cotton log line spun dizzily and whipped the water in long, serpentine billows. The revolving wheel of the log stopped reluctantly as the sailor bent his hands from the wrists and brought the moisture-beaded dial into range of his vision. 'Twelve point eight,' said he. 'That's — let me see — ten and a half miles since five. A tenth less than the previous hour. I wonder if the wind's letting up, Skipper.'

The captain stole a second from his employment and cast a glance around the heavens. 'Maybe,' he conceded. 'But as long as we're doing better than ten we'll carry on with this short rig. No use running risks.'

'Oh, I was n't criticizing!' exclaimed the sailor, steadying himself with a hand on the captain's shoulder as he stepped back into the cockpit. 'If I were in command I'd have been hove to all night.'

'Yes, you would,' jeered one of his watchmates. 'You'd be blowing away topsails, ten every hour.'

The first sailor and the captain grinned. 'You're a sail-carrying crew,' observed the latter, happily. 'And look at the smile on the face of Chris.'

The paid cook had emerged from the galley hatch and stood by the fore shrouds, reacquainting himself with the appearance of a stormy sky and sea. He looked aft and caught his employer's eye. 'Where we go now?' he shouted. 'To hell maybe?'

'Speak for yourself, Chris,' returned the captain. 'We're all pure aft here. How do you like ocean racing, Chris?'

The cook nodded his head in enjoyment and admiration. 'You fellers sure know how to sail!' he exclaimed. 'I'll get you a good hot breakfast.'

A murmur of appreciation rose from the cockpit. 'Good man, that,' said one. 'The first pro I've ever seen that was n't sick or scared in an ocean race. But he positively likes it.'

Chris, with one foot down his hatchway, took a look around. He pointed suddenly to northward. 'Look!' he shouted. 'Schooner in distress!'

'The *Alcazar*, I hope,' said the captain, skeptically.

'No. Honest. A coal hooker or something. Mainmast gone and sails carried away. See the shirt in the fore rigging?'

Everybody jumped up, and one sprang to the weather main shrouds. 'Yes,' he confirmed. 'Her hull's practically awash, and I see men waving from her quarter-deck. What do we do, Charley?'

'Get that spinnaker in quick. We'll have a look.'

There was instant concerted action. The man in the rigging jumped down and ran to the lee pinrail, from which he upset the spinnaker halliard to the deck. Another jumped to the foremast, and the third, at the word of command, cast off the after spinnaker guy. The outer end of the spinnaker pole swept forward, spilling the wind out of the sail. The man by the foremast jumped the jaw of the pole clear and staggered aft with it. The man at the halliard cast off, but kept the line within the circle of his arms as he hauled down the shaking spinnaker and smothered it. As the racing sail came in, Chris, acting spontaneously, shot the staysail up.

'Snappy work, boys!' called the skipper. 'Set the jib too, cast off the boom tackle, and then come aft on the main sheet.'

III

For the moment interest in the discovered wreck was in abeyance, and even when the *Thetis* on her new course plunged toward it the crew were concerned with their own change of circumstance. Instead of flying smoothly (however dangerously) before the wind, they were now jammed hard upon it. Two men from the watch below, finding themselves thrown from their weather bunks to the cabin floor, came up rubbing sleepy eyes. A vicious burst of spray doused them from head to waist and they descended with howls of protest. The *Thetis* became a leaning, laboring thing, her decks and booms dripping and her bow rising and falling with a force that jarred. Instead of slipping quietly by, waves now broke against her port side, and the wind which whined evilly in the rigging threw the crests high.

'There's weight behind this breeze!' exclaimed Charley, whose helmsmanship was now concerned only with meeting the onrushing waves to best advantage. 'Glad we have n't had this for the last eight days.'

A shout from below preceded the eruption of four men from the cabin. They were all clad for heavy weather, and they scrambled to places in the crowded cockpit with expectancy in their faces.

'What's the big idea?' asked their leader, amateur mate of the amateur crew. He was large, his bulk accentuated by the close fit of the borrowed oilskin jacket into which he had thrust himself. The straining sleeves stopped short of his wrists and the button and buttonhole at the throat came not within three inches of meeting. With the first dash of spray his bare head glistened, while drops streamed from his rugged face and coursed unregarded down the strong column of his throat.

Charley glanced at this tower of strength affectionately. 'Glad you came up, Hank,' said he. 'We've sighted a shipwrecked schooner, and we'll need your moral support.'

'Not one of our compet — No, I see her. Golly, she *is* wrecked. Say, Charley, it's been blowing out here.'

'And still is. We've got all we can stand under this rig, but I need both headsails for manœuvring.'

'Right. What'll you do? Come up under the schooner's lee?'

'Yes, but they'll have to jump. We can't go alongside.'

'We-ll,' the mate drawled in disagreement, and then changed his mind. 'I guess you're right. We've still got the race to think of. Hope they can swim.'

Each corkscrew heave of the *Thetis* brought her nearer to the wreck, which was now seen to be heeled to an appalling angle. Five men clung to the weather rail of the slanting poop deck, and their calls for help came thinly down the wind. Charley, on his feet now, sized up the situation. He knew little of merchant schooners and could not guess the life expectancy of this one. She might float for an hour or a month. His problem was how to approach her. There might be — there was — wreckage to leeward. He must not go too close. And yet he must not expect her crew to swim far. Perhaps they were on the edge of exhaustion. Nor could he throw his own vessel into the wind and let her lie there indefinitely, her sails spilling. Slatting about, they would blow to pieces.

'Boys,' he suddenly said, 'her stern's pretty much up in the wind, and we'll pass under the bow and come about to weather. I'll luff past as close as I dare and we'll tell 'em what to do as we go by. Then we'll have to work fast. As soon as I get room I'll run off, jibe over —'

'Jibe, in this?' someone asked incredulously.

'The boom will be hauled flat. She'll stand it. We'll jibe, shoot up, and lose headway abreast her stern. Hank, you tend jib sheets; Chris, stand by to back the jumbo; and the rest of you heave lines and haul the men aboard. Somebody fetch the megaphone now, and stand by to come about.'

They passed close to leeward of the wreck. Her mainmast with its smaller spars and shreds of sail trailed in the water, still held by the starboard shrouds, which on the instant snatched the sticks back to punch hollowly against her. Of her decks all but the poop and forecastle were under water, and the sea tumbled over her weather bulwark to resurge convulsively over her waist. The foremast and the bowsprit, still upthrust, seemed to lean despairingly from the wind's blast. A sound of the groaning of tortured wood and wire came to the *Thetis* as she punched by.

Now the *Thetis* tacked to weather of the wreck, and the crew saw how her main chain plates had been torn away, opening up her port side and letting the mast go by the board. This side was high out of water, — at least, as the breaking waves fell away from it, — and all the opened seams of its black planks wept rivulets.

A leaping sea threw the *Thetis* bodily so that scarce twenty feet of open water kept her from the sullen hulk, and a voice which carried upwind arose from her poop. 'Sheer off, you fools! You can't do anything to weather of us!'

Charley smiled as his crew watched him anxiously. He raised his megaphone. 'Pipe down and take instructions. Can you all swim?'

'All but one. What's the matter with your dory?'

'It won't live in this sea. I'll round up to loo'ard. Jump as you see your chance. We can handle you all at once.'

Hank added a postscript. 'Here's a lifebuoy with a rope. Give it to the one that can't swim.' He swung his powerful arm and a white ring bounced over the ship's rail. A grasping hand caught the attached rope and Hank let go its end. The *Thetis* passed astern.

Instantly Charley brought up his helm and paid her head off. Her jibs, from curved, straining boards, became gently shaking cloth. The spray dropped and the motion eased, but now the mainsail, feeling the wind on its leech, began jumping and pulling intermittently at its taut sheet. 'Jibe oh!' cried the captain. 'Weather jib sheet! Hold on!' With a sudden shift from port to starboard the main boom swept rebelliously through its narrow arc, and for the instant that the *Thetis* swung broadside to the wind she lay over on her starboard beam ends. Then, rudder and pressure of wind assisting her, she whisked around, presented her bowsprit to the eye of the wind, righted, and lost headway. She lay where her captain wanted her, no more than a long jump from the hulk, smooth water between.

'Your only chance, men!' he shouted through his megaphone. 'I might crock up next time.'

They slid, scrambled, and fell down the sloping deck and plunged, heads thrown back, into the water. Three swam independently and reached the *Thetis's* side in ten strokes and were hauled aboard. The fourth wore the white life ring beneath his arms, and the fifth paddled with the end of the rope in his fist. He passed it up to reaching hands, and turned back to his helpless comrade. But impatient voices restrained him. 'We've got him, all right. Come within reach. We can't lie here all day.'

To these persuasions Charley added his. 'We're gathering sternway, boys. If we get meshed in those spars and rigging we'll never get out. Now! I've got to let her fill away. Back that jumbo, Chris.'

'Heave ho!' cried Hank, hauling in the port jib sheet, but watching the rescue operations over his shoulder. 'There are five aboard us, Charley. Is that all, Cap?'

'That's all — and damn glad to be here. Where are you bound?'

'Never mind that now,' answered Charley. 'I'm jibbing again.' His heart thumped with the exultation of a dangerous job well done. His eyes shone. 'Somebody write up the log and get their names and facts. Oh, and the patent log. Did that foul anything?'

'No. It was taken in.'

'Fine. Stream it, and — jibe oh!'

Again the close-hauled mainsail thundered over, and now as its sheet was slacked out the *Thetis* resumed the long rushing roar of her former gait. The derelict dwindled rapidly over her port quarter.

'I guess you can set that spinnaker again. No. Wind's moderated a lot. Make it the size larger. . . . Well, men, you're welcome to what hospitality we have.'

IV

To the crew of the *Thetis* these five shipwrecked mariners who lay exhausted on the schooner's deck were Titans of the sea. They belonged to that unfathomable, almost mythical order of beings who keep to the sea in all seasons to wrest a scanty living from it; who, with inadequate equipment and in insufficient numbers, drive ponderous schooners through winter gales, and arrive, overdue, unconscious of their heroism. These five, who had suffered shipwreck and stared death in the face, who had accepted rescue without visible emotion, were objects of special admiration. Under their eyes, and particularly under the eyes of their captain, who had shown his contempt of amateurs in the moment before his rescue, the Thetans must sail with every ounce of smartness at their command.

As was to be expected, the story of the mariners' privations was simply told. In a hard blow seven days previously the schooner *Maribella's* cargo had shifted. To top that, the main chain plates had pulled out of timbers which had long been rotting, and the mast had given way. A week of pumping had been in vain. The stores were wet and the fresh water was gone. The end had been in sight when the *Thetis* came up. Luck had been with them, and now where were they bound?

Hank brought brandy, and Chris fresh water and biscuits, and promised hot food within the hour. Feeling the stimulant, the shipwrecked ones sat up and looked about them in amazement.

Their captain, who gave his name as Duggan, voiced their wonder.

'What the hell is this little peanut shell doing here with no harbor to run to? Racing? Where? To England from New York? What for? For the *sport* of it? Could anybody be so crazy as to look for sport in mid-ocean in a thing like this?'

These questions prodded the pride of the Thetans. Their schooner was a staunch little ship, designed especially for ocean cruising. They raced her because there was no sport like it — no other sport in which man pitted his wits against the elements while in competition with his fellows.

It was Duggan's opinion, candidly expressed, that if they wanted to live to race another day they'd better be jogging along under foresail and wung-out jumbo.

'But what about the other birds?' asked Charley, who had been relieved of the wheel. 'There are four of them back there who won't be jogging along. They'll be carrying on.'

'What! More of them doing the same?' asked Duggan, his wonderment increasing. 'Well, if there were any professional seamen in the lot they'd be riding easy under square sails.'

Professionals. The Thetans had small opinion of such as ship aboard yachts, looking for soft berths and generally finding them; and these shipwrecked mariners had been excluded from that category. But here was the classification out of Duggan's own mouth — if they had the wisdom of professionals they'd be playing safe under square sails.

'If any of our adversaries are carrying square sails,' said Charley, 'you don't have to ask why they're behind us. This number two spinnaker of ours makes us know we're racing.'

'So that's what you call that balloon, eh? I was wondering what it was. Looks to me like a man-killer.' Duggan cast his glance aloft. 'Look at your spars buckling. And look at that damn slender preventer stay. It isn't heavy enough to seize a clew to a boom, and if that lets go you'll be like we were a week ago.'

'That's a chance we have to take,' said Charley; 'and I hope you won't feel you've jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.'

'Who, me? Race your fool heads off for all of me. But suppose the ship does break up beneath your feet and you have to take to the small boats. Where'd you be in that dory, even without the five of us?'

The crew of the *Thetis*, attending to this conversation with interest and a sense of disillusionment, glanced at the dory lashed bottom up on deck and grinned. It was intended for ferrying men to shore in quiet harbors. Five was its maximum capacity in still water. There were now fourteen souls aboard. The dory situation was one of the inherent humors of ocean racing. It never had seemed more laughable than at the present moment.

'We'd have to swim ashore,' said Charley; and the conversation lapsed.

Around midday, by which time the rescued mariners had fed and had fallen into a heavy sleep below decks, the wind moderated still more, and changes were made in the schooner's sail spread. The reefs in the main were shaken out and the whole sail hoisted. The spinnaker was taken in. The balloon jib and balloon staysail were set and the course was slightly altered so that these swollen acres of canvas would fill and draw to top advantage.

By these changes the schooner's speed was maintained despite the softened wind.

As Duggan came topside in the afternoon his eye lighted to see blue between the scurrying wefts of cloud. But his square, unshaven jaw dropped as he looked forward and observed the schooner's mountain of canvas. Speechless, he walked gingerly to the foremast and with his tough fingers felt the texture of the balloon staysail. It was thin, like the cloth of a much-laundered shirt. He returned aft and sat down. Like a man in the zoo he inspected one by one those of the Thetans who were on deck, seeming to see rare specimens in which indications of rampant madness were all too evident. But he remained silent, neither displaying interest in the badinage which flashed back and forth between the light-hearted watchmates nor offering to help them in the minor details of ship's work which engaged their hands.

Three of Duggan's shipmates dribbled up, refreshed, and grouped themselves compactly near him. They were clad in an odd assortment of flannel trousers and varsity sweaters with the initials turned in. In response to questions they declared that they had never felt better; but they too seemed disinclined to talk or mingle with their rescuers. They exchanged words among themselves, but these were monosyllabic. They touched cleats and rope ends and such other small objects as lay within their reach — touched them wonderingly, as one will a baby's hand, or a tiny bird's egg.

At supper time the commander of this incomprehensible craft came up from a berth which he had fashioned for himself on the cabin floor. He inspected carefully the stand and trim of the sails and climbed aloft to look for signs of chafe. Satisfied, he came down and for some minutes watched in silence the run of the sea and the appearance of clouds and westering sun. At length he gave the result of his deliberations.

'I think we'll have a good night, eh, Hank? Certainly no reason for shortening before sundown.'

'Everything's as slick as hair oil. We batted off 240 between afternoon sights, yesterday and to-day. And that's going.'

Captain Duggan stirred and spoke. ''Scuse me, Cap'n, but you ain't thinking of carrying this light stuff all night, are you?'

'Why, yes. Every mile we make in this westerly weather is good for two miles at the other end. Play your luck while it lasts, or it won't last.'

'I was just wondering. S'pose there was some other derelict like the *Maribella* on your course at night. What then?'

Charley shrugged his shoulders. 'I've also heard,' said he, 'of icebergs, and ships struck by meteors. We take those chances.'

'At least you keep a proper lookout?'

'I've been thinking of that. You noticed, I suppose, that we have places in the two cabins for only six to sleep at one time. Your cook has gone forward to help Chris, and there's a spare berth for him in the fo'c'sle. So that leaves just a dozen of us aft. Now, I don't want to make you work, as we have a full crew without you; but I'm afraid you'll have to stand watches with the rest of us, so there'll be room to sleep. If you and your men care to do lookout duty, it would be a first-rate solution of the difficulty.'

'That's fine. Men, we'll keep the regular watch order, and I'll stand with the captain here. And, Cap, don't think we don't want to work. Anything we can do, or any advice my mate and I can give, we'll be glad to.'

V

No doubt it was the memory of his almost fatal shipwreck which warped Duggan's weather judgment in the continuing days of fine westerly weather. This, and his deep-rooted conviction that a yacht less than sixty feet long was a rich man's toy, fit only for harbor sailing. The advice which he contributed with less and less reserve was always on the side of caution. Fair-weather clouds, when robbed of the lingering luminosity of the setting sun, became the forerunners of black squalls. Minor fluctuations of the barometer aroused his concern.

Once, calling upon his years of experience to back up his dicta, Duggan persuaded Charley to take in his kites on the advent of a midnight squall. But his acceptability as a weather prophet terminated when with the lapse of two hours of expectant waiting nothing happened.

Duggan's men, ever suspicious of the amateurs' sailing ability, but faithful to their duties as lookouts, met their Waterloo on the day when, the fine weather ending, the *Thetis* crashed into an easterly. This was in the Chops of the Channel, where the ocean shoals and the waves are steep. The Thetans could and did make allowances, for they had been unmercifully shaken up the day after the start. They knew, too, that a man who is immune in big ships or even in ships of moderate size may succumb to the violence of a small yacht lying on her ear in a short head sea.

So on this revealing occasion the Thetans said nothing, and did not even exchange meaning glances among themselves. But the distressed mariners, more distressed now than they had been in a lifetime of sailing, dropped their heads in mortification. Lookout duty might have seemed to them a supererogation when each tortured, sea-whipped lurch of the frail *Thetis* promised to be her last. They huddled wet and miserable during their tours on deck, and one of them expressed the sentiments of all when he said, 'We knew we were going to drown on the *Maribella* schooner, but this damn being half drowned and half bounced to death is what gets me.'

When the strong clear easterly gave way to a thick southwesterly and the *Thetis* once more laid her course, her captain showed first signs of worriment. He was now, after more than two weeks of unlimited sea room, running fast on a lee shore, and a reliable fix was as important as the need for making every minute count. But here luck intervened. At noon the sun showed itself long enough for an accurate shot for latitude, and two hours later two coasters crossed the *Thetis's* bow — one bound north and the other south.

At sight of them the worried frown left Charley's face. 'Boys,' said he, bringing a folded chart up on deck, 'here's where we are. Latitude by observation, forty-nine, fifty-two; longitude, a line drawn close to westward of Wolf Rock. See? That's where those coasters are going — one south out of the Irish Sea, having rounded the Longships and given the Wolf a berth, and the other on the reverse course.' He gave the helmsman a steering order that, allowing for tides, would take them close past the Lizard.

But Duggan interposed his last objection. 'I want to say, Cap, that in the last nine days I've changed my mind about yachts and gentlemen sailors. I take off my hat to you for making a schooner go. But going it blind on a day as thick as this ain't seamanship.'

'How do you mean, "going it blind"?' asked Charley. 'My latitude was good; and what could be better than longitude gained from those two coasters? Don't they know their way?'

'Yes, they know it; but you don't. They might be going anywhere but where you say.'

'But where? Would they be running on to the rocks of the Scillies? Or full bore into Mount's Bay? And we can't be as far east as Plymouth. You'll find I'm right, Duggan. I've cruised this region.'

'That's all right, but if this were my ship coming on to a foreign coast I'd feel my way. You'll pile her up, and then what will the underwriters say? Were you taking it easy? Did you run a line of soundings?'

'I'm not insured. So what do you say, boys?' And Charley put it up to his men.

'I say I'm with you until the keel rises up through the deck,' said Hank. 'That bad spell of easterly weather let the sloop *Alcazar* and probably a couple other windward workers slip through us. At least we don't want to finish last.'

So the final hundred miles were run in an atmosphere brittle as icicles. The Thetans felt intuitively that if ever they had held the ascendancy over their rivals they had lost it in the head winds. The Maribellans knew that they would yet have to swim for their lives, holding to the gunwales of that ridiculous dory. And the quartering sea roared, and invisible steamers bound down Channel shaved them as darkness came in, and every man jack stayed up to see the finish.

The siren of the Lizard boomed too close as they flashed by it in a thin fog. But it sounded when and where the captain of the *Thetis* wanted it. And four hours later — but it seemed like fifteen minutes — they clocked their time of rounding Plymouth breakwater and brought up in the anchorage. No committee came to greet them, and until morning there was no way of telling whether they were first boat in or last. This gave to the transoceanic its final fillip of excitement.

There were people at home fully as anxious for news of the finish of the race as the crew of the *Thetis*, and they had only another day to wait for it. It ran, from the facile pen of a shore correspondent: 'At 12.15 Monday morning the yacht *Thetis* won the transoceanic race in the remarkable time of seventeen days and seven hours, setting up a record for small yachts that may stand for many years. She defeated her nearest competitor, the sloop *Alcazar*, by twenty-three hours and forty minutes. On the harrowing voyage the *Thetis* figured in the thrilling rescue of the captain and four men of the merchant schooner *Maribella*, abandoned in mid-Atlantic. While there is no inclination here to belittle the sterling performance of the amateur crew of the *Thetis*, it is believed in shipping circles that they could not have won such an overwhelming victory without the superior ability of the professional seamen from the *Maribella*. If this is true, the race must take its place among the stirring romances of the sea. In return for their lives, Captain Thomas Duggan and his men from the *Maribella* showed the amateur sailors the way to the winning post. . . .'

There was more in this vein, but a little should suffice.

CAN SCIENCE CONTROL LIFE?

BY LAWRENCE HYDE

I

Sociology is the most modern of the sciences. It is also, from the human point of view, the most important of them all. About half a century ago there took place what was perhaps the most momentous step that has ever been accomplished in the whole history of scientific inquiry: it occurred to man to apply to his own behavior the methods of observation and analysis which he had already employed with such singular effect in other fields of research. And the result was the birth of a science which offers the race possibilities for the future which are infinitely more impressive than those which are presented to it by any other type of investigation. The physical sciences are on the way to providing us with the means of modifying and controlling our terrestrial environment; sociology may one day enable us to master the incalculably more formidable problem of modifying and controlling ourselves. Is it therefore surprising that for many minds it has to-day usurped the place of theology as the queen of the sciences?

The significance of this change of allegiance is worth a moment's attention. Why does a discipline like theology present itself as being so dead and otiose to the typically modern man, while his imagination is deeply stirred by the notion of applying scientific method to the control of human affairs? There are several reasons, and perhaps the most important lies in the fact that the science of sociology places a tremendously powerful weapon in the hands of the purely humanistic thinker. The faith of the average educated person to-day is in Man — in Man as opposed to God. It is this fact, more perhaps than any other, which serves to determine the characteristic quality of modern thought. Looking at men's attempts in the past to deal with the problems of their social and individual existence, one cannot but observe that they have always been offered a choice between two great alternatives: that of putting their trust primarily in something other than and beyond themselves — in inspiration, revelation, and the providence of God; and that of relying primarily upon their natural resources — upon the employment of the reason and the exercise of good will. In the face of this dilemma the modern man has made an unhesitating decision: he has adopted the second course. And he has done so in this resolute fashion largely because for the first time in history science has provided him with what appears to be a really substantial basis for conducting his affairs for himself. Not that the theory of what may be termed the self-sufficingness of man has not been steadily acquiring prestige among us ever since the Renaissance. But it is only with the very recent development of the so-called social sciences that it has assumed a really formidable character. For we are living to-day in an age in which science has come into its own.

And this signifies that the practical employment of the reason on human problems means something very different for us moderns from what it meant for the philosopher of the eighteenth century. It means eugenics, applied ethnology, Taylorism, the manipulation of the endocrine glands, psychoanalysis, and scientific pedagogy.

It is in science that the characteristically modern man puts his trust for the future of society. He may, if he is religiously-minded, choose to regard the exercise of his natural powers as being in reality an expression of those of God through the human instrument. But it is to the results of scientific investigation that he looks first of all for light upon the conduct of his affairs. And he does so at his peril. For, although it is true that he has a great deal to hope from those technical experts in whose capacities he is placing such reliance, it is true also that it is on their integrity that he is henceforward dependent for his salvation. If they fail him, then he is lost indeed. He will therefore only be displaying elementary prudence in making sure that they are doing their work efficiently.

II

When now, from this point of view, we subject the conclusions of sociology — to use the term in its broadest possible sense — to a critical analysis, what do we find? We find that, though fruitful enough in many respects, they are apt to be as misleading as they are illuminating, and this for the sufficient reason that those people who are engaged in this particular branch of research have never yet fairly faced the exceptionally difficult problems which it can be seen to raise for them. They have conducted their investigations with exceptional care, but they have at the same time shown an astonishing indifference to the assumptions on which their theorizing is based. They have been too absorbed in objective facts to pay attention to principles, and the result is a state of affairs which can only be regarded by reflective minds as extremely disquieting.

The obstacles which impede the progress of sociological research are of two main types: those of a purely technical nature attending the application of scientific methods to the study of man; and those of a more subtle, and infinitely more dangerous, order which are associated with the personality of the investigator. We will consider them in turn.

In relation to the question of technique, the very first difficulty which presents itself is that of the limits of the measurable.

Although it is not perfectly accurate to say that 'science is measurement,' it is nevertheless true that to be scientific in dealing with any type of problem is to consider it as far as possible in that detached and systematic spirit in which the physicist contemplates his atoms and electrons. But to treat human beings in this fashion is inevitably to deal only with their least vital characteristics, with those aspects of their nature which are constant, invariable, and mechanical, and for that reason the most unimportant of all. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that in the case of man it is his *least* measurable characteristics which are the most significant. Looked at from the scientific point of view, the outstanding difference between, say, a lump of copper and a man is that the qualities of the copper which are measurable happen also to be those which interest us most from the point of view of understanding its fundamental nature and building up an accurate picture of the physical universe. With man, on the contrary, the position is exactly reversed. It is now just the 'imponderables' which are of the most significance. So far as he is a creature that passes on the pigmentation of its eyes to its offspring in accordance with Mendelian laws, that possesses physical organs with definite, measurable capacities, — that, in a word, reflects in its own rhythms the wider rhythms of Nature, — man can be dealt with effectively by science. But so far as he evolves processes like the differential calculus, worships his Maker, practises yoga, writes, and listens to music, he passes outside the sphere of measurability and becomes a mystery — something which can only be understood by the exercise of intuition and imagination.

That man is by nature a recalcitrant type of subject matter for science is a fact which every branch of anthropological research is sooner or later called upon to face. Take, to begin with, the case of social statistics. They are 'scientific,' since they resolve themselves into the enumeration of precise and concrete facts. But just because they lend themselves so effectively to systematic treatment such facts are the least important, the least illuminating, the least *central* of all. For, owing to the nature of his interest, the scientist is obliged to concern himself exclusively with the plane, not of creative, but of spent forces. What he tabulates, correlates, and analyzes are the resultants of the interaction of all manner of subtle and vital factors which can never themselves be susceptible either of direct measurement or of effective formulation. The 'facts' which he accumulates relate only to the outside circumstances of the case, to the state of the environment, and not to the tendencies which have combined to bring that state into being. The statistician only arrives upon the scene when the accident has already happened, when the life has already left the body. As a consequence the particulars which he accumulates can never throw any real light on the deeper issues of the social problem.

Or turn to economics. The economist's aims are realistic. His object is to get a grip upon the really vital movements in social life. But he is a scientist. And as a scientist he is constrained to think exclusively in terms of concrete units like dollars and pounds. The result is that he is automatically precluded from dealing with fundamentals. Only consider his attempts to handle the problem of 'welfare.' If he thinks of it in terms of purely material possessions — and as an economist it is extremely convenient for him to do so — he is led into such absurdities as that perpetrated by the late Professor Marshall when he wrote in his *Principles of Economics* that 'if the money measure of the happiness caused by two events are [*sic*] equal, there is not, in general, any very great difference between the amounts of happiness in the two cases.' If, on the other hand, he has the good sense to recognize that a monetary standard of welfare is hopelessly artificial and unreal, he finds himself in the dilemma of Professor Pigou, who reaches the fatal conclusion that 'there is no guarantee that the effects produced on the part of welfare that can be brought into relation with the measuring-rod of money may not be canceled by effects of a contrary kind brought about in other parts, or aspects, of welfare: and, if this happens, the practical usefulness of our conclusions is wholly destroyed.' In fine, the plane on which economic transactions are accomplished is not the plane of vital realities; the significance of any relationship as it is expressed in dollars and cents is perpetually being modified by the operation of factors which science is unable to envisage in any clear terms.

III

But it is psychology which provides us with the most striking indication of the difficulties with which the scientific student of man finds himself confronted. The modern psychologist is no less realistic than the economist. He realizes clearly enough that if he is going to tackle the human problem in any serious sense he must deal with man, not simply as a being who reacts in a certain way to muscular stimuli, or who becomes tubercular if the amount of vitamines in his food falls below a certain point, but as a creature who is filled with strange and profound passions, who is actuated by obscure hopes and fears, who is capable of idealism, aspiration, and self-sacrifice. What course does he take in the face of this very difficult situation?

The answer is simple enough. He extends the range of his investigations and *pretends* that he is still being as 'scientific' as he was before. He preserves the same rigor in the treatment of his data while disguising from himself the fact that those data are now of an entirely different order. Different, at least, in this sense, that whereas the 'facts' with which physical science deals are substantially 'the same for all observers,' those with which psychology is involved are of by no means the same character. Why? Because they can only be apprehended after a preliminary act of introspection, a turning away from the plane of physical facts into the mysterious inner world of thought and feeling.

This is a momentous departure. It is one thing to inspect and compare definite, concrete objects; it is quite another to inspect and compare states of mind. For what is entailed is nothing less than a passage from the quantitative to the qualitative realm; the 'objects' with which the investigator is concerning himself are now of a completely different type. Yet we find that the psychologists pass over this vitally important point with the greatest nonchalance. On all sides one meets the assumption that the 'facts' of psychology are of the same order as those of geology, physics, or chemistry. In reality they are more often than not nothing more than the results of personal, and largely amateurish, judgments of quality. They are *estimates*, the value of which depends ultimately upon the imaginativeness and sensitiveness of the observer. Professor Karl Pearson has undertaken a biometric investigation in the course of which he makes certain correlations between the health and the 'shyness' of certain school children. Is it not simply preposterous to assume that these two attributes exist on the same plane? Up to a point the state of a person's health can be ascertained by physical investigation. But the question of the degree to which he is 'shy' is one which is only to be determined by an extremely sensitive mind, trained in a particular kind of investigation. In a word, it is impossible to deal with any type of psychological experience which is of the least importance without resorting to the use of *adjectives*. And the use of adjectives is the speciality, not of the expert correlator, but of the artist — and the artistic susceptibilities of the average man of science are only too often of a painfully commonplace order.

IV

Such are some of the more obvious technical difficulties attending the scientific study of man. Let me now turn to a very much more serious aspect of the question: the psychology of the investigator.

The modern sociologist is a pronounced extrovert. His gaze is directed outward, and he refuses obstinately to face the fact that the roots of all his thinking lie in the dark recesses of his own unexplored soul and that if that soul happens to be filled with crude or undisciplined desires the whole value of his conclusions — however 'objective' and 'detached' they may appear to be — is inevitably vitiated.

I have alluded above to the telltale insouciance with which the modern psychologist treats the fact that his data are based, unlike those of the physicist, upon an extensive appeal to introspection The same fatal indifference to the significance of inner experience is evidenced by sociological thought in all manner of ways. It is revealed notably in the blithe assumption of the average sociologist that science is going to provide us with a solution to our social problems — an assumption which involves a fundamental confusion of thought.

Science is a wonderful instrument. But it is nothing more. For a proper understanding of the function of sociology, — or, indeed, of that of any other branch of scientific research, — it is necessary to maintain a clear grasp of the fundamental principle that science is concerned with means and not with ends. It is the job of the scientist to establish correlations, irrespective of the data between which such correlations are made. His office is limited to recording relationships, and the question of the significance of those relationships is something which lies almost entirely beyond his province. The point is doubtless elementary, yet it is continually overlooked by even the best type of scientific investigator.

Take, for instance, this passage from Professor McDougall's *Group Mind:* 'In many directions — by the historians, the biologists, the anthropologists, the statisticians — data are being gathered for a Science of Society whose sure indications will enable us deliberately to guide the further evolution of the nation towards the highest ideal of a nation we can conceive.' What this statement leaves out of account is the important fact that data do not render themselves intelligible merely by being collected. They have no virtue in themselves; they are simply raw material which has no significance until it has been interpreted by superior minds. And the person who is qualified to interpret that material is not the scientist, but the expert on *values*, the thinker who is concerned with the use we make of our technical equipment. Professor McDougall, like only too many other scientific men, appears to assume that the scientific expert, the specialist in making correlations, is the same person as the expert in quality, the specialist on the subject of *ends*. The data, he tells us, 'will enable *us* deliberately to guide . . . towards the highest ideal . . . *we* can conceive.' Possibly. But let us bear carefully in mind the fact that the 'we' who collect the facts and the 'we' who perceive their significance are really two entirely different sets of people.

It is on this account that it is extremely misleading to talk, as so many people do to-day, about the 'control of life' by science. Of course it is perfectly true that the discoveries of science will one day be utilized on an enormous scale to enable us to obtain certain objects which we have chosen to set before ourselves. But any decision regarding the *worth* of those objects rests entirely with a quite different type of thinker. You cannot set to work to breed a superior race until you have first agreed upon what you mean by the term 'superior' — and that is a matter on which you can get light, not from the eugenist, but from the poets, the mystics, and the philosophers, people who have perfected themselves in a certain kind of discrimination which is hardly called for at all in scientific research. It is this half of the problem which the more unimaginative type of scientist is continually leaving out of account. Thus we find Professor Watson, the behaviorist, referring casually to the fact that science will one day be able to foresee what a man will 'do' in a given situation. This is all very well up to a point, but we have to take into consideration the fact that the question of what a man is 'doing' is often one of extreme complexity and only to be settled by an appeal to a very refined type of susceptibility. Is A, for example, engaged in writing 'good' or 'bad' plays, in building 'ugly' or 'beautiful' houses? Even if it is true that his behavior is a mere reflex of certain chemical processes in his body, the fact remains that the scientist, in proceeding to modify those processes, will be compelled to defer to the opinion of the cultural expert in regard to the type of activity which he is to foster. In the end we come back to judgments of value, and it is not with the man of science that those judgments rest.

We may go even farther. It is not merely a question of interpreting the data after they have been amassed. The very character of those data depends entirely upon the principles on which they have been collected. It is the principles which are arrived at first; the 'facts' are then threaded upon them like beads on a string. Before you begin to collect statistics you must first decide what you are going to collect statistics *about*. Now it is clear that the significance of data depends to an enormous degree upon the skill with which the operator creates at the outset the framework which brings them into existence. Certain relationships may be vitally important from the point of view of revealing to us the deeper laws of life. But how can we proceed to consider their implications unless we have first been inspired to perceive them? What actually happens in sociology to-day is that the investigator — who is only too often, apart from his talent for collecting statistics, a perfectly commonplace individual — just accumulates facts of the type which he or the corporate members of the body under which he is working happen to consider interesting or important. But what such people think important is, after all, not really the point. Actually the judgment is one which should be made by an entirely different authority — somebody in the nature of a social philosopher, who in an ideal state of affairs would delegate to the professional statistician the type of research which it would be profitable for him to undertake.

The question is of real importance, for until the matter has been properly looked into we have no real guarantee that the sociologists, by selecting for examination just what comes into their heads, by framing questionnaires in the light of their own clouded inspiration, are not seriously misrepresenting the nature of the facts regarding psychology and social life. There may, for all we know, be a close parallel here with physics: for hundreds of years the scientists went on analyzing those properties of matter which had chanced to arouse their curiosity, and it was only with the advent of Faraday that their attention was directed to the endless possibilities of that particular property which we now know as electricity.

V

Take again the attitude of the sociologist toward his own facts. He is only too easily led to fall into the vicious error of thinking that *the measurable is identical with the significant.* And this pardonably enough. For what is measurable and measured can be collected in statistical tables, analyzed in scientific monographs, presented to the eye in the form of tangible evidence. What is just as, or more, important, on the contrary, but unfortunately nonmeasurable, is describable with the greatest difficulty, and then only to people who possess a certain sensitiveness of outlook. The result is that almost inevitably those aspects of social life which are dealt with by science come to be regarded, not only by scientific thinkers themselves, but by educated people generally, as being somehow more *real* than any others. And this leads to a completely misleading conception of the true situation. It involves, in fact, a very definite descent to the materialistic plane. Those elements in the complex which are tangible and concrete assume an altogether disproportionate importance in the eyes of the investigator. He tends more and more to lose sight of the fact that the potent factors at work are just those which are least easily identified and defined, and that the significant facts are almost invariably just those which slip through the meshes of his statistical net.

Or consider, further, the standpoint which he adopts toward the safeguarding of his own conclusions. He recognizes, of course, that the progress of sociological research needs to be controlled and criticized, but even here we find him exhibiting a curious disinclination to get down to the foundations of the whole problem, to admit that the character of his theorizing is determined in the last resort by what he is himself. Instead he tries all the time to deny his personal responsibility in the matter, to minimize the connection existing between his states of mind and the conclusions at which he arrives regarding the nature of life. He will do anything rather than acknowledge that it is the psychology of the observer that is in the last resort the key to the whole situation. Even those social scientists who are most critical of the methods of sociological research never quite get to the point of admitting the root cause of all their difficulties.

Take, for example, the most comprehensive and penetrating attack on the problem which has so far been undertaken: Professor J. A. Hobson's *Free-Thought in the Social Sciences.* This is a study of the first importance, an inquiry which should make every serious social scientist pause and review his methods of work. The nature and the impact of the forces conspiring to prejudice the disinterestedness of the student of human problems are analyzed in this able essay with the greatest possible care. Yet Professor Hobson has not really got down to the root of the matter at issue. For his analysis is restricted, for the most part, to the manner in which theorizing and the interpretation of data are affected by emotional bias. The data *as such* he is disposed to take for granted. He does not sufficiently appreciate the manner in which instinctive prejudice can express itself, not only in the treatment of the 'facts' when once they have been accumulated, but *in their very creation.* It is this second type of interference which is the most dangerous of all. It is not simply that some definite and assignable bias of tradition or education has perverted the growth of theory. On the contrary, what we have to do with is the psychic constitution of the investigator — the very stuff out of which his soul is built; his ingrained naturalistic or materialistic sympathies will bring about an infinitely more subtle distortion of the truth than any which is due to these other, and more superficial, types of prejudice.

In a word, the most significant factor is the level on which the consciousness of the investigator is pitched. If the quality of that consciousness is commonplace, his conclusions will inevitably suffer as a result. A man's mind may be free from all those prejudices which Professor Hobson has so painstakingly enumerated; his reasoning may be scrupulously fair. But if he is by constitution that natural man who receiveth not the things of the Spirit, the whole of his thinking, whether about psychology, economics, or anthropology, will be perverted by his instinctive repudiation of those superior values which we are obliged to take into consideration in every problem with which the mind of man is called upon to deal.

How are we to resist effectively this interference of emotion and instinct with disinterested thought? We must look for guidance in this matter, says Professor Hobson, to the findings of 'psychology.' His answer should give us food for thought. For we cannot help observing that even after reaching this point he still shrinks from taking the final step of admitting that the integrity of a science depends in the end on the integrity of the individuals by whom it has been created. Instead he would shift the responsibility on to the shoulders of an abstraction — 'psychology.' It is this abstraction which in some inexplicable fashion is to save men from themselves. By the collective effort of their minds the psychologists are to bring into being something — a body of principles, a collection of laws — which exists on a higher plane than that on which they themselves stand, and by reference to which they can prevent themselves from falling into error. This view of the matter can hardly leave us satisfied. It should surely be obvious to such a careful thinker that if prejudice and passion can pervert our reasoning in the sphere of economics and eugenics they will exert a still more pernicious influence in the field of 'psychology' itself. What he suggests, in fact, is that we should correct the conclusions of the social sciences by the use of an instrument of even more questionable integrity.

What course, then, is left to us? How are we to proceed if we wish to ensure that the court of ultimate appeal shall not itself be an object of suspicion? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* It seems difficult to escape the inference that we are driven back to that purification of the self on which the religious teacher lays so much stress. For by what other means can we possibly secure the integrity of the master science of all — psychology? But Professor Hobson, as I say, appears to be reluctant to face this conclusion. After having resolutely pressed his inquiries to the point of recognizing that in the end everything turns on the psychological attitude of the individual theorist, he shirks instinctively the final admission that the integrity of psychology is only to be guaranteed by something which lies beyond the plane of science altogether — namely, personal regeneration. Yet his essay remains of the greatest value, for it must serve to demonstrate to even the most obstinately 'scientific' mind that truth in this sphere is not to be obtained by careful reasoning alone.

VI

Finally, we have to take account of this very serious possibility — the possibility that the real inspiration behind the activity of only too many workers in this field is nothing less than an attempt to evade certain severe demands which are being made upon them by life. The preoccupation of the sociologist with concrete and objective facts, his pronounced indifference to finer spiritual values, his conscientiously maintained attitude of detachment even in those connections where detachment is only too obviously misplaced, the lifeless and insipid style in which he is prone to express himself, his marked reluctance to recognize the psychological basis of his own reasoning — all these suggest that what we have to do with is not a positive, but rather a negative, attitude to experience. In a word, the general 'style' of this type of thinker suggests to us forcibly that the key to his activity lies in an endeavor to deal with life on unduly easy terms.

How is this endeavor expressed? Pretty completely, I think, by his exclusive concentration upon one particular type of social facts — those facts which can be ascertained by the use of the mind when it is in a calm, impartial, 'laboratory' mood. In the realm of physics, facts of this type are perfectly sufficient for our purpose if we wish to deal effectively with our material. Indeed, none other are of interest to us. In the realm of human relationships, however, the position is completely different. Here we find that if we wish to grasp the deeper nature of the problem we must take into account in addition certain other facts — facts presented to consciousness when it is in anything but a detached condition. This the scientist is reluctant to allow. He makes the bold assumption that such knowledge of men and their relationships as is susceptible of scientific treatment is of sufficient importance to provide us with a basis for positive social action — see the passage from Professor McDougall referred to above. And he is led to do so because what is behind his activity is in all too many cases an unconscious attempt to deal with life without submitting to suffering, sacrifice, and humiliation. He assumes — and assumes quite unjustifiably — that we can understand life merely by being very patient, very clear-headed, and very calm, that we can afford to dispense with those aspects of experience which exist for the mind when its perceptions are heightened by passion and pain, that we can get along without taking into account how people appear to those who look at them with the eyes of love, that those facts about them which exist only for the mystic and the artist can be safely left out in making our calculations. This is altogether false. There are no short cuts in life. By no conceivable refinement of his methods will the scientist ever be able to get round the fact that the most important data of all are those discoverable only by the individual who has developed the potencies of his soul. And this is a process which is not to be accomplished without the exercise of painful self-discipline and a profound humbling of the spirit.

In fine, the driving force behind the scientist's impersonal research is very often nothing else but an unconscious attempt to deal with life without the expenditure of love. This may seem at first sight to be a daring conclusion. But it is one which deserves at least to be seriously considered. It is difficult to explain the tremendous appeal which detached, dispassionate research in this field is making to so many thousands of minds to-day except by the fact that it appears to offer us all a way of solving our problems without being compelled to self-discipline. At last, with the development of this new branch of science, man is provided with a means of avoiding all those painful obligations which have hitherto always been imposed upon the seeker after truth in this sphere. He can now master the human problem by a combination of ingenuity, industry, and perseverance, by asking, in a calm and impersonal mood, a prodigious number of artfully framed questions. Does not this attitude to the problem bear all too many marks of being an elaborate defense mechanism, a device for evading the more exacting conditions attending the discovery of truth?

VII

And now a word in conclusion. My object has not been to discredit the value of sociological research in general, but to call attention to certain dangers with which it appears to my mind to be attended. The difficulty lies for all of us in respect to this new branch of inquiry in the fact that, however wrong-headed its conclusions may be, they are of such a nature that they practically never strike the eye. There is nothing flagrantly misleading or perverse about them. Even if they provoke a certain uneasiness in our minds, we are provided with nothing tangible to which we can point to justify our misgivings. This is particularly apparent if we contrast the situation with that prevailing in the field of physics. The modern physicist, as opposed to his Victorian predecessor, is very fully aware that he is dealing, not with matter, but with that conception of it which happens to be consonant with the structure of the human mind. He sees that what he is handling is a number of *selected* aspects of the world. Now what led him to that realization? The criticism of those metaphysicians and philosophers who, since they entertained a more complete view of the nature of reality, were continually questioning the assumptions on which his theories were based. In sociology, on the contrary, the position is altogether different. We are not here concerned with any theories about the universe which are likely to make the philosopher prick up his ears. What is involved instead is the steady accumulation of a mass of facts about human beings — an apparently innocent proceeding. Yet what this accumulation implies is an exactly similar distortion of the truth in the interests of mechanical thought. The only difference is that instead of trying, like the nineteenth-century scientists, to mechanomorphize the universe, the modern sociologist is busily engaged in trying to mechanomorphize man. And he works in exactly the same way. He arbitrarily selects certain aspects of the problem for examination — those which strike him as being interesting or important. In the case of physics it was the metaphysicians who were called upon to protest. In the case of modern sociology it is the students of æsthetics and moral values who should be impelled to criticism.

And that criticism is badly needed. We are confronted with a manifestation of scientific materialism to-day which is incalculably more insidious than the overt materialism of the last century. The naturalistic scientist of the Victorian epoch wished to reduce all the phenomena of life to the movement of certain hard, solid particles. The attempt has proved completely unsuccessful; we see now that he was dealing, not with reality, but with an abstraction from it. Yet the attitude of the scientific mind persists. Only the mode of its manifestation has changed. Scientific naturalism at the present time is expressing itself in the accumulation of an enormous mass of social and psychological facts of a peculiar order — the facts which present themselves as most significant to the more materialistically-minded type of investigator. The commonplace, unspiritual, unregenerated man is to-day provided with an opportunity of expressing his attitude to the world in terms of scientific research. As a consequence, the outcome of a way of looking at life which, if it manifested itself nakedly, would repel sensitive people by its crudeness can now be successfully passed off as the result of dispassionate inquiry. Naturalism in its modern dress is not merely capable of escaping detection effectively; it is actually, by presenting itself as a 'realistic' attitude to experience, dominating the minds of thousands of people who lack that combination of intuition and analytical power which is required for piercing its disguise. And this is a sufficient reason why those modern humanists who are placing their hopes for the future of the race in our anthropologists and sociologists would be well advised to watch their behavior with peculiar care.

THE FINANCIAL STRUCTURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Mrs. Jooks looked up from the newspaper she was reading and asked, in that bland way that gets so many husbands into trouble: —

'Walter, dear, what is a "financial structure"?'

'A what?' asked Mr. Jooks, looking up from the part of the newspaper he had been reading.

'A financial structure,' repeated Mrs. Jooks. 'It says here: "Now that the Oceanic Bank Company has secured 75 per cent of the stock of the Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company, its financial structure is complete. The Oceanic Bank Company owns 100 per cent of the stock of the Oceanic Banking Company, 80 per cent of the stock of the Transatlantic Oceanic Company, and all but the directors' qualifying shares of the International Transatlantic Company. The Plethoric Title and Mortgage Company holds 90 per cent of the stock of the Balzac Trust Company, 100 per cent of the Premium Mortgage Company" — and a lot more of the same sort of thing, Walter. What does it mean?'

'Why, that's simple, my dear,' said Mr. Jooks with a pitying smile. 'What you have just read me is the financial structure you asked me about. In this day, when great combinations of capital are required to swing the vast transactions that — '

'But I don't understand it,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'I can explain it to you very easily, Jessie,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Let us suppose that we buy a small place in the country — '

'Oh! I should love to!' exclaimed Mrs. Jooks.

'I am just supposing,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Suppose, then, we buy a small place in the country — ten acres, let us say. You and I and Dorothy put our money together and buy it. We call it the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company, and we each put in $3333.33, and pay $10,000 for the place. That is simple, is n't it?'

'You could n't get much of a place for $10,000,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'That's just the point,' said Mr. Jooks. 'You could n't. But we do it anyway. So we go out there and start a garden. We have beets and spinach and beans and corn. So we go along for a year. At the end of the year I say to you, "Jessie, I think I'll buy a cow"; so I take my own money and pay a hundred dollars for a cow, and I call it the Jooks Cow Company. So there are now two companies — the Farming and Dairy Company, and the Cow Company. You understand that?'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Good!' said Mr. Jooks. 'We now have a cow. But we could use a pig, so you take your own money and pay fifty dollars for a pig, and you call it the Jooks Pig Company. There are now three companies.'

'I can see that,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'But Dorothy thinks a chicken can pick up a living on the place, so she buys a chicken for two dollars.'

'I don't think one chicken would be enough,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I think one chicken would be lonely.'

'All right! All right!' said Mr. Jooks, a little irritably. 'Make it ten chickens — ten chickens for twenty dollars.'

'If you would n't mind, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'I would rather have the chickens — I always did want to have chickens.'

'Then you have the chickens,' said Mr. Jooks. 'I am only trying to explain what a financial structure is, and — '

'And I'm sure Dorothy would rather not have the pig,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'Dorothy is always so dainty about things.'

'All right! Let her have the cow,' said Mr. Jooks. 'It makes no difference whatever. I'll have the pig, capital fifty dollars, and you have the chickens, capital twenty dollars, and Dorothy has the cow, capital one hundred dollars. So you call your chickens the Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company. There are now four separate companies, all independent and good going concerns. But when we have been operating another year we find we could do better if we had more land and more stock to raise, so we look around. Next door to us are Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their son.'

'How old is the son? It would be nice for Dorothy if he was — '

'Never mind that,' said Mr. Jooks. 'The Smiths have organized much as we have. They own eight acres, and they raise cucumbers and peas and squash and corn, calling it the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. They have two cows, two hundred dollars, called the Smith Cow Company. They have no pig. They have five chickens, ten dollars, called the Smith Chicken Company. They have nine rabbits, nine dollars, called the Smith Rabbit Company. The Smiths are getting along well enough, but none too well. Smith and his wife and their son — '

'What is the son's name?' asked Mrs. Jooks.

'Algernon,' said Mr. Jooks.

'It's queer that they gave him a name like that,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I should never call a boy Algernon.'

'Please! Please, Jessie!' begged Mr. Jooks. 'I'm trying to explain what a financial structure is.'

'Well, I'm listening, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, slightly offended. 'I think I have a right to know something about my neighbors, if I'm going to live next to them.'

'Yes? Well, please let me go on,' said Mr. Jooks. 'These Smiths, next door to us, are up-to-date people. They see that combining allied interests is the modern financial trend, so one day at dinner Mr. Smith says, "Folks, this thing of having a lot of separate companies is getting us nowhere. The Smith Farming and Culturing Company proposes to buy out the Smith Cow Company, the Smith Chicken Company, and the Smith Rabbit Company. How about it? I will sell the Smith Cow Company to the Farming and Culturing Company — 100 per cent of it." '

'So, then,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'there is no more Smith Cow Company.'

'But there is!' declared Mr. Jooks. 'Mr. Smith does not sell his cows; he keeps on running the cows; he remains Chairman of the Board of the Cow Company, and he only sells the stock of the Cow Company to the Smith Farming and Culturing Company. That is the way it is done, Jessie.'

'I see,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'But when Mr. Smith turns to Mrs. Smith and Algernon, they look at each other queerly. Mrs. Smith says, "John, I forgot to tell you, but Algernon needed money for some new rabbit hutches, and I bought 80 per cent of the stock of the Rabbit Company, and that stock is now owned by the Chicken Company." '

'Wait a minute, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'There were nine rabbits and Algernon sold 80 per cent. That left him — '

'One and eight-tenths rabbits,' said Mr. Jooks promptly. 'But Mrs. Smith was fond of her chickens, and she did not want to part with them entirely to the Farming and Culturing Company, so she proposed to sell to it 90 per cent of the chickens and rabbits she now owned. For the Farming and Culturing Company Mr. Smith accepted that offer, which included 90 per cent of Mrs. Smith's five chickens, and 90 per cent of 80 per cent of Algernon's nine rabbits. In other words,' said Mr. Jooks, getting out his pencil and an envelope and doing some figuring, 'Algernon now had one and eight-tenths rabbits, the Mrs. Smith Chicken Company had one half a chicken and seventy-two one-hundredths of a rabbit, and the Smith Farming and Culturing Company had two cows, four and one-half chickens, and, — wait a minute, — yes, six and forty-eight one-hundredths rabbits. But of course,' Mr. Jooks added brightly, because Mrs. Jooks looked a little discouraged, 'the Cow Company and the Rabbit Company now owned part of the farm.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Which they got in exchange,' said Mr. Jooks. 'And the Rabbit Company owned part of Mrs. Smith's chickens and part of Mrs. Smith's part of the farm.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Jooks.

'Mr. Smith now thought the financial structure was complete,' said Mr. Jooks, 'but what do you think we had been doing all this while, my dear?'

'Farming,' said Mrs. Jooks after a moment of deep thought.

'No. Yes — farming, of course,' said Mr. Jooks, 'but we had been building our financial structure in exactly the same way, Jessie. Financial structure building is the slogan of the day.'

'I see I am going to lose some of my chickens,' said Mrs. Jooks sadly. 'And I loved my chickens!'

'Oh, come now!' said Mr. Jooks. 'We must be progressive, my dear. We must follow the trend of the times. As a matter of fact you were the first to propose a deal. You said to Dorothy, "The Mrs. Jooks Chicken Company will sell you 80 per cent of its chickens for stock in your Cow Company," and the deal was made. The Cow Company now had eight chickens and your Chicken Company retained two chickens.'

'I hope one was a rooster,' said Mrs. Jooks.

'We will say it was,' said Mr. Jooks generously. 'For our financial structure building that makes no difference. But what was I doing? I went to Dorothy and proposed to buy 90 per cent of the Cow Company. She agreed, and the deal was made. My Pig Company now owned nine tenths of the cow, seven and two-tenths chickens, and the pig. But, seeing that a farm could do better as a farm than as a lot of separately managed concerns, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company came to me — '

'You came to yourself?'

'I was president of the Farming and Dairy Company,' said Mr. Jooks, 'so I came to myself, as president of the Jooks Pig Company, and I bought 80 per cent of the Pig Company. I now owned, as the Farming and Dairy Company, seventy-two one-hundredths of a cow, five and seventy-six one-hundredths chickens, eight tenths of a pig. You owned, as the Chicken Company — '

'Never mind, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, in a dull tone. 'I see what is coming. You're going to buy 76 per cent of the Smith outfit — '

'Ninety per cent, to be exact,' said Mr. Jooks. 'Ninety per cent, Jessie, thus bringing under one control — wait a minute! When the deal is completed, the Jooks Farming and Dairy Company would own — '

Late that night Mr. Jooks was still computing hundred-thousandths of a rabbit, and tens of thousandths of a chicken, and saying, 'No! Eight and nine hundred and seventy-six thousandths from eleven and eighty-four hundredths — no, that's not rabbits, that's cow — no, it could n't be cow, there were only three cows; it's chickens. Hold on! I subtracted rabbits from pig here. Wait a minute, now — '

Mrs. Jooks had long since gone up to bed. At two o'clock Jooks crumpled up his papers and put them in the fireplace. He stole upstairs quietly and undressed as noiselessly as he could, but as he was putting on his pyjamas Mrs. Jooks opened her eyes. She lay quiet for a moment, getting awake.

'Walter?' she said then.

'Yes, my dear,' said Mr. Jooks.

'Walter, I was thinking, before I went to sleep. I think fifty dollars is too much to pay for a pig,' said Mrs. Jooks. 'I think I'd rather have a cheaper pig and have more chickens.'

'Yes?' said Mr. Jooks.

'And, Walter,' said Mrs. Jooks, 'I don't want to be in partnership with those Smiths. I want to own my own chickens myself.'

She closed her eyes and a moment later Mr. Jooks knew, by her deep breathing, that she was asleep. She had left him only about 33⅓ per cent of the bed. Very carefully, not to awaken her again and bring up the matter of financial structures, Mr. Jooks got into bed. He drew over himself 64⅗ per cent of the bed covers. He fell asleep immediately, for he was feeling exceptionally well satisfied with himself — he had explained the higher finance to his wife.

AFRICAN EDUCATION

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

I AM not going to discuss the belief, widely prevalent though it be, that the African native is not really educable, not capable of profiting by education in the same sort of way as the white man can profit. Black men are not white men; but they are men, and as such essentially educable. Like all other men and unlike any other animals, they have their being within a special self-made environment, a self-perpetuating framework of ideas and customs, that can be called, in the broadest sense of the word, *tradition*. The difficulty of educating the native lies in the fact that he lives enmeshed in a rigid tribal tradition, his home a windowless hut, his material background and his system of ideas extremely primitive and extremely limited. To give him an 'academic' education without troubling about this real core of his life is to produce an imitation article. More frequently it happens that contact with white civilization destroys the core without putting anything stable in its place; and then 'education' produces only a veneered and hollow sham.

We at home use the word 'education' generally in a specialized sense, as something superadded to or growing out of the general tradition and system of ideas which we inevitably respire from our infancy. But in Africa the major task of education must be to provide a new set of ideas for the growing African mind to breathe, to produce a new tradition which shall be stable though on a higher level than the old.

Only if we succeed in accomplishing that shall we be able to judge of the Africans' educability. I do not imagine that it is identical either in kind or in degree with that of white men. The average black man differs from the average white in color, in features, in bodily proportions, in hair, in adaptations to a hot climate such as wide nostrils and abundance of sweat glands; there is no reason to suppose that he will not differ in the inherited potentialities of his mind. At the moment one can only give the merest opinion. Mine would be that there are greater differences in mental capacity between different African tribes than between the best tribes and the white man, some tribes being definitely stupider by nature. However, I should certainly say that any and every tribe would overlap very considerably with us, its more gifted members being a long way above our stupidest. And finally it seems clear that among the more advanced tribes, such as Chagga or Baganda, the educability or innate capacity, of some individuals at least, is distinctly high, their best brains being well above our mean capacity. Further than that one cannot venture until two or three generations of education have created a new atmosphere of ideas; but it is clear to me that, even should the average capacity of Africans prove to be somewhat lower than that of white men, yet education of the right sort will undoubtedly be able to bring about enormous changes — changes which to the average white man of to-day would appear incredible.

Do not let us forget that we ourselves are not so long emerged from barbarism. When Rome came in contact with the ancient Britons, they were doubtless in most ways a little more advanced than the African; none the less, we possess a letter from a wealthy Roman landowner to his agent in Britain (in terms strangely reminiscent of a Kenya settler talking of his Kikuyu or Kavirondo labor supply) telling him not to ship him any more British slaves, as they were so lazy and could not be trusted to work. The ancient Greeks were in some ways the most astounding of peoples. Yet, only a few hundred years before their apogee, the Homeric heroes fought and thought much like Masai or Nandi warriors — one has only to recall them, all but Achilles timorous so long as Hector was alive, dancing round him when dead and jabbing his corpse with their spears.

II

But enough of generalities. Let us come down to facts. To begin with, we must realize that systematized native education is only just beginning in East Africa. Government schools, government subsidies to mission schools (accompanied of course by a salutary government control of their curriculum and standards), a properly organized programme for each colony as a whole — these are all post-war births. Not until 1933 will the reorganized educational system of Uganda have turned out any native who has been from bottom to top. In the whole of Kenya, with its three million natives, there are in school only about five hundred boys who have stuck out more than four consecutive years of a general education, less than one hundred who have reached their seventh year.

But the second fact is that the natives *want* education. In Tanganyika, there are numerous schools which have been built and equipped by the local Native Administration, out of their own funds. In Kenya, the Kikuyu, that difficult tribe, have this year voted five thousand pounds from their native treasuries for the construction of schools in their reserve. In Uganda, the big Church Missionary Society's boarding school at Budu recently raised its fees, not without misgiving, to twenty-five pounds a year — no small sum for a native to pay; yet the school is as full as ever. The Kenya settlers who are anxious to attract labor to their farms and keep it there find that the provision of a little school with a native schoolmaster is, with tribes like the Kikuyu or Kavirondo at least, a potent help.

There are some tribes, to be sure, who are indifferent or even hostile to education. But in general the demand exists; and the great and urgent difficulty is the provision of sufficient well-trained teachers to satisfy it.

And finally there is the fact that, in spite of everything, natives are being educated to do — and often to do well — things which only one generation back were not even dreamed of by the African. I have seen dressers in charge of dispensaries, clerks keeping the records of native courts, girls running maternity and infant-welfare stations with white inspection only once a month, men in charge of a power station on a big estate, schoolmasters who taught well and had their heart in their job, foremen who could be trusted in sole control of building operations — all blacks. I have seen black nuns (one I shall always remember for the beauty, and indeed saintliness, of her expression); black school prefects who seemed to be all that prefects should; black drill sergeants; black students who were dissecting a cadaver with commendable thoroughness; a black choir singing Bach motets, and singing them well; black health workers who, unsupervised, can and do produce admirable malaria surveys and maps.

But to what end is all this native education? Or, to put it in another way, what education ought we to give the native? The great mistake of the past has been to give our subjects of other races a dose of our own already over-academic school curriculum in diluted form, and to call that education. Many of the missions have been to blame in this respect. They have imagined that repetition of a creed and attendance at church will promptly turn a pagan into a redeemed Christian soul, with the right or even the duty to reject and look down upon all ancient institutions and customs of his tribe, and that the three R's with a little of a fourth — religious instruction — will give him a European or at least an educated mind. In reality the new religion has too often been embraced because it conferred a higher social status, and the new learning because its possessor imagined it would be the key to clerical work in an office, from whose vantage manual labor could be agreeably despised. The Phelps-Stokes report on African education gives abundant chapter and verse for these assertions; and shows that governments too have by no means always been blameless.

Gradually, however, a new conception is coming to the front. Education is conceived of as a training adapted for a particular kind of human being in a particular environment. If it does not fit him better to his environment, and at the same time help to make his environment better, it is no education.

In East Africa there are about three hundred blacks to every white. However much we may encourage white settlement, there will always be a huge black preponderance; and the prosperity of the country and its economic value to the British Empire and to the world will depend more (this is what so few imperialists seem yet to have seen) upon the natives' production and their demand for manufactured goods than upon white farming, however successful. But it is only through education, in the broad sense, that this can be brought about. It is through education in proper methods of agriculture that the natives will stop their system of shifting cultivation, will learn to use ploughs, and will cease taking plant food out of the soil without ever putting any back. They must be educated to stop cutting down forests and to plant trees. Education alone will make them want to build cleanly little houses instead of filthy huts, will reduce disease and cut down infant mortality from its present appalling figure of 30 to 50 per cent in the first year of life — and this will mean an increase of population and new supplies of labor. Education will awake new ideas, new ambitions, new needs. Only education will provide natives to fill the huge number of posts which the Government rightly wishes to see filled by Africans — medical, agricultural, veterinary, forestry assistants; schoolmasters and clerks; artisans and mechanics; engine drivers and chauffeurs. Only education will enable the native to compete, as trader or as skilled workman, with the Indian.

With these ends in view, every effort is now being made to put an end to the education that is all books, and to prevent the native from thinking that education is merely an avenue of escape from hard work; to insist on hygiene, drill, and practical agriculture as part of every curriculum; to encourage instead of discouraging respect for tribal history and customs, and the practice of native handicrafts; to begin with general education in which, after a grounding in the three R's, emphasis is laid on the natives' own environment — African geography, African history, local nature study, hygiene, agriculture; and to build on this foundation by special, vocational training for the great majority of boys and girls, reserving anything in the nature of a higher academic education for the exceptional few who can profit by it.

This new movement is yet in its infancy; but the educational machine is now definitely set in this direction. If it works successfully, it will give the native inhabitants of East Africa (there are already some twelve million of them; and there is ample room for double that figure) an opportunity to develop an East African culture, no mere copy of the European culture with which it is in touch, but something in its own right, something new in the world. And note well that education can never achieve this unless it is successful in making the native prosperous. Quite apart from its direct effect upon production, education will pay for itself over and over again by raising the natives' demands upon life, reducing the wastage of life and health, cutting down the proportion of expenditure on military and police, replacing many alien cogs in the administrative machine by indigenous ones.

As one Director of Education said to me, 'There ought really to be no Education Departments in East Africa; the very title is misleading. What we want is Departments of Native Development.' This development of the native, this refusal to allow him to become a poor copy of the white invader, this attempt to transform his old traditions into something equally solid, yet new and progressive, is the best hope for tropical Africa.

III

Education in Africa means native development; that is my main thesis. If it is to be of any real and permanent good, it means development, not toward a transplanted imitation of Europe, but toward its own local, African civilization, whose features no man can yet discern, but which must be essentially different from our Western civilization, because its economics will be based on agriculture and not on manufacture, because its component units are blacks and not whites, because its ideas will in part have grown out of African tribal ideas.

I will end by giving some concrete examples of what is now being attempted.

In the Masai reserve in Kenya, I visited the school at Narok. The slender athletic boys were playing football. After the game, they filed up and bent their heads before me, upon which I, hastily prompted, laid my hand upon each close-cropped pate. This Biblical gesture had to be repeated by each of the five Europeans present for each of the sixty boys. (I found myself trying to visualize the practice adopted at Eton or Harrow — a fag rushing up to a beak as if to butt him in the stomach, a member of Pop with bared head awaiting the Headmaster's benediction!)

Besides an elementary general education, games, and drill, these Masai boys are taught dairying and how to make the clarified butter which finds such a ready sale among the Indians; and they are taught the elements of agriculture — an occupation which the Masai tribe, warriors and raiders all, have never yet deigned to practise.

There are only two Masai schools as

yet, and they are very new. But if they are successful, they will be the beginning of a change in the tribe's whole way of life.

At the moment the Masai, no longer permitted to be warriors, are in danger of degenerating into specimens in a human zoo, their herds of cattle valued for their number and not for their quality, and of negligible economic value to the country as a whole. Their old pride of race survives in the prejudice which finds all agriculture, and indeed all work save the tending of cattle, degrading; their old system of warriors living in the special villages, enjoying free love with the uninitiated girls, has no longer any meaning within the Pax Britannica, and is said to be leading to moral and physical deterioration.

But if the boys trained at these schools continue to cultivate the soil and to produce milk and ghee for money, they must cease to be nomadic and they will begin to think in terms of quality and not quantity of cattle. The Masai can never be anything but anthropological specimens so long as they live within the cast-iron framework of their old and now inevitably out-of-date tribal customs; these schools may provide the magic solvent which will release them from immobility.

Now I will take the other extreme — an old-established school among a progressive people. King's School, Budu, is a Church Missionary Society school for the sons of the better-class Baganda. It aims at getting boys as young as possible; at providing a really good education for head and hand, physique and character; at encouraging initiative and at helping the natives to discover in themselves new capabilities, new sources of interest and enjoyment.

In addition to the ordinary academic curriculum, which seems to be taught with more imagination than usual, the boys cultivate their own plots of ground and make agricultural experiments. Each boy is required to take up some hobby — simple metal working, carpentry, collecting insects or flowers, knitting, shoemaking, and so forth. There is a troop of Scouts, admission to which is a coveted honor. The drill is good, the football excellent, the standard of the annual sports quite high. Prefects look after minor discipline as in an English public school. In addition the boys are responsible for the cleanliness and tidiness of the dormitories.

The result was extremely interesting. Even the casual visitor could feel that there was something of the atmosphere of an English school about the place. The boys were not alien creatures painfully absorbing a ready-made but foreign system of ideas; they were young human beings growing up in an environment which, however new, they were making their own. (This, I was told, was especially the case with boys who came young, at six or seven, and stayed on for eight or ten years. The moral is that, if you wish to build up the inner framework of morale and ideas which alone can take the place of the old tribal system of customs and sanctions, you must do it thoroughly; beginning late gives you incomplete organisms.)

I went to the school concert on their annual speech day, and found myself recalling similar occasions in my own youth. There were the enthusiastic old boys, the timid little fellows sent on to recite, the cheerful buffoons who enjoy the footlights, the serious-looking seniors bearing their responsibilities. There were Elizabethan madrigals, performances on traditional Baganda instruments, English recitations, native dances. The *pièce de résistance* was a play, written (in English, with some assistance from the masters) by the boys themselves, on the subject of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; and comic relief was afforded by a masterly skit in Luganda, entitled 'The Policeman,' which no member of the staff had seen beforehand.

In quite another sphere, the Native Industrial Training Department in Kenya is equally impressive. Here are some five hundred lads learning trades. They must complete a five years' course in their chosen trade, be it smith or tailor, carpenter or mason. In the workshops of the department many jobs are undertaken for the Government and for certain private corporations such as missions; and the boys receive an essential part of the training by going out in gangs to erect and equip government buildings all over the colony. At the moment, Europeans act as technical instructors and foremen, but the policy is to replace as many of these as possible by the pick of the trained native workmen. In a few years the leaven of skilled and efficient native artisans, self-respecting and earning good wages, should be stirring throughout Kenya; and the same end is being pursued in Tanganyika and Uganda.

IV

Now take a piece of native development which has depended mainly on adult education. The Digo area on the Kenya coast was a hotbed of hookworm. A medico-educational campaign against this insidious sapper of human energies was undertaken by the Medical Department in 1927–28. Over 90 per cent of the native population of 50,000 were treated; what is much more remarkable, nearly 9000 latrines were built, — the Native Council has now made it compulsory for every hut to have one, — and, more remarkable still, the latrines are being used. In the year since then, an increase in the energy and efficiency of Digo laborers, and in the total amount of land under cultivation in the area, has already taken place, and the Digo are anxious to learn and apply other lessons of Western science.

Such work may be helped on through the schools. In Zanzibar I saw a native medical orderly demonstrating hookworms and hookworm eggs to the children in a little out-school; and their answers to his questions showed that the village schoolmaster had already made the hookworm story quite clear to their minds. Since practically every native in East Africa is infected with intestinal worms, or malaria, or both, — and is therefore always below par, though he may not know it, — the importance of such measures is enormous.

In almost every girls' school, much attention is paid to cleanliness and sanitation, food and cooking, and the care of children. In the Kikuyu reserve I was assured that as the result of such teaching infant mortality was definitely less among the children of educated mothers, and that little houses were here and there taking the place of huts.

The native does not live in a dirty, windowless, floorless grass hut by innate preference, but because he has not been brought to the level at which he prefers something better. In Buganda, this level has been reached by a large section of the population, and the countryside is well sprinkled with little two- and four-roomed houses, boasting windows and often a little garden.

One could multiply examples. There is the school of Tabora, where the sons of chiefs are educated to fit them for their future duties of helping in the government of the country. A very fine new building has just been put up to house the growing school, — stone, two stories, with an arcaded quadrangle and a hall which is the largest room in the territory, — and the place more than ever begins to merit its nickname of the Eton of Tanganyika.

There is the Jeanes School outside Nairobi, where picked teachers and their wives come to be trained. After two years they go back into the country districts and become responsible for a group of elementary out-schools. There is Makerere College in Uganda, destined inevitably to become in time a university for East Africa. There are the hospitals where native dressers are being trained, the laboratories which are turning out native agricultural assistants.

In brief, thirty years ago the East African native lived unquestioningly within the bonds of rigid tribal custom, in a barbaric twilight of the intelligence. Superstition was mingled with sound tradition, magic with common sense, blank ignorance with valuable knowledge, to form a whole which had to vanish, either by extinction or by evolution, at the white man's contact. To-day, hundreds of black boys and girls are being let loose over the country every year charged with new knowledge, new practical arts, new thoughts and ideas.

There is no stemming the tide. We are told that the remedy for democracy is more democracy. Very certainly the remedy for education is more education. To make native education to the fullest extent the instrument of native development, to continue worthily what has been so well begun, there are certain needs. There must be a strong Department of Education, with adequate control of missionary educational policy. There must be a supply of white teachers, government and missionary alike, who do not think of the natives merely as 'niggers' to be taught useful trades or as 'heathen' to be converted, but as human beings who have a culture of their own, albeit a primitive one, who are and always will be the major and most important part of East Africa's population. And they must come out equipped with some special knowledge of agriculture as well as of educational method. There must be a big supply of well-trained native teachers. There is great need of textbooks and readers, adapted to local conditions (sometimes they are peculiarly ill-adapted: one of the first reading books to be translated into Swahili for Tanganyika schools was *Treasure Island!*). There is need to keep on with agriculture, hygiene, local geography, and history; but the old academic outlook leaves these subjects uncorrelated; we need a more biological approach to make an African curriculum vital. And we badly want the coöperation of every other government department with education. Above all, we need to persuade the native that to pass, say, London Matriculation is not necessarily an ideal aim in Africa — however desirable it may (or may not) be in England.

If we can secure all this, we may perhaps produce an educational system better suited to the African than is our English system to the English.

POLAND'S TENTH BIRTHDAY

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

FIVE o'clock in Warsaw; I was expecting Polish friends to tea. On my way to the dining room the hotel porter handed me a packet.

'But is there something interesting in that envelope?' asked Prince A——, once we were pleasantly gathered about the table. 'That depends,' I laughed, as I extracted from it a sheaf of Latin and Ruthenian documents — I was on the trail of Poland's Queen Jadwiga, whose glory and tragedy was that by sacrifice of her love she brought the last pagan people of Europe, the Lithuanians, into the fold of the Western Church, and their territories and defensive power to the aid of the developing Polish nation.

I looked out over the tea dance of five hundred years later as I unfolded the mellow documents from which depended the wax seal of this adored young queen — the great white room was beautiful with encircling green trees and billowy above with floating green and white paper strips. The dance was the international two-step, but here executed with an accent and lilt, a Slavic joyance, that individualized it.

'May I take a look?' asked my guest, and soon we were all leaning forward while he read swiftly and musically, passing from Latin to Ruthenian and reversely, paralleling both with an English translation, occasionally referring a Latin word to his daughter, a Ruthenian one to his wife; while to my questions about milieu, which such documents provoke but fail to answer, he built in the background from a richly furnished mind, a mind which had arrived at a philosophy of history.

Here the record of a bit of shifting territory — 'But how interesting, for that was a logical movement.' Followed a painting of the ethnological picture of Eastern Europe illustrating the flexibility of Aryan languages, the rigidity of others; a pointing out of such strange tongue kinships as those, for instance, between Lithuanian and Sanskrit, Finnish and Magyar. Suddenly someone looked at a watch. 'Eight-fifteen o'clock! But impossible!'

I do not suggest that this was a typical Warsaw tea party. But it is a fact that here is a country where an extraordinary number of persons would have seized upon that packet with similar delight and rekindled it with equal ease. For there exists no more circumferentially equipped mind than that of the cultivated Pole. It is a mind which, stimulated from within, pursues its own quests — to which the panorama of history, archives, libraries, are school.

Through turbulent centuries, when for the great body of the people of Eastern Europe there was scant hope of cultural advance, the Polish aristocrat made himself a transmitter of the intellectual treasure of his race. Hence the young democracy's wealth of private libraries and museums, which to-day pour their store into the stream that is feeding the mind of the new Poland; these represent one aspect of the continuity of Polish aspiration.

I had my first view of their present use in the Krasinski Library in Warsaw, where, to be admitted, one has only to give a legitimate reason, and where, once inside, he enjoys more free use of his material than in many a public library.

I found the solid gray stone building housing, first a central museum, with unbelievable treasure in paintings, jeweled armor, embroidered velvets, and beyond it a light-flooded conference room of the type of that of our Academy of Sciences; and then, of course, the book departments — the documents and incunabula, the thousands of lusciously bound volumes. Upstairs and downstairs in research rooms, students from Warsaw University, and other investigators, were deep in work. My own requests brought quick coöperation.

Not far from this library is another treasure of the capital, the Zamoyski Collection, centred in a long gold-brown room whose faded silk banners hang like recording pages from the encircling gallery. Here in especial beauty run shelves of French volumes, many of them lacking even in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. In one little room is the library of a Jagellonian king; there are early church books with a richness of decoration unsurpassed in any collection; there is Kosciuszko's colored crayon drawing of our battlefield of Saratoga — but no superficial reference can suggest the accumulated total. Nor that of the library this same family has given to the nation at Kornik in Western Poland. Nor the splendor and importance of the Czartoryski museum-library at Cracow. Nor of the Ossolinski at Lwow, which counts more than 200,000 volumes, 3000 maps, 6000 MSS., and which is open, as are our public ones. Nor of many another.

Undoubtedly, with increased funds, owners will develop the facilities and usefulness of these collections. With the rapid increase of schools and the development of the whole educational system, demands on all libraries are overwhelming. There is a cry for seating space, for increased personnel, for duplicate copies.

What individuality, what atmosphere, in each of these foundations! An atmosphere which is in itself educative. The books chosen and guarded with personal devotion speak from their places as they never can from the duplicate shelves of the public building.

The most important pre-war collections were in such private libraries as these, and in those of the universities and scientific corporations of Warsaw, Vilna, Lublin, Cracow, Lwow, and Poznan. Some 10,000 items of the famous Zaluski Collection, stolen by the Russians, have already been returned and will go to the new National Library. The quite natural desire of Cracow, lovely old capital of the South, that its historic Jagellonian library become the present national one, has quite as naturally been thwarted. Through a compromise, the Jagellonian will remain the chief source for periods before 1800, while the library in the newer capital, Warsaw, will specialize in later material. The Pole in the Cracow region envies his Czech neighbor, who has the luck to have centred in a single Prague the ancient glory of the old state and the promise of the new.

Poland's great families have carried not only books, tapestries, sculptures, down warring centuries, but also the magnificent estates on which they sheltered them. But, alas, the adaptation of this mighty treasure of domain to the best uses of the republic, whose economic interest is chiefly agricultural, is not so simple.

It is too much to expect that the present representative of those who fought to bring an unbroken heritage to his hands should see arrived the historical moment for relinquishment. The more so since many outside his class hold, with him, that land division beyond a certain point spells economic disaster.

Yet obviously when, in a democracy of 28,000,000 inhabitants, some 19,000 of them owned 45 per cent of all privately held farm land in the country, reapportionment was inescapable. From the immense properties down (the Zamoyski estate covers half a province) were all sizes, until one reached that third of the agricultural population which had barely enough land to support itself, and, still further below, that other third of the workers who owned nothing.

II

So, during the first ten years of its existence, the Polish Parliament has been intensely occupied with the agrarian-reform programme, which, by the end of the first half of the decade, was expressed in Acts that have been progressively operative. But scarcely with the consent of the land magnates! Though many of them, financially embarrassed, have been glad to part with certain portions of their holdings.

The Polish people, whose historical record is one of tolerance and patience, are proud of the moderation of this land-readjustment programme, holding it generous in time and remuneration, not so extreme in the ordained degree of division as are the programmes in neighboring countries, and yet carrying the opportunities due the new citizen.

It is variously specialized, with different degrees of subtraction for border and interior lands and for those promising industrial development, and with exemptions for forest areas and such other large properties, already highly productive, as beet plantations, seed nurseries, breeding stations, and orchards. In accordance with this — to point concretely to but one period of the advance — between 1919 and 1923 some 5000 estates, which included state and church lands, parted with a million acres, from which 24,000 new properties were created; while 47,000 supplementary tracts were added to inadequate farms. Parcellation thus begun has continued gradually, but steadily. And at the same time the consolidation of small holdings is increasing by leaps and bounds.

The people as a whole view this record optimistically. But most of the large owners, who see written the minimum unit of 450 acres, and who, quite aside from their personal despair, believe that the total potential production of a number of small properties must lag behind that of an equal area developed as a unit, with opportunities for better machinery and methods, are doing their utmost to check this progress.

They ask, too, what will become of the future heirs of the owners of very small farms. In Poland not the eldest son alone, but all, inherit, and the Polish peasant hears no preaching of birth control. How much division will a few acres stand? Children will be forced to leave the country for cities, and the thing to be avoided will not have been avoided after all!

As one studies the successes and failures of the reform, he is impressed, not so much with the reactionary attitude of the great proprietors, as with the reasonableness of the whole people.

Last week, in the country, I sat in a centuries-old library where Emerson and Whitman are as much at home as

Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz, and where Poland's past speaks from marvelous portraits. And that evening it spoke through Chopin, as hour after hour a protégé of Paderewski sat at the piano. Just beyond his head hung a Titian Madonna and Child, lighted by the flickering taper in a little red cup swung below it. After dinner, as we lingered over our coffee, through the dining-room door quietly walked the old family friend, a beautiful Arabian horse, to encircle the table for his accustomed bread and sugar.

You cannot get something for nothing — life, after all, means just a few inexorable laws operating, one of them this one. If those long deprived are now to have their turn, it must be paid for. And just as in our own country, with the freeing of the slave, disappeared the charm and picturesqueness of life on the plantation, so here will pass the beauty of life culturally rich and self-contained, as it has been lived for centuries on Poland's vast properties. Such a milieu is not built up by one generation, nor yet by two. For how long will the forward road be that of standardization, — our own road still, — of sacrifice of quality and individuality to the lifting of the general level of material well-being? There is that sadness in the air, inevitably incident to change, but the mood of Poland is not one of morbid regret over the passing of the old order — it is one of healthy joy over the coming of the new.

Moreover, the rest of Poland claims that as a group its cultivated aristocracy have failed to give energetic coöperation in the founding of the democracy. Even in foreign affairs, where they were especially prepared to serve, they have not carried the large responsibilities. The complaint is that their contribution is apt to be dilettante, spasmodic. Securely placed, for them, as for the typical rich man's son, the thrust behind endeavor is wanting. At the same time people recognize that during these particular years, because of destruction of property and financial chaos, many have been held to their estates, in what has seemed to them a struggle for existence.

No; the government is being shaped not by the aristocracy, but by the classes socially below them, by the lesser gentry, by intellectuals of that and of peasant stock. The man who dreams of the university as leading the people would be happy in Poland to-day.

As, in the beginning, the inspired pilot Paderewski and that other economist pilot, Dmowski, came from the humbler gentry, so to-day Marshal Pilsudski, whose ten years' service to the infant state has resulted in his amazing position within it, was born of the smaller gentry; born near Vilna, in a beautiful region of which he never tires of talking. And, in parenthesis, Vilna, in its far-northern setting of lakes and hills and wearing a crown of churches unique in their loveliness, will one day be starred on the travelers' list.

President Moscicki, a distinguished chemist of country gentlemen's stock in former Russian Poland, was professor at Fribourg University when, one day after Upper Silesia had become Poland's, the Germans to a man walked out of its great nitrate factory at Chorzow. He hurried to the rescue.

In less than a month he had accomplished a miracle of reorganization, and in two years the factory was producing more than it had in German hands. He gave to his people not only money, but belief in their capacity to manage their own enterprises — in those days the thing most needed. When Marshal Pilsudski picked him for President, he knew that he would be hailed as deserving first place. Besides, he was able. He showed great tact in helping to solve the cabinet crisis of December 1929, and he had a day of triumph last January, when a second great nitrate factory was opened near Tarnow.

There is no more interesting pursuit in Europe to-day than this following of the rise of Poland's lesser gentry to leadership. But one cannot in passing cite more than one or two further illustrative instances. Bartel, the recent Prime Minister, began in Southeastern Lwow, as a locksmith, in the workshops attached to the Engineering College, then made his way up through that Engineering College to a professorial chair in it. An inordinate worker, he laughingly boasted that at least once every two months some one of his staff was forced to flee to a rest home. He had dedicated himself to bridging the perilous gulf between Pilsudski's modified dictatorship and Parliament, trying first to fuse the Left with the Marshal's support, — for the government bloc has not a majority, — then the Right. He has been wrecked on the rock of this attempt. But he has been Prime Minister five times in four years, and is now known as the man who always 'comes round again' when things go wrong.

From the minor gentry, too, comes August Zaleski, who as Secretary of State has won the confidence of Europe. He was a journalist, graduate of the London School of Economics, and lecturer on Poland in the University of London during the war. One has only to remember Polish-German relations to understand the impression made by the tone in which, as Chairman of the League of Nations' Council in 1929, he paid a tribute to his dead adversary, Stresemann, Great German Statesman.

And of the same class as Zaleski is Ladislas Wroblewski, former Minister to Washington and now head of the Bank of Poland. He was University lecturer on law and head of an Agricultural Syndicate at Cracow before the war.

These smaller landowners of the border gentry are the salt of the Polish earth.

Poland's Lloyd George is the peasant Witos, — shrewd tactician, three times Prime Minister, — who began his political career in the Vienna Parliament, when Austria, in 1897, got universal suffrage. He is now overshadowed by Pilsudski, who ousted him from power. The Peasant Party which he led has suffered a collapse; but both for the party and for its leader an important part in Polish political life is no doubt still in store.

And so on down the list — in the Cabinet, in Parliament and outside, men in key positions are of the lesser gentry, with an increasing admixture of peasant stock. They are the men directing the struggle over politics and aims, which in so young a government are still undetermined.

III

And what are the outstanding problems? There are two.

First, the purely political one of the reform of the Constitution, which, modeled on the French Constitution, has, after a decade's trial, been found seriously wanting, chiefly because of the weakness of the executive branch of the government — Poland's fundamental difficulty ever since, in 1455, she became a parliamentary 'gentry democracy.' And second, a many-sided economic problem, which, expressed in limited and immediate terms, is the necessity of improved commercial arrangements with Germany.

If one sees a group in intense discussion in a café or home, he may be fairly certain that the talk centres on one of these subjects. And there is much talking, both in the Lower House of 444 members and outside of it. The power of the Senate in the present scheme is negligible. Elected in the same manner as the House, or Sejm, it has only one fourth the size and almost no initiative — a certain group even asks that it be abolished. It is amusing, on arriving, to hear echoes of a weary home-town voice in the Pole's 'If we could only adjourn the Sejm and stop the talking, we'd progress.' The extremist adds, 'Let Pilsudski again, as during earlier years, take the reins strongly in his own hands, dismiss Parliament, declare the needed constitutional reforms, and direct the state until it becomes adjusted to its new machinery.' Out of what necessity spring such demands?

How many constitutional reforms are asked for? 'As many,' the cynic replies, 'as there are inhabitants in Poland.' Just as he will tell you, if you question which, numerically, is the strongest political party, that it is the one which does not vote. And again one is hearing echoes.

Such changes as these are urged: election of the President by popular vote, instead of, as at present, by Parliament; change in the representation and power of the Senate; appointment by the President, instead of by the House, of the important Board of Supreme Control which follows the disbursing of the budget. But there is one major reform on whose necessity practically all are agreed. This would, following the United States Constitution, make the Cabinet responsible, not to the Parliament, but to the President.

By thus strengthening the weak executive arm, it is believed that the most serious present difficulties would be overcome and the government's power to expedite public business would be assured. As it is, in the course of the last three years of discussion of constitutional reform, such practices as presidential legislation by decree in urgent administrative matters, and automatic operation of the old budget, if the Parliament fails to pass the new one in time, have, under the pressure of necessity, become customary law. We may be able to afford the luxury of the inefficiency of democratic institutions; Poland cannot!

Since both these functions to be transferred to the executive are now vested in the Sejm, which must vote them away, one can understand the delay. Listening in, he feels himself again in the Senate Gallery on Capitol Hill, while week after week the debate on the flexible tariff provision, or some other question of inalienable prerogative, drags on. Parliaments are parliaments, the world over.

In this particular body, as in our own to-day, the government party, the B. B., a non-partisan bloc, lacks a working majority. Made up of all shades of opinion from Right to Left, it gets its character chiefly from the 'colonels' who immediately surround Marshal Pilsudski. There are, besides, the Nationalists and the Socialists, the three peasant parties, — two of which are radical and one liberal, — and a number of others. A varicolored political spectacle, which the Marshal, though he has expressed his contempt of it, follows with more or less patience. He has rarely gone to the extreme of abolishing the opposition; his dictatorship is restrained and objective.

There are daily attacks upon him, written and spoken; for Poland enjoys complete freedom of the press and of speech. While one group charges him with advocating the strengthening of the executive in the hope that he himself may become that more powerful executive, another complains of his lack of courage, of his failure to put forward and push with sufficient vigor a clear-cut programme. But the majority see him as the lover of and protector of the democracy, wise enough to let it pursue its normal development, except when, in his judgment, its very existence seems threatened. In the meantime, his transcendent personal power continues — a power resting on that of the army and the people.

The prevailing belief is that both these imperatively necessary reforms will be voted. The question is, When? The persistent hope is, Soon.

Those who understand the job the new democracy faced — and it has just celebrated its tenth birthday — are not discouraged. It had to establish a state mechanism and to resuscitate an economic organism broken into three parts — to bring unity out of long-separated Poznan, Galicia, and Congress Poland. And this was especially difficult because the war here lasted two years longer than elsewhere. It was only after Pilsudski, in 1920, drove the Bolos back that there could be any feeling of security. Even now if one complains of the emigration of numbers of Poles — a million have gone to France — when there is land in Eastern Poland to be developed, he hears these emigrants, many of them former soldiers, saying, 'No, not eastward.' It will take a long time to convince them that there can be security near the eastern frontier, or even, for that matter, near the western one. Moreover, lack of capital would hinder them in the east, while in the west one needs only his two hands to make a beginning.

IV

Poland's first necessity, then, is to strengthen the executive branch of the government. With fully half of her industrial enterprises state-owned, the importance of an effective administrative machinery needs no comment. Her second major problem, the economic one, begins thus in politics, and, one might add, ends there. At the start, when there was almost no private capital, if there was to be any business at all the state was obliged to undertake it. The government today inherits the drawbacks as well as the advantages of this experiment. Practically all the great chemical and lumber industries are in its hands, the salt mines, and much of the coal and zinc. The opponents of *étatisme* point to waste in the handling of these enterprises, to overstaffing, overpaying, to general inefficiency. Their number seems to be growing, and the movement toward private enterprise becoming stronger. Yet lack of capital still bars progress in the many directions where rewards unquestionably wait. There are many pathetic instances of failure, in which capacity and courage have been beaten by this lack.

The direction of development, whether toward increased state ownership, or the reverse, will depend as much, then, on the success of the constitutional reform as it will upon the increased facility with which private credits can be negotiated.

At present the country is suffering from an acute economic depression, partly sympathetic, reflecting our own and other crises, partly of individual origin. It concerns, first of all, agriculture. One is again back on Capitol Hill! This year the evil is an overproduction which is not met by favorable export arrangements, and, heading the list of the farmers' relief programme, Debenture! — not called by that name, but there it stands, followed by lower freight rates and other familiar items.

As the agricultural-relief programme

has been fighting its way through the Sejm, there have been other efforts of cardinal importance. And first among them has been the negotiation of the commercial treaty with Germany. Nothing has more completely occupied the public mind. To mention but one or two points involved, Germany asked for a most-favored-nation's clause which would ensure a developing market for her industrial products, implements, machinery, cars. On Poland's side the chief exports would be raw materials, Upper Silesian coal, live stock, cereals, potatoes. She wished especially a rye export price agreement and the opportunity to send her pork products across her neighbor's frontier. Above all discussion one heard again the word 'pig'; and, remembering the Serbian pig and the World War, shivered! The signing of this treaty which resolved an array of seemingly unresolvable difficulties is one of the most important and most encouraging *rapprochements* between two former enemy countries.

While I write, the President of the Dresdener Bank is in conference with the President of the Bank Polski. At a café table near my own is a group of Germans in Warsaw on treaty business. At most tables there is intense discussion of German-Polish relations, either political or commercial. There is a 'now or never' feeling in the atmosphere, as these two peoples, despite their loud-crying nationalists, are trying desperately hard to get together.

As President Hoover acted recently in a threatening economic situation, so this government is attempting to control conditions. The ministers of commerce and labor have just visited Lodz, the textile centre, to discuss assistance, which will probably include government orders for textile products, provision for constructive credits, and tariff rebates to facilitate exports. They have promised, too, special unemployment relief funds.

While anyone who has followed our own economic situation during the past six months will easily orientate himself in Poland, he will find, too, unfamiliar factors, which will make him salute the courage with which its people press forward. Besides the sad lack of capital to invest, of money to purchase, the practice of modern business administration, especially in the smaller enterprises, is yet in its infancy. The Poles are, for instance, by tradition, individualists in business. To most of them yet it is difficult to think in terms of mass production. Only the other day, an American buyer, much interested in beautiful Polish peasant handicrafts, omitted Warsaw for another European city, where he could buy by thousands instead of by hundreds.

But there are more ways than one of doing business, and I have been delighted to watch a 'snappy' new firm composed of one quiet young American and one eager young Polish aristocrat turned 'business man.' Money is extremely tight; people accustomed to go South for a week or two during January did not go; others have had to give up this or that; yet this young firm within a short time sold sixty automobiles and no less than eight during the last difficult month — good sales, not on long credits. How was it done? Chiefly at luncheon and dinner tables. 'You must not think that we can wait in my country for business to come to the office,' laughed the young Pole; 'people expect the office to come to them. At first my American friend objected that he could not accept an invitation and then lure his host into purchasing a car, but he no longer protests — this is a going concern!'

The recent amazing great fair at Poznan, celebrating the close of the Republic's first ten years, has greatly heartened the whole people. Especially because of its picturing of the progress of social projects — the astonishing increase of schools, the speed of the educational advance. Such institutions as the Nurses' Training School in Cracow and the School of Health in Warsaw, with both of which the Rockefeller Foundation coöperates, are giving splendid leadership. President Moscicki, again, gave the initiative for the foundation of a National Institute of Chemical Research, which has quickly grown up in Warsaw and is doing useful service, especially to the Silesian coal industry, whose captains (many of them Germans!) are contributing amply toward its cost.

In the capital, too, stands almost completed the Madame Curie Radium Institute and Hospital. The plans have long been worked over in Warsaw and Paris, and both laboratories and hospital represent the best that is known in medical installation. Warsaw gave not only a generous amount of land as site, but added an adjacent park. The Bank of Poland contributed the X-ray laboratories, and the million *zlotys* needed for the completion of the buildings is now being raised by a house-to-house drive, each person contributing his mite. And so Madame Curie's hope, her dream, is about to be realized. And here the gram of radium recently presented her by her American friends will be put to its beneficent uses.

V

One could go on enumerating reasons for encouragement pictured by the Poznan fair. Yet to-day, as the second decade starts, many Poles are again fearful, chiefly regarding international relations, and again chiefly concerning those with Germany.

Mention of Polish-German relations raises the curtain on the whole international scene, where humanity appears as it did to Luther — a drunken man riding home from the fair, who falls into the ditch on one side, laboriously lifts himself to his horse, only to fall, a little farther on, into the opposite ditch; and thus by repeated fallings and liftings progresses homeward. Humanity fell into the ditch when it wrote the Versailles treaty.

From this watchtower of Eastern Europe, the *Drang nach Osten* appears more real to-day than ever before. Will England return some of the lost expansion territory — some of Germany's forfeited African land? Without it, her eyes are fixed on Russia, Siberia, China. Her road lies either over the old Berlin-to-Bagdad route or by the present northern trans-Corridor one. Will she ever be reconciled to this necessity of crossing the Danzig Corridor? What she wants is to swing it about at right angles to make for herself a Baltic bridge over the neck of Poland.

So, as Poland continues almost feverishly to develop her Baltic port, Gdynia, won after centuries of necessity, how can she do otherwise than keep her mind, too, on a possible Black Sea outlet? Therefore, she has entered into a formal alliance with Rumania, not only because they together face the long frontier of Russia, but also because beyond Rumania lies a Black Sea port.

In Cracow University, half a thousand years old, we celebrate that day ten years ago when Haller's army reached the sea, and when, after planting the Polish Eagle on its shore, the General dropped a ring into the Baltic. The old hall is glorious with portraits of kings and benefactors, above all of whom Copernicus dominates, his mind overwhelmed with awe as in the blue and star-strewn night above his city he reads the truth. Town officials, faculty and students; crimson and purple, velvet and ermine, jeweled chairs, speeches spaced with song — throughout the land the same serious rejoicing. The spirit of President Wilson seems near.

Polish engineers and other professional men have long ago found in Russia their opportunity; they wish not to be cut off from this field, or from trade expansion eastward, where Germany is already strongly active. On her way, she has made herself the dominant influence in Lithuania, which does not speed the healing of Polish-Lithuanian differences, or the success of the Polish desire for a union of Baltic States. The President of Esthonia has just visited Warsaw. What is the significance of Grandi's promised visit?

Suspicion in the Ukraine and other new states where Polish landlords once dominated is to be expected; that other ancient law operating — sins of the fathers visited on the children. It will take time to convince the peoples of these regions that their newly-won rights are safe in Poland's presence.

General opinion in the ten-year-old republic favors close ties with Hungary and Italy rather than with neighboring Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia: there is more traditional and temperamental affinity with the Hungarians and the Italians than with the two Slavic peasant nations. Hungary was, jointly with Poland, for centuries Europe's bulwark against the Turk; and Italy became the alma mater of Polish art and learning in the sixteenth century, when a Polish queen of the house of Sforza brought many Italians to Poland, and encouraged Poles to study at Padua.

Yet to-day a living, working arrangement with Germany is Poland's immediate and most pressing need. The comparatively small body of Polish and of German nationalists are making a loud outcry against submission to the so-called 'annexes' of the Hague Agreement, which the Young Plan advised but did not make binding, but which fortunately the two countries have signed. These include the liquidation of mutual claims, public and private, arising out of the war and the Versailles treaty. Poland admits that under them Germany's sacrifice in money is, perhaps, greater than her own — she must renounce, to quote one item, the 60,000,000 zloty claim against the lost nitrate factory in Upper Silesia. But against this Poland sets the value of destroyed factories in Lodz. Her concession, by which she gives up her right under the Versailles treaty to expropriate 12,000 families of German colonists, enrages some nationalists, but appeals to her level-minded citizens as a giving up of something utterly impractical now to accomplish. She is to renounce, too, the right, after 1935, to force Germans in business in Upper Silesia to sell. 'Let the nationalists howl,' says a cynic. 'We know that we could n't buy them out if we wanted to; we have n't the money!'

The best elements in both countries want earnestly, as in the matter of the commercial treaty, to get together. Often, they hear Goethe saying in *Faust*, —

> *Leicht bei einander wohnen die Gedanken,*
> *Doch hart im Raume stossen sich die Dinge,*

for though ideas are living together in friendship, things continue harshly to knock one another about.

The Pole, who can scarcely be expected to be an optimist regarding these German-Polish relations, rather pins his faith to the Poznanian part of Poland as the road by which ultimately mutual understanding will be achieved. Its population once connected with Germany, but, where the German minority is only about a million, understands both psychologies; and as the post-war acuteness of political excitement dies down, Poznanians stand out as qualified forerunners of such a getting together.

Through all the tangle and difficulty of international adjustment, Poland leans on her historic friendship with France, on her warm, centuries-old friendship with Hungary, on friendship with Turkey, — during all the dark period of her subjection, Turkey had her name called on the diplomatic roll, and received the secretary's report 'Absent'! — but chiefly she is happy in her friendship with the United States. The names of President Wilson and of President Hoover are revered and loved.

Writing, I seem to hear still at the University of California Professor Bacon, as he tried to stir us to his own vivid interest in this part of the world, saying: 'Go home, all of you, and read the Trilogy, and then keep on reading it all the rest of the year, and then don't stop. And maybe, by and by, you will begin to understand Eastern Europe.' Thomas Rutherford Bacon of Yale — a teacher!

That was twenty years ago. And to-day, the Polish friend with whom I am living describes to me the way in which at that time her mother and the neighbors ran down the street at the hour when the newspaper with the daily installments of Sienkiewicz's novels should appear. She describes the clamoring of the crowd for its spiritual bread. Ask Poles who it was who carried the past and present generation until liberation came, and they will not hesitate. The poet-prophet, Mickiewicz, yes — but above all others Sienkiewicz. When through the immortal Zagloba he said, —

> 'Gentlemen! Let me drink a toast in honor of the future generations! May God bless them and let them keep the heritage which we shall leave them, having restored it with our own toil and blood. May they remember us when hard times overcome them, and may they never despair, *since there are no circumstances out of which one may not arise, viribus unitis, with the aid of God,'*

he lifted and held the heart of the whole people.

And is it not significant that many young Poles to whom he has been teacher and savior now find him increasingly difficult to read? 'We have passed the day of Fire and Sword,' said one of them yesterday. 'The time has come to turn from the intensely nationalistic path which was our only way of salvation, into the broader road of world brotherhood. If there is no successor of Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz to-day, it is because he is no longer needed.'

Yet there are many young writers, novelists and poets, and painters and sculptors and musicians, for there is great creative activity in Poland — they are seeking new and more universal themes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The professor's mouse

Professor Slater sat in his study, hard at work upon his *Critical Examination of the Racial Connections of the Hittites, Hivites, Amorites, Amalekites, and Jebusites,* when a mouse popped out of a hole in the door of a closet and sat up and looked at him.

This was a very curious coincidence, because the professor was on the track of a derivation which seemed to indicate that the Hittites and Jebusites had mice, while the Hivites, Amorites, and Amalekites did not.

Now it may surprise you to know that Professor Slater had never looked at a mouse before. He had seen mice, but had never looked at a mouse. To him a Jebusite was much more real than any of the small deer of house and garden, and an Amalekite far more exciting than any of the Rodentia. Mice were to his mind merely a minor nuisance, associated with cats and cheese; and now long habits of indifference made him say 'Shoo!' and wave his hand, whereat the mouse vanished. But in five minutes it was back again.

This time the professor did not say 'Shoo!' or wave his hand. Instead he reached cautiously for the poker, and, with an agility one would not have anticipated in a man of his age and habits, leaped from his chair and chased the mouse round the room. Of course he did not kill it; one never does with a poker. For the extermination of mice a broom is a much better weapon, but he did not know even that. The mouse, after encircling the room three times, shot into its hole, and Professor Slater dropped into his chair.

But the thread of his thought was broken. Try as he would, he could not regain his former moral intensity of research.

He was all alone in his rooms, for he was a bachelor with enough money to live in a small apartment. By day he earned his salary by lecturing to three university students and directing the thesis writing of two of them. His special knowledge of a subject about which nobody knows much gave him a feeling of importance and imparted to his classroom manner a snarling arrogance that deeply impressed the three young men. He was a very eminent man, though to tell the truth it is hard to say whether his eminence owed most to his articles, his nose, or his whiskers. His articles, it is true, never even by chance contained anything that anyone except a Hittite specialist could read; but his nose, riding high between his fierce eyes, like the beak of an Assyrian falcon, and his reddish whiskers, trained forward, like the beard of a Babylonian bowman, were sufficient to convince the most ignorant that their owner was entitled to whatever salary his university could afford to pay him.

In the apartment immediately below his lived Perkins, the Professor of English Literature, who had as many as thirty students in his graduate courses and whom Professor Slater therefore looked upon as a mere dilettant. Professor Perkins was accustomed to use Professor Slater, in his undergraduate courses, — without, of course, mentioning his name, — to illustrate the more disagreeable stanzas of 'A Grammarian's Funeral' and to point the characterization of Dorothea

Brooke's first husband; and Professor Slater was in the habit of retaliating by making sly allusions to the æsthetic acrobatics of littérateurs and emotional critics, who did not even know Sanskrit.

Of course neither was entirely fair to the other. There is no bigotry stronger than the bigotry of professors. Professor Slater had his good points, as no doubt had Professor Perkins. Professor Slater had at any rate trained himself to be superior to the ordinary weaknesses of the flesh and the spirit. He knew, for example, that most people are fools and all other Hittite scholars knaves; that the only real scholar is the scientific specialist; that most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly; and that all poetry and religion are poppycock. In this simple creed he had been content if not happy now for twenty years. But he had been lonely, and never lonelier than to-night.

For twenty years of unremitting research will find out chinks in the toughest armor. He had of late, indeed, been visited by strange impulses. He had even once almost wondered whether the game was worth the candle, though his scandalized mind had rejected the doubt as a stomach spurns strange food.

And now this great man inexplicably found his researches into the etymology of *mouse* interrupted by a mouse. His thread of thought had indeed been broken, and, throw his papers about and slap over the pages of lexicons as he might, he could not remember where he had left off. Besides, his fire had died down, the radiator was cold, his nose, he felt sure, was becoming blue. He was just beginning to think of going to bed — and that was ordinarily the last thing he thought of — when he suddenly realized that he was hungry.

Almost, however, before the realization had fully formed in his mind, the mouse was there again! This was really becoming uncanny. He glared, but the little creature on the floor appeared unabashed. There it sat, motionless, erect, gazing at him with a look that seemed, even though he could not read it, full of meaning. And as he regarded it, his wrath slowly died down, for, although he knew little about the usual physique of a mouse, he felt sure that this one was extraordinarily thin. It seemed, in fact, emaciated. Being hungry himself, he thought that perhaps it was hungry too.

He rose to go to his little pantry, in the kitchenette with which his snug apartment was provided, and the mouse once more vanished under the closet door. Now in the closet, as he well knew, was nothing but his academic gown, hood, and mortar board, which hung on a peg there, except at such times as he appeared in them at commencements, regal in red and white plush over stiff flounces of black silk trimmed with bands of black velvet. He took a half-step toward the closet door, but went into the pantry instead and returned with crackers and cheese and a whiskey-and-soda — dangerous things to take singly after midnight and mental labor, and all but deadly in conjunction. But he raked up the fire, sat down at his desk again, and ate meditatively, chewing his crackers and cheese slowly and thoroughly, and sipping his highball with a zesting tongue.

Before long he felt surprisingly well. His nose and feet felt warm and his ears cool, his back stopped aching, and he was no longer conscious of smarting eyes. He wished the mouse would come back.

And it did come back. As if it had popped out of a hole in the rug, there it sat on its delicate haunches, its little ears, beady eyes, and noble whiskers all atremble with attention, while the professor lolled and looked. He flicked a bit of biscuit to the rug and watched with a novel pleasure the dainty gestures with which the little creature took it in its forepaws and nibbled it, sitting erect like a squirrel. As I have said, he had never really looked at a mouse before. Now he suddenly found himself confronted by the curious question whether he had ever really looked at anything — anything, that is, but a book.

But meanwhile he had looked so long and steadily that the mouse (or the cheese or the whiskey) began to do things to his eyes. The mouse swelled and swelled till it appeared the size of a rabbit, and then it dwindled till it was the size of a mouse, and then again it grew to the dimensions of a tapir, and diminished to the mass of a beetle.

This was all, of course, very strange; but the professor, who was nothing if not rational, no doubt rightly ascribed it to an illusion due to a partial auto-hypnotism, superinduced by night, subdued light, flickering flame, and alcohol. And yet all his rationalizing could not wholly obliterate his feeling that the mouse represented something vague, august, even awful, that was much more than mouse.

Just what this something was evaded him. It seemed to be something he had known about once but had forgotten, something that lay somewhere in the bottom of his being, covered up by the accumulations of the years. Out of the welter of such notions there rose, however, one thought that was clear. It was that about a living mouse there were suggestions of gray plush, delicate members, agile movements, and a certain manner which could perhaps only be denominated mousiness, that were all absent from the word *mouse* as one read this in a dictionary.

And, since the professor was an intelligent man, this realization led him on to thought after thought, each more disconcerting than the last. For, he reflected, if *mouse* meant little or much in proportion to one's experience, why not, say, *mushroom* and *merriment* and *music* and *mysticism* and *marriage?* Why not, in fact, anything? Or everything? And he began, in a kind of litany, to chant silently: *newt, nuthatch, Nantucket, neighbor, nature; oats, oyster, offspring, organ, ocean; pea, pheasant, picnic, prayer, poet;* testing each word as a word and as a thing, with the result that he became more and more embarrassed, and a novel humility began to mix itself with his thoughts. He even wondered (and nothing could better measure the seriousness of his condition) whether Perkins, whom he could hear moving about in the apartment below, and who, as he knew, was always expounding Life, Art, and Nature to his classes, might not really possess a larger slice of truth than he.

Meanwhile the mouse ate and ate, bits of cheese and cracker, until no more descended like manna from the heaven of the desk. Then it fastidiously wiped its whiskers. 'Why,' thought Professor Slater, experiencing an unwonted pleasure, 'it's almost human!' But he immediately reflected that to say that was possibly not a compliment. 'No,' he amended, 'it is evidently completely mousy. Only I have never realized how admirable a thing it is for a mouse to be entirely and unaffectedly mousy.'

Upon second thought these remarks seemed rather maudlin — how else could a mouse be but mousy? 'Probably what I mean,' he said to himself, 'is that you are completely natural. And that,' he added, with a solemnity that may have been a trifle tipsy, 'is, as this world goes, Horatio, to be one mouse — I mean, man — picked out of ten thousand!' But even this thought, upon reflection, did not seem as profound as it sounded, when spoken in an orotund voice with clerical intonations.

The mouse, at any rate, thought little of it; for, its toilette completed, it scampered blithely across the floor and shot into the closet.

But now the professor was interested. The mouse must live somewhere, and he was suddenly curious to learn more of its domestic economy. He rose, tiptoed to the closet door, opened it softly, and peered in. Nothing was visible except his gown and hood; but he noticed that the hood was swaying slightly on its hanger, and a suspicion of the truth made him return to his desk, procure a flash light from a drawer, and, with cautious fingers, open the hood and flash the powerful beam of his torch into its depths.

There at the bottom of the silken cone was a great ball of scraps of paper, white fluff, and black threads, and warmly nestling in the middle of this lay his mouse, giving suck to four tiny things, hardly bigger than garden grubs.

For an instant he felt outraged. Old habits must have their way for a time, and the professor's instantaneous recognition of the sources of the mouse's nest, — for it was made of bits of his manuscripts, fluff from his hood, and threads from his gown, — and his feeling that his academic dignity had been affronted, could not but arouse his ire. But the mouse looked very cosy. It knew little and cared less about academic dignity. It had never heard of the Hittites. It had faithfully followed the laws of nature and its destiny. It had borne its little ones and nourished them as best it could. It had even conquered fear in order to save them. The professor decided to laugh.

He threw himself into a chair and laughed and laughed. It would take too long to explain just why he laughed, but laugh he did, slapping his thighs, stamping his feet, and throwing himself about, until Professor Perkins thumped on his ceiling in protest.

But the sound of the thumping immediately put a new idea into Professor Slater's head. He went to his telephone, called the office, and asked to be connected with Professor Perkins.

'Yes, yes, yes,' sounded the latter's voice, testily.

'Oh, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, 'will you come up? I want to show you something.'

A grunt was the only response, but a few moments later Professor Perkins appeared in pyjamas and slippers under a flowered dressing gown.

'Well,' said he, sourly, 'what's the matter?'

For answer, Professor Slater beckoned him to the closet door, gingerly opened the hood, and flashed in his light. But the mouse, the desperate need of her progeny satisfied, thought this second visitation too much. She popped out and scuttled off into the hall, the door of which had been left ajar. Professor Perkins jumped, but Professor Slater held him firmly and made him peer at the four mouselings, which now lay apparently asleep in their nest of litter.

'Is n't that a joke?' asked Professor Slater.

'Nasty things!' replied Professor Perkins, retreating. 'I always hated mice.'

'Now, now, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, wagging his finger at him, 'remember your "wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie," and your "best-laid schemes o' mice and men," and your

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,

and your "Country Mouse and City Mouse," and your "Mistress Mousy, may I come in?" Your poets did n't hate mice.'

'I think you 're drunk,' said Professor Perkins, who had observed the whiskey bottle.

'I think I am, a little. But, that aside, do you catch the beautiful irony of all this? Here I was, trying to prove that the Hittites and Jebusites had mice, and thinking myself pretty fine to have found that out, and all the while a mouse was setting up housekeeping in my hood.'

'Did you bring me upstairs to tell me that? I'm going to bed.'

'But, Perkins,' said Professor Slater, almost pleadingly, 'don't you see the point? Here we are, you and I, dealing every day in words, words, words —'

'Kindly speak for yourself,' growled Professor Perkins.

'*Mouse*, for instance. What do we really know about a mouse?'

'I teach literature; I am not a naturalist. What good would it do us to know about mice?'

'Ah, there you have it! What good would it do us? Why, do you know, I have made a great discovery tonight. I have discovered that knowing about a mouse may make a tremendous difference.'

'Pooh, pooh!'

'It may make all the difference between talking and knowing, between theory and experience. I had never looked at a mouse before, but now I have looked at one. And you'd be surprised at the number of things it made me think and do. I'm surprised myself. Why, it even made me laugh — at myself!'

'Well,' said Professor Perkins, gathering his robe around him, 'that's all very nice, if you think so; but as for me, I'm going to bed.' And he stalked to the door.

'Perkins,' said Professor Slater, 'I think you're a fraud.'

'Slater,' said Professor Perkins, 'I think you're a fool.'

And he went out, slamming the door.

But Professor Slater opened it again a little, to let the mouse come back.

On writing a preface

When I finally succeeded in finding a publisher for my book I thought that my troubles were ended. I have a way of thinking that, too soon. The publisher who finally took my manuscript was the third I tried. The morning I saw the first I was practically positive that the business side of my book was settled. I found him sitting at his desk looking at a magazine article on Cottages of the Cotswolds. It gave me a perfect opening; we discovered that we had just missed each other as students at Oxford, and that we held similar views on the merits of 'The Swan' at Bibury and 'The Trout' at Godstow. At the end of half an hour we got to the business in hand: he expressed interest in the outline which I had sent on ahead, and I left the manuscript and departed with the feeling that our next appointment would be merely for the formalities of contract signing. I was right about that second appointment being short. I was there five minutes. It does n't take long to put a manuscript back into one's briefcase.

As soon as I left him I telephoned an acquaintance of mine who is a member of another firm. He said that he had a terrific cold, but would come to tea. As I gave him a spirited account of what was in the book I thought that he brightened. When I finished he said, 'Do you dow subthing? I was bord to be iderested in this.' For the life of me I could n't tell whether he was 'born' or 'bored.' As things turned out, his cold had enabled him to express in one ambiguous word the attitude of his firm. He was born. The others, and they outnumbered him, were bored.

By the time I came to my third publisher I was extremely suspicious of all the bright young men. I left him the manuscript and went out of town. Five hours later a messenger handed me the following telegram: 'Tremendously enthusiastic. We definitely want book.' I took up the telephone and called Western Union. 'Please repeat that wire,' I said. 'The meaning is n't quite clear to me.'

A closer investigation indicated that he really means to publish it. Once I had made quite sure of that, I thought that the book was behind me, and began making plans for the royalties. No such luck. 'Where,' said the publisher firmly, 'is your preface?'

Now the more I sit looking at a blank piece of paper, the more impossible it appears to write a preface. Most prefaces seem to open with an explanation and apology for writing the succeeding pages. What earthly use is this? Why not stand up and face the facts? The thing has happened; it may be regrettable, but if the author really thinks so he should have made more of an effort at prevention, and in nine cases out of ten I suspect that at the very moment when he is writing those words he is already planning a further venture. The divergence between convention and truth is apparently even greater in writing prefaces than in more ordinary walks of life.

There are certain things that one always puts in prefaces. For instance, there is the Muster of Distinguished Names. Now it is true that in the course of preparing this book of mine I met some quite respectably prominent people, but it is not true that they are the ones 'to whom I owe whatever may be of value in the pages which follow.' I owe that, as a matter of fact, to a certain number of conversations with people whose names have no publicity value whatever, to a certain number of those inexplicable and utterly unscientific hunches which the preface to every 'sound' book spends at least a paragraph in denying, and, what is never under any circumstances admitted, to a certain amount of donkey work of my own.

Then we have the question of support. As writing in the non-fiction field has become increasingly a matter of fellowships, research projects, or at least sabbatical years, there has crept in a paragraph on The Institution That Was Behind Me. For this paragraph I have nothing to offer; behind me there is nothing but the cipher of a vanished bank account. Ought I to dedicate the book, I wonder,

> To the Guggenheim and Laura Spelman
> Rockefeller Foundations
> Whose assistance has not made possible
> this work?

It really looks as though I were n't going to write that preface. But if I do, there is one paragraph about which I am quite clear. I have noticed that the final words of practically every conventionally constructed preface deal with the patience of wives. Their patience is acknowledged in slightly varying forms, in the collection of material, in the preparation of the typescript, in the reading of proof; occasionally one finds a Miltonian acknowledgment of her who only waited. Of course sometimes secretaries are substituted for wives, but it amounts to the same thing. Unfortunately my circumstances do not fit this case, but there is one source of assistance which I am only too proud to recognize. My final paragraph shall stand thus: —

> And in closing, though more than to mention this is unnecessary for either of us, I wish to refer to my Baby Remington, without whose help this work could not have been completed.

PURE PHILOLOGY

AMONG the less prosaic delights of the dictionary is one that I have never heard or seen advocated. In fact, I have never known it even to be mentioned — not even in the preface of the dictionary itself. I refer to the delight of reading unintelligible definitions, preferably aloud.

This is not to imply that any definition in any reputable dictionary is intentionally unintelligible, or that, for dozens and scores of highly intelligent people, any definition is unintelligible unintentionally. I am speaking merely from the point of view of the average person like myself. For him unintelligibility may prove an actual blessing.

May I illustrate with a few citations from a single page of my dictionary?

Ac'lidæ. A family of marine ptenoglossate gastropods with a rimate turreted shell.

To get the full flavor of this definition, read it aloud slowly and in a musical tone of voice. Read it over several times until the words and syllables sing themselves into the consciousness. Ordinarily we are so preoccupied with the meanings of words that we fail to hear them as lovely sounds. Hence our common impression that French, Italian, ancient Greek, and so forth, are more musical languages than modern English.

Acmæ'idæ. A family of marine patelliform gastropods having one cervical gill.

Both these definitions are exquisite examples of that rhetorical rise and fall of sentence rhythm, that crescendo-decrescendo effect, of which Sir Thomas Browne in the seventeenth century and Thomas De Quincey in the nineteenth were such consummate masters. Notice how both definitions begin quietly with the homely word 'family,' mount to a climax on 'gastropods,' and then sink to a gentle cadence on 'shell' and 'gill' — the liquid *l*'s trailing off like faint echoes.

Acœt'idæ. A family of aphroditoidean sea-worms, with the alternate segments bearing elytra.

There is, it may as well be admitted, a type of person — matter-of-fact, relentlessly practical, scientific — to whom such innocent diversion as this is sheer perversity. A person of this stamp would turn at once to 'aphroditoidean' and 'elytra' (if he were not already familiar with the terms), and, having satisfied his immediate curiosity, slam the book shut.

Without wishing to provoke a quarrel with such undisguised utilitarianism, we must, in self-justification, insist that the æsthetic attitude toward the dictionary is really nobler than any other. Just as the greatest music has always been pure or absolute music, untrammeled by meanings and descriptions and programmes, and just as the most significant of modern poetry and painting eschews the realistic and representative, so a definition that can give the color, the flavor, the harmonies of words is far superior to one that manages to impart only the literal meaning.

Who, for instance (except possibly a zoölogist), face to face with these crowding, surging polysyllables, —

Acotyle'a. A group of polycladidean turbellarians, characterized by the subcentral situation of the mouth and the absence of suckers, —

would care a rap whether an Acotylea is a microbe or a mammoth?

Devotees of rare and supersensual hobbies often suffer from the obtusities and obtrusions of their philistine neighbors. Bird lovers are mistaken for escaped lunatics, and stargazers are accosted as dangerous prowlers. But the lover of pure philology — provided he be not too intelligent — can sit peacefully in his library, enjoying night after night the transcendent delights of the entire English language.

A TRACK-LINING CHANTEY

(*The air and chorus are used by Negro railroad workers; the words, as the reader can see, are made up of the names of towns with which these laborers would be familiar*)

BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, Macon an' Yazoo,
Jacksonville an' Tuscaloosa, Selma, Baton Rou'.

Chorus
Good-bye, rail! Good-bye, rail!
Good-bye, rail — Ah 'm goin' home!

'Lanta, Mobile an' Savannah, Natchez, Tupelo,
New Awleans an' Pensacola, Memphis an' Waco.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

Chattanooga, Opelika, Tallapoosa, Tunnel Hill,
Chattahoochee, Talladega, Tallahassee, 'Louieville.'

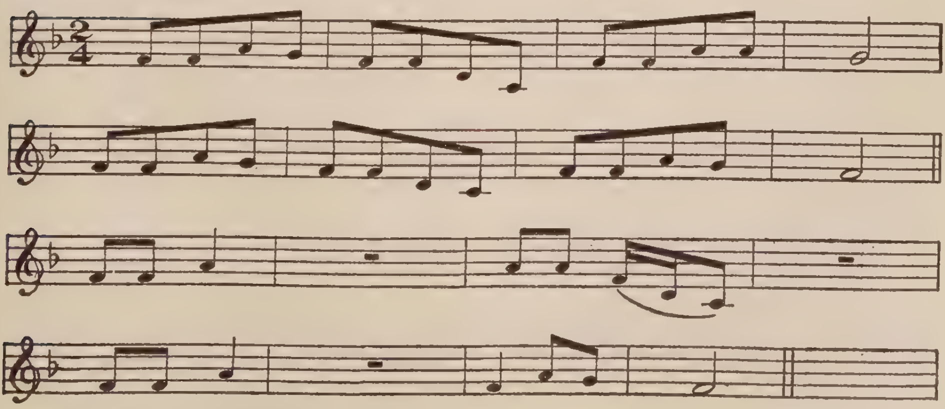
Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

Thomasville an' Apalachee, Eutaw, Tuskegee,
Choccolocco, Sylacauga, Tullahoma, Tennessee.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*

Wuks awhile an' makes a pay day, rides de cushion or de beam;
Boys, de itchin' foot done got me — home ain't but a dream.

Good-bye, rail, *etc.*



THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Patriotism in its earliest and purest form vibrates in **Howell Vines's** idyll of Alabama: not love of a nation, but of one's native horizon and clan. 'My book is one about Woodlanders,' he writes, 'as much so as Hardy's . . . and in no sense about hillbillies, mountaineers, "poor white trash." My people are woodlanders, and that goes first of all. I do not regard any who are poor as poor white trash. Again, they are people of the great Southern woods and river folks, and are in no sense mountaineers. . . . The topography, the land, the countryside itself can be found in the book.' The curious reader can easily delimit on the map the region of the Warrior Rivers which provides the book with its scene. Δ Lawyer, author, and diplomatist, honored alike by Belgium and America, **Brand Whitlock** is well qualified to diagnose an ill that lies much deeper than any of its loudly disputed symptoms. Δ With so many evidences to the contrary, it is comforting to be assured by so eminent a mathematician and logician as **Bertrand Russell** that the universe is becoming gradually more probable.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., is Director of the University Art Museum at Princeton. **Graham Munro** teaches in a Western college. **Frank H. Vizetelly** is managing editor of the Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary. Δ The second stage of the schooner *Tagua's* voyage finds **Robert Dean Frisbie** and his friends ashore for the last stop before San Francisco. **E. C.** makes universal poetry of an intimately personal experience. **Joseph Wood Krutch** gives life to a novelist who has lain neglected on the shelf these many years. **George E. O'Dell** is the founder and editor of the *Standard*, the official publication of the American Ethical Union. **Francis P. Miller and H. D. Hill** are collaborating in a volume entitled *The Giant of the Western World*, a study of the many effects of America's economic and social power abroad, from which their paper in the present *Atlantic* is drawn. **Alfred F. Loomis** writes: —

> Since 1923 ocean racing has been the most vital factor in the sport of yachting. From the Pacific coast yachtsmen race every other year to Hawaii, while here we have our biennial races to Bermuda, in which more than thirty yachts engage. In England the Fastnet and Santander (Spain) ocean races annually attract large numbers of sportsmen. In 1928 occurred the transatlantic race to Spain, and next summer (1931) there will be an even more important race from New York to England. All this blue-water racing is building up a class of amateur sailors whose seamanship need bow only to that of the clipper-ship sailors of the 'fifties. Unsung, except in the yachting press, they are the keenest, most audacious sailors plying the seas to-day.

Lawrence Hyde, a young Englishman, served as a Flying Officer during the war. His book, *The Learned Knife*, has enjoyed a *succès d'estime*. It is the first volume of a projected trilogy defending a religious and æsthetic attitude toward life against the claims of the sciences. **Ellis Parker Butler** does not write with the authority of Wall Street, but with the natural lucidity of an unfettered mind. **Julian S. Huxley's** critique of education in Africa is the fruit of a recent sojourn in the dark continent. **Charlotte Kellogg** makes a discerning and sympathetic analysis of the attitude of the Polish people toward the problems that confront them.

We print below a letter on a vital problem, apropos of a paper which seems to have found many sympathetic readers.

New York City

Dear Atlantic, —

In Dr. Reynolds's arresting article in the June issue, 'How Necessary Is Illness?' are startling facts as to the scarcity of doctors — 102 towns in Vermont without physicians, *et seq.*

The tragedy of the present situation is that it has developed out of the desire to strengthen the foundation of medical knowledge by raising the intellectual standards of students of medicine. In seeking an ideal perfection we have banished the men who were willing to serve poor communities at modest rates — men who at least were better than no doctors at all.

The cause was shown to me a few years ago by my neighbor, the late Dr. John L. M. Willis, of Eliot, Maine. He said: 'The medical school of Bowdoin College has closed its doors after one hundred years of honorable and useful service to the people of the State of Maine. It can no longer find students, since the law requires that before beginning to study medicine the student must have the B.A. degree or its equivalent. Our young men cannot afford this.

'Before this requirement was adopted a village youth who wanted to be a doctor finished in high school, taught school for a few years, living at home, and saved the money to put him through medical school. Meanwhile he helped the local doctor in his work and, with his help, prepared for entrance to medical school. During these years he had clinical and bedside experience with the doctor which served him well when he began to care for the sick. On graduation he was willing to practise in his home neighborhood, earning a livelihood and rendering a real service. He could afford to do it.

'To-day the cost of four years in college makes it impossible for young men of this type to study medicine. By the time the student has paid for his college course and his four years in medical school he has spent on his education from $20,000 to $30,000 (i.e., education plus living), and his first aim is to get that money back, or pay it to those who advanced it, as soon as he can. He becomes a specialist in a city, where fees are large. He cannot afford to go into general practice in a village.'

You will find this subject well worth while. It is of vital interest to the entire nation, for the academic requirements for medical students are uniform in most states. New Hampshire, Vermont, and many other states have suffered the loss of medical schools as good as Bowdoin's, and the country doctor and the general practitioner are extinct. Instead we have specialists who cannot treat an entire patient.

Yours sincerely,
W. O. I.

Why think?

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a high-school teacher of the social sciences, I am interested in Mrs. Langer's stimulating article in the May *Atlantic*, 'Just Think,' and particularly in her reference to the mind of the high-school pupil. She regards his inability to think as due to no innate mental weakness, but to a lack of training in analysis, summarizing, and the formulation of concepts and abstractions.

The author suggests that something is wrong with the educational system, but she fails to mention the reason why the high-school pupil is graduated with little ability for abstract thinking and with a knowledge of 'more facts than he can possibly ever use or enjoy.'

The trend of high-school teaching has always been directed by the college, in spite of the fact that in the past a ridiculously small minority of those going to high school have gone to college. Let a person who wonders why the teaching of history in the high school does not lead to an understanding of the present social order glance over the college entrance examinations in history. Remember that the passing of such an examination with a satisfactory grade is the basis for the admission of high-school pupils to college.

The following questions were selected from the examination papers in history between 1921 and 1929.

The spaces are to be filled by the correct name.

1. ——— was killed by a mob in the Roman forum.
2. ——— was defeated by the Persians at the Battle of Eurymedon.
3. After the victory of ———, Lysander placed harmosts in Athens.
4. The bull, Unam Sanctam, was issued by ———.
5. ——— was killed at Lützen in 1632.
6. The Black Prince was the father of ———.
7. The treaty of ——— was signed a few days before Jackson's victory at New Orleans.
8. Henry II claimed the English throne through his mother ———, who was the daughter of ———.

There are better questions, however; for example: —

1. Name three important inventions or discoveries which hastened the Industrial Revolution and show in each case how the invention or discovery influenced the life of the people.
2. What was the influence of physical geography upon the people of Hellas?
3. Name three religions of the ancient world and compare any two of them in regard to their teachings, their forms of worship, and their social writings.

That is valuable and fundamental knowledge for historical thinking.

On the 1929 European history examination there are no questions calling for an understanding of such abstract concepts as imperialism, internationalism, self-determination of nations, submerged nationalities, autocracy, militarism, communism, or industrialism; although nationalism and democracy are mentioned. The nearest approach to the World War were the following: —

1. Write fully on the career and importance in history of one of five men (among them Briand).
2. Turkey fought on the side of ——— in the World War, and Roumania on the side of ———.
3. Locate two mandates held by Great Britain.
4. Locate the most important German naval base before 1918.
5. Trace the steps in the formation of the Triple Entente, giving the reasons for each step.

Again, the last question calls for important knowledge, but what is the value in knowing the reasons for the formation of the Triple Entente if it has n't helped the student to understand the relation in the past between such alliances and war, and also the present-day attitude on such alliances and the reason for it?

Statistics taken in 1925 show that 32 per cent of the graduates of the secondary schools in the United States entered the liberal colleges, to which admission might have been gained by the passing of the college entrance examinations. The other 68 per cent were given the same diet even though they had no intention of going to the institutions where such food is supposed to be transmuted into intellectual strength.

There is a revolution or at least a rebellion on foot to-day in the secondary schools. Nation-wide surveys have shown how futile much of the teaching in the past has been. Such a conclusion has brought the objectives of high-school teaching into the open; a wide study of these objectives has followed in all of the larger school systems, with the hope that as these aims of education became defined anew methods and material might be revolutionized to make the teaching conform to these newly defined ends. The bugbear of college entrance examinations and Regents' (used as a basis for the distribution of scholarships in New York State) forms one of the biggest problems in carrying out a progressive programme. The taxpayer expects his child to be prepared for college. The teacher is torn asunder. Certainly no one can deny that the college has been responsible for the trend of teaching in the high school in the past, and this teaching has not been conducive to making America a land of thinkers. But now that the high school wants to reform and is trying to recognize this 'completely neglected factor in American education,' the college, denouncing from its hilltop the lack of the ability on the part of its freshmen to think, continues to block the attempt of the high school to change these conditions.

The conflict of objectives which results — teaching for examinations, or teaching for an understanding of life — is not conducive to the accomplishing of either end in a satisfactory manner.

Lois Turner

Ave atque vale!

Schenectady, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

As one of the hosts of friends of the late Dallas Lore Sharp, I wish to thank you for including in your June number 'Machete Trails.' Several of my Schenectady friends have told me how interested they were in seeing something again from his pen.

It happened that I was in Ancón in February 1929, and called up the laboratory to reach Professor Sharp, only to find that he was on the way to town. So we had the pleasure of an afternoon together, and I think I was more fascinated by his conversation upon Barro Colorado than by the 'Machete Trails.' It is good, however, to have the permanent record.

Very truly yours,
M. F. Westover

Reunion pleasures.

Dear Atlantic, —

To the author of 'Tenth Reunion' in the June Contributors' Club, and through her to others like her, may I address a few heartfelt words from a much harassed reunion chairman.

Since reunions are decreed by the powers that be in the collegiate world for financial and, we hope, for other valid reasons, there must be such unfortunate mortals as myself who for love of a college or a friend, for pure love with very little glory attached, labor unremittingly for weeks to find out from just such contemplative souls as the author of 'Tenth Reunion' whether or not they expect to favor their Alma Mater with their presence on a certain Saturday in June.

Certainly, she is right: the bond salesman's wife, the poor engineer's wife, the disgruntled schoolma'am will all be there. But perhaps they might be glad to see their reluctant classmate even if she does not thrill at their approach. Taken separately, they are probably as nice as they ever were. Any mixed group of women are apt to register insipidly. After all, one can't sit by the fire with a classmate who lives in Oklahoma or Seattle, very often, no matter how much one admires her. Perhaps she'll be there, too.

So reach for the blank, and for heaven's sake *mail it!* Say yes or no, and don't wait, next time, until you have written to the *Atlantic* about it.

A Class Chairman

In a letter to the editor from Kathryne Mary Frick, the blind and deaf girl whose memorable account of her education concluded in the June *Atlantic*, is contained this information: 'I am wondering if you have heard that I am enjoying radio music. To be sure, not in the sense that hearing persons do, but it is music to me and I enjoy the uplift — or, should I say, soul soaring — that it produces within me. Mr. A. Atwater Kent, Philadelphia, the manufacturer, had a special set devised for me. I understand that the Kent engineers, under the direction of Frank Aiken, constructed the special set for me.'

Commenting upon Miss Vida Scudder's statement, in her paper on 'The Franciscan Adventure,' that the profoundest and clearest evidence of the Franciscan defeat is found in the fact that the Franciscan Order formed a spiritual aristocracy apart from the social structure of the time, a member of the Capuchin branch of the Franciscan Order, whose name we are not at liberty to give, writes: —

> This idea . . . has always, whenever it has been expressed, seemed erroneous to me. To my own mind it was because the Franciscan Order developed as a democratic entity within an autocratic whole that it met defeat. . . . The Friars . . . in all their contacts stood for a vital democracy within the Order; in its government it fought valiantly for the preservation of democratic ruling. Unfortunately the time was not ripe for a general acceptance of its characteristic principles. Then, as now, the Franciscan Order militated against the trend of the times. . . . Franciscan spirituality, on the one hand, definitely made war upon the idea that only within the cloisters of the monk could Christian perfection be found, and the essential Franciscan gospel was surely then that all men, being equal in the sight of God, should therefore be equal in the sight of one another. If the Order became an exclusive group, as it necessarily did, then I venture to assert that this fact must be stressed, that its exclusiveness was caused, not by any inherent principle ruling its life, but simply and solely by the attitude adopted towards it by the forces at work within its sphere of labor. . . . We friars admit that in these days it is well-nigh impossible to observe the literal life of poverty beloved of Saint Francis. But attempts within the Order are being made to preserve as far as possible, and in as many ways as possible, the literal observance of the rule. I suppose we shall not arrive at the happy state of affairs until the world outside is reorganized economically; but in the meantime we are really doing our best, and I do think that in every treatise on the history of or spirit of the Order due credit should be offered to my own brethren.

By word of mouth.

Catskill, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

Last summer in excursions throughout Southern England I visited Cirencester Church and heard from the delightful old verger the story of its siege when Cromwell's men lay before it. 'I have it by word of mouth,' said he.

In response to a startled look — I thought the man had gone mad — he continued with gentle dignity: 'My people have been vergers here for centuries.'

The incident reminded me of the tale in Scott's Journal of a boatman once pointed out to him as being representative of the hereditary gardeners to the Earl of Monteith. The speaker's son asked: —

'Feyther, when Donald dies will not the line be extinct?' but was answered: —

'No; I believe there is a man in Balquhidder who takes up the succession.'

And here is the question: Is it finer to inherit one's humble duties and proudly perform them well and pass them on to one's children, or to feel the spur of discontent that has made many — most — of our great Americans? We should have had no Lincoln, no Edison, no Carnegie, had they not moulded their lives to bigger issues than their parents dreamed of. 'Rise, rise!' is the cry of a republic, and yet we miss much in forswearing the serene beauty of that verger's content in the tradition 'by word of mouth' from the day of Charles the Martyr to this of His Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth.

Ruth Hall

What a formidable race editors are!

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Whenever my brains have become surcharged with ideas of one kind or another I have put these ideas down on paper in the form of letters and sent them to my relatives. This practice has given me mental relief, but no money.

I decided one day that if I could sell this refuse of my brain it would mean to me what the realization of that long-cherished dream of a market for cornstalks would mean to a farmer.

Then I commenced reading writers' magazines to acquaint myself with the proper method of selling. In summing up what I have learned from these magazines I find that the only proper way to approach an editor is to go to the alley door, prostrate one's self, and wriggle into the throne room, face down. To write a letter to an editor, to ask his advice or opinion, to treat him as one self-respecting citizen would treat another, would damn forever any chance of selling a manuscript to the Busy Editor. I notice that 'busy' precedes 'editor' as inevitably as 'honest' precedes 'farmer.'

I am a busy countrywoman with a husband and five children to wash, iron, and cook for; but if you were to drive into our place and ask for a gallon of gas, or a drink of water, or a handout, I could find plenty of time to serve you; and if it was n't wash day I could even give you a square meal.

I may have stepped on the toes of all editorial rules in writing this letter, but I send it to you with as much confidence as you could feel if you stopped at our place on your way to California and asked for some of the favors that tourists are always in need of. We have a very friendly shepherd watchdog.

Sincerely,

I. A. R.

THE SALLYPORT

It is odd what paradoxes can receive the most solemn acceptance without affecting the prestige of human thought. 'We live in a world of chance' is a statement of common experience to which we should all subscribe, and some writers on modern physics tell us that the one law to which there is no exception states that the element of chance in the universe is continually increasing. Yet in press, pulpit, and conversation we all join to honor science for its progressive revelation of a world of order, in which events do not happen by hazard, and in which the behavior of nature can be controlled for man's benefit by understanding of its principles. That this dilemma, in one form or another, has been bolted without intellectual colic by every age in turn since man began to think is an example of his indestructible belief in his own sanity despite strong evidence to the contrary.

For any reader with a speculative turn, no more fascinating excuse to try his powers can be found than Bertrand Russell's essay on probability. Iconoclast, whose privilege it is to speak with the temerity of ignorance, wonders whether it was really necessary for Mr. Russell to make such a devastating confession of helplessness. 'Probability rests on muddle,' he writes. And again, 'I do not mean to deny that all this will probably happen; I only mean to assert that people have not the least idea what they mean when they say so.'

Yet if we say, 'It will probably rain this morning; I shall need an umbrella,' we ought to be able to give a fairly rational account of what we mean. We no doubt mean that some of the causes of rain are present, or some of the circumstances that in our past experience have been followed by rain — dark clouds, east wind, and the like. We are making an empirical judgment, which involves our belief in causation, the order of nature, and the familiar sense of expectancy, based on empirical foundations. All this seems fairly clear. Logic can confuse it, as it can confuse anything, because it deserts the empirical basis on which our judgments are founded. Is not this the source of most of the confusion in Mr. Russell's paper?

It would be quite impossible for logic to prove that it had ever rained at all. But somehow it arrogates to itself the right to discuss whether it will probably rain or not to-morrow. Yet really it is not rain that logic is talking about. Rain we know only from experience. Logic is talking about an abstract event, which could more appropriately be called A or Z. And since logic could not even imagine such a thing as rain, what might cause it or why it should be caused, it states that the chances that it will rain to-morrow, or that the sun will rise to-morrow, or that a kettle placed over a hot fire will freeze, are precisely equal. All these events are mere A's and Z's to logic, while to experience they are parts of a great system of natural causes. What is logic really doing when it pretends to measure the probabilities of rain? It is only ostensibly making a statement about the facts; actually it is following out, and incidentally revealing, the necessary way in which our minds at their best must work when they confront an unpredictable situation. If, after we have sallied out properly armed with an umbrella, it does not rain after all, we may be surprised. But we do not assume that anything paradoxical has happened in the physical universe. Our judgment of the probabilities was purely subjective, and indifferent nature went its own course.

If the world were deterministic, and every smallest event ordained in advance, as Calvinists and materialists once held, it is hard to see what other view of probability would be possible. But modern physics tells us that the world is not deterministic, that even the laws by which bridges are built or eclipses predicted rest ultimately on 'statistical probabilities.' What this means it is fortunately not our duty to explain. If Mr. Russell would assert that this kind of probability rests on muddle, we should give him a hearty vote of confidence. But suppose that a dynamo is constructed by laws which are in the last analysis laws of chance. Suppose, to take liberties with Kipling, that

> . . . all unseen
> Statistical probabilities brought up the nine-fifteen.

What is the connection of these remote and mysterious probabilities, the familiar spirits and playmates of the atoms, with the logician's theory? They are certainly not the same thing. The probabilities at work among the atoms were discovered empirically by scientists in their laboratories. For aught we know, they might cut logic dead if they met it on the street. The theory of probability as such may have no more to do with the real world than the theory of infant damnation, which was a logical deduction from its own premises, but fortunately lacked an empirical basis.

Iconoclast hereby solemnly takes the view, to be held until further enlightenment drives him from it, that probability is a canon of judgment in the mind, with empirical roots, and logical corollaries, and that as such it is just as explicable and free from muddle as many other things in this odd world, as long as we do not try to hold the facts accountable to it. In pursuance of this idea, he would like to put one or two questions, and only wishes that Mr. Russell were at hand in person to humor his ignorance with indulgent answers. To begin with, what does the overcoming of a mathematical improbability really mean? Mr. Russell has hailed a taxicab as an illustration. Let us do the same. It is the most inexpensive way of hailing a cab we shall ever find. Suppose that in a city where 100,000 cabs are licensed we summon one by telephone, and then guess that its number, when it appears, will be 23,479. According to the theory of probability, our guess will have one chance in a hundred thousand of being right. Yet suppose that 23,479 happened to be the cab that appeared. What would it really mean that a mathematical improbability of 100,000 to 1 had been overcome? Would it be equivalent to the defeat of an army corps by a single trembling private? Or to the rout of 100,000 atoms by a solitary particle gone berserk? A comparable victory in the physical realm would bring us to our feet waving our hats and cheering. We should feel as the children of Israel felt when they sang, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands,' or as the Athenians when the runner staggered in from Marathon. Perhaps, in a faint way, this is how we do feel. But we should be put to it to say what has really happened. The corpses of the slaughtered digits do not strew the field in bloody testimony of the victory, nor can we crown with laurel the one brave unit that prevailed. What really brought the taxi to our door was a chain of physical events, and not the abstract numerical triumph of one chance against a hundred thousand.

Again we should like to ask Mr. Russell if the physicist is really sensible when he says that the sun is no more likely to rise to-morrow than not. If he were to say merely that the sun may not rise, he would be sensible enough. He would be speaking on broad grounds as a human being familiar with the shocks of experience. But when he says 'no more likely than not,' he speaks neither as a physicist nor as a human being, but as a logician. What he says may be true, but we should agree with Mr. Russell that he could not possibly know what he meant by saying it. For he would make of the sun not the empirical fact that it is, but any abstract event, A or Z, with which logic cared to concern itself. He would equate it with the coin that we flip in the air, not knowing whether it will come down heads or tails. Is this really a sensible equation? Each flip of the coin is, at least relatively, a fresh event, the result of which is unpredictable. But the rising of the 'glorious orb,' as Squibob called it, is part of a continuous system of natural events. A cataclysm might interrupt the system, and the sun might fail to rise. But has such a cataclysm equal chances of happening or not? The physicist can only say so by throwing overboard his physics, which is founded on experience, and speaking from pure abstract theory. And when he does this, he is making a statement, not about the sun, but about the way his mind finds it necessary to work.

Suppose we look a little deeper into the matter of the coin. We say that it has equal chances of coming down heads or tails. We ought to say that no chances of any kind are open to it. Its course is determined by the muscular propulsion given it, by the position of the hand in catching it, and the like. Experience has taught us that about fifty out of a hundred times it will come down heads, and the other fifty times tails. But when in a given instance we say that the chances are equal, we are simply saying that we are totally at a loss to predict what the result will be.

It is even more absurd to say that if enough men go on placing kettles over hot fires for a sufficient number of times the water in one kettle may sooner or later be expected to freeze. What leads us to expect the water to boil is the empirical discovery that this is what it usually does when we try it. When we attempt to turn this discovery into a rational principle, we are led to the theory of induction, which says that if we invariably find an experiment producing the same result, and if this holds true for a very large number of cases, it looks as though it must be the natural result, and will hold true for all cases. At this point Mr. Russell appears to tell us that, no matter how many instances we count, we have not established a logical proof that the next one may not upset all the others. Well and good, so far as logic is concerned. But to say that because induction lacks a logical basis the kettle over the hot fire may freeze if we give it chances enough is to make an absurdity of logic. Perhaps logic is absurd. At least it is entertaining.

A cataclysm might prevent the sun from rising, and perfectly regular and familiar causes bring the coin down now heads, now tails. But even a cataclysm that destroyed the solar system might well fail to alter the familiar relation that makes a kettle boil over a hot fire. It might destroy all the kettles and turn all the water to steam, yet not bring about a state in which water (if there were any) placed over a lively burner would turn to ice. Will Mr. Russell say that the laws of heat have equal chances of being stood on their heads to-morrow? Perhaps the pure theory of probability would compel him to say so. But we shall take it as one more evidence that the theory of probability is a mental construction that does not take into account the natural scheme of causation. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas!* It is a more formal and less sensible way of saying that we live in an unreasonable world, and never know what will happen next.

Thus the great god Chance is given his quietus. Yet we feel a shiver of apprehension about Mr. Russell's army of monkeys strumming on typewriters. What if they *should* produce all the books in the British Museum? It would be an unhappy day for publishers. The price of books would decline still further if it became known that monkeys could write them. Still, we think it improbable that they will ever be given their chance.

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THE JAPANESE MYSTERY

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

At Geneva, where national traits are under the international microscope, if you ask, 'What of the Japanese?' you will be told, —

One, a smile,
Two, silence,
Three, a mystery,

and in that Delphic answer lies a deal of truth.

Japan wears a universal smile. That is the first impression and the last. The French smile — when you come to buy; the Italians smilingly return a salutation; but in pleasure or pain the Japanese meets your glance with a smile. Yet there is nothing stereotyped about a greeting so friendly and natural — halfway, but no more, to laughter. Part of 'manners' of course it is, an element in that ritual of courtesy taught in school and home. A smile hides the feelings and so is useful enough, and it is part of self-discipline as well. At a crisis in a ball game, a fielder muffs a fly. He smiles, and in that smile he crams a whole vocabulary of expletives. I have watched a thief caught and pinioned. In curiosity I ran to look at him. There was the smile, and the policeman paid him the courtesy of smiling in return.

The smile may be part of the code, but it answers to the disposition of the Japanese. They are a happy people, delighting in the common things the Lord gives us all.

It is the birthright of the American to contrast the straightforwardness of his character with the sinuosities of the Oriental, and Japan puzzles him for the convolutions he cannot find there. He seeks for complexity, and discovers simplicity. He looks for the stolidity of China, and finds a temperament nervous and emotional as his own. The keys are different, but the instrument is much the same. The mechanism is more delicate, the modulation more sensitive, the strings more tautly drawn. The American is a man of affairs. The Japanese is an artist.

Mighty is education. We begin life with the Ten Commandments, holding them in a respect unmitigated by intimacy. Here are the five virtues the Japanese hold as cardinal, and the basis of their ethical instruction: Jun, Ji, Lei, Chi, Sin — Mercy, Justice, Chivalrousness, Love of Learning, Loyalty. To turn Japanese virtue into vice you have only to prefix the syllable Fu. So Fu-Jun, Fu-Chi, and so forth, give you the lack of virtue which is

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vice. It is a positive creed. The Hebraism in ours bids us to avoid evil; theirs to be virtuous.

Somewhere amongst the shrines of Japan there should be an altar to the spirit of Thomas Carlyle, for the gospel of Heroes and Hero Worship which our builders rejected is in Japan the headstone of the corner. There in very truth the hero puts on immortality. The Maid of Orleans leading French battalions to victory in the Great War lived in the vision of an instant's exaltation. In Japan communion with the spirits of the dead takes on almost the aspect of matter of fact. Every house has — or had, for life grows 'modern' there as here — its tiny shrine, where each morning children bow with reverence, and before their own breakfast make to their ancestors an offering of fruit and cakes. And in public places of the city troops of girls and boys, men and women, pilgrims of every class and rank, honor great men now with the Gods. All that Carlyle preached to deaf ears is here made manifest. Stand before the shrine of Nanko in Kobe, of Nogi in Kyoto, or of the Great Emperor himself in Tokyo, and watch the troops of worshipers. They are the lifeblood circulating in the arteries of Japan. From shrine to shrine they come and go in never ceasing procession. Young men from Chiba Prefecture, pilgrims from the northern island of Hokkaido, a girls' school from Okayama, a band — there must be hundreds in it — from Nagoya. Old and young, boys in baggy blues of government schools, women in bright kimonos, clop-clopping along, holding fast their wooden *getas* by some miraculous tension of the toes; now a gap, now a filter of stragglers, now in close order, endlessly they pass under the stately Torii, pause at the fountain which always marks the entrance to a shrine, pour from a wooden ladle water over both hands, rinse from the mouth all uncleanness, and then with clean hands and pure lips approach the shrine of god or hero, indissolubly one. Directly in front of it they stop. Tossing their penny offering into the mite chest, clapping their hands that the spirit may know who does it honor, and then thrice bowing, they offer their petition.

This is no worship of sticks and stones. It is the acceptance of an immortal inheritance.

II

If you would understand hero worship in Japan go to General Nogi's house. Protected from the bustling Tokyo street by a high board fence, it stands in its tiny garden a monument to simplicity. Enter the rustic gateway. At the right a small shed divided into two stalls once provided shelter for the General's horse of all work and for his charger Kotobuk, 'Long Life' — to Japanese ears the name must carry an ironic sound. The little 'Western' house itself struck one visitor as pure New England; the pinched hallway, the narrow whitewashed parlor just large enough to hold four uncomfortable chairs and a table. In the rear are two 'eight-mat' rooms Japanese-fashion — one the General's, one his wife's. Not an ornament, not a kakemono even. On the floor a relief map of Port Arthur and in a corner of the General's room a roll of bloodstained matting are the sole record that here the soldier gave his life for his Emperor. Cato might have lived in such a house, or the men to whom Jonathan Edwards preached the danger of worldly possession.

Nogi's story is a hero tale to the world; to the Japanese it is a national testament. Entrusted with the investment of Port Arthur, it was required of him that not one hour be lost. Should the ships in the harbor escape to join

Rozhestvensky's fleet, the balance might be turned in favor of the Russians, while in Manchuria the army facing Kuropatkin was in dire need of reënforcement. Acting with precipitation, General Nogi directed his attack, not against the key forts in the chain surrounding Port Arthur, but against the citadel itself. The carnage was frightful. Day after day the General watched his men falling like ripe wheat. Thoughts oppressed him such as tortured the mind of Grant at Shiloh, and first from one messenger, then from another, like Job he learned of the death of his two sons. Undeflected, he kept his terrible course, and the slaughter continued until Kodama, Oyama's chief of staff and the genius of the campaign, joined the army and redirected its strategy, striking immediately at 203-Metre Hill, which dominated the circle of forts and the harbor itself. By that decision the fight was won, but the dead, as Nogi thought, had died in vain, and from that moment, as once before in his early career, he held within his mind the thought of self-sacrifice. But all his ways were noble. When in one of the final escalades the Russian General Kondratenko, soul of the defense, was slain, and by his death made Nogi's triumph certain, Nogi himself wrote this inscription for his monument: —

DEATH LEVELS EVERY BARRIER BETWEEN FRIEND AND FOE

When the war was over and the impossible victory had been won, Nogi's Emperor sent for him. What passed between them is not set down in history, but friends of the General have told me that Mutsuhito spoke after this fashion:—

'It is said, General, that you wish to shorten your life on account of mistakes you have made. You may have made them, but you have won a victory indispensable for Japan and to me. I need you. You must live as long as I.'

To the letter the soldier obeyed. But when Mutsuhito passed into history and legend as the Great Emperor Meiji, his servant sat himself upon the mat in that small bare room, loosed his kimono, and, with steady hand ripping his body open, loosed his soul to join his master's. His wife, a woman growing old, found him there and, kneeling opposite his body, cut her own almost in two.

There was in General Nogi's death, beside his sorrow for the soldiers he had lost, beside his grief for the extinction of his race, beside his chivalrous wish to follow his Emperor in a new adventure, a deep desire to impress upon his countrymen the antique standard of life and death. New ways were abroad, ways of commerce, not always of honor. Nothing could reverse the current of that stream, but Nogi's sacrifice was heeded. Men paused in wonder and admiration. To hundreds of thousands it pointed to a straiter and more difficult path. No life these hundred years has brought the Japanese what Nogi's death has given them.

III

On these things I mused as I left the pinched and narrow house and walked through a pouring rain to the shrine below. A Japanese who had devoted himself to me on account of what he called an ancient kindness (I had done him a slight service forgotten years ago by me, but by him long remembered) introduced me at the shrine office to the priest, a tall and handsome young man marvelously dressed in sacerdotal hat, black as a beetle, a surtout of brown silk, and a robe below it exquisitely white. He invited me to enter. I doffed my shoes, and, after a cup of tea courteously proffered, I was led down long matted corridors to a well of bubbling water. Here, following the priest's example, I laved my hands and lips and then followed my guide to the shrine itself. Behind the barrier which for the ordinary worshiper bounds the sacred limit I sat, while the priest conducted the ceremony, upon a camp stool white as wool, rising at intervals to make obeisance to the great spirit near and present to both of us. Removing his ceremonial shoes of polished lacquer, he ascended the steps of the inner shrine (usually by Shinto rule elevated above the outer). Always, I noticed, he placed his right foot on the higher tread and raised the left after it. At the top, thrice bowing very low, he undid with precise ritual the lock which secured the exquisitely fitted doors, withdrew the pin, paused for a final deep obeisance, and then, drawing the doors slowly open, retraced his steps backwards still facing the shrine and lowering his left foot first to the successive treads. At the lower level he again bowed thrice and, turning, withdrew for an instant to reappear bearing in both hands a spray of white blossoms of the *shiro-tsubaki*. This he handed me, and acting on his sign I stepped forward in my turn, bowed thrice toward the open doors, and placed the flowers reverently upon a low table at the foot of the steps.

The ceremony was over, and as I prepared to leave the building I quickly perceived that what had been done for me was not done for money. Might I not then make a small donation toward the expenses of the shrine? That was permissible, and enclosing a bank note in the whitest paper at my disposal I handed it to the priest, shod myself once more, and went out into the rain, wondering how fared the spirits of my own great dead.

General Nogi's will is in Japan a memorable document. It was written on September 12, 1912, after the news of the Emperor's death had reached him.

For the strong light it casts on the national character, the opening paragraph is quoted here: —

> First. It is with profound regret that I thus take my life in order to follow H. I. M. the late Emperor Meiji to the other world. All these years I have been seeking for a suitable occasion to cast away my humble life, since I committed the most disgraceful act as a soldier of allowing the rebels to snatch away the Imperial colors of my regiment in the Kashiginan Rebellion in 1877. Despite my inner resolution, I have unduly survived under the fathomlessly profound Imperial benevolence and grace up to this day, when I find myself so age-stricken, being no longer of much use in the service of His Majesty. The sad demise of the Emperor at such a time has naturally prompted me to make this last resolution.

What a gulf is here between our heroes and this ancient Roman!

While in Tokyo it was my privilege to dine with a gentleman who had been honored with General Nogi's friendship. I spoke of the shrine where I had been that morning, and, marking my interest, he sent for a kakemono which bore the beautiful characters of Nogi's hand. The General had an admirable gift with the brush, and his ideographs, invariably given for charity, bring high prices. One day, it seems, he had called on my host, who had likewise done his Emperor important service, and said he should like to write something. In that quiet household a visit from General Nogi made the history of years. In haste a strip of silk was brought, and, sitting there before the open *shoji* looking into the quiet garden where a tiny fishpond caught the faint rays of a rising moon, he wrote in the traditional thirty-one syllables a poem which my host translated for me: —

The thoughts in my heart I swore
Never to utter in words.
How can I hide them from thy beams, O moon?

Whether he was thinking of his lost boys, of the soldiers he had sent to their death, or of the self-immolation on which he had determined, is a secret hidden in that translunar land where he now dwells.

I have spoken much of Nogi, for his was the perfect spirit of that Japan which grew great under the stern precepts of her ancient faith. New hopes and new ambitions are in the air. The vane shifts to a fresh quarter. Sitting somewhere at his desk in his shapeless blue uniform is the boy who will some day be the Hero of the New Era, worshiped reverently by his schoolmates' sons.

IV

To the visitor in Japan the miracle of miracles is the newness of it all. I am not completely gray, yet Japan as we know it is hardly older than I. Feudalism in Europe died before Columbus sailed. In Japan it was abolished not two years before I was born. I was a freshman when constitutional government, man's most precious gift to men, was bestowed on the people as the free and personal offering of their sovereign. Like a modern Athena, Japan sprang full-panoplied from the head of Jove. To me the suddenness of it all was brought home through a conversation with a European friend, who years ago had married the daughter of a samurai. He told me that his wife's father, enlisting under Mutsuhito's banner in the First Rebellion against the modernization of the Empire, fought in full armor with sword and shield. And this same samurai, although he gave absolute obedience to his Emperor, was utterly out of sympathy with his Western policies and for years was unreconciled to his own daughter's marriage with a foreigner. Eventually the old gentleman came round, and presented his son-in-law with two of the family swords, the most honorable present a samurai can give. The delicately tempered blades were there in their chased scabbards — all but the guards. Why these were denied the son-in-law was long ignorant, for even he did not know that a samurai's family keeps an unbroken record of its swords, and to prevent a gap in the list the guards were withheld.

Mutsuhito, posthumously known as Meiji or Enlightened Ruler, ascended the throne in 1868. His counselors, few in number, but all alike impregnated with Western ideas, forged so united a policy, sloughing off gradually those who disagreed, that it will be impossible for the historian to apportion to each his deserved meed of praise. There is plenty of glory to go round, for no body of comparable political genius has sat in discussion since our own Constitution was framed. All are gone now into the mists of history, save old Prince Saionji; but with his help a modern painter has reconstructed the scene of that momentous council when, kneeling before the spirits of his ancestors, the young Emperor took the charter oath. What a scene! There knelt the boy of sixteen, one hundred and twenty-third Mikado, direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, swearing by the ashes of his forefathers reverently and firmly that their ways should no longer be his ways. Kneeling on his cushion in the centre was the Chancellor Okubo, and in front the group of remarkable men from which in the fullness of history the Genro or council of elders was recruited.

I quote the official rescript, translated with literalness for me by a Japanese friend.

The Emperor collected dignitaries and took oath before the spirits of his ancestors to act upon five principles: —

1. Widely to convoke an assembly and to decide all policies according to public opinion.

2. The upper and the lower (classes) shall with one heart practise economic policies.

3. Civil and military officials as well as the common people should all accomplish their desire, and no one should be made to feel fatigue. (This singular clause presumably means that prosperity should become so general that the people should never be allowed to feel discomfort, and so wish to return to feudalism and the paternal care of their own Daimyos.)

4. Harmful customs must be abolished, and hallowed be the universal way of Heaven and Earth. (In which cryptic words may be traced the warning of Consul-General Harris and Secretary Hamilton Fish, who first imparted to the Japanese the astonishing intelligence that a universal law of nations was in actual existence.)

5. Seek knowledge the world over in order to exalt the foundations of the Imperial Throne.

Take note how tentatively the final clause suggests the importation of Western ideas and the initiation of new modes of life and thought. Rebellion was rife. The warlike clans of Satsuma and Choshu threatened the existence of the Empire — men's minds turned slowly from loyalty to their Daimyos to obedience to the Lord of Lords, from their mountain-girt provinces to the Empire which embraced them. It was not well that phrases be too definite or that new interpretations might not always be evolved to meet new situations. When the diverse loyalties in Japan became a single loyalty, and what was in effect a confederation of discordant elements coalesced into a nation, there was a sudden liberation of national energy not unlike that which slowly followed the union of Norman and Saxon in the Western world. But when we remember that this oath is the Magna Charta of the Japanese, this their Bill of Rights, how vast the difference! How illuminating the contrast!

V

Of all World Powers, Japan has purchased most cheaply her seat at the Centre Table, and the consciousness of that important fact has sunk deep into the mind of the people. The credentials are fixed by custom. What of your army and navy, your mills, your mines, your wealth? That her armed forces are of world strength Liao-Yang and Tsushima bear historic witness; but, speaking in the large, Japan won her place on nerve. Her coal she imports from Manchuria, and it is poor enough in quality, when it comes. She buys her oil, her iron, her cotton, and her wool. Her factories do not reach our standard. Her machines are made in England, Germany, and America. Forty millions of her people cultivate an ungenerous soil with primitive tools. The sickle which our gardeners employ for 'trimming up' there reaps the harvest, and its crescent blade is not more bent than the toiler's back as with delicate strokes he slices the thin rows of sturdy wheat with care lest he injure the stubble of rice plants or the beans planted between the bearded files. Not only is Japan lacking in natural wealth, but the energy which shapes her resources is the brawn and bone of her people.

Of these deficiencies the Japanese is acutely aware. The attitude of the people is quite definitely defensive. Of that assertiveness and truculence of which much has been heard, little can be seen. In the first outbreak of nationalization which followed the

Chinese War, when little Japanese Jack climbed the Russian beanstalk and beat the giant to his knees, and when the World War made the country of a sudden rich beyond the dreams of her avarice, there were outbursts of jingoistic vainglory. We who recall the Spanish War — our own war, as Mr. Roosevelt loved to call it — remember that Manila and Santiago brought shriller outbursts for lesser cause. But earthquake and fire, and the long painful process of deflation, have taken from Japan her falser patriotism. Military adventure — I speak advisedly — has lost its charm. The army has long since ceased to be the boast of the people. This year has witnessed the last of the annual celebrations for Togo's victory. The competition of world commerce is keen, and Japan knows she must husband her strength.

Of nothing will a Japanese boast except Japan herself. Japan with her cherry and plum, her wisteria and her maples, her mountains of infinitely shaded green, her snowy waterfalls, her groves of cryptomeria and camphor, her bold and noble coasts, the limpidity of her waters and the perfection of her rice fields. Of these alone will a Japanese confess his admiration. 'Of course we love our country,' said a lady to me. 'It is so beautiful!'

Modesty is enjoined by precept and example. The very language bears witness to it. The grammar is without personal pronouns, and the 'I, I, I' of our Western discourse is unknown to them. Again, their vocabulary for *tuum* is flatteringly eulogistic, while for *meum* it is deprecatory in the extreme. The accomplished wife and desirable children paint, sing, and play with admirable talent, while in a poor house the *koto* is thrummed by an untrained wife and hobbledehoy children twang the *samisen* indifferent well. In such a conversation it is possible to apportion wives and children correctly only by the degree of estimation in which each speaker appears to hold them. The precepts of Confucius and Mencius, the philosophy of Gautama, the teachings of Shinto, alike inculcate modesty — a virtue which shines less effulgently in the Great Republic of the West. Everything impresses upon the Japanese that he has his own way to make, and that it ill becomes him to boast or even to acknowledge the blessings which are his.

Tapestry has its seamy side and modesty its essential weakness. If you would dominate a Japanese, don't try to bawl him down. You will waste your breath. Don't insult him, or it may go ill with you. Simply try to make him ridiculous. If you succeed, victory is yours. For the Japanese is sensitive as he is proud. In affairs he is not quite certain of himself. He listens too eagerly to the voice of Western criticism. English is for him printed in italics. He is forever asking for comment and wondering what you really think of him. A manufacturer tells me that on going to his works one morning he noticed on each lapel a button of a new company union. In Japan unions have no legal status and are suspect, as workers' combinations invariably are. Confronted with what might become an emergency, my friend determined to nip it in the bud. He summoned his superintendent. 'Make for me,' he said, 'two union buttons big as saucers. We will wear them in our lapels so that everyone can see how ridiculous they are.' Next day owner and superintendent made a tour of inspection, each wearing the preposterous badge. The day after, not a button was to be seen.

This sense of insecurity will pass, of course. There was a time when America winced at any criticism, writhed when Dickens used his scalpel, and shrieked back at Mrs. Trollope. Now our national hide is tanned, and even fair and helpful criticism is passed over with a shrug. The pendulum of the democratic clock pauses only at extremes.

A frequent charge against the Japanese is want of truth. It would be easier to convict, I think, if the indictment were altered to want of candor. A Japanese will show his body, but not his mind. He will tell the truth, but the whole truth is not always essential. Newman remarks that it is almost a definition of a gentleman that he will not needlessly cause pain. This is the spirit of Bushido, and this Japan believes. Here we touch a nerve below the skin of Japanese psychology. Not that we tell the truth unreservedly ourselves, or that tergiversation is almost unpractised in the West, but still our code is 'Tell the truth.' 'Out with it,' we bid our children, 'and let consequences look after themselves.' But to the Japanese, consequences are much. If they wound the feelings, is it not well to consider how important the truth really is? I have known many cases where Japanese have told the truth to their own hindrance, and many others when they have been wanting in candor for the sake of the susceptibilities of others.

If the question be of money, then plain honesty comes into play, and you meet with treatment just and fair. I have never been overcharged in Japan, and, what is of infinitely more consequence to the traveler, I have never been pestered for tips. An apple woman, eager to return the overpayment of two coppers, pursues you through a crowd. I have had bell boys and waiters decline the proffer of a yen, bowing their thanks in the grand manner. I would not pretend that the Japanese are indifferent to money. That can hardly be said even of Bostonians. But the universal custom of wrapping any gift of money in paper before presenting it accentuates an ancient and noble tradition. Even at a bank your change will invariably be placed upon a tray. You will not receive it direct from a cashier.

VI

Not since old Greece has Beauty been adored as by the Japanese. The French affect it, but for them Art outranks Nature. They prefer a hat to a blossom, and an instep to either. The Italians once worshiped the work of genius, but landscape and flowers were but the setting which enhanced the nobleness of the human figure. To the Japanese nothing is too insignificant to be beautiful. I have stood fascinated in a schoolroom while tiny girls with heads like polished lacquer made one up and one down stroke interpreting the resiliency of a blade of grass. Again and again, in place of pothooks, the little hands would shape the wavy line. Stiff as wire at first, it would grow in grace and flexibility till it fairly waved in the wind. I have seen old women toil up a flight of 222 steps (Reader, I counted them) simply for the joy of squatting for an hour in contemplation of the Inland Sea. The owner of a charming house will wait for seven years standing his turn for the slightest sketch of Takeuchi Seiho. As the newspaper readers of America are called in to ballot for the most popular school-teacher or the Queen of the Bathing Beauties of Atlantic City, so Japanese editors will invite their subscribers to vote on the comparative loveliness of famous views. And any Japanese schoolboy will tell you that nothing excels the loveliness of the lovely trio, Matsushima, Amanahoshidate, and Miyajima. 'But,' you query, 'Fuji?' 'Ah, but you can't compare the incomparable.' Fuji indeed is *hors concours*.

On any holiday you will see troops of boys ascending every famous hilltop with what we call 'only a view' to reward the long day's hike. In February and March the plum (symbol of heroes, because it blossoms through the snow), in April the cherry, in May the peony, that 'King of Flowers,' the wisteria and the azalea, are the goals of countless pilgrimages.

Always in Japan I sought for the just word which should describe the taste in beauty distinctively Japanese. Like all transcendent qualities it eludes definition, but when a Japanese speaks of those externals which soothe and satisfy the spirit, the word *shibumi* rises to his lips. These things are instinctive, not shaped by reason and not easily to be put into speech, but *shibumi* suggests an excellent refinement. 'Nothing too much' is in it, and the word is in itself a protest against ostentation. There is in it, too, something of conformity to the traditional, something the antithesis of bizarre. And if I mistake not, *shibui* (to use the adjective from the same stem) is not without its sense of moral worth. To be beautiful a thing must be fitting. The parts must be related to the whole, and the whole must be seemly to place and circumstance. Quick as thought the Greek would have understood it, and though for his primitive philosophy he might have contemned the Japanese, for his understanding of things which lie deeper than expression he would have ranked him apart from the Barbarians.

And how they love their landscapes! When they contemplate the fantastical escarpments of their mountains, their peaks like drop curtains for an Arabian Nights' entertainment, or the feathery fronds of bamboo that drape their sides, one wonders whether they see them through their artists' eyes or through their own. Had Hiroshige and Hokusai been born New Englanders, in exchange for our Homer and our Benson, should we perhaps have exchanged landscapes, too? Certainly it is astonishing to note with what precision the countryside follows the lines of their painters. More remarkable still, take my word for it, those flat-planed faces and angular features recorded on our grandmothers' fans and screens are almost photographic presentments of the characters on the Japanese stage. In all their romantic art there is a note of punctilious accuracy, and the contented traveler returning with a handful of prints can see again the place and people precisely as they look.

Most perfect of Japanese arts is the art of courtesy — the delicate appraisal of your feelings, the sensitive response to your attitude of mind. How pleasant to be everywhere welcomed by bows and smiles! How comforting to self-consequence! How sweet *Sayonara* in the ears of the departing guest!

But watch two ladies meeting: a deep bow deeply returned, another almost as low, then a third and the shy engaging smile. Two men are introduced. The swiftest glance of mutual appraisal tells which should stop bowing first, though sometimes it seems doubtful whether either will stop at all. And I have often conjured up the impossibility of introducing strangers when a train is about to start.

VII

Beneath the gateway which frames the approach to the Great Buddha of Kamakura the visitor reads this admonition: 'Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha — the gate of the Eternal. Enter it with reverence.'

Well might this inscription mark the gateway to Japan. For the Japanese their country is indeed hallowed ground. *La Patrie* is sacred to Frenchmen, the German cherishes his Fatherland, the little Isle set in Shakespeare's Silver Sea is dear as heart's blood to Englishmen. We are not indifferent to our own rocks and rills. Yet in the patriotic devotion of the Japanese there is a fiercer and more primitive instinct. Theirs is a pride of race as well as of nation, a tribal brotherhood direct inheritance of the feudal times of their fathers, the instinct of a hive of bees for its queen. The Japanese may differ on any subject in heaven or earth but one — their Emperor. Through him they reach back to the Gods themselves. He is the Universal Father, the quintessence of the race. He is their protector, their salvation, their religion. He is the richest source of wisdom. To him alone is ascribed the unique merit of reform. No statue is erected even to Meiji. No inscription is written in his honor, but his Shrine calls the people to worship: the gray smooth-swept walks; the majestic Torii, the gateway perfect in its simplicity; the open shrine. At its barrier the worshiper pauses, claps his hands to call the mighty spirit, bows thrice in wordless prayer, and gazes toward the Inner Shrine, Holy of Holies, with the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum its only ornament, and the white curtain of purity draped before the altar. That is the spirit of Japan.

The mists of mystery disappear in the rays of the modern sun. The Emperor's picture appears in the newspaper. More and more frequently he appears on state occasions. Prince Chichibu, the heir presumptive, plays well the dual and difficult rôles of Son of Heaven and Prince of Wales. A prince of good fellows, he is a good fellow among princes, but, should it be his lot to ascend the throne, how difficult will be concealment within the barriers of awful isolation!

Chancing to be in Kyoto on the Emperor's birthday, I went early to one of the large colleges to listen to the annual reading of the Imperial Rescript on Education. I chose the junior department and the girls' division. Although the hour was early and attendance on a holiday wholly optional, some twelve hundred young women filled the hall. In black school gowns they sat in quiet rows while President and Dean faced them from the platform. After an invocation from the Dean, which in honor of the holiday lasted thirty round minutes, the President rose and walked with measured step to the edge of the platform. Below him an official held aloft a receptacle covered with a cloth of pure white silk. This, with such respect as though the very Host were elevated, he gave into the President's hand. Obviously every motion of the ritual was prescribed, and as I watched, fascinated, it seemed as if the Grail itself would be disclosed. But below the cloth was a simple box beautifully fashioned of the same pale cypress one associates with shrines. Holding the box in his left hand, the President drew from it with his right a roll of silk. From within the silk, with the same measured motion, he took a parchment, and in slow cadence he read from the illuminated text the sonorous charter of Japanese education.

'Know ye, our subjects:

'Our Imperial ancestors have founded our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and truly implanted virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. . . . Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters, as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true. Bear yourselves in modesty and moderation. Pursue learning and cultivate art. . . . The way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by our Imperial Ancestors to be observed alike by their Descendants and the Subjects infallible in all ages and true in all places. . . .'

The majestic sentences, which I followed from the translation I had procured, fell on the hearers like as the Word of God. They felt the thrill and I caught it as at the close they sang in unison the national invocation to the Emperor:

'Ten thousand years roll on
Till pebbles to great rocks shall grow
And be with moss o'ergrown.'

VIII

The Way of Salvation taught by the Lord Buddha to India, by Indians to Chinese, and from China brought to Japan, has played its quintessential part in Japanese history. It has fostered learning and holiness, encouraged contemplation and wisdom, and contributed to that deep reserve which is so potent an element in Japanese character. But, like Christianity, Buddhism is an imported religion — alien, as I think (though the learned will disagree with me), to a race where instinct rather than reason controls the will. It is rather the religion which is not a religion, Shinto, defined by Imperial Rescript as fundamentally a culture, which, if it does not control Japanese character, effectively symbolizes it. Stand quietly before a shrine. You will see there the man of intellect and culture bow before the past which made him, and highly resolve that what has been shall not have been in vain. You will see the coolie imploring the god of his village for protection and food. You will see the woman praying for the children she has borne or the child her heart desires. To each according to his need Shinto gives the bread of life.

The history of our Anglo-Saxon race has been the story of the long fight against superstition. Lecky has told it to us, triumphantly reciting the fall of each bastion and tower held by the dark forces of Mystery and Dread. In our generation the Keep itself is falling. The shouts of triumph are about us, but while we pick and shovel under the last ramparts we are dimly aware that with mystery goes religion itself. Superstition is an evil word, but in the heart and kernel of it is Faith itself. Rationalize the soul, and there is no soul. Cast superstition utterly away, and there is void and emptiness. It is the gap in Nature.

So thinking, I bowed my head before the silent shrine, and looking up caught my reflection in the mirror, sole image of the Shinto faith. There was the ancient symbol, Greek, but eternal and universal: 'Know Thyself.' The Japanese have caught its meaning. There dwell the heart and soul of the mystery that is Japan.

(*A second paper on life and travel in Japan will appear in the October issue*)

THE DESERTER

Just As He Was

I

Chatham, England, 1917.—I was bending over my kit bag, stuffing things into it, when the platoon sergeant came to the door of our hut and shouted: 'Before you go on parade you've all got to go to Number Eleven to give in your home addresses! It's for draft leave.'

We had all been busy in our various, personal little ways before he came in, giving a final shine to our coat buttons, rubbing a last dull polish on to our boots, examining our freshly shaved faces in small pocket mirrors, and finishing all the tiny jobs one found to do before appearing on the second morning parade for the company officer's critical scrutiny. But there was a sudden silence in the hut as the sergeant flung his verbal bombshell at us. It was that curiously alive and stubborn silence with which the British private invariably greeted any new order as it was being issued.

These orders, filtering down from the highest and most distant headquarters through the hierarchy of officers and N. C. O.'s until they reached the lowest military rank of all, the common privates, always brought some change in our plans or some new regulation. Sometimes they seemed merely silly to our untutored, unmilitary souls; sometimes they became extremely important to us as individuals. This time the message, shouted to us in the selfsame voice which sometimes told us to get ready for a sudden rifle inspection, was one of the very important ones.

Every one of the twenty chaps in our hut knew that 'draft leave' meant only one thing: we were all to be shoved off back to France and the front line again as soon as we returned from our homes. Every one of the chaps had been 'out' at least once before, so they all knew that the chances of returning alive from France were very slim. Whatever else each man was thinking of, there was one picture, that of sudden death, which was almost certain to be lurking in his mind. In two weeks' time, perhaps, half of us might be killed.

But everyone turned to his little task again, trying to pretend that the order meant nothing really serious, trying to hide the mixed feelings which the words 'draft leave' conjured up — thoughts of going home, perhaps for the last time, thoughts of seeing people one loved, also perhaps for the last time, of bidding good-bye once again to all the peace-time life which one had known as a child and boy and youth. Someone began to sing: 'Take me back to dear old Blighty.' The short spell was broken. The words of the familiar Army song sounded through the hut like a challenge, and that boring, prison-like camp life flowed on again just as though nothing had happened. Someone shouted across the hut. I turned to the chap at the next bed and spoke. Words of the song still floated in the air: 'I don't want to die . . . Manchester or Birmingham . . . I don't care.'

In a few minutes we all rushed off to the orderly hut, Number Eleven, formed ourselves into an excited, good-humored queue, laughed and joked in our usual way, filing past a table where addresses were taken so that we might have railway passes for the journey home and back.

When my turn came, and I stood in front of the sergeant, I gave a hastily concocted false address in Dublin, Ireland, as my home address. If the smiling sergeant had said that this address did not tally with the original Leeds one I had given when I entered the Army, I had ready a plausible story in which I should say, half truthfully, that as I had no real home I was merely going to stay with another aunt of mine who lived in Dublin. Fortunately I had no need to tell this story. I learned, to my surprise, that soldiers going to Ireland on leave were granted two extra days for traveling. I smiled back at the sergeant, trying to conceal my fear that my plans would be discovered.

The whole morning, while we were out on parade, and when we went marching to the bayonet-practice field, I lived through a hell of fear. Every moment I expected an orderly to run up to the officer and have me called out to the orderly room to explain why I had given a false address in Dublin. For the address which I had given had been made up out of my head. I had taken some number and simply added Sackville Street, since that was the only street I knew by name in Dublin. Perhaps there was no such number in Sackville Street. Perhaps they would telegraph to find out if the address was all right. There were so many possibilities when one was faced with the military machine during war time that my heart quaked the whole of that hot summer morning as we jabbed the sham sawdust bodies with our bright, clean bayonets.

During our midday meal everyone talked of where he was going and of what he was going to do, everyone in the gayest spirits now that the first shock had been overcome. But I was unusually silent, and, since the afternoon was free, I managed to go off alone. Walking out of the garrison town, I went on and on until I reached a small village where I turned down a sudden path which led to the river. I sat down on the grassy bank and stared at the water. It was a brilliant end-of-July afternoon. The lazy Thames lapped the flat land with slow, tender caresses, its broad expanse of water shining like floating gold. I do not know how long I sat there that summer afternoon gazing with unseeing eyes at the lovely English landscape, but I can still see myself sitting there, alone, forlorn, a thin-chested English soldier with serious brown eyes and short-cut hair, my cap on the bank beside me, thinking and thinking and thinking. For I had taken the first step in my determination to desert from the Army. There could be no turning back now. I had chosen my path and I must walk it to the bitter end.

II

I do not know when the idea of deserting from the Army entered my head. During those winter months in the trenches in France I had often said: 'Christ! Wait till I get back to England. They'll never get me out here again.' Just as most of the other soldiers in our lot would talk at times. We were all men from factories, mines, shops, and offices. There was none of that *Journey's End* English public-schoolboy spirit (let us all be Peter Pans forever) that won the Battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton about us. We were unwilling soldiers, conscripts.

Walking along one of those interminable French roads, Harry, the youngest of our bunch, dressed in his beautiful black-and-white skin coat, would say, 'I shall escape to Spain disguised as a dark peasant woman,' and I would laughingly ask, 'With that English voice?' and he would answer, 'Yes! Why not?'

But no one, however disgruntled and disgusted with the whole business, seemed to talk seriously about getting 'out of it.' Each soldier seemed to live in the dull hope of evading death and stumbling through alive somehow. I had decided to take no more chances. Just as I had made up my mind when I first went out to France that I would not kill a human being, and had been able to keep that vow, so I had also made the private vow that 'they' would not get me back to France again. I meant to keep my word to myself, even at the expense of appearing disloyal to my comrades in arms. I had absolutely no qualms of conscience. For I was not one of the patriotic youths who rushed out so gayly and gallantly to fight Germany in 1914. I was not deserting a cause in which I had once believed.

When the Great War began I was nineteen, earning a guinea a week in a small clothing shop in a slum district of Liverpool. The war aroused no feelings of patriotism in me. Despite the sensational daily paper brought into my boyhood home in Yorkshire, I had been fortunate in escaping any patriotic education. I had just started to read Bernard Shaw, and my naturally skeptical mind was slowly being awakened. And when I went to live in London in the last months of 1914 my feelings did not change as I came into contact with the more feudally minded South of England people. All during 1915 I went about, aloof, untouched by the middle-class, genteel, and 'quite the thing' patriotic sentiment of London. I worked in a clothing shop near the Crystal Palace, getting more weary and dissatisfied, after seven years, of the monotonous shop life into which I had been pushed. I felt, like Kipps in Wells's novel, that I was in a drain out of which I must crawl or die. Only those who know the very peculiar quality of pre-war English class life, its taboos, its rigid conventions, and its narrowness, can understand this feeling of suffocation. I saw myself trapped in a job which I should have to stick to all the rest of my natural life for little pecuniary reward. I determined that I would get out of it somehow, sometime.

Thus when Conscription came to England in the early part of 1916, and I found myself in the first groups officially 'called up,' I welcomed the opportunity to escape from the dull drudgery of shop life. I saw a way out of my economic slavery. I dreamed of a freer life when I got out of the Army. It was an escape from a life I hated. It was also an experience, and I was in that adolescent mood which welcomed experience, especially one which could be used as a means to an end.

I was called up on Saint Patrick's Day, March 17, 1916, placed in a well-known London regiment, and sent to a training camp. After four months I landed in France on July 14, a date easy to remember, for the flags were flying at Boulogne for the French national holiday. After a part summer, autumn, and part winter spent on the Somme and the Ancre, taking part in only one battle, that of Beaumont-Hamel, I finally managed to get an ankle broken — a sudden, unexpected event envied by all the other chaps when it luckily took me back to England.

It was funny, that ankle business. But for that little innocent accident I might never have left France alive. We were down, one cold winter's day, helping to unload timber from a train. For some mysterious reason we were working alongside British colored troops — from the West Indies, I believe. These soldiers were standing on top of the lengthy pieces of wood, sliding it down to us. While I was leaning near to one of the wagons, all unconscious that the colored soldier was yelling to me to get out of the way, the wood slid clean and heavily on to my foot. I yelled and collapsed to the ground.

This was the end of February, 1917. While in the London hospital I was found to be suffering from a mild form of typhoid fever — I had had trench dysentery — and I therefore spent the next few months recovering from my minor accident and my minor illness. In July I was discharged from the convalescent camp, and sent down to Chatham to train for several weeks preparatory to being sent out again to the front. But the plans of the military authorities and my own did not coincide. I did not mean to go back to the front again. Although France held some of my most splendid memories of comradeship and subtle, irresponsible happiness, — villages, roads, blue skies, trees, woods, — I could not go back to the futile slaughter of human life.

During all those months in hospital I had vaguely known at the back of my mind that I should have to face the issue sooner or later. But whether because I was ill and weak, or because the return to civilization from the trenches made me evade the solving of serious problems, I did not think very much about the matter. There was just the solitary chance that I might not be sent out to France again, and in that case I was going to say and do nothing, but keep my mouth closed.

But Chatham and drilling and route-marching and bomb-throwing and bayonet-fighting all brought it vividly back to me. I was in the machine again, being trained to kill and be killed. And I was absolutely firm in my own mind that I was not going to risk being shot or killed by a German any more. What I felt and thought at that time may be called sheer cowardice by some patriotic people, but, as I saw it, it was the most primitive kind of common sense carried into action. I just felt the whole war was futile — it was just three years old — and my connection with it less than nothing. I felt a fool ever to have allowed myself to be drawn into the mess. Now it was up to me to get out of it once and for all. But how? That was the question.

It was at Chatham, then, that I began to think again about deserting. I even talked about it in a cool, light-hearted manner calculated to disarm suspicion. 'What would happen if one went off to Ireland and stayed there until the war is over?' I would ask.

'The Catholic priests would give you away. I know them,' said a young Irish chap lying on his bed opposite. This idea impressed me for a long time, but later I found it was incorrect.

One of our chaps, son of a famous detective at Scotland Yard, said that it was quite impossible to get away from the Army, because they have all the addresses and can easily trace a missing soldier. This idea, too, impressed me, but I realized that war time was different from peace time.

I had chosen Ireland as a place of escape because it seemed to be the only comparatively safe place where I could hide until the war was over. But I could not risk landing there without knowing a single soul. Surely those enemies of England, the legendary Sinn Feiners, would welcome me and help me!

I got up from the river bank feeling rather stiff, and walked rapidly back to Chatham, where I wired to X in London saying I should be in town the following day.

III

London. — The following afternoon, armed with a railway ticket that would take me to Dublin and back, I arrived in London, and went straight to X's flat, which looked out on to the tree tops of a quiet Bloomsbury square. X, a young writer, idealistic and radical, suggested that I make a public protest against being sent back to France, somewhat in the Sassoon fashion, and if there was any attempt to illtreat me some of the pacifist Labor members would back me up in the House of Commons. But I said to X: 'I remember a conscript in our camp who refused to train to go out to France. They tried hard to make him, but he was very obstinate and would n't move. Finally he was taken from our camp, and the next we heard about him was that he had committed suicide. I don't know what they did to him. No, thank you, I don't want to go through all that.'

X, however, still felt optimistic about the 'protest' proposition, so that evening we went down to the House of Commons. Arthur Henderson had just returned from Russia, then in the throes of revolution, and was making a spectacular speech on his visit. As we stood waiting in the great stone entrance hall, Lord Birkenhead walked by, scowling at life in general, little dreaming that the insignificant young soldier gazing so innocently at him was deserting his precious military machine. The particular M. P. whom we had come to see, now holding one of the highest offices in the British Labor Government, was not there. So we walked out into the summer night, — three years before, almost to a day, war had been declared on this spot on such a summer night, — walked up dark Parliament Street, through gloomy Trafalgar Square, and to the Café Royal in Regent Street. That then-Bohemian haunt was full of men and women, all gay and loudly laughing, not at all suiting my own melancholy going-away-from-it-all mood. We returned to the flat, where X cooked some bacon and made coffee. Finally I went to sleep on a low divan bed — a welcome change from the uncomfortable Army bed — usually used by X's wife, who was away at the time. She was Irish, and I had hoped that X would know, through her, someone who would be useful to me. But the Irish of her ruling-class set were hardly likely to sympathize.

In the morning X took me round to a quiet Bloomsbury boarding house to see Y, an old Socialist writer, whom I had already met once. (An India-paper copy of his most famous book had bulged out my breast pocket all during my days in France. When Bernard Shaw heard this, he said, 'Put your bayonet through it and hand it back to the author!') Y listened to my plans, and although he was unable to supply me with useful addresses in Ireland, he knew, fortunately, a certain person who would be sure to help me. Leaving the dear old man, who gave me his benediction, we went to a small street off the Strand near to the Adelphi. There we met Z, a fiery radical of the nineteenth-century picturesque Cunninghame Graham type, who came and lunched with us in a Soho restaurant. He heard my plans, and promised help and an appearance at five o'clock at X's flat.

I have not attempted to describe X, Y, and Z in detail, because I feel that it would not be fair to the two members of the trio who are still living, X and Y. They would be easily recognizable, and it serves no good purpose to bring them by name into the story. X, Y, and Z all ran rather grave and unpleasant risks in helping me to desert during war time, but I was blissfully unconscious of this side of my actions at the time. Now that I see, in retrospect, what they did in forwarding my plans, I admire them still more, for there was no obligation on their part to lift a finger to help me. Except for their common humanity, — see Galsworthy's play, *Escape*, for a similar problem, — they might so easily have turned their backs and said, 'You got yourself into this mess. Now get yourself out of it.' But they did not. And although their social and political opinions justified, in some measure, their helping any soldier to escape the military machine, still the common humanity implicit in their actions was the most precious part of the whole episode.

Tea was set when Z arrived. Gulping down a cup, he went into the study and began to write. Soon he called me in to him.

'I have written two letters for you to take over to Ireland,' he said. 'One is about my own private affairs [he had been refused permission to enter Ireland for some reason], for the Countess Markevich. I want you to deliver it yourself into her hands personally, or give it to someone you can trust to get it into the Countess's hands safely. The other is a letter of introduction which will help you when you go to this address which I have written down for you. Have you any money?'

'A little,' I answered shyly.

He gave me two pounds and said, 'Here's some to be going on with. I think you'll be all right. Here's good luck.' And he was away and out of the flat like some tall swift bird.

Fortunately X was just about my own build, so he looked out a civilian suit, which was packed into a brown-paper parcel. At last I put on my leather belt and small knapsack, carrying the parcel, and left the flat to catch the seven-twenty boat train at Euston Station. Walking across the Square, I looked up at X still standing at the window, and, waving a last good-bye to him, disappeared round the corner. I felt intensely lonely and forlorn.

As I approached the wooden barriers of the boat-train platform I suffered another hell of fear that there might be detectives waiting to arrest me. I went through hoping that the ticket collectors would not notice my guilty face.

The compartment was full. Two young Catholic priests, returning to Ireland from Rome, read and talked. I tried to read X's latest book. At Crewe I wrote a postcard, 'I am crossing to Ireland to-night,' and posted it to my aunt in Leeds.

Holyhead was in darkness when we reached the coast. But by the time the ship began to move away a bright August moon had risen. I went up on to the boat deck, wishing to be alone with my thoughts. It was chilly, and I found a sheltered seat on a bench. A man was already sitting at one end.

'It won't be rough to-night,' said the stranger.

'Oh! I'm glad,' I said.

'Is your home in Ireland?' he asked.

'No.'

'Are you going on leave?'

'Yes.'

'I see.'

We talked, and I felt, somehow, that the stranger with the amused smile on his face understood my position. We walked up and down the deserted deck, talking of George Moore, James Connolly, Strindberg, James Clarence Mangan, the Abbey Theatre, Easter Week, the Irish Rebellion, while the moon rose higher. Then we went down to the bar, where the strange Irishman insisted that I drink some hot punch. When the morning came, and the coast of Ireland was seen in the distance, I asked him, shyly, if he would mind carrying my parcel until we landed. He agreed willingly. All seemed well — until landing came, bringing with it another hell of fear in case they had telegraphed over about the false address. A sudden vision of being shot for deserting came before my eyes.

There were two gangways, one for civilians and one for soldiers. They examined my railway warrant and my Army pass. I walked up the gangway alone, feeling horribly guilty and as though all eyes were fixed on me, and probably looking miserable.

But once on Irish soil I felt free. The stranger was waiting for me, with my precious parcel, near the train which was to take us into Dublin. When we arrived in the capital, after a short railway journey, the stranger took me up to a jaunting car, and told the driver where I wanted to go. 'Good-bye! Good luck!' And I drove off alone on the Irish jaunting car through the soft, fresh, early-morning air. Something awakened in me. Freedom!

IV

Dublin. — Driving rapidly through the unpeopled streets of Dublin, for it was still early morning, my mind was full of thoughts of freedom and escape. But sometimes a building would make me think of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which had just been published that summer, and I would remember that these were the streets through which Stephen Dedalus had walked his soul-weary way.

At last we reached some road not far from the centre of the city, and I clambered down from my perilous perch on the jaunting car. The fare was 3/6, but I had only 3/4 in small change. So there was a small argument with the jarvey, and at last he was satisfied with that amount. I walked across the road to a small corner house and knocked at the door, which was opened by the person to whom my letter of introduction was addressed.

'Is this the house of Mrs. A?' I asked.

'Yes, it is,' replied the short, motherly woman, who looked at me sharply, for I must have seemed a strange visitor indeed, a young soldier in English khaki calling at that house of all others. Taking my letter, she opened it, read it quickly, then smiled at me, and invited me into the small, narrow hall of the typical lower-middle-class house.

'Your Government murdered my husband.' Even after thirteen years I cannot forget the impact of those bitter words, which were spoken like a line from a modern Irish play. I stood there, at the door of the little front parlor into which I was being ushered by Mrs. A, while she pointed to an enlarged photograph of her dead husband which hung above the mantelpiece.

It was a face I knew well, for I had seen it in all of the English newspapers the year before, when the British Government had shot the various leaders of the Easter Week revolt. It was the face of the man who will probably be known to posterity as one of the greatest men produced by modern Ireland. The actual tragedy of his death lay in the fact that he was summarily shot for participating in a revolt with which he was not wholly in sympathy.

But I did not know all that at the time. So I stood there, not knowing what to say, feeling guilty and wretched and miserable. I stood there as though I were being accused personally of all England's injustice to Ireland. And I was really there as a beggar, asking for help, seeking some kind of refuge. The only gleam in my mind was the thought that A had died believing and fighting for something real and tangible. But the other stubborn thought of all those young men who had died around me in the trenches made me feel angry and confused and ashamed. I was silent.

'You can't see the Countess just now. She's at a special Mass they're celebrating for Roger Casement. It's just a year ago to-day since he was shot. But my daughter will take this letter down to her at the chapel.'

We talked of what I should do. Mrs. A said that as my railway pass was made out to Dublin it would be bad for me to stay in the city. The British authorities might look for me there. It would be far better to go and stay in Belfast. There were lots of young chaps from England up there. They had skipped across when Conscription came.

But I should need some clothes. If I wore my uniform in the streets I should be liable to be challenged by the military authorities. I had X's suit. Good. Now I needed a cap, shirt, tie, socks, and so forth. Mrs. A said she would go out and buy these items for me.

I gave her some of my small stock of cash, and she left me alone in the darkened parlor, for she had drawn down the shades in case detectives were watching the house, with the picture of her dead husband. Soon she returned with a small parcel, and she left me alone again to change.

I stripped off all my clothes, and stood there for some moments gazing into the long mirror at my naked body, feeling extraordinarily free now that I had thrown off my khaki uniform, a badge of military service which I had now worn for seventeen months. I dressed slowly, voluptuously savoring the sense of freedom in a new, cheap, colored shirt. X's suit just fitted me, and except for my short, Army-cropped hair, I should pass for a civilian again. My hair would be covered by my cap, and it would soon grow thick.

Just as I had finished dressing, a young woman in deep mourning knocked and entered the room. She was the wife of one of the Easter Week rebels, having married her young husband in prison just before he was shot. The atmosphere of desolation created by the accusing portrait on the wall of the dead leader deepened. I felt that it was all awful. Then a young thick-haired Irish poet came in, bringing more bitterness and despair into the tiny room.

The young woman began to talk in a low, beautiful Irish voice of political assassination. Could n't one poison members of the British Cabinet? At that moment, escaping as I was from the atmosphere of daily death and mountainous slaughter of human beings, it seemed terrible to be confronted with such ideas in that peaceful little room. Was life to be forever a prison of Death? Should I never escape from the foulness of people killing each other in mutual despair?

They took my khaki uniform and Army puttees away, remarking that they would probably come in useful sometime in the near future. I suppose they were used during the Black-and-Tan period of the more recent civil war. Then I went out and walked along the bank of a near-by canal, and dropped all the military badges from my uniform into the still water — all except my cap badge, which I kept, and which I still possess. I returned to the house breathing deep breaths of freedom.

But I was not quite free of all the material evidences of my Army life yet. I was still wearing the thick, heavy boots issued out to us. I could not go about wearing such boots and posing as a civilian. So I went out again, determined to try to change them for a pair of second-hand civilian boots.

Walking down the wide street into the city, I felt very conscious of my large boots. I avoided walking past the giant policemen. Turning down a small side street near the Nelson Monument, I found a little boot-repairing shop, and managed to get a light pair of boots in exchange for my own, plus the payment of a shilling. And how hard the pavements seemed now! I felt as though I were shod in paper. I should get used to them, I hoped.

Then there was another little matter to be settled, which had not entered my head. I must have a new name. Mrs. A was not long in finding me an excellent hundred-per-cent Irish name, which I adopted and used successfully during the twenty months I lived in Ireland. Later I was amused at what people must think of the great contrast between the very Irish name and my very English accent.

I tore up all letters and papers on me bearing my old name. From now on I was another person with a new name.

V

Belfast. — That night I slept peacefully in a modest Temperance Hotel, and the next morning I left, luggageless, for Belfast. There I went straight to the address Mrs. A had given me.

It was a little tailor's shop reached by climbing one flight of rickety stairs. This small, one-room establishment was run by a real Irish character, Danny ——, who was more interested in politics than the cut of a suit. With that amazing generosity characteristic of all the Irish I was to meet, he received me with welcoming arms, and offered me a refuge in his shop. I was against the Government — that satisfied his Irish soul.

Above the shop was a huge room, supposed to be empty by the landlord of the place, but filled with old furniture. For ten weeks I shared that dusty room with a fellow exile and Englishman, sleeping on an old bed. For ten weeks I lived on bread and margarine with a Sunday treat of boiled potatoes. At the end of that time Danny had performed the miracle of finding me a job, also in a shop, but well paid for Belfast. I kept the job until I threw it up to leave Belfast.

Danny's shop was not a shop. It was a political forum, and a crowded rendezvous for the Belfast intelligentsia. One met there all the wits and talkers of the town: Sinn Feiners, I.L.P.-ers, Socialists, Marxians, Communists, poets, intelligent illiterates, agitators, future politicians (one of the daily visitors was the present leader of the Irish Labor Party, Tom Johnson), and all who had some social and political axe to grind. Talk flowed there almost twenty-four hours of the day, while one or two men went on sewing. And what talk it was! Endless discussions of all the burning questions of the moment, passionate talk about the political blunders of the past. Eager discussion of plans for the future, with tea constantly on the brew and bread always being cut for some hungry visitor, and everyone happy. Never before and never since have I participated in such wonderful conversational debauches.

But my twenty months' life in Belfast was not circumscribed by the exciting atmosphere of Danny's shop and its amazingly mixed group. I was drawn into the narrower and smaller political groups that had transcended Nationalism and were organizing on the economic field, those who saw the light from Moscow. These groups were mostly manned by the more materially-minded and agnostic among the young Irish, and by the large number of young Scotch radicals who had fled from their own country when Conscription came to Britain. Naturally the Scotch all had false names, too, so that it was difficult in later years to link up some fiery young Scotch radical with the person one had known in exile.

There were two important events during my stay in Belfast: the frustrated attempt to force Conscription on the Irish, which brought about a vigorous anti-Conscription campaign, and the strike of the Belfast shipyard workers for a 44-hour week. But as this story is not about my life in Belfast, but a report of how I deserted from the British Army, I must hurry on to tell how I returned to England, leaving exile behind.

VI

London, 1919. — It was in April 1919 that I decided it would be a good idea for me to return to England. I had had a wonderful time in Ireland, perhaps the happiest of my whole life. I had not been harried by the police, or by private persons, and had been utterly free to go about and do and say just what I liked either privately or publicly. But I was tired of it all, and wanted to get back home to England. The Armistice spirit was still abroad, and perhaps I might get back without any trouble.

So one fine day I threw up my good job, slipped down to Dublin, and took a boat across to Fleetwood in Lancashire, and went to Yorkshire for a few days. A week later I was in London, looking for a job. Alas for my pre-Army hopes of escaping shop life! It was the only thing I could do. So again the hunt began, and success came at the first effort.

One of those extremely select shops in that curious survival of eighteenth-century London, Burlington Arcade, advertised for an assistant. I applied, taking care to put my regimental cap badge into my civilian coat lapel before I appeared personally. I got the job. The gray-haired, middle-aged gentleman who owned the place naturally concluded, looking at my badge, that I had done 'my bit.' He little dreamed that he was keeping a deserter! The low wages he paid for serving members of the British aristocracy were supposed to be those fit for heroes to live on, for the whole of his small male staff had been soldiers in the war.

I stayed for five months at that job, rushing each evening out of the airless Arcade, down Piccadilly, and into the Green Park. Some day I would get free from that slavery! That was my one thought. But it was not until two years later that I was finally able to tug myself free from that shop life. And that is quite another story.

There was one positive outcome of both my compulsory participation in the war as a conscript and my deserting from the Army: I began to think seriously about both the economic system and modern warfare.

The temporary acquiescence in something so actively antagonistic to my whole nature, and the act of turning my back on it, forced me into a formulated attitude towards war.

I have not, therefore, written this anti-romantic account of what is generally regarded as a romantic or despicable act in any spirit of sensational confession. I am not ashamed of what I did thirteen years ago. Publicly, I can even say that I am glad I had the common sense to follow my own healthy instincts and vague convictions. If I had not deserted I should probably be dead now. If behaving as I did is labeled as cowardice, then I prefer to be a physical coward rather than a moral one.

The reason I submitted this manuscript to a magazine is not far to seek. Plunged recently into the reading of several war books, especially British ones, I felt that the story of one who shared some of the experiences of those writers, without sharing their beliefs, ought to be told.

There must have been many men in all the various armies who behaved as I did. I exclude the notorious cases of mass desertions on the part of subject nationals. I feel, therefore, a kind of spokesman for these inarticulate individuals. The Army files at Washington, London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome must be full of the names and numbers of deserters. It would be very interesting to know just how many individual soldiers actually deserted from the various armies.

Returning to the war books, I found that most of the writers described the physical horrors of modern warfare — as though that were the really tragic element! — without giving the reader any idea of whether they would fight in any future war. One got the vague impression that they shelved this inconvenient question, 'What will you do in the next war?' hoping that it would not need to be answered in their lifetime.

It thus belongs to the common cant of these stocktaking years to regard many of the writers of war novels and war plays as newly born pacifists. This is where I disagree with the general vague opinion. For I have read carefully all the interviews with such successful writers as Remarque and Sherriff, and I have found no evidence whatsoever that these writers feel *concretely* towards future wars as I do.

Perhaps my own credo about the whole damnable business may be stated as follows: I will not participate in any kind of war. I am not a fanatic enough about any belief to feel that it is worth dying for. If all people felt as I do about killing there could be no such thing as war. If I cannot escape as I did in the last great war, I will not die for these beliefs of mine. I shall attempt to sabotage the efforts of the combatants all I can.

I doubt very much, however, whether my determination to steer clear of future war madness will help me at all. The next war may not be kind to those who are not put into uniform. If, as one suspects, it is to be a magnificent orgy of aeroplane warfare, then those of us who feel as I do about the whole problem will have little chance to express our feelings. Mankind will really go mad, and sane people will be left with nothing but the chance to organize escape parties to the South Seas or other unpopulated parts of the earth.

I am a complete and uncompromising skeptic about the possibilities of peace.

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

IN STANDARDLAND

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

Rummaging in the drawer of a little-used desk some time ago, I came upon an old blank book (not entirely blank) on the second page of which my eye fell upon this statement of my youthful ambitions, which I here give exactly as it was written.

> When My Ship Comes in
>
> When my ship comes in I intend to take a trip across the ocean with my wife and children. I am going first to England next to France and after that to Switzerland and Italy. After I have traveled through all these places I intend to go to Egypt and the Holy Land then I am going through India to China and Japan after that to California and all the other places of interest in the United States. When I arrive at home I intend to go into business I don't quite know what kind it will be but I think it will have something to do with printing or stationary. When I get an old man I intend to retire from business with a large fortune say 200,000 dollars.
>
> Eddie Newton
> *Oct. 7th,* 1878
>
> Composition no 2.

I have almost achieved the 'large fortune' on which 'I intend to retire,' and the observant reader — if any such there be — will see that after 'going through India to China and Japan' it was my purpose to visit California. I am not now as keen as I once was to see India and China and Japan, and with the exception of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and California, which I yearn to see, I am willing to forgo 'all the other places of interest in the United States.' This is the typical attitude of a Philadelphian, but, if I be a typical Philadelphian, 'hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me' — as Shakespeare has it.

'You can tell a Harvard man as far as you can see him.'

'But you can't tell him much,' adds a wag.

You can tell a Philadelphian by unmistakable marks which it pains me to enlarge upon. And, lest it should be thought that I have met with some social misfortune, I hasten to say that my family — at least half of it — was distinguished in Philadelphia long before the Revolution, in which event the said family took no part, setting an example which was followed by many of the first families of the town. But this is a digression.

The charge which I bring, reluctantly, against the Philadelphian is this: a stranger entering our gates may bring birth, breeding, intelligence, charm, and money, and yet be permitted to die of sheer loneliness. How ironical that Philadelphia, of all places in the world, should be called the City of Brotherly Love! As one goes west in this great land the unpleasant traits which characterize the Philadelphian disappear, until, I am told, in California they are nonexistent. A friend who has made his home in San Francisco for many years wrote me some time ago: —

> In trying to analyze the courtesy, cheerfulness, and expansiveness of these people, I have come to think they derive their charm partly from the air they breathe, partly from the bigness of their surroundings, and partly from the indomitable spirit of their forbears, the Forty-Niners. California has brought into my life more enjoyment than I have known elsewhere. The cautious, calculating, hard-bitten materialism of the East simply does not exist here. The San Franciscan has a feeling of love and kindness, first to life, then to individuals, and then to the many forms of beauty that surround him.

And Alfred A. Knopf, the New York publisher, in a letter to the *Publishers' Weekly* in a recent issue, speaking of San Francisco, says: —

> It is the most civilized and attractive city in the whole United States. More beautifully situated than any city in the world, San Franciscans deserve to be favored by the gods, for they are people of rare charm who know how to appreciate good food, good music, good wine, and surely good printing. Los Angeles sells more books to-day than San Francisco does, but it has almost twice San Francisco's population and a public library that is one of the wonders of the world. But Los Angeles is growing fast; people there are concerned about when it will pass Philadelphia and even Chicago in population. They talk so much about business and factory locations, about oil and movies, that they simply have n't time yet to feel any great need for books. San Francisco, new though it is compared with the East, is older, wiser, and more settled in its ways.

Realizing all this, I have heard California calling me for years — or is it that I hear the voice of my oldest friend, Willie Van Antwerp? What a career he has had! Through Annapolis to Wall Street, in which he became the chief engineer of the greatest power plant in the world — the New York Stock Exchange. A distinguished book collector, an author (*The Stock Exchange from Within*), he now lives in San Francisco, and one of his friends, amazed to hear me refer to him as 'Willie,' the other day said to me, 'If you know Van Antwerp you owe it to yourself to go to San Francisco; he will put in your hand the keys to the town.' It was, indeed, my intention to go to the Pacific Coast this past winter, but when Cecil Harmsworth invited me to dine with him in the attic room of the Johnson House in Gough Square, London, how could I refuse? It was a great party: in Johnsonian phrase, 'it was a dinner to ask a man to'; and 'Willie' has been kept waiting — and never knew his loss.

The fact is, for me to move east rather than west is to follow the line of least resistance. There is the pleasant excitement of going to the steamer, of hearing the loud whistle, of seeing a mob of unworthies sent ashore, of reading a sheaf of letters and telegrams, of dispatching a steward to the saloon with flowers, and of looking over a lot of parcels of sweet things which one is too wise to eat. How delightful it all is! When the joy of 'sailing' leaves me, I shall be very old indeed.

II

'See America First,' by all means, for if you don't see it first you may not see it at all — as in my case. It's a great country and I'm fortunate to be of it. It is certain that it is a country of magnificent distances, that its scenery is superb, and that certain streets in New York and Chicago are finer than anything in Europe. I remember when what is now Chicago was a smouldering ruin after the fire of 1871, a disaster which, unluckily, Philadelphia has been spared — which accounts for much; and I do not doubt the engineering marvels of the Panama Canal. But as a people we Americans are not interesting; we are, in fact, deadly dull, especially we men, and we are constantly getting worse. It is to escape the horrible monotony of our lives that so many of us get divorced. Divorce is about the only variety we permit ourselves. Those who do not get divorced — and some who do — go abroad as often as they can.

We are a standardized people: it is at once the cause of our greatness and our misfortune. We eat the same food, see the same movies, — for, except in a few of our larger cities, the theatre is nonexistent, — wear the same clothes, read the same books, and, naturally, think the same thoughts — if thoughts they be. Can anything be more deadly than a 'We'll all read the same book this month' Club? — and these clubs abound. Why should I be deprived of the pleasure of making my own choice? I do not always want to read what everyone is reading; many of the best sellers of fifty years ago I have never read, and never intend to — *Ben Hur* and *Alice in Wonderland*, for example. Moreover, I do not want everyone to read my favorite books, especially not my favorite essayist. I read for pleasure rather than for profit, and frequently find it pleasanter to loiter down the bypaths of literature, unencumbered, than to march along a crowded turnpike with a heavy knapsack of learning. No, I would not have a group of my best friends select my books for me.

That is our trouble: we are standardized to death. If thirty-six million men can be induced to wear hats of identically the same size and type, — and with national advertising this can be brought about, — each man will save thirty-six cents and each hatter will make thirty-six hundred thousand dollars, and we shall have the means which will enable us to buy thirty-six million radios, and, as each radio will be heard by an average of six people, two hundred and sixteen million people will be able to hear 'Amos 'n' Andy' talking. Telephone calls are practically suspended: everyone is 'listening in' — I have the word of a high official of the A. T. & T. Company for this. How's that for standardization?

You go out to spend an evening with a friend: greetings are barely exchanged when someone pushes a lever and twiddles a dial, and from a box or horn, or some concealed device, comes a vile noise out of which emerges a voice, which says, 'This is Charles Crawford speaking . . . Fleischmann's yeast will . . . yield dividends of 6 per cent . . . Colgate's soap is superior . . . sixty miles an hour . . . The General Electric refrigerator . . . will preserve the teeth. . . .' And finally out of the din you hear music, as though in the next room, and you are listening to a concert. Or someone says, 'Have you heard the new record of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" just made by Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra?' — and in a moment Sousa's magnificent march bursts upon your ear and you can hardly keep your seat. It is wonderful, very wonderful, but it destroys conversation, and good talk is — or, more strictly speaking, used to be — one of the joys of life. The interchange of ideas — but what if the other fellow has no ideas? One cannot very well keep on exchanging ideas with himself.

I can quite understand the desire of many Europeans to come to this country. To the war-worn and the impoverished, it is a land of peace and plenty, it is a land of glorious opportunity; it is not difficult here to make a living. But we have scriptural authority for the statement that man shall not live by bread alone; something else is required, something of the spirit, and in that we are lacking. It is only in America that work, which should be a means to an end, has been mistaken for the end itself. When our ancestors — those of us who have ancestors — came over here, they were, all of them, prepared to work hard and to pray. They worked with an axe in one hand, and a gun in the other, and a Bible in the other. We have no longer any need for a gun, except those of us who are concerned with the manufacture and distribution of bad liquor; we no longer have the confidence our ancestors had in what they called the Word of God; but we still retain the habit of work. I ask myself, and you, why it is that a man who has more money than he can wisely spend continues to work as though — in the words of the old joke about the chorus girl — he does not know where his next limousine car is coming from. These men belong to the class which a few years ago we called 'captains of industry.' Actually, the corporals and the second lieutenants are just as good, and when the captains drop dead of heart disease, never having had any idea of what life was about, their places are immediately taken by younger men who do their jobs better.

Some years ago I was going from Jersey City to New York on a ferryboat (it was before the days of the Tube), and my boat, the ferryboat, was almost run down by a fast and beautiful yacht which was making its way down the river to the sea. I knew the yacht, and it so happened that I had that day some business in the office of its owner. I knew, too, that in his absence business went on as usual; so I at once went into one of those magnificent offices in lower New York, and was somewhat surprised to see the owner of the yacht in his shirt sleeves, the sweat rolling down his face (it was a hot August day), working for dear life.

'Hello,' I said, 'what the devil are you doing here?' Then I told him how his yacht had nearly done for my ferryboat, and remarked further, 'I was perfectly certain, from the speed your boat was going and the fact that it pretty near smashed us, that you were at the wheel.' 'I ought to have been,' my friend replied; 'I have a big party on board. But just as I was leaving some important matters came up and she had to sail without me.'

'Why have you not your business better organized?' I said.

'I had it organized yesterday, but that's the trouble with business today — it won't stay organized.' I was a small stockholder in that man's company, and I told him I was glad to observe his industry, kidded him a little, and went on. A few years later that man dropped dead on the golf field — indigestion again. The stock of his company went off a few points on the sad news, rallied when his successor was appointed, a younger and a better man, and has since doubled in value. If that man could return from the Elysian fields, he would be surprised and chagrined to learn that at his death no one missed him. Not his wife — he was never home. Not his children — they never saw him. Not his business associates, who found him arrogant and overbearing.

One more story in the same key. I once called at the office of a big corporation to get some information about business conditions abroad. I talked with an assistant treasurer, who gave me just the information I wanted, and then as I was leaving he said, 'I wish you would go into the president's office and say how-d'ye-do. He is very old and takes offense easily. If he hears you have been here and not asked for him, he won't like it.'

So I went in, and met an old man well up in the eighties; I inquired about his health, which he said was not good. I asked him why he did not relax, put the burden on younger shoulders.

'Ah, if I could!' he replied. 'But this business needs this guiding hand,' holding out an almost palsied member. I shook it and wished him well.

'What did he say?' asked the bright assistant treasurer when I got outside.

'He told me about the business needing his guiding hand.' At which the younger man laughed and remarked, 'If the old fool had any idea how little he knows about what is going on he'd die.'

Can you not, in imagination, read the obituary which that assistant treasurer will prepare with glee and give to the papers when that doddering old idiot shall have passed away? 'How wise he was in counsel, how farseeing, how alert and interested to the day of his death! No detail was too small, no deal too great to engage his attention. He was the first at the office in the morning and the last to leave.' Do you remember the story of Russell Sage — where is he now? I wonder. Where are the Elysian fields? In fine, we work because we have never taught ourselves to play; it may be too late for the generation to which I belong to learn, but the younger generation will probably have more leisure than has been our lot: may it learn to use it wisely.

III

I had reached this point in my story when my wife reminded me that I had an engagement to go to a musicale. Now a musicale does not necessarily mean, to me, the highest form of enjoyment, but it was also a birthday party, — Helen's birthday, — so I went and was promptly rewarded. This is a world of rewards and punishments, and one's happiness consists in one's ability to gain the one and escape the other. As I entered, an Englishman with a fine voice, John Goss, was singing a song by Henry Purcell, 'Composer in ordinary to His Majesty King Charles II,' to words written almost three hundred years ago. I was so struck by the matching of the words to my mood that I asked the singer to give me a copy. And here it is: —

Why so serious, why so grave,
  Man of business, why so muddy?
Thyself from chance thou canst not save,
  With all thy care and study.
Look merrily then, look merrily then,
  And take thy repose,
For 't is no purpose to look forlorn,
  Since the world was bad before thou wast born,
And when it will mend who knows, who knows?

And more to the same effect. There is not enough music in this country. I don't mean 'symphonies' or boys whistling off key; whistling boys we shall have with us always. I mean in our hearts. We go around looking sad and we are sad, we who have more to be thankful for than any other nation. 'Men of business, why so muddy?'

We do not breed well-rounded men. The one thing for which I admired Roosevelt was his many-sidedness: he was interested and interesting. Besides being a politician he was a reader and a writer, but he was very much more. He knew men and trees and game, big and little. He was, I believe, no fisherman — a fisherman must be quiet; and I fancy he was no yachtsman — to stand at a wheel and occasionally give a tug at a rope was not sufficiently violent exercise for him. He preferred to tug at a man, especially at a man with 'soft hands and a hard face.' (Was he not our master phrase-maker?) He preached and lived the strenuous life, and the range of his interest was enormous.

Most of us are interested in just one

thing — making a living; meantime we let life go by. If you ask the average American what his recreations are, he will tell you he has none. Sometime, when you have a leisure moment, take up a copy of the English *Who's Who* and casually turn its pages, and you may come across some interesting references to the recreations of England's great men.

George Bernard Shaw says everything interests him except sport. I am altogether of his opinion.

John Buchan says fishing, deer-stalking, mountain-climbing, are his recreations, and I know that he writes his excellent mystery stories in bed — he told me so.

Augustine Birrell admits that his recreation is book-hunting. He could hardly have a better.

Thomas Brassey, who owned the yacht *Sunbeam*, in which he traveled 350,000 miles, was one hundred and one things besides a yachtsman.

Dr. Alphonsus Montague says he amuses himself by talking to intelligent dogs — that is to say, all dogs.

Sir Harry Johnston, who wrote *The Gay Dombeys* and died recently — his exploits fill half a page. He was an authority on economics and Africa, all parts of it, especially those most people have never heard of, and his recreation was music, if you please, and novel-writing.

Now the sad fact is that we Americans, who have more money than is good for us, — or had until recently, — keep working as we were once obliged to do, whereas the English, who are steeped in debt, keep on playing as they once were able to do when the world was at their feet. 'It's a mad world, my masters.' If England could have some of our industry and we some of her repose! No working men and women ever had as much leisure as our own working classes to-day. I dislike to refer to my own experience as a boy, but to make my point I must do so. Before I was fifteen years of age I got a job in a book store, a very respectable, indeed fashionable, store in Philadelphia; it was kept by a knot of wealthy Quakers, and my pay was three dollars a week. Think of working on a Saturday evening throughout the summer until seven o'clock! And not in a sweatshop, either, though we sweated. For several weeks before Christmas we were expected to work until ten in the evening; we received no extra compensation, but we got thirty-five cents supper money. To-day all self-respecting shops close at five and do not open at all on Saturday during July and August, and the five-day week will soon be the rule rather than the exception — speed the day when it comes! Henry Ford, who has done more to 'make the world safe for democracy' than all the politicians put together, — including the inventor of this silly phrase, — was not a philanthropist when he invented the five-day week, but a wise and farseeing business man.

IV

It is always difficult to say just when a great revolution begins, but I believe that we are taking part in the greatest revolution in history; we know as yet nothing of what is happening in Russia or where that nation will get off. The English revolution began with the discovery of the use of steam, and if you would know what evils it brought with it read Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*: it is an excellent and little-read novel. Think of a woman, the wife of a Unitarian minister, in a novel published eighty years ago, propounding economic theories for which Henry Ford is applauded to-day! Steam was England's contribution to the world; electricity is ours; the product of this great discovery is, or should be, leisure. And the great question of the day, in this country at least, is not religion or politics, or even Prohibition, as some think, but how shall we use our leisure? What a blessing it is to live in a country and at a time when this is our most pressing question! It is not so in Europe. England is sustained at present by the glory of her past. Germany must put her mind on her knitting for a generation — for several generations; this is as it should be. France is rich, but must watch her step. Italy is the best-governed country in Europe, but may be paying too great a price for it. What shall we say of ourselves? Only that we should remember our debt is to the continent — not to democracy.

What shall be said in favor of a form of government which requires a gang of corrupt unofficials to make it work? A man is nominated to office because an all-powerful machine thinks that he can be not only elected but controlled. If, in the event, he is controlled, all goes not well, but well enough. If he cannot be controlled, everything stops until his term of office expires.

'When we ask ourselves what are the differences between the two parties, what are the questions they dispute so warmly, we find it difficult to answer. We cannot discover any real question at issue between them. The questions that once divided them have been pretty much settled by the logic of events — yet the parties live on, divided by tradition, by difference upon matters of expediency, and by personal rivalries for place and power. When a great political power has settled one issue, it does n't die, but looks about for another, and between the settlement of the old issue and the discovery of a new one there is usually an interval during which party lines are vaguely drawn and you can hardly tell what principles are at stake.' Is not this an admirable description of our situation at this moment? It was not, however, intended to be so; it is a historian's description of the Whig and Tory parties in the age of Queen Anne, two hundred years ago — and we think we are improving on the work of our forefathers!

Our political machine is gaining in power, but is it not losing in the eyes of the world — in our own eyes? When the true history of the Harding administration is written, we shall hang our heads in shame. Compare our present representatives in Washington, not indeed with the great founders of this nation, but with those of fifty or even thirty years ago: what a falling off is there! They are so feeble of intellect as to be beyond the reach of satire. To speak disrespectfully of a Senator is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator: you make a mighty effort and, after it is all over, there the Senator — like the equator — remains for all to see.

Does anyone, not a politician, suppose that democracy is the last word in government? Is there any greater folly than that of submitting a complicated question to a mob? The best that can be said of a democracy is that it is little worse than an aristocracy. England has ceased to be an aristocracy; the 'governing class' is disappearing, and, as with us, the common man is in the saddle; everywhere there is a leveling down rather than a leveling up. We made the original mistake of 'manhood suffrage' at the outset. It was a great blunder: the vote should have been given only to the man, or woman, who had at least rudimentary intellectual qualifications and who had a financial 'stake in the country.' When I see a poor, miserable man or woman, ignorant to the point of imbecility, and think that every so often some problem is submitted to him, or her, the solution of which would tax the intellectual ability of Owen D. Young, I say to myself, 'How can the world be made safe by this?' And England has become as bad — nay, worse than we. Each Prime Minister, Tory and Liberal alike, extended the franchise, ostensibly in the interest of better government, but actually to strengthen himself politically, until now every man, woman, and child has a vote. Is anyone bettered thereby? To ask the question is to answer it: what everyone has is not valued. For this universal democratization, the world — and especially England — blames America. And the more difficult her problems become, the more England dislikes us. The wise conceal their feelings, but occasionally a politician like Churchill, or an author like Kipling, boils over. This is unfortunate for the English and for us, but it can't be helped.

The fact is that the American is much more like the German than he is like the English, in spite of our common language and the joint inheritance of Shakespeare and Milton. Like the German, we think and work. I wish it were not so, but, feeling as I do, I am reluctant to waste much time at English Speaking Union functions: they are full of sound and sympathy signifying nothing. But I should concern myself with the problems of the individual rather than the nation; as a nation we are rich beyond the dreams of avarice, stupidly generous, and naïve as children.

In matters of art we are deficient. It would seem that an aristocracy is necessary to produce great art. To literature we have contributed one book, *Moby Dick* — which is indeed not one great book, but two, as my friend Mr. Gleim has pointed out. In painting, sculpture, music, and the drama, we have done nothing. To the Old World we leave the production of philosophers, which is all to the good, bearing in mind Lecky's remark that 'the American inventor of the first anæsthetic has probably done more for the real happiness of mankind than all the moral philosophers from Socrates to Mill.' For the development of the mechanic arts, the whole world is in our debt, and in architecture we are supreme. Our architecture is original and fits our needs; moreover it is magnificent. In Paris they are still copying Mansard, who died in 1666. In London they have destroyed their own characteristic Nash and copied New York, badly beyond belief. Their last big building, Grosvenor House, on a fine site, makes me shudder, it is so bad. We have the merit of being quick to learn and quick to discard. Fifth Avenue is superb, but the noise and confusion of the streets make life there almost unendurable.

By no stretch of the imagination can New York be called an American city, filled as it is with people born in obscure and filthy corners of the world, people who cannot speak our language, who know nothing of our history and care nothing for our ideals. They are merely political cattle, bought by the highest bidder. Is it any wonder that the government of our cities is disgraceful? Heinrich Heine wrote a hundred years ago: 'I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit. I have seen it, and am still astonished, — forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men with all their varied passions, and all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hatred, — I mean London.' What would he say of New York or Chicago to-day? London is a great nest of villages cemented together by time. Compared to our metropolis, it is quiet and orderly — almost gentle. Its people are the politest in the world, and we, I believe, are the rudest — not, I hope, in our hearts, but in our manners. Give a French taxi-driver a tip of four cents and his 'Merci, m'sieur' is instantaneous. Give a tuppenny fare in a London bus and the 'Thank you' is automatic; the same when you buy a newspaper or a box of matches. Give a bootblack in New York fifteen cents for a ten-cent shine, and what do you get? The shine.

V

The American is content to talk and sing about his liberty, while his rights are constantly being curtailed by our politicians. Our criminal class is the only free class: the criminal walks our streets quite unafraid, and the greater his crime, the less likely he is to be punished. This is not due to a lack of laws, but because many of them are unenforced and unenforceable. President Hoover says we are the most lawless people calling itself civilized in the world. Does anyone doubt the truth of this statement? Yet, in spite of our criminal class, — which no reformer supposed would be multiplied tenfold by what we call Prohibition, — we are a nation of idealists. We pass a law which is bound to make criminals by the million and make no provision for jails in which to house them. The words of Walt Whitman recur to me: 'Go on, my dear Americans, whip your horses to the utmost — excitement! money! politics! — open all your valves and let her go — swing, whirl with the rest — you will soon get under such momentum you can't stop if you would. Only make provision betimes, old States and new States, for several thousand insane asylums. You are in a fair way to create a whole nation of lunatics.'

Prohibition — a sad mistake, as I believe — was an effort on the part of a group of well-meaning but ignorant people to 'make people good by act of parliament.' It never has been done. The evils that have flowed from the Eighteenth Amendment are incalculable. Mr. Wickersham and his group, alone, are unable to understand them. But our aims and efforts are largely ignored by the foreign press; only our blunders and disasters are stressed. John D. Rockefeller, the world's greatest philanthropist, may give ten millions of dollars to relieve the suffering or to promote the happiness of a race or a people he has never seen, and the item of news will be tucked away in some obscure corner of a newspaper, if it be mentioned at all; but let an armored car filled with bandits, with sawed-off shotguns, be driven madly through the streets of Chicago, and the incident is a shot heard round the world — the original shot having long since been forgotten.

And pray do not laugh, dear reader, if I mention among the arts in which we excel two which bore me unutterably but which I like to believe are destined to add to the pleasure and cultivation of hundreds of millions of people — which may, indeed, alter the course of history. I refer to what we call 'the movies' — the English, 'the pictures' — and the use of the radio either with or without them. Those of us who have enjoyed *Disraeli* on the screen have seen the art of yesterday. What shall we see to-morrow? What effect will these things have upon the lives of future generations? No man living can tell, but it will be amazing beyond belief. What would we not give to hear and see the great actors of the past, to hear and see the great Lincoln deliver his immortal Gettysburg Address, to hear and see Charles Dickens read his *Christmas Carol?* By means of pictures war may be stripped of its glamour and revealed in its naked hideousness; a new heaven and a new earth may be created. Up to the present time this has been a priests' world and a politicians' world, and a hideous mess they have made of it. We hear much of the horror of the next war. What may not the next peace have in store for us? And may not America point the way? With all our shortcomings we are a kindly, indeed a neighborly people — which no one could say of the French, for example, who will, I suppose, continue to regard us as barbarians. I was once asked by a pretty manicure in Paris if 'Time is money' was not the motto on the coat of arms of the United States. Unable to make out whether she was spoofing me or not, I assured her that it was.

In the art of dining we are sadly deficient. Dining is an amenity; it was carried to excess by the Romans; in our zeal for reform we have destroyed it. It was going fast when Prohibition gave it its *coup de grâce*. Only a savage can digest a good dinner washed down with ice water, so we now omit the function and, in the interest of efficiency, 'dine' standing up in a drug store with someone waiting behind us for our place. In happier days we occasionally enjoyed 'a large cold bottle and a small hot bird,' with conversation; now we have conversation out of a can, with canned food and canned music. Little by little we are taking all the joy out of life: we are being 'reformed' beyond endurance. That which has been considered good throughout the ages we suddenly discover to be bad. Just now a 'bland' diet is highly recommended, guaranteed to add five years to one's life: —

'For breakfast, a little stewed fruit, an egg with a piece of dry toast, and a cup of warm (not hot) water. For lunch, a piece of whole-wheat bread or a few crackers, with a glass of milk drunk very slowly. For dinner, a small piece of mutton, well done, chewed to the consistency of paste, without either pepper or salt, with one vegetable, preferably spinach, followed by a salad on which has been squeezed a bit of lemon. For dessert, a small portion of junket; a demi-tasse of decaffeinized coffee, with a cigar from which every trace of nicotine has been removed. One should retire at nine, sleep on a hard mattress covered only by a sheet, rise at four in summer and five in winter, and never contemplate a woman with curves.'

Who would wish to live at such a price? This regimen, however, affords an excellent answer to Saint Paul's question: 'O death, where is thy sting?'

SHALL WOMAN'S WORK BE REGULATED BY LAW?

BY ALMA LUTZ

I

THE question of special labor legislation for women is becoming increasingly important. Laws which at one time seemed beneficial now begin to look menacing. Scarcely a legislature convenes without having on its slate a law which would regulate woman's work in some way. At present, because of unemployment, the married woman's right to work is being challenged.

Not only are women in this country becoming concerned over this tendency in legislation, but women of all countries have been roused to action by the recommendations and conventions of the International Labor Office, restricting women's right to work. The formation in Berlin last summer of the Open Door International for the Economic Emancipation of the Woman Worker was the direct outcome of the activities of the International Labor Office. At this conference women representing thirty countries were unanimous in their opinion that labor legislation which does not apply to men and women alike harms women, and will eventually harm men as well by forcing them to accept lower wages.

Women, however, are not united on this issue. There are, it is true, many clear-cut feminists who ask for no special privileges and stand firmly for the principle of equal rights for men and women nationally and internationally. There are also many women who still ask for special legislation.

Everyone knows that when women were first employed in industry they were outrageously exploited, working in unsanitary surroundings for long hours and very low wages. For that matter, men as well worked under frightful conditions in the early days of our industrial awakening. Men organized and bargained for better working conditions and higher wages. Women unfortunately did not organize to any great extent, and special legislation for them was obtained for the most part on the advice of and with the aid of social-service workers and men's labor organizations. In those days when women were finding their way in industry and business and were not considered seriously as permanent workers, special legislation may have been the only possible step. At any rate it improved conditions for women.

To-day conditions have changed radically. Women are no longer casual temporary workers or extras. They are a permanent factor in our economic life. The eight and one-half million women employed in gainful occupations are not working for fun, for careers, or self-expression. They are working to support themselves and their families, to give themselves and their families more of the comforts and better things of life. Women are now in active competition with men, and will remain so. As soon as this is realized, it will not harm, but help, them both.

Women have always worked for lower wages than men, because public opinion has labeled them inferior workers. Although they have proved that they are not inferior workers, the impression still persists even to the extent of producing an inferiority complex in some women. Now that women have proved their ability in industry, in business and the professions, the next step should be equal pay for equal work. This, however, will never be possible as long as women are put in a special class by so-called 'protective' legislation.

There is no doubt whatever that so-called 'protective' labor laws for women lower women's wages. If two people are competing for the same job and one demands certain privileges while the other does not, it is evident that the job will go to the one demanding no privileges unless the one who demands the privileges is willing to work for a much lower wage. If because of special privileges women are forced to work for lower wages, they will undercut men and take away their jobs. This will eventually mean that men must work for lower wages. Such is the inevitable result when any class of workers is obliged to work for less than another class.

At first, however, this may not seem to be the case. The first effect of restrictive legislation for women will be the curtailment of the employment of women. When there is an ample supply of labor an employer is not going to bother with a class of employees whose hours of work are regulated by law. Men realize this. Men are feeling the pinch of unemployment caused by the introduction of labor-saving machinery. Instead of acknowledging the real cause of unemployment, they in their panic are prone to blame it upon women, who they think have flooded the labor market, and in many cases they become advocates of special labor laws for women which they hope will curtail women's employment. They do not always proclaim their real reasons. 'Health' and 'morality' have a more persuasive sound. These men, however, do not see that the very laws which they are now advocating and which for a time may help their chances of employment will eventually act as a boomerang. Women cannot be driven out of the labor market. The increased introduction of labor-saving machinery means that less skilled labor is necessary and that employers will look for cheap unskilled labor. Women, unorganized and handicapped by special labor legislation, will qualify, and men, if they wish to compete, will have to lower their wage standard. If, on the other hand, men will encourage women to organize, if together they will work for equal pay for equal work, for an adequate wage for both, they will be able to maintain a higher wage standard. It is strange that the American Federation of Labor does not see this.

The American Federation of Labor, however, stands almost solidly for special labor legislation for women. Organized labor in this country has in most instances been decidedly unfriendly toward the employment of women in so-called 'men's work.' The Federation may claim that its interest is purely altruistic, that it wants to protect the womanhood of America, but it tells a different story when its members appear at legislative hearings on bills in favor of restricting the working hours of women. At such times, in a flash of temper the truth comes out. Anyone skeptical of this need only read the records of such hearings. One held in the State House in Boston last spring gave ample proof. At a hearing in Albany, New York, on the no-night-work law for women, a representative of the American Federation of Labor opposed the repeal of the law on the ground that if waitresses were permitted to work at night four thousand men waiters would lose their jobs. The gist of the whole matter is that the American Federation of Labor fears its members may be jobless unless women's opportunities to work are restricted by law.

Another argument frequently advanced by labor leaders is that, since men support women, women have no right to take away men's jobs. However, hundreds of women are not being supported by men, and many women are working to piece out the meagre salary earned by their husbands. They are working so that they can give their families or prospective families better homes and better educational opportunities. Often these women have a double responsibility, housework in addition to their paid work. There are also many women supporting disabled husbands. All this makes it very evident that it is necessary for women to work, and that they are not working to defy the labor unions, or to take jobs away from union members.

II

The October report of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor makes it plain that organized labor has been the most important factor in obtaining special labor legislation for women. Organized labor has been and still is completely in the hands of men. Men, with few exceptions, can never understand the needs of women as well as women themselves. They are very sentimental about the hard work women must do outside the home. It seems wrong to them that women should have to get up early to go to work or work late at night in factory, restaurant, or store. The work that women have done early and late for generations in the home has never had that sentimental light thrown upon it. It never occurs to these same men that if women are restricted in their right to work they will be in a sorry plight indeed. It is always better for a woman to work than to be hungry or a prostitute, or to have those dependent upon her in need. For some reason or other it is very difficult for men to see women as human beings like themselves. They look upon them with either sentiment or superiority.

The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor is the great champion of special labor laws for women. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Secretary of Labor is a firm believer in 'protective' legislation for women. It would naturally follow that the head of the Women's Bureau must hold the same views. The Women's Bureau claims to make unbiased investigations among women as to the effect of and demand for 'protective' labor laws. When every investigator sent out is an ardent believer in 'protective' legislation, it is humanly impossible to turn out an unbiased report. It has also been proved many times that the social-service worker and the investigator with the social-service point of view do not always know what the people want. Their own theories become so important that they fail to see the real needs of the people. But the leisure class and the comfortable well-to-do in this country are very easily sold to any so-called humanitarian measure. In fact they cry for special legislation as long as it does not affect their own bread and butter. That is why to-day there is so much false sentiment about special labor laws for women.

Women who are now pleading for these special laws will find before long that they have fastened a heavy yoke upon women which will limit their possibilities of employment, lower their wages, and interfere with their advance into better-paid executive positions. Are women who have been working toward equality and economic independence going to allow themselves to be shackled again all for that old myth of the weaker sex, the myth which they have repeatedly shattered in the past?

Labor legislation which will protect the worker without unreasonably hampering business is necessary, but it is most important that this legislation apply to men and women alike.

When equalitarians say that if a state labor law is good and applies to women only it should be changed by the state to apply to men as well as women, then men protest and say it is unfair to legislate so as to infringe upon man's right to work. Certainly it is true that, if man's right to work is inviolate, woman's right to work is just as inviolate. If that overworked plea of special 'protective' legislation for 'potential mothers' is brought forward, the reply is that if legislation is necessary for 'potential mothers' it is just as necessary for 'potential fathers.' In fact the duty of 'potential fathers' has been too long overlooked. When the weakness of woman and her physical impotence are put forward, it is interesting to consider that in Sweden men receive larger old-age pensions and receive them earlier than women, because women are supposed to be hardier and to live longer than men.

If it is asserted that the high death rate of women in childbirth shows that there should be special legislation to protect women, this can be answered by the recent investigations which show that the high death rate is not due so much to overwork before childbirth as to the appalling lack among physicians of training in obstetrics. Often the so-called 'protective' laws which prohibit the employment of women two weeks before and after childbirth do not work out as beneficially as intended. For four weeks these women are without their wages, unless some form of insurance is provided. This often means lack of food and proper care. It also means that in many instances the woman will be doing harder, heavier work at home than she would be doing in her paid job. Women should be given the right to decide whether or not they shall engage in paid work immediately before and after childbirth.

III

Let us consider more in detail some of the special labor legislation for women to see what the objections would be to applying it to men as well, and, if there are objections, why it might not better be dispensed with altogether. Laws such as those requiring safe, sanitary working conditions or seats in stores can and should be made to apply to all workers, men and women. Men do not enjoy standing up behind a counter all day any more than women do. Florida now has a law requiring seats for both men and women employees engaged in mercantile or other business pursuits. Several states require seats for conductors, motormen, and certain other workers. Labor leaders often argue that it is harder and more injurious for women than for men to be on their feet all day and therefore that women are unfit for certain jobs. Doubtless these men forget that women for generations have spent many hours on their feet working in the home. Some states require a period of rest for women in certain industries. Pennsylvania has applied such laws to men as well in some industries. In the case of poisonous trades, there should be protection for every worker, man or woman.

Ohio, for instance, has laws which bar women from sixteen different classes of occupation. Men would not tolerate such laws if applied to them. Neither should women tolerate them. Women will not enter occupations with which they cannot cope, and as free human beings their right of choice should not be interfered with. California has a law providing that no one shall be disqualified on account of sex from entering into or pursuing any lawful business, vocation, or profession.

If legislation is especially needed in certain trades which now employ women exclusively, that legislation can be made to apply to the trade, or to adult workers. History has shown that trades which employ women exclusively to-day may in a few years employ men as well, and vice versa. Minimum-wage laws for men and women alike may be applied to the trades where demands for a living wage are necessary. Minimum-wage rulings are in effect for public employees, both men and women, in cities and states. So far, trade-unions have opposed as unconstitutional minimum-wage laws including men. It is hard to see why a measure considered unconstitutional for men is not unconstitutional when applied to women.

There is no objection to laws regulating hours of work when these laws apply to men as well as women. Men have won an eight-hour day with extra pay for overtime in certain occupations through the collective bargaining of their unions. Heretofore, with a few exceptions, it has been considered unconstitutional to enact legislation regulating men's hours of work. Women, classed with children, have had their hours regulated by legislatures and have been given practically no chance to work overtime, for extra pay. Shorter hours have undoubtedly been a blessing in certain industries, but the lack of opportunity to work overtime has been a detriment. At certain seasons of the year in certain industries and mercantile establishments overtime work is essential, and women might share in the extra pay without harm to themselves. While the regulation of hours for women employed in stores may not handicap the cash and bundle girls, the majority of whom are under twenty-one and therefore minors, it does handicap women in executive positions. Women cannot qualify for the position of buyer, chief telephone operator, supervisor of the mail-order department, supervisor of the receiving department, or supervisor of the service department, if restricted by law from working overtime.

In New York a woman, however capable, cannot be a manager of one of the chain restaurants or chain drug stores because of the law regulating the hours that women may work. If a woman cannot work overtime, it is impossible for her to compete successfully with men in higher-salaried jobs. In 1919, when several so-called 'protective' laws went into effect in New York State, women railroad workers, elevator operators, women working in the printing trades, in restaurants, in ice-cream parlors, candy stores, and drug stores, were thrown out of work. As a result, these women were forced to seek employment in already overcrowded fields or to accept less desirable and lower-paid employment. Since 1919 various groups of women have secured exemptions, among them women writers and reporters in newspaper offices, women printers, linotypists, monotypists, railroad workers, and pharmacists. Women workers in candy stores and restaurants have been seeking exemptions for several years, but have not yet been successful.

Students of labor conditions are now predicting a five-hour day and five-day week. Manufacturers are beginning to see that unless workers have leisure and wages sufficient to give them buying power production will soon exceed the demand. The American Federation of Labor at its meeting in Toronto in October asked that overtime work in every field be limited to emergency needs and that all employees of the United States be given the forty-four-hour week. With these tendencies so evident it should not be difficult to regulate men's hours of work to coincide with women's. There has been some progress in this line. Laws have been passed limiting the hours of both men and women in some dangerous trades. An Oregon law establishing an eight-hour day for men and women in many industries will go into effect when the adjoining states impose the same restrictions. There are Federal laws regulating the hours of seamen and interstate railway workers. In this connection the new Argentine labor law which went into effect on March 13, 1930, is of interest. This law provides for an eight-hour day and a forty-eight-hour week for all workers, men and women, except those engaged in agriculture, cattle raising, domestic service, or working in establishments in which only members of the family of the owner, manager, director, or principal partner are employed. Between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M. work cannot exceed seven hours.

IV

There are decided differences of opinion regarding the harmful effects of night work. If it is harmful for women, it is also harmful for men. We often hear the argument that night workers are never out in the sunshine and therefore cannot be as healthy as day workers. However, men and women working at night often have more chance to be out in the sunshine than those working all day in electrically lighted offices. There are many women supporting families who prefer night work because the pay is higher and the work lighter, and because, as they say, they can always find someone to stay with their children at night, while it is much more difficult and more expensive to find someone to look after the children, give them their meals, and keep them off the streets during the day. It is often said that women in the mills are glad to be relieved of night work. The women in the Passaic mill district protested the law against night work, because they needed to work at night to piece out the low wage received by their husbands.

To prohibit night work to preserve woman's morality is absurd. Work and wages do not encourage immorality, but poverty and starvation do. A woman working at night has no time to go to dance halls or night clubs or be enticed into immorality. Nor has anyone as yet, strange to relate, been greatly exercised over the dangers which might beset the path of telephone operators, chorus girls, nurses, or scrubwomen who work at night. If there are night-work regulations, it is only fair that they be made to apply to men and women alike.

We often hear it said that since women are economically weaker than men they must have special labor laws. In the past women were economically weaker than men. To-day they are emerging from many handicaps. If we fasten special labor laws upon them, we shall keep them in a state of economic weakness and make them lose all they have gained in the past twenty years. When women do their work as well as men, — and they do in almost every instance, and often they do it better, — they should receive the same pay and the same treatment as men. The old argument that a man must have a higher wage because he has a family to support is false. Hundreds of single women are supporting aged mothers and fathers, younger brothers and sisters, and invalid members of their families.

When women have to work, it is far kinder to them to let them work under fair competition than to sentimentalize over them and enact laws which are bound to interfere with their opportunities. Women must be organized. They must form their own unions which will look out for their interests. This is the great need to-day for women in industry and business. Too long have women been told that they must sacrifice their best interests for the good of the race. Women have learned that what is for their best interest is also for the good of the race. The sacrifice plea is an outworn myth.

GANDHI'S MARCH PAST

BY KATHERINE MAYO

From that day last March when Mahatma Gandhi set forth from home on his cross-country progress to the sea, up to the hour of his arrest, two months later, so much reportorial attention was focused upon his words and deeds that no major aspect of either, it would seem, could escape our daily news.

One facet of the news, more lasting in import than the news itself, does however appear to have passed unnoticed. This is the measure of Gandhi as a social reformer afforded by successive incidents in that brief trip.

In order to catch the thread, it will be necessary to recall in turn certain main headings of Gandhi's social reform programme as proclaimed by him during the last decade. And the end may best be served by turning briefly to his own pronouncements.

I

Gandhi has written continuously, and with a frankness that spares no detail, of the 'total disregard of the elementary laws of health' 'so ingrained as to defy all human effort' that has undermined the physical status of the Hindu peoples. He has deplored, in disgust and dismay, the personal habits 'selfishly persisted in' 'without regard to the well-being of society,' 'painfully witnessed' by himself in his Indian journeyings, alike in cities and in what he styles 'the seven hundred thousand dung heaps which pass muster as villages.' (*Young India*, December 5, 1929)

And of any attempt either to minimize the importance or to defer the finish of such conditions the Mahatma has written thus sternly: —

> There is, I know, the custom of saying that these reforms must not be permitted to take the nation's attention away from the work of Swaraj. I venture to submit that conservation of national sanitation is Swaraj work and may not be postponed for a single day on any consideration whatsoever. . . . For the removal of a foreign government, it is necessary to remove all the internal causes of disease. Corporate insanitation is not the least of such diseases. (*Young India*, April 25, 1929)

One of the four great endemic diseases of India is smallpox. Always invited by the extreme 'corporate insanitation' of the Hindus, it only awaits host vehicles to rise from any infected centre and sweep across the land, rolling up great harvests of death.

Of smallpox, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says that it is 'probably the most contagious of all diseases. Its outbreak in epidemic form in a locality may frequently be traced to the introduction of a single case from a distance. . . . Dark-skinned races are said to suffer more readily and severely than whites. . . . All insanitary surroundings favor the spread of smallpox where it has broken out.' This authority further gives the period of incubation as from ten to fourteen days; or as a period considerably shorter, according to the circumstances of exposure.

Now Gandhi, although admitting that vaccination produces 'a seeming immunity' to the disease, publicly denounces vaccination as a 'dangerous and filthy habit.' Yet, in view of the fact that the British public health service has persuaded an increasing number of Indians to the contrary, Gandhi concedes a point. 'Convinced anti-vaccinationists' such as himself should, he has said, impose isolation on themselves in time of epidemic. (*Young India*, July 18 and August 8, 1929)

Only seven months later, however, the obligation is disowned. Gandhi's Ashram, on March 12 last, was a smallpox pest centre, several deaths having already occurred therein. (London *Times*, March 12, 1930) But, far from 'imposing isolation' on himself in consequence, we find Gandhi, that day, starting forth from his Ashram with seventy-nine disciples to march one hundred and sixty-five miles or more across a populous countryside. And it is certain that a considerable percentage of the seventy-nine, who had been exposed to the Ashram's contagion, had followed their master's anti-vaccinationist teaching.

For, in their leisurely progress toward the sea, we find men day by day dropping from the ranks, to be lodged upon the mud villages along the route of march — stricken down by smallpox and sown like deadly seeds in ground superlatively favorable to increase. (*New York Evening Post*, April 5, and *New York Times*, April 6, 1930)

The result, as mirrored in public health records, is scarcely a surprise: After the first ten days of Gandhi's march, while the Bombay Presidency as a whole reports a decrease in cases of smallpox, the figures rush upward in that particular section through which Gandhi is moving.

II

A second main heading in Gandhi's social reform programme has been what he calls 'the Running Sore,' or 'the Curse of Child Marriage,' of which he prints, in one of his paper's many attacks upon that intrenched custom, 'It is a very important cause of the gradual and steady decline of Hindu society in point of (1) numbers, (2) physical strength and courage, and (3) morality.' (*Young India*, August 26, 1926) Neither has he failed to bewail, time and again, the unhappy condition of child-wives, or to denounce the greed, the superstition, the heartlessness, or the lust of those party to the occurrence and consummation of such unions.

The so-called Sarda Act, passed by the last Legislative Assembly and forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen years of age, went into effect on April 1 of this year. As April drew nigh, the Hindu rush to anticipate the day turned into a veritable cyclone of marrying. Babies a few weeks old were put through the ceremony. The necessary functionaries, though working incessantly, could scarcely meet the call. In one district alone, in the week ending March 31, one thousand marriages were hustled through, the average age of the victims being between five and six years.

This fever, in greater or lesser degree, burned all over India. Ahmedabad, the city at whose very door lies Gandhi's Ashram, was already aflame when the Mahatma, seemingly without an effort of protest, turned his back on the place and its tragedy, to begin his march to the sea. All along his route, in the villages where he rested between his brief daily stages, the people's most pressing interest was that of wedding their girl babies. Hindu fathers who might under other circumstances have balked at a match too unequal as to age were now hurrying infants of six or seven years into the arms of husbands of fifty or sixty. And yet, in spite of the facts daily and nightly dinned into his ears by the marriage drums, Gandhi seems to have acknowledged no duty to use his own great influence toward staying that grim sacrifice.

It is not that he keeps aloof from the people. On the contrary, as he moves down toward the sea he exhorts them often and with fast-increasing heat. But his call is never for mercy to the children — only for destruction of Government. Sedition has now become his religion, he declares. And he appeals to the marriage-mad villagers to that end — that they make sedition their duty.

But not until March 25 — thirteen days after he marched away from his own city to the rhythm of its wedding music — do we find him lifting his voice against the 'crime' so often denounced by him in earlier times and now being heaped mountain-high in his path, as if either to force his intervention or to prove his insincerity. It is in the little town of Tresela that the exception occurs. And its cause, as appears, is merely the Mahatma's displeasure because, when he signifies his desire to address the people, those are few who care to hear him.

'Commenting on his scanty audience,' runs the Associated Press dispatch of the day, 'Gandhi said, "without knowing what is proposed in the Sarda Act, you are afraid of it, and are busy marrying off little children. All this ignorance is the cause of your slavery!"'

If Gandhi made any effort earlier or other or stouter than this to stay the tragedy raging all over British India, but nowhere more monstrously than in the region through which he passed, the watchful American and European pressmen gathered about him to give us news of all that he did or said have strangely failed to report him.

Comment may be left to an Indian writer in the *Times of India*, writing while yet the marriage rush was on: —

> Thousands of innocent kiddies are being forced into indissoluble wedlock, in view of the 'impending danger,' and not a little finger is raised to dissuade the people against this cruel business. . . . May I know where is the soul-force which some years back weaned schoolboys and college students from their Alma Maters? [An allusion to Gandhi and his campaign to boycott educational institutions, in 1921.] Where is the mighty influence that prevailed upon the Bardoli peasants to refuse to pay the tax? [An allusion to Gandhi in his campaign of 1928–29.] This is the time for our leaders to prove true to their responsibility. But instead there is silence. Are they afraid to face unpopularity in carrying out a huge agitation against the slaughter of the inno-

cents? When the Act comes into force, the unpleasant tasks will be assigned to Government, but for the present discreet silence is the better part of patriotism in the eyes of our great men.

The 'slaughter of the innocents' was over — the girl-babies in their thousands had been irrevocably sacrificed, the Sarda Act had been eight days in effect, before Gandhi, in his increasingly vehement exhortations of the people, saw fit to strike the chord of chivalry toward women. He is addressing the villagers of Aat, inciting them to 'non-violence': —

> Resist the confiscation of salt from your grips with all your might till blood is spilt. All women and children should also resist. Let us see whether the police dare to touch our women. If they do, and if the sons and daughters of India are not so emasculated as to take such an insult lying down, the whole country will be ablaze. (*New York Times*, April 9, 1930)

But the baby-wives were already sealed away beyond all human rescue; and no Great Soul, no Mahatma, no spiritual politician, had lit the smallest fuse in their behalf to fire an indignant country.

III

A third main heading in Gandhi's social reform programme has been 'Untouchability.' The term 'Untouchability' betokens a state of existence lived out in abject and hopeless serfdom, imposed by Hindu religious custom, and by that only, on sixty million human beings attached as slaves to the Hindu mass.

Gandhi has described the system as 'the Shame of Hinduism,' 'the Hydra-Headed Monster,' and over the past ten years or more has arraigned it in words such as these — declaring, too, that Untouchability must go before Swaraj can come: —

> We Hindus may not expect freedom so long as we hold a fifth of ourselves as bondmen unfit even to be touched and sometimes even to approach us within a certain distance or to be seen by us. (*Young India*, December 12, 1929)

He has admitted Untouchables to his little Ashram. He has forced his Hindu audiences elsewhere to permit Untouchables to share with them the benefit of his presence. He has induced the passage of Anti-Untouchable resolutions in Hindu congresses. And yet, where the waters of the ancient ocean of Hinduism have for a moment parted at his command, they have closed at his passing, to lie stagnant as before.[1]

As to Gandhi's counsel to the Untouchable himself, it has run mainly thus: That he cleanse the thoughts of his mind and stop drinking fermented date-palm sap and eating carrion, snakes, and frogs; that he maintain a submissive spirit, refraining from any form of self-assertion unwelcome to the Hindu; that he continue patient and diligent in his present lot, leaving any improvement to come, if or when it comes, as a spontaneous gift of grace born of a change of heart in the Hindu; and that he venerate the Hindu religion despite the fact that he has been forbidden to approach its shrines or to receive its teachings, the religion in whose name all his sufferings are imposed.

This doctrine the Untouchable seems to have heard with the meekness born of his history, while to Gandhi himself, so far as he knows of Gandhi's existence, he has rendered a sort of melancholy gratitude as toward a kind if ineffective friend.

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[1] As at Mahad the Hindu population soon after a visit from the saint broke loose in riot to pummel their Untouchable neighbors, shouting 'Hail to Mahatma Gandhi!' as stones flew and the long sticks rose and fell (cf. *Young India*, June 30, 1927), so Gandhi's Hindu audiences of succeeding years have paid him the tribute of courteous hearing, of a passing gesture or two, and then, commonly, have continued in the ancient way. — AUTHOR

Meantime, however, certain other influences, quieter, older, less negative than Gandhi's, have been slowly permeating the Untouchable mind. Of these the most far-reaching has been the even hand of British justice.[2] Wherever his fate has depended upon the free action of a British civil servant, whether magistrate or administrator, unfettered by Hindu law, the Untouchable has learned to expect judgment based solely on the merits of his case, dealt out by a practical man who sees in him, not a lump of pollution, whom to abuse is to further the will of the gods, but a fellow citizen entitled to citizen's rights. And the ultimate effect of this tradition and experience has been to breed in the Untouchable a lively conviction that his only earthly hope lies under the British flag.

Each succeeding development of the Indianization-of-Government scheme he has therefore opposed.

Thus in 1917, when the Secretary of State for India visited the country heralding the present 'Reforms,' many Untouchable deputations waited upon him, entreating him, in the name of honor and of mercy, to stay his hand. Characteristically of all of these, one delegation declared, for the body behind it, that it 'deprecates political change and desires only to be saved from the Brahmin, whose motive in seeking a greater share in the Government is . . . that of the cobra seeking the charge of a young frog.'

Eleven years later, in 1928, when the Simon Commission came to India to study the position with a view to future action, emissaries bearing petitions from the Untouchables both early and often appeared before it. And these, in antipodal opposition to Gandhi and his party, desperately implored that there be no further diminution of the British element in Government — no further 'abandonment' of their people to the blasting tyranny of Hindu control.

When, therefore, in 1929, Gandhi proclaimed his threat of war to the finish against the British power in India, the thinking element among the Untouchables could not hesitate. Grateful they had been for the Mahatma's words of sympathy. But for whatever concrete benefits they had received in the past, for whatever solid hope they could perceive for the future, they could see but a single source. Self-preservation must determine their choice. By the beginning of 1930, here and there over British India an Untouchables' self-defense movement was already developing.

IV

Modes of action differed. Having little or no access to the Hindu press, some Untouchable groups printed handbills, denouncing the Hindu politician, 'reformer' or otherwise, and calling on their fellow outcastes to count up their wrongs for a reckoning. Others held meetings, where their orators reminded them that, however submissive they had been in the past, the future belongs to men of heart. Others, again, beleaguered Hindu temples in protest against that acme of degradation implied in being held unfit so much as to look upon the images of the Hindu gods.

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[2] *The Simon Report* (Vol. I, p. 40) gives as its impression concerning the present condition of the Untouchables '. . . that there is a slow but real improvement beginning in some areas. It is beyond doubt that there are those among the higher-caste Hindus who have labored zealously in the cause of the depressed classes, and not without effect; the missions have done splendid work in giving them a new dignity and a new hope; and we must mention with admiration the efforts which we saw being made by the Salvation Army for some of the most degraded.' *The Simon Report* also mentions, in high terms, the spirit animating the work for Untouchables carried on by the Seva Sadan, the Deccan Education Society, the Brahmo Samaj, and the Ram Krishna Mission. Upon all such Hindu movements, however, whether of organizations or of individuals, the class-conscious Untouchable looks more and more askance. Not unnaturally, he sees in this new concern for his well-being an anxiety, bred of the present political situation, to build up the Hindu majority rather than to improve his lot. — AUTHOR

Of this latter type was a great procession of Untouchables who, on March 2, appeared before the famous Kalarama temple, in Nasik, Bombay Presidency, demanding admission to the shrine. The priests barring the doors against them, they sit down before the temple, in silent immobility. Two weeks later neither side has weakened, but a new batch of outcastes has relieved the first. Yet again two weeks and a great Hindu religious feast is on; the Untouchable besiegers are blockading the temple approaches with their bodies, lying on the earth so close together that any Hindu endeavoring to pass within and worship must touch their flesh and be defiled. Upon this, riots begin. The Untouchables are assaulted; many are badly hurt; their camp is wrecked; the Nasik police with difficulty hold at bay an angry mob of Hindus bent on violence. But the Hindus of the outlying villages destroy the huts and cut off the food supply of their own Untouchable serfs.

Again ten days and we find the police of Nasik collecting 4000 of the massed Untouchables, and, lest they be killed outright, escorting them from town, amid the jeers of great Hindu crowds who mercilessly maul such stragglers as they can catch. But still the siege persists. By the first of May the Hindus of Nasik are stoning the humble petitioners still sitting before the temple gate, and the Hindus of the neighboring villages are flogging old men, women, and children, and fouling the Untouchables' water holes. (*Calcutta Statesman*, May 8, 1930)

During all but the earlier and quieter period of this drama, Gandhi, Champion of the Untouchable, has been wandering about the countryside but little over a hundred miles away, speech-making. Embarked on what he calls the supreme effort of his life, with ever-waxing violence he exhorts his fellow Hindus to prepare themselves, by rigid spiritual purification, for final war upon Government.

Do the silent besiegers at Nasik hope that this purification involves help for them? Their wrongs, so Gandhi has declared during years past, are the Hindu's foulest sin, only to be canceled 'when the Hindu conscience is roused to action and of its own accord removes the shame.' (*Young India*, June 30, 1927)

Surely, then, in his present assumption of Hindu spiritual leadership, his first duty is to arouse the Hindu conscience — to purge that foulest sin away.

V

And now, all over India, groups of awakened Untouchables are sternly watching. In meetings in widely separate regions, they pass resolutions, warning Gandhi that since he has seen fit to abandon their cause to attack a Government that is their friend, they will oppose his activities to the extent of their power.

But Gandhi, turning away the messengers of these bodies, withholds a public reply until his civil disobedience campaign is five weeks old. Then, ignoring his long-declared doctrine of Hindu guilt, to be faced and removed by Hindus alone; ignoring his own present responsibility as self-elected warder-in-chief of the Hindu conscience, he speaks, tossing both burdens aside with utter ease. Untouchability, so he declares in effect (*Young India*, April 17, 1930), is fostered by the British Government, which rejoices to see divisions in India. Any trouble that may have arisen in Nasik is therefore Government's fault. Government could have reasoned with the Hindus, dissuading them from assaulting the suppliants; could also have reasoned with the suppliants, dissuading them from provoking the Hindus. But Government is not disinterested. And in any case the English, as rulers, 'can do, have done, no good to any of us.' As for the Untouchables, as he told them before, so he tells them again: They had no need to try to enter the temples of the Hindus, where their presence was undesired. Hindu reformers will attend to 'temple entry' and to whatever else needs attention, all in good time.

Meantime, 'sedition' is the Mahatma's mission — that and that only. So he returns to it. The oracle door shuts.

And, as it shuts, the clang of its shutting almost inevitably recalls the words of an eminent Muhammadan, member of the Indian Central Committee (*Report, Supplementary Note*, London, 1930): —

> I invite the special attention of British statesmen and politicians to the sorrows and sufferings of these unfortunate downtrodden Hindu victims of Hindu tyranny and oppression. . . . I appeal to them for those castaways. . . . I earnestly trust that the countrymen of Buxton, Wilberforce, and Clarke will not allow themselves to be hypnotized by the charms and siren songs of any ambassadress or the subtle sophistries of any pundits and priests from India to forget the claims of these people to special protection and safeguards.[3]

Thus ends the field review of Gandhi as a Hindu social reformer. Insanitation, Child Marriage, Untouchability — each his furious battle-cry in his years-long wars of words; each paraded before him, for action, in intense concrete form, during the first five weeks of his 'final' campaign; each allowed to pass without one opposing effort recognizable as such by our many eager chroniclers who watch him day by day.

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[3] Islam does singularly little proselyting in modern India. But the doors of its democracy are open to all, and an increasing number of Untouchables are taking asylum within. — AUTHOR

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

Part Two

BY HOWELL VINES

I

JUST to be alive was beautiful. I found this out more and more. A mere look at a growing cornfield, a fast comprehension of a tree, a flitting glimpse of a far-off and half-hidden red apple — it required nothing more than this to bring joy. At four houses in my own part of the world I was a very important and welcome human being. I felt at home when I was at the house of my parents, at my grandfather's house, at Raymond's house, and at Halma's birthplace. Then, too, I had my cabin.

One Monday morning I remember well. I had spent much of the day before on peaceful small roads, shady side roads, with Halma, and it was late in the night when I left her. On this morning a little thing such as I was always encountering helped make my life like the rooster redbird. Protecting my face against the matronly mocking bird, I walked to the cow lot. My mother was milking the cow and playing with the mole-colored calf. She had traded with my grandfather for the cow. The old man's nigger had driven the cow to Hueytown, and my brother-in-law had hauled the bull calf in the back of my Ford. He was yet unroped and had been full to the mouth of milk every hour of his life when they caught him to haul him away. Now he did, they said, cut capers many and fine.

This morning he was cutting up, pushing with my mother, butting her for pure playfulness. How he did show off his fine calf health, health that made him a brimful creature! His head was a beauty knot, and he amused us with his demonstrations. I joined with my mother in the play. His Jersey hide was soft and his breath smelt of grass and fresh milk. It made me feel closer to the waving, rolling, and billowing earth of my part of the world when he sucked my right forefinger. My mother was a part of such a scene twice daily. Oh, she knew just the kind of milk I liked and was full of pains to see that it was exactly to my taste. The calf afforded generous conversation between us. She loved to play with it much as I loved the mix-ups with the two mocking birds.

It is late at night and I am thirsty. I have listened to the katydids for three hours or more alone at my cabin. I must walk to a well. To draw water at Raymond's well would disturb the sleepers, and I must have fresh water. I will go to the well near the sycamore shade at the boat landing where I go in swimming.

It was good as gold to drink cold water from good wells in my native land. While I was at my father's house in Hueytown I averaged drawing a fresh bucket every daylight hour. The best water of my life was that I would drink fresh from the well after my dates with Halma. This was part of my night's doings. My mother had a large dipper and a small one. When I used the small one, that called for a second dipping; when I used the large one, I had no need for another helping, though I sometimes did dip the second time in order to compare the taste of the two. Then I would throw water on a silver poplar, a water oak, or a chinaberry.

Every time I stayed as long as a few minutes with my grandparents, I had to drink cold water from their cedar bucket. I would stand for minutes at a time looking to the bottom of this bucket through the cold blue-sandstone water. The bored well was deep. My grandmother's dipper was medium-sized. I would take my first drink and drink only a part of it, and throw the other part at a bird when I could see one near by. Then I would fill again and walk to the edge of the well shelter. There I would drink leisurely, talking to one or both of the old folks. Then I would throw what water I had left as far as I could, or at a butterfly.

Halma would fix ice water in a glass for me. Then we would drink together. Sometimes it was the Birmingham water we had to drink; at other times it was from a bucket of water from her sister's well across the road. When the well water was there, it was always good and cold with ice.

At the boat landing there was once an old ford. That was before, long before, the government made the two rivers deeper with a great lock. Behind the house was an old spring which was, according to my grandfather, used as a camping site by the Indians. Later on an old settler from North Carolina built a log cabin there. My grandfather's men and women used the spring for decades when working the river fields around it. Since then it has been used as a place to keep fish in to keep them alive in the summer heat. At such a place as this I had a long drink from the well covering. The chain rattled as I drew the water not far from midnight.

I walked to the boat landing and sat under the sycamores. Sometimes I stood, at other times I walked a few steps. I had had a good swim and wade there at sunset. The above world was then the color of a ripe field pumpkin on the inside, and the river took its color from this. About twenty cows, cows of many colors and sizes, chewed midnight cud and walked around on the small spring branch. What was I doing there? Was I hunting golden cow horns?

The atmosphere that surrounds this world, the stuff that envelops it, and the feeling that created it settled among the sycamores, and I caught it there that night. But only the nearness of the river could bring the feeling I had that hour. I was at the point where I, like my grandfather, wondered why, with such a sufficient place, I should ever lose my body and be put in the sandstone of the Warrior earth. And I wondered why Halma should ever lose hers.

I wandered down the river to a place of elms and ashes. Against the river there were willows. I touched trees and the katydids stopped singing, leaving silent spaces in the earth song, and in the silence my body was tremulous with the two Warriors and with Halma. That day I had seen the huckleberry blue of the Big River, and I was with the Little River. The river sent a stream of calmness down my marrow; the night before, Halma's sweetness had sent bolts of fervor up and down every bone in my body. I never in all the days and nights of my life felt such fervor. And under the elms I felt a calm such as I had never known before.

I followed every path I could strike, followed them as a water witch searches for water, and the moon made the old fields and the river bank as light as day. There was magic all about me and I knew that only God understood it all, all there was to my walking around that night. I had been doing all that day what my grandfather had said he would like to do forever, looking at my part of the world, going to the rivers, and feeling the beauty of it all. I was happy, but without the fusion of Halma's being with my being I should not have been happy. When I discovered her the two Warriors were brought into the great sink-ways of my being.

I am at my cabin, and my watch and clock point long past midnight. My whole body is tremulous with the earth that is mine. The two Warriors are carrying my being along as music sometimes can. My imaginative life and my sensuous life are cast hand in hand with Halma. The rivers have come to mean the proper go of life to me, to symbolize the good life. The katydid song is to me the real earth song — it is the song of the two Warriors. The girl and the two rivers all in my bones and in my heart, and something a mocking bird says in a white oak sapling, bring sleep.

Other nights passed just about that way.

II

In the morning I received a letter from England. My friend and colleague was enjoying the Wordsworth country and was going to the Hardy country some time during the summer, and I should be there with him. No. I should not be there. For months he had tried to persuade me to pass the summer with him in green England and old London. No use. I had the two Warriors and their woods and Halma on my mind all that time. And, too, I wanted to be with my grandfather. Not one hour has passed but has justified my choice. I thought to myself how I had as a student longed to live in England for a season. Now I did not want to be anywhere in the world except where I could see the two Warriors when I wanted to.

On the outside the little mole-colored bull calf is running from the main road with all his might. An automobile has scared him. Oh, there's no danger of that calf's being hurt on the road. Lord, how he can run, and how good he looks when he puts his young strength to his feet! It is good to hear him bawl when he runs and kicks up his heels and tosses his head. When he reached the vacant lots near the garage, he calmed down ever so much, switched his tail, and nodded and shook his head over the grass.

The mocking bird nest has been empty for a few days and the path is safe for walking, though an interest is lacking. There is music in all the shade trees in my father's yards, songs from mocking birds manifestly in love with the green earth. The night before, after a date with Halma, I had heard them, and I knew that they were then in love with one another. That is the difference between their day song and their night song. In the daytime they sing for love of it all, because it is their nature and their genius to sing. Then they tell their joy in varied ways. At night the song lacks so much change, but it has an intensity that is better. Then they are, as my grandfather would say, hard-pressed, and sing a greater song. . . .

At my grandfather's house, and he said, 'Why did n't you bring me some rosenears? Are they all gone? Well. Here, let's go to the river. I'm in a big way to-day, and I want to ride around some with you.'

I coasted the little hills and the old man sat up straight by my side. He looked very tall in the seat, and he wore his black felt hat.

I said, 'I want a place where I can be my own boss and tend to my own business. I'm just about as bad as Bert Prescott against being scrouged up. This place of yours, do you think much about how beautiful it is? How does it feel to own hills and hollows and river banks?'

'You better reckon I think about this land and love it. You know that without asking. But I can talk, if that's what you want me to do, my young gobbler. And I don't have to think and study what to say, either. Did you ever know me to have to do that? No, and nobody else ever did.'

He laughed and continued, 'I'm a high-toned man. I think I am. What are you laughing at, Hal? I try to be. What's the matter, kid? I could sull down and die. But no. Not this old man. You ought to be proud of me. And I know you are. You ought to marry that girl and live somewhere around me. I'll give you a home place on the gin lot, or at the cow lot, or here where my niggers live. I might build at either one of these places if I's to ever build again. You study about this. Anything that I've got that you want, you just speak for it. Thank you for the compliment. Thank you. Thank you for the compliment. Yes, me and your grannie used water out of the Old Indian Spring there the first year we's married. Then we moved up to where we are now. I'm foolish about my niggers, and I'm glad they've got the good spring so handy. If I's to ever build again I believe I'd build there. Hell, you can have it if you make up your mind for it. When I like anybody, I like them.'

Then we took out across the bumpy old fields. As we rode on he talked.

'I hold the fort where I stay and always have, my young sport. I once owned many thousands of acres of land on both rivers and several creeks. I own a few thousand acres still. Of course I've sold a lot of it, and turned some of it over to the children. Thank you for the compliment. It's the home-brew that keeps me so healthy. They try to get me to sull down. But no. That's not my style of living. When I get bothered, I go to my cellar and drink a little whiskey, and then I feel all right. What are you laughing about? Thank you for the compliment.'

By this time we had reached the foot of a small hill. The place looked as it did largely because of haw bushes, thorn bushes, and wild crab trees.

'Here!' he said. 'Stop a minute!'

He went on, 'I was a young man then, and a mighty man. I had the strength of a cedar tree or a hickory or I never could have stood what I did. I wish you could know what sort of a man your old granddaddy was when he had all his strength. I'm pretty spry yet, but the prime is not here.' His eyes and his countenance affirmed his words. 'It was right here.

'She was still young and slim and she said, "I know you're going to put your hands on me, and I wish you would n't. Why do you? You know I'll be helpless if you do." After a while she said, "I don't care if you did put your hands on me." Later on she said, "I'm glad you did." When I got on old King and rode off towards the river she caught up with me and put her hands on the saddle and said, "I've had one time in life as good as I want it to be, if I never have another." I was always good to that woman, and nobody ever did know. You don't know her name and you won't. Why, that woman would hunt a bird nest all day long. She told me that she once found a humming bird's nest. Son, I was furnishing that woman and her husband a milk cow when she died, and I was their friend.

'If you can't enjoy yourself a little and give other people a little enjoyment, what's the use in living? Now this is one amongst a thousand tales I could tell you and one amongst a thousand places I could take you to, and you've got sense enough to know it. What I ever do this way will be with you. You've got a little sense. Your other old granddaddy was a Lisper, too, so you're a Lisper if there ever was one. Yes, I had as good a time, I reckon, as any man that ever lived. But I had hell all the time.

'It's all bosh,' he said a while later. 'There's nothing to it, no more than to a ten-year-old bird nest. I've thought it all out: and there's no more hell that burns with fire and brimstone now, and never will be, than there's a great city in the Range, or in the Drive, or on Glaze Creek right now. He ain't going to burn me up, and you've got sense enough to know it. It's just ignorance that's got up all that bosh. I'd burn one of my children up before He'd burn me up. I'm glad I put that much dependence in Him. Any man that's got getting-about sense won't believe in a hell that's hotter than any fire. Does the Bible speak of but one hell? No, it don't. Ain't we got it here? Yes, we've got it here. We have if I can see straight. I think we have, if you ask me. We've got hell here, though a good time that is a good time may be had in with it. And when a man has a good time, it's a good time, let me tell you. And the same thing goes about bad times. But we're all anxious to make an hour's good time seesaw several hours' bad time.

'And as for heaven, if that's in the way of things, — and it ought to be, whether it is or not, — why not make all along the Warriors into heaven? The situation is mighty good, and the rivers are just right for it. There ought to be lots of little heavens like that. At the Fork of the River and on the Big Bluff, where you're going to take your woman, would be a good place for one of the good cities. And one of them could be at Tuscaloosa.

'It ain't that way. And we've got so many people, and they're all so mixed up in foolish things, that it's a mess. But it ought to be that way, it seems to me. I'm afraid it ought to be. And I'm not so sure everything is for the best, not by a jugful. If it ain't all finally for the best, we're in a hell of a mess — a devil of a mess, I call it. But one thing is certain: if we ever get to a heaven anywhere, it'll be on some river. A river goes with heaven.

'I'm studying about what a long, good time we could have. And I'm studying about what a time our young wives would have briling and eating young squirrels, partridges, turkledoves, blackbirds, robins, and field larks. I'd get my woman one or two of these fine birds at a time. Would n't that be some way to make love for a long time? She could eat a robin briled and let one sing to her at the time. I'm studying about how happy and satisfied a woman could be with just the right man to tend to her on and on. My woman would want a turkledove every day. I think somewhere, sometime, things ought to be like this. We get a swaller of it here and that's all we do get.

'Well, sir, this world and the way we are in it, and what it's all about, caps anything that anybody ever will hear of or witness. It caps a hundred worlds and all that's in them. That's just exactly what it does, if you want my opinion. And if this world ain't in a mess right now!' . . .

My grandparents were eating supper. Would I join them? I had had supper with Raymond. The old man said, 'Just wait on the front porch. I'm about done. We're enjoying our meal pretty well for two old people. I try to get Cindy to let me keep a cook, but she won't do it. She's smart-boned.'

Soon he joined me on the front porch, and we sat in two good chairs like the one I had borrowed from him. Our feet were propped on the banisters, and he said, 'Don't you hope you can live as long with that girl as I've lived with my woman? Yes, of course you do. I hope you can, and I'm glad you've found one that suits you.'

The katydids were at it good and proper.

'Do you like to hear the katydids?' I said.

'Yes, I like such as that all right. I like to hear everything like that. I like all sounds in the woods but a scrootch owl's. When I hear a scrootch owl, it makes me think the world's coming to an end. At other times I know it ain't. But when I hear that noise, it sounds like the world is at the jumping-off place. One night I sparked a girl by a big log fireplace in the winter. And outside in the chimney corner an old scrootch owl hollered all the time I's there. . . .

'God A'mighty,' — he shrugged his shoulders and batted his keen eyes, — 'when I used to get out early of a morning I'd hear what seemed like a hundred owls, mostly these big old whoo owls. Me and Bill Reed killed five one evening around the house here. Now did n't the Indians live with them? We killed one at the gin lot. Right after that I killed another one in the same tree.'

The katydids and the old man contested for my first interest.

'I'd leave Cindy here of a night the first week we was married. I was a hustler, a real hustler, then. Don't forget but what I was. But when I quit work, I quit. I ain't hit a tap in fifty-five years, but I've run around enough in my river kingdom to have killed a weaker man. Anybody'll tell you that. But I was using my brain. When we was first married I'd plough till after dark, and then come in so tired I did n't care about hugging her. Boy, you don't know the tenth part.' He worked his lips against each other and made his eyes keener. 'You don't know the tenth part — not a thing do you know about how we used to do, sir.'

My grandmother joined us, and I said, 'Do you like to hear the katydids?'

She said, 'Yes I like to hear them.' She spoke through a smile. 'They certainly don't lose any time. Now it will be ninety days from the time the first one hollered till the first light frost.'

I spoke with admiration for a night-blooming white flower near the gate.

The old man said, 'I believe I like them better than any flower I ever seed bloom.'

She said, 'Oh, they are just as pretty as a body could want anything to be. They're just too beautiful for words. I wish I did know the name of them. Somebody in a car last night stopped, and I heard a woman takin' on over them.'

It was late dusk. We looked to the Glaze Creek sink in the woods and along the river lines at the point where they fork. I did it consciously that dusk, though I would necessarily do it, consciously or unconsciously, by merely looking out from the old man's front porch. They, I suppose, did it unconsciously, though they were, when it was done, conscious of it.

III

I was in love with a girl and two rivers, and held to my grandfather.

I was kept tempered to the go of the two Warriors, the dart of the redbird, the songs of the katydid and the mocking bird, the talk of the old man, and the being of Halma. The slender, dark-haired girl in control of my senses and my spirit shaped my response to the green woods world and its rivers. I met this world and its above world with the mastery of the darting redbird. And, too, I had been brought into a loafing-on-horseback mood. Every time I saw the Warrior it seemed that I had made a great discovery. Sometimes I had to catch my breath, reminding myself that I had not. When I kissed Halma, some particular spot of this Warrior world became alive as a living thing. These spots had passed and were passing over into my imagination and my soul. Her father's home place had, as my grandfather would say, become too sweet to talk about.

I stopped my Ford under an elm tree, and soon I was on a front porch, surrounded by elms, talking with Lella, a slender, brown-eyed, dark-haired girl.

She said, 'I'm mighty glad to see you — happy that you stopped. I wanted to see you, and I got out of helping in the garden.'

Did I stay at my cabin much of the time?

Yes.

Did I fish any?

I had only rowed twice for Davidson, my brother-in-law, to use his fly.

Oh, in a case like mine, she would spend all her time fishing and swimming.

She continued, 'I heard that you and Halma were really going to marry — that you two were right ready to get off.'

'We may be,' I said.

'I stayed all night with a girl who knows Halma well the other night, and she said you and Halma were ready to marry. We were just talking of people in a general way. Hal, you'd better not marry without telling me. I wish you'd let me know, for I'd like to show you and Halma how I can appreciate you two. She's a mighty sweet girl. Bring her around to see me.' . . .

I said, 'I heard you were about ready to get married.'

'That's what people say. I seldom have a date. I sometimes think I'll teach on and not marry at all. . . .

'I've been wanting to see you all summer,' she went on, 'and now we're here alone.' . . .

Her eyes were brown, wonderful and deep, as they had always been. They dominated her figure and her intelligence, and their brown was the brown of the hazelnuts I gathered all afternoon one Sunday long ago on the banks of a small creek near the Warrior.

'You know — too well you know, Hal — the one person on earth I could have really loved. I would have given my life for him.' . . .

Her human substance had always reminded me of the bird substance of the brown thrush— the brown thrasher, as it is locally called. That morning, in the old run-down house among the elms, I thought of the hundreds of times I had seen these brown thrasher birds in the spring when hunting bird nests in the thickets, hunting them in order to visit them daily, or in the early summer when picking blackberries in the old fields and along the branches. For years I had associated the thought of Lella with the thought of these brown birds. She was above all other girls I knew the embodiment of all I had been able to gather from and feel in the world of this particular bird.

I was deeply touched, and I did not speak to her of this association in my mind.

Later, when she had drawn fresh water, we stood together in the hall, she standing against the wall, I drinking.

'You know, Hal, I told you once I'd tell you somebody that would suffer worse than death for you if you wanted to know. But you never would ask me. And I know it's too late now. And, too, I'm satisfied Halma loves you that way from what I'm able to judge. . . .

'Hal, why don't you write poetry or prose, or something? I know you could do it. I think you could be a great novelist or poet or something. In fact, I suspect that you will be.'

I looked into her large deep brown eyes as she said her words.

Lella was not enough of the dusk. She lacked the stuff that I found in the dusk and dark world of the katydids, in the dark and dusk world of the whip-poorwills. When she was compounded it was mostly lacking. She had nothing analogous to this spirit and substance that I had rather not live than do without. Nor could I compare the feeling her being cast over me to that thrown through my being by the early dawn. She affected me as the good broad daylight.

In tenderness I did tell her how she brought to me the very attar of the world the brown thrasher alone inhabits. . . .

'I know,' she said, and raised her brown eyes to my gray, 'that you are the sweetest person on earth, even if I'm not getting you. I've always known that you are the finest. Now I know you are the sweetest. . . .

'This has been a day for me,' she went on. 'Nothing can ever take it from me.' . . .

I drove to Hueytown.

IV

I would have my words like the Warrior Rivers — like their woods, too. And I would here have them like the whir of a partridge's wings, the flight of a turtledove, the dart and the song of a rooster redbird. Then I can tell what a trip to the river with Halma resembled. My grandfather on his horse and in his prime never went about with more contemplation.

We were on our way somewhere, but she did not know where, except that it would be on or very near the river. I had kept her in suspense, saying that it would be one of the main trips of the season, and she of course had been feeling herself seeing the Warrior in some way. She knew that we would stroke and touch the things of calm and peace, of beauty and fervor. We were in the midst of a definite portion of my grandfather's old realm, and we were traveling through old fields and above great ranges of woods. The earth and over earth began to get grand, an earth with its above ground full of hallelujahs. The Little River swings through the woods out and below on the right-hand side; the Big River line is to our left as far as the eye can follow up and down its course.

At the top of the greatest hill in a road in my grandfather's old realm, the Cook Hill, I locked the wheel, left the Ford standing in the woods, and we walked down the long, steep hill, holding back all the way, into a hollow of great beeches.

We walked uphill, hand in hand, keeping to an old wagon road of my grandfather's old domain, a roadway for the most part covered with beautiful shade trees, trees about sixteen years old. She was wearing a splendid summer dress of redbird colors splotched with black, and I was leading her to our future home. Almost on top of the bluff, and in danger of seeing the Big River, I said, 'Shut your eyes.'

Then, under the elms and oaks, the wild plums and maples and the ashes, and among large, moss-covered rocks, I said, 'Now open your eyes and look.'

'Oh, Hal, I like it! I've never seen anything like it, to compare with it. There is no one like you for making a girl's life worth living. How can I ever pay you back for all these things?'

'Live here with me. That will pay back and give besides. I have the promise of this place from Grandpa. He says not to bother my head, for he'll treat me so nice and so good about it that it'll make my head swim. He's already using remarks about the Land's End bluff where he used to raise cotton and corn and where I'm going to build a cabin for my woman.'

'He had this place tended! This place! The trees would n't indicate that. He must have been, as you say he says he was, trying to tend Jefferson County. Well, the woods are back natural, though near the foot of the hill there is old-field land. I will live here with you. I want to. Does that please you? And this? I could live here a thousand years with you. I knew by the way you talked that it must be a place extraordinary as your grandpa is a person that way. But I had no idea that it was my future home. Why, Hal, this place is like heaven. It's my idea of heaven, and I've never seen another place exactly that way, though I have approached it on other trips with you. There's no way of knowing this place until you stand here and feel it and see for yourself. The old man must think a world of you.'

She pulled wild plums and held them in her mouth, and she leaned back against a clump of maples.

'It's a marvel, Halma, that such a place can be near so many people and so completely unknown. Grandma has never been up here. It's only known to the special inhabitants of Grandpa's old domain, and an occasional, straggling person besides, a hunter or a woods wanderer.'

'But it will be world-famous in time, I think. And I'm thinking that you belong with it. And I'm glad I belong to you.' . . .

'Now I'm going to show you where I heard that redbird singing that day I told you about. It was right there in that little elm at the edge of the bluff.'

We walked to the elm. I held the bole of the elm in my hands, and Halma fixed my tie and held my hat. She ran from me.

'Oh, look what I've found! A redbird feather! Look!'

I clasped it in her dark hair with her hair clasp.

She held to a hickory tree, loved its strength and firmness, and occasionally swung herself around my way, and I held to an ash within reach and leaned toward her.

'You're in with the rivers, Hal. And you've found a place to be in with. And the rivers are in with the place. And I'm in with you. I want to take my part in the whole affair all I can. No one needs to go to Switzerland with such a place as this. And this place and down there, or up there, yet under us, where the camp is, was an Indian heaven as Tuscaloosa was. Now Tuscaloosa is a beautiful little city and old, and this is only a part of your grandpa's old realm. What a background for you to work on, for us both to live in!'

She leaned against a large rock covered with hard, gray moss, and I leaned against the other side of the rock, and we faced the river, sometimes turning our heads towards the Fork.

We walked, and the river, both rivers were clear, and overhead was blue splotched with summer white. At a hundred views we looked, and kissed again and again. And time and again we matched the touch of form against form with the green, the blue, and the purple of the wooded hills, bluffs, and hollows along the great warped Big River line above and under or against our eyes. And by merely turning around we could see a similar sort of green, blue, and purple informed by the Big River in another way. Finally, by sidling further in the other direction, we could follow the Little River the last mile of its way and see a similar yet very different informing of the green, blue, and purple. In truth, according to the maps, we had the bird's mastery, from a hundred standing or sitting points, of three rivers: above us, the Mulberry Fork of the Black Warrior; above us and around us, the Locust Fork of the Black Warrior; under the bluff and downstream, the Black Warrior. The Locust Fork is, to the natives, the Little River, the Little Warrior; the Mulberry Fork and the Black Warrior proper are together the Big River, the Big Warrior. The Warrior River means any one or all.

At the lower end of the bluff, among the spruces, the pines, the cedars, the oaks, and mountain laurel, we walked on ground covered with pine knots. They were small, somewhat round, and hard as bone, and Halma did not know what they were.

'You see,' I said, 'I told you I was your woods and river boy.'

'And you're making me your woods and river girl. I know plain pine kindling when I see it, but these are like flint rocks.'

'And they are full of fire and rich as flint,' I replied.

'I'll be glad when we can start fires with them.' . . .

Two redbirds flew from larger elms behind us, and darted into the steep green of the bluff side under us. They paused in a wild cherry tree, and the rooster redbird gave the impulse of his being in song to his mate.

Driving from the rivers, over the old Taylor's Ferry road toward the big main road, was like meeting the presences of the green woods world going to the Warriors, going there in a berrying or nutting mood. It was good to meet things this way; but it was better to run along to the river with these presences. Going there with them, as we had done time and again, all things of the woods world were ours and belonged to us as a man on a horse belongs to another man on a horse when they are riding slowly the same way on a shady road. This road we especially noted for that. . . .

I entered a small store.

'Have you got two good cold dopes?' I asked the old man.

'Y-y-yes,' he answered.

'Well, give me two.'

'A-a-al-all right,' he said and fumbled in his ice box.

'It's been a fine day, has n't it?'

'It sh-sh-sh-shore has.'

Halma said, 'This coca-cola habit I got from you.'

I said, 'Mine's good and cold. Is yours?'

'Yes,' she said.

'I like these little country stores,' I said.

'I have found that out,' she replied.

I left the bottles on the store porch.

'C-c-co-come back a-ag-again, Hal,' the owner said.

'I will,' I replied.

As we rode on, keeping the main river road, she held the redbird wing feather in her mouth.

(*To be concluded*)

'THE MOTHER EVERLASTING'

BY ERNEST POOLE

I MET her in Paris, late one night in April 1920, in front of the Café de la Régence. The big café was a hubbub of noise, and even the tables on the street were filling fast, as the crowds poured out of the great theatre close by. I caught glimpses here and there of gorgeous cloaks and evening gowns, I heard the laughter and the hoots of taxicabs and limousines; lights from all about the square threw a rich glamour on it all. Then she came slowly up the street. She came in a huge two-wheel cart, with a great shaggy horse of Normandy, his clumsy and enormous hoofs making a slow clop-clop on the pavement. The blue-painted cart behind was piled high with heads of lettuce, chicory, and *scarole*, in symmetrical array; and up on the wide driver's seat, beneath the low blue canvas hood, she sat with the reins in her lap, fast asleep — a powerful woman of middle age, a strong clean splendid specimen of the best peasantry of France.

On an impulse, I rose and paid my bill and followed her to the market place. I found it filling with carts like hers, ranging themselves at the sides of the square. Her own did the same, the huge horse moving to his place without need of guidance, for he had done it all his life. He stopped, and the woman opened her eyes. She sat slowly up and caught sight of me; I smiled, and we talked for a little while. I asked her what she had been doing that day, and in her deep quiet voice she said: —

'This morning I left here at five o'clock and drove my cart out to my home. I reached it at nine. I slept for a little, then ate my lunch and worked all through the afternoon transplanting lettuce and chicory. At six came my supper. After that I harnessed my horse, loaded my cart, and started for town. And here I will stay until five o'clock, when again I will return to my home. I have done that every day since I was young. And my father and my grandfather — every day before I was born.'

'May I come to your garden to-morrow?' I asked. 'I am an American writer, and I should be interested to see one of the market gardens of Paris. I have heard of them, even in my country.'

'Yes, you may come,' she answered. 'And since you are a writer, I will tell you, if you like, a story of the war, and my son.'

I went out to her place the next afternoon. On the broad southern slope of a great low hill overlooking the city were some of its market gardens, the world-famous *jardins maraîchers*, in which, with incredible toil and care, all summer and all winter too, salads and other green things had been raised for the most luxurious homes and cafés of Paris, London, and Berlin, and even of St. Petersburg, in its grand days before the war. The garden I entered was like the rest, about an acre in extent and surrounded by walls to keep out the wind. In the open, and under glass frames, and again beneath hundreds of *cloches*, — huge bells of glass which concentrated and increased the heat of the sun, — were nearly a hundred thousand heads of chicory, lettuce, and scarole, from full-grown plants to tiny sprouts just peeping through the warm rich soil. Each plant had a story of labor to tell, for every one of that hundred thousand had to be transplanted by hand three and four times during its growth! And she had but two helpers there, a lean young man and a nice-looking girl, who were working silently at the other end of the garden, while the woman talked to me.

'I will tell you about my son,' she said. 'As I was trained by my father from the time when I was small, so I trained my little boy. I suckled him while working here; and as he grew older his father and I taught him how to know the soil — with his mind, with his eyes, with his hands, with his tongue. He could taste that soil and tell you what it lacked, if it was wrong. And the little boy ate hungrily and slept without dreaming and grew strong — strong from his life so close to the Earth. He drew life from her breast as he had from mine. Closer and closer I brought him to her. For she is the mother everlasting — she would be here when I was gone.

'But then came the war and took my men. My husband was the first to go — and two months later he was killed. Three years passed, till my son was eighteen; and then him, too, they took away. They took him far! What luck was mine! In the winter of 1917, the Russians made peace with Germany; a few French regiments were sent to enter Russia from the north; and among those few, my son. He was carried far up into snow and ice, and there he was taken prisoner and lost for me like a leaf in a storm.

'Of Russia, I had known till then only that salads had gone from here to the city of St. Petersburg, to the tables of the rich. A country of grand dukes and slaves — and the slaves had risen in revolt. In the newspapers I read how the crazy workingmen were plundering and slaughtering, and how plague and famine were quickly spreading over the land. And I read how they hated the French. What chance to live had my poor son, shut up in some prison camp, and slowly but surely starved to death? Months passed, and life was hard for me. But I worked, and my work was quiet here. For hundreds of years we have been like that, we who live upon the land. When trouble comes, we work all day, from dawn and on into the dark, till we can barely see our hands. And the Earth draws all our sorrows down into herself, and buries them. "Now my son is dead," I thought. "The pain is all ended. He lies in the soil."'

While she was speaking, her limbs had relaxed; and on her big face a smile appeared, and grew slowly brighter. She was looking at the lean young man and the girl at the other end of the garden.

'But then he came back to me,' she said. 'He came like a ghost, while I was at work; and when I looked up, I was afraid. But he spoke, and I saw that he was alive — and though fearfully thin, he was not ill! He was well, and had come home!

'What happened then, I need not say. But when it was all over, the foolish laughter and the tears, piece by piece I learned his story. It began as I had dreamed. Caught one night in a forest, half blinded in a storm of snow, he had been captured and taken down to somewhere in the South of Russia and thrown into a prison camp. Wounded, ill, and starving, he could remember little of that; for he had been wounded on the head, and under the privations he soon became like an imbecile, all power of thinking taken away. "I can remember nothing," he said. "I was like a man who is dead."'

A slight choking in her voice made me look quickly up at her, and I saw tears streaming down her cheeks.

'But then, monsieur, but then,' she said, 'what happened is difficult to believe, unless you have led a life like mine. But then it is the simplest thing that can happen on the earth. My son's whole mind was now asleep — but something deeper than his mind came back to life and saved him there. Ever since he was a little boy I had trained him, as I told you. I had trained his hands and eyes and even his tongue to know the Earth, the mother everlasting. And in that vile prison camp, when at last for lack of all food they turned the prisoners away, although his mind was still so dead that he remembers nothing now, his feet led him back to the soil — a little neglected piece of land on the edge of that small Russian town. And there his hands, his tongue, and his eyes took up by long habit the work they had loved. They cleared away the refuse and built a north wall to keep out the wind. They found an old spade and tilled the earth. Then every little lump of soil was crushed by hands and fingers not like those of common peasants, but like those of our family. They studied that soil till they knew what it lacked, and then they went searching everywhere until they found a little lime. They found some seed and planted it; they toiled from daylight until dark. And all this they did so amazingly well that those great idle stupid Russians saw that idiot boy transform the land into a garden there!

'They watched him and wondered, they took what he raised, but they fed and sheltered him as masters will nourish a valuable slave. Months passed. His mind woke up one day, came out of its long heavy sleep; and then he looked about him and saw what his hands had made. At first he thought it some strange dream. "What am I doing here," he asked, "in this strange and dirty land?" But memories came of the war and of me; and then, as he worked quietly on, he began to plan how to get back to his home. To his garden Russian soldiers came, for most of them were peasant boys who wondered at that miracle. Though he had learned but a few Russian words, my son taught them with his hands, and some of those young soldiers began to make other gardens close by. They grew more and more friendly to my son and asked him to join their soviet. But he replied that he wished to go home. He told them all his story — and, having good hearts, those peasant boys felt the justice of his case. Grateful to him for all he had done, they forced the officials to give him a pass. And so at last he came back to me.

'And here we are as we were before, except that in place of my husband, now you see the wife of my son. She comes of a family of gardeners which is almost as good as mine. She loved my son before the war, and worked and waited for his return. As though the Earth had whispered, she vowed she knew he was not dead. So here they are married and starting their lives. Always they will work in this place. But for to-day she has worked enough.'

In her deep low voice she called to the girl, who stopped working and went toward the house. The big woman watched her with a smile of quiet hungry tenderness.

'For she is soon to have a child, — a boy, I hope, — another one of us,' she said.

A bit later I left the mother and son, side by side but working in silence, bending low over the warm rich soil.

IN THE TIDAL MARSHES

White above the afterflare
The moon rides up the brimming air
Singing in minor key the theme
Of light as music in a dream.
Lovers lying on the dune
Turn from each other toward the moon
And feel a tide far mightier
Than mortal love mount up to her
Who drowns in her magnetic flood
Mere urgencies of flesh and blood.
This is the hour the dying pass
Without a sigh to mist the glass,
So gently the translation made
From shadows to the world of shade.
So one who walks alone will stand
With love and death on either hand
Invisible companions, who
Though cunningly disguised as two
Yet in reality are one,
Love the flesh, and death the bone.
He walks and feels the spectres glide
Along with him on either side,
And closer draws, to ward them off,
His cloak of loneliness, the stuff
Of pride, the pattern of control,
To hold them from his naked soul.
The long boardwalk lies dim before
Across the salt marsh to the shore.
My brother Sea, how tide on tide
Your waters shift, while you abide;
From wave on wave, lost in each other,
Your undiminished voice, my brother.

My sister Moon, how ray on ray
Is woven your unearthly day;
From ever-changing gleam and glister
Your constancy of light, my sister.
My father God, how thought on thought
Your undiscovered mind is wrought;
From love whose end is death you gather
Your everlastingness, my father.
This is the hour the heart discovers
How love is mightier than lovers,
And this the hour the dying pass
Through death and know not what it was.
And one shall stand upon the shore
And he shall ponder them no more
But dive into the sea, and swim
Far out, and peace shall go with him.

ROBERT HILLYER

DELINQUENTS AT WHOLESALE

BY LILLIAN BRAND

I

DON, who had committed murder, was again showing his homicidal tendency. He picked up a chair and tried to brain me when I corrected his variation from the standard multiplication table. Fred, eleven years old, saved me that time. He has committed sixty-nine robberies in his day, and been much advertised as the 'baby robber of the state.'

But, robber or not, Fred is a very affectionate child, and much devoted to the primary teacher at State School. Naturally he seized the table raised against me, gave Don a vicious punch in the stomach, and the fight was on.

I commanded, but in vain. I pulled, but in vain. Then clumsy, good-natured Frank came to the rescue with his powerful, overgrown body. He gave Fred a disentangling pull and shoved Don into his chair, with this judicious admonition, 'Mind the teacher.'

'If Frank would only follow that advice himself!' I sighed, as he went about the room waving a rope, hitting all those who happened to be in the way. Fortunately this did not start another fight, as Frank was thirteen, and powerful even for his age. He was not vicious and had no intention of hurting the other children, but to his dull mind it never occurred that rope waving in a schoolroom was dangerous.

I asked Frank to get a broom and sweep for me. He beamed from ear to ear. In all the world no joy like this of sweeping during school hours!

'Oh, what a drag!' groaned three or four small voices.

'What a drag!' in State School parlance meant 'What favoritism!' Frank was not the only one of my boys who preferred sweeping to more intellectual pursuits.

This brief battle upset the whole roomful of nervous, overemotional children. They ran about, upset the bookcase, talked, threw spitballs, or made for the windows. No, not to run away. They were all of them having too good a time where they were; many of them were having the time of their young lives. My juniors left running away to the older boys.

They merely wanted to climb out of the window to see how their new teacher would meet the situation, or to have a little walk about in the sunny courtyard. I did n't blame them. The air was fragrant with orange blossoms; there were birds outside, and snails.

I knew the two boys nearest a window would go out anyway, so I said, 'Conception and José, will you kindly go out the window and get some snails for our nature study? . . . While they gather snails, the rest of us will go with Sinbad the Sailor.'

There was some grumbling about how much nicer snail gathering and room sweeping were than Sinbad the Sailor. But, as most of the boys admired the adventuresome old hero, they finally stopped grumbling and took their seats.

Quiet, relatively speaking, reigned in my schoolroom. For relativity applies to schoolrooms as much as to interstellar space, and a relatively quiet room at State School would be a relatively noisy room elsewhere.

My first hectic day at State School is unforgettable. After the principal had introduced me, she left me to my fate. Never again were the boys all seated at the same time for the rest of the day. Spitballs, erasers, pencils, books, flew about the room. Fred, often the target, found it necessary to build a barrage for his protection. Snug in the corner, with his table turned over in front of him, Fred proceeded to do some good work; for he is my only bright child.

While I was trying to get the others to stop throwing things, to sit in their seats, to stop melting crayons over the steam heater, to quit fighting, to stop tipping the tables around at a rate unprecedented in any spiritual séance, my smallest, John, climbed up to the chalk shelf. By crawling along the shelf he was able to reach the pictures above the blackboard moulding; down came Little Miss Muffet, the Pieman and his wares, and Humpty-Dumpty repeated his great fall — no, I could n't even keep the pictures on the wall my first day at State School.

On succeeding days the pictures stayed on the walls; but a room full of delinquents will never be a peaceful spot. I was thankful when in looking over the place it seemed to be inhabited solely by soles. The boys had a way of humping down in their seats, their faces hidden by their tables, and their feet, in the large, lumbering shoes furnished by the school, exhibited on those tables. When I saw the feet thus I knew the children were in their seats, not breaking up the furniture, slamming books about, or trying to murder other children with a pair of scissors.

Nicknaming was another pursuit of my boys. Roland was oversensitive and had a quaint dislike for his nickname, 'Rolling-Pin.' When the boys discovered this the room resounded with calls of 'Rolling-Pin! Oh, Rolling-Pin!'

This was such an innocent name compared with those usually given at State School that I tried to teach Roland not to mind it. 'A rolling-pin is such a useful article. I should be happy were I as useful as a rolling-pin.'

'Yes,' piped up several small voices, 'Maggie found the rolling-pin useful to throw at Jiggs.'

Nicknames often started fights, as did many other trifles: a piece of string, a bite of stale cake, a kite stick, a cross-eyed look. I had to use force to separate the boys, although the force was only a vigorous pull.

We are never, under any circumstances, allowed to use corporal punishment in State School. Several excellent men have lost their positions for indulging in light slaps. I hope I shall never lose mine for hanging on to Don's shoulders; otherwise the rest of us would all be killed in his passion for throwing chairs and tables around.

Every time I go near him he shrieks out, 'You'll lose your job if you touch me!'

No State School teacher ever has a chance to forget the penalty for striking a boy. The boys keep us reminded of it, in season and out.

Magicians we must be to handle twenty or more wild ones with tact and discretion, teaching them reading and writing when all former teachers have failed, remaining calm and poised even though told to 'go to hell' — followed by a string of vulgarity.

Institutional régime prevents our keeping the boys after school, so our only comeback is Lost Privilege Cottage. Here the boys miss out on the weekly movie, swimming, the Harmonica Club, and other student-body activities. The older boys do rough work about the campus, but as most of them prefer it to school work, it is no great penalty.

My boys are the babies of the school. They can do no work, and so are not wanted in Lost Privilege Cottage. Therefore they gayly proceed to do exactly as they please, knowing there are no punishments in all State School for them.

My youngest boys are supposedly eight, the lowest legal age for entering State School, but some of them look and act much younger, so I suppose their parents, not knowing what to do with their unruly offspring, lied about their ages in order to have them off their hands. I have the first four grades in my room, but almost half are first-graders who can neither read nor write. They know nothing, and they want to remain knowing nothing.

II

Glancing over their home records, I do not wonder that my boys are vicious and ignorant. The wonder is that they do so well. Some improve remarkably after a few months at State School, away from the miserable environment in which they were born.

John is the youngest of a large family. His mother is dead, murdered by his father, who is in the penitentiary under sentence of hanging. John's brother is in prison for burglary, one sister is in an insane asylum, another is a prostitute, and some of the family have disappeared. John roamed the streets, blacking boots for a few cents whenever possible, and, when business was dull, stealing for his food. With a few pennies he could get a cup of coffee from a cheap restaurant, 'and grab a lot o' scraps' from the plates of other less hungry diners.

John enjoyed the insecurity of his

vagabond existence, free from every restraining bond, free from such irksome details as lessons. For John loathes study above all things. He wanders aimlessly about the schoolroom, thinking deep thoughts about things miles from classroom activities. He is a badly undernourished youngster whose body has to be built up before he will be strong enough to learn. He has extra milk mornings and evenings, chocolate bars from the faculty members, and plenty of the oranges which grow on the campus.

John's laziness may be overcome as his body is built up. He is not vicious, mean, and cruel, as are some of our children from better homes. He never bites or pinches the other children, nor does he cut up live cats with scissors or sear dogs' eyeballs with heated pins. For these horrors, which would nauseate the average child, merely give an added thrill to our little epicures in terror.

Then there is Dave, whose mother lived in a house of prostitution owned by his grandmother, who was also a practising abortionist. Father unknown. Dave was not wanted, but lived just to spite them all. He was thrown around for anyone to care for who would, and lashed unmercifully if he became too meddlesome. His relatives tried to ship him off to State School two years before the legal age, and the day he was eight Dave arrived in my primary room. He knew nothing. He still knows nothing.

I gave him bright-colored pictures, blocks, toys, and building sets in order to interest him, but in vain. As a class we have made kites, boats, airplanes, cut paper dolls, decorated our room with patriotic paper chains in red, white, and blue, and worked on projects making our tiny stage illustrate the lives of the cave twins, the lives of the Eskimo twins, and the lives of our Chinese cousins. But Dave's interest has never been roused. It remains to be seen whether he is in a shell as the result of his terrible environment, and needs to be brought out, or whether there is nothing to bring out. I am inclined to think that a home for the feeble-minded will settle Dave's life problem.

Conception's father is a minister of some strict and austere sect which believes in no earthly joy. Conception had no toys, and no place to play except a tiny grassless back yard, and no one with whom to play except his tiny half brothers and sisters. When his zeal in caring for these waned, he was punished by being placed in the baptismal font.

In these pre-State School days Conception regularly gave the excuse of 'staying after school to help the teacher' and spent the time so gained in roaming the streets with a mangy cur, stolen from a neighboring storekeeper. Walking became tedious, so Conception stole a bicycle. Bicycling, with Gyp, the dog, following after, became such sport that Conception — never bright at school — played hooky for a few days. Then one starlight night he forgot to return home, and spent the night cuddled up with Gyp in his arms.

In the morning boy and dog were hungry, and Conception had either to beg or to steal. He saw no convenient chance to steal, so, with tears in his eyes, he told a dramatic tale about trying to return to his aged and sick mother, and as he did so he held out one grimy hand for a penny. He was bountifully remunerated, so it seemed to him, for he had never had any spending money.

Life looked gay to the young man, when the school attendance officer appeared on the scene. The bicycle and dog were returned to their rightful owners, the truth about Conception's truancies discovered, and Conception placed in State School until he mended his ways. Conception does not wish to mend his ways, for he prefers State School to home.

Fred came from an auto-park home, tended by his old grandmother. His mother, whom Fred idealizes, ran off when he was a little fellow and has never been heard of since.

What with her rheumatism and Uncle Herbert, who 'snitched Grandma's money for booze,' and what with her grandson, who had a natural child's cravings for sweets, dogs, and cats, cinemas, and soda pops, the old lady had a lively time. Uncle Herbert cursed and kicked the boy when drunk, but when sober gave him spending money from his stolen gains; for by now Uncle Herbert had discovered that burglary was more profitable than thieving from Grandma.

Suddenly Uncle Herbert disappeared from the scene altogether, regretted by no one except little Fred, who was out of pocket money. Grandma took sick and Fred had to care for her. How? Where was the money coming from? Fred stole, and gave his grandmother the food she needed. He lied about the money, saying Uncle Herbert had sent it to him. No, he did not have the letter with him. He had lost it.

Fred's thieving became remunerative, as he was clever, and therefore not so easily detected as most of our boys, whose stupidity causes bungling errors that nip their crime careers in the bud. Fred found lots of things to do with his money. He fed all the hungry cats and dogs in the neighborhood, gave pocket money to poor little boys who had never had any before, enjoyed the cinema nightly, and drank plenty of ice cream sodas. The police were suspicious of his affluence, but at first could not actually catch him. Then came Fred's raid on the oil station, his arrest, the discovery of sixty-nine of his previous robberies, and his trip to State School as the most successful baby robber in the entire state of California.

Fred says he 'won't steal again when on the outs.'

José informs him, 'That is what you think now, but when on the outs you will want to steal as badly as ever. My brother did, and he is back again.'

José's father is a bootlegger with nine children, and his third wife — at least, we hope it is his wife. Four of the children have been at the State School. Two are here now, and the younger ones we expect as soon as they are old enough. Apparently even bootlegging does not bring in enough to feed nine hungry children and pay their doctor bills. All the children need medical care when they arrive, which is rendered by the State School medical staff, and all the children are undernourished. José gained three pounds during his first month at State School.

The father is an uncouth, stormy, violent man, and the children are much frightened when at home. Consequently they seldom go there, preferring to roam the streets, seeking convenient pockets to pick, tempting bakeries from which to pilfer, old men to tease, and cats to abuse. José states that 'he kept the cops jumping up and down.' He turned in false fire alarms, burned buildings, played truant, and stole everything from pennies to automobiles, and did anything he could think of for a 'thrill.'

He is very artistic, so one day I suggested, 'José, could n't you possibly find thrills enough in art work, so you would n't have to pester people for blocks around in search of excitement?'

'All right, Miss Green,' he answered. 'Tame me down if you can' — grinning at the impossibility of such a thing.

José is very proud of his misdeeds, and this is characteristic of our boys. We try to drop a curtain over their past, but they love to tell or write — if they can write — of their wayward acts, decorating them and gleefully concocting more of them.

Don, the murderer, is more reticent about his past than the others. He was terrified when the policeman came along as he was trying to bring Tony, a corpse, back to life. Tony and Don had been in swimming together. Tony teased Don, who, with his ungovernable temper, threatened to strangle him unless he stopped. Tony continued, and Don carried out his threat, holding Tony under the water until all gasps ceased. He has, I believe, sincerely regretted it ever since; but unless Don can control his temper he will murder again.

III

These are just some of my problems: Frank, the feeble-minded; Dave, the idiot (I believe); Fred, the baby robber; John, the lazy; Conception, the truant; José, the thrill seeker; and poor tempestuous Don.

Besides these there is Juan, who looks like a misplaced, brown-eyed angel. He arrived at State School with teardrops hanging from his eyelids. Some visitors asked him why he was here. 'Oh, fer nothin' at all,' the little cherub sobbed. 'I only swiped from three stores, and filched an automobile.' The visitors gasped. Could it be true? Juan, so young and innocent-looking!

There is Jack, generally conceded to be insane, but too young to commit; Howard, an inborn recluse who loves to scrub floors during playtime in order to keep away from the other boys; Sam, the Negro who likes to act the clown, particularly during arithmetic time; and Ralph, who whistles and sings in school and out. No, he has no musical talent; he merely thinks he has. Several of our boys have illusions of talent.

These and other delinquents I have by the wholesale. Like most others of their kind, they are nervously unstable. They get excited, they laugh, they weep, they love, they hate, all over nothing. One day they hate that which they loved the day before, and vice versa. This emotional instability seems characteristic of delinquency.

And, after State School, what happens to these children, often dull, and emotionally unstable, all of whom received so poor a start in life? About 18 per cent of our boys end in various institutions: homes for the feeble-minded, insane asylums, and penitentiaries of the country. The other 82 per cent become law-abiding, hard-working citizens.

These 82 per cent deserve great credit, for they persevere in ditch digging, hod carrying, piano lugging, or in other forms of manual labor. They have no chance for the thrills their overemotional natures crave, as the majority are too dull to enter more creative lines of work. They plug away, resisting numerous temptations to enter the more exciting life of crime. How many of us could do as well under the circumstances?

A ‘PETITE PREMIÈRE’ IN THE MONT BLANC MASSIF

BY ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

I

A POUNDING on my door dragged me to consciousness. ‘*Merci*,’ I murmured sleepily, and reached out to snap on the electric light. Three o’clock of a cold black September morning, and I must pull myself from sleep, leave the gracious warm amenities of my soft bed, haul on heavy clothes, collect rucksack and ice axe, and set out for a climb.

I reflected, not for the first time, on the superior advantages of starting from a climbing hut. There one has passed the earlier portion of the night without enervating luxuries. In a long row of guides and tourists, one has lain fully dressed and wrapped in blankets, on a narrow mattress covered with prickly burlap and inadequately filled with straw. One has slept fitfully and uneasily, in the close air of a room with the windows shut, among the frequent disturbances of comings and goings, footsteps and lantern lights, heavy breathings and stentorian snorings. After a few such hours, it is almost a pleasure to shake off the frowzled closeness and get out into the fresh quiet night.

But among the comforts of civilization, how different it seems! However — I ran to the window to look at the weather. Yes, the stars were out bright and thick above the black needle of the Drus — an auspicious sky for the start.

My nailed boots were in my hand when I finally crept downstairs, for I remembered a notice commonly seen in climbing hotels, once rendered into English as, ‘Guests are forbidden to circulate in the boots of the ascension.’ Tea with bread and butter and jam awaited me in the deserted, dimly lighted dining room, and Camille the guide and Georges the porter were already packing rucksacks and ropes and filling the candle lantern.

Outside, the night greeted us coldly clear and starry overhead. But toward the mountain foot, where Chamonix lay, some thousands of feet below us at Montenvers, all lights were blotted out under low-hanging autumn mists. I trudged slowly on, behind the flickering light of the candle lantern, and recognized one by one the familiar details of the path as it reveals itself to the night, details entirely different from those of the daylight return. Here was the pebbly upslope, grotesquely roughened by the long, black, clear-cut shadows of stones. Here the light flashed on the gnarled roots and trunk of the well-known night pine — I have never yet noticed that pine on the way back. Here the candle rays picked out the edges of the great fantastically shaped boulder which hides itself completely among the innumerable masses of rock that one clatters by at full speed, coming down. Most of the distinguishing features, and even the total individuality, of any mountain route at night are things strange and secret to the night, unknown to its daytime incarnation.

Slowly my mind settled into the delicious semi-comatose state of the climbing before dawn. Different climbers have different ways of handling this pre-daylight period — when the vital forces are at their lowest ebb, the body moves slowly and mechanically, and the mind, if not summoned to deal with any serious difficulties, swims in a drowsy torpor, somewhere between normal wakefulness and the sleep from which it has been reluctantly and untimely torn. As for me, I generally try to get hold of some idea with a pleasant emotional content, and let my brain float dreamily about it, in a state between feeling and thought. Sometimes I compare the charms of different friends, or suck the full flavor from some past adventure. But my favorite subject for before-dawn meditation is, 'Why do we climb?' Every morning, to the slow rhythm of my plodding feet, I evolve a new reason, reasons ranging from the most obvious and cheerful to the most grimly cynical or subtly philosophical or psychological. And since the greater number of these fine-spun reasons are promptly forgotten when the sun comes up, every day I start again afresh.

This particular morning, however, my thoughts were on a more immediately practical matter — our chances of success on the first ascent ahead. It is a rather exciting thing, a first ascent at Chamonix. The world's best climbers have for so long gathered there that it is not easy to find a possible new route or an untouched pinnacle. Some *premières* there are, long and difficult, that have defied for many years all the strength and craft of the attacks of parties organized against them. When at long last they fall before a combination of skill and fortunate chance, they furnish the really great Firsts. Others, humbler but still worth while, are offered by the many apparently unclimbable pinnacles that bristle along the main ridges of the big mountains.

Such a near point was our objective to-day, a brief trip of twelve or fourteen hours, well fitted for the short autumn daylight. In five or six hours, going slowly, we should be up the Nantillons Glacier and on the Col de Nantillons, at the foot of our rocks. Then an hour perhaps on the Blaitière ridge to the bottom of the final pitch, two or three more to plan and launch the attack, and, victorious or defeated, we should be back for tea.

Even a short First like this, however, is not to be too much despised. At Chamonix there is hardly a virgin point without her wooers, and our little pinnacle had already, I was told, turned two strong parties unsuccessful away. The route up the glacier was a common one, the rocks from the snow up to the very foot of the pinnacle were not noteworthy, though sufficiently amusing. The crux of the matter came when it was necessary to *lancer la corde* (throw the rope). The last forty or sixty feet, the pinnacle proper, were, it seemed, sheer and unclimbable, and could be scaled only by throwing a rope over the top, directly up from a small convenient ledge, climbing around the point to the other side, catching and securing the end, and finally mounting hand over hand.

Of the other parties, according to Camille, the first had hardly done more than spy out the land. But the second, forewarned of the difficulty, had gone elaborately forearmed with weapons of conquest. My understanding of French is not always sure: was it crossbows and arrows with thread attached that they carried? Or some sort of blowgun? Or — in any case, it was, I gathered, something new, ingenious, and interesting. And in any case, I also gathered very surely, the weapon, for all its ingenuity, had not worked. But Camille had, he assured me, much practised throwing the rope, and he put complete confidence in his own right arm.

II

This was my last climb of the season, which gave a special tenseness to our expedition. Succeed or fail, I must go on, the next day. There would be no other chance. And how well, I could not help thinking, some future large-scale map of the ridge would look, with a name on that point which I had given to it!

So the first and most vital question to occupy my thought was the weather. 'The barometer is not falling,' Camille had said at breakfast. But I had noticed that it was not rising, either. Still, the night seemed gloriously clear, and all the first part of the path glittered in bright dreams of success. Then, as we rounded a corner of the mountain, 'I am not,' said Camille, 'too much pleased with that bank of clouds in the west.' The porter grunted his assent. Black gloom immediately descended on our caravan.

Gradually my torpid mind swung from dark thoughts of the future to consciousness of the present. The night was crisply cold. We had left mild early autumn in the valley, but it was winter here on the heights. The earth of the path under the lantern light showed brown, cracked, and parched, all its cracks embellished with a new growth of frost crystals. As we turned the shoulder beyond which one sees Mont Blanc, its great mass gleamed more spectral white than usual under the starlight, bright with the first winter snows.

We passed the night landmarks one by one, and our steps slowed doggedly for the sharp pull up to the glacier. Soon we should reach the little spring. When the light shines on its trickle of water crossing the path, it is a signal for the first halt on the long upward plod. But the ground rang continuously hard and dry under our nails and ice-axe points, and we swung on without a pause. The spring was frozen up for the winter.

The path ended at the Nantillons Glacier, and we started up the gentle slope of ice. On summer mornings many streams rush noisily down their channels in its mounded surface, but to-day everything was quiet. Winter had silenced the voices of the upper ice.

Our boots gripped pleasantly up the hard rough surface. Far above, we watched another little light climbing slowly with the advance of another party. Day was drawing near, and our lantern paled. We felt on our faces the cold wind that rises with the dawn. We reached the beginning of the steep and badly crevassed part of the glacier, and stopped to extinguish the lantern and to rope up.

Camille tied the rope around my chest to the tune of our standardized conversation.

'You're pulling it too tight. I cannot breathe.'

'It must be tight, or if you fell off, and your arms were up, it would slip off over your head.'

'None of my other guides ever pull it so tight. And I *have* fallen off. And it has been secure. Why, once —' I tell this tale with all the dramatic emphasis of which I am capable. I have told it many times, and each time I fancy I tell it better. 'Once I was climbing an almost new route. I had both my arms above my head, pulling myself up over an overhang. And one of my handholds — oh, a huge slab! — broke, and I fell off, and swung in the air on the rope. And the rope was secure. That is a true story.' Camille only hauls the knot a little tighter.

'Then,' he says conclusively, 'then you did not fall off *comme il faut!*'

Or sometimes he condescends to persuasion. 'Come,' he says coaxingly, 'be a good little girl.' (I am older than he.) Or to anger. 'I am *bon garçon*, but this is *too* much. I will not go a step farther with you if you will not have it so.' But whatever his method, the rope is always too tight.

I have now come to yield with a protest that is only formal. (Camille would be suspicious if I made none at all.) For every guide has something about him which the tourist would wish different. So I accept the tight rope as Camille's contribution to the imperfection of human — and guide — nature, and loosen it a bit after we start.

We now moved up and across a very steep ice slope. Ahead of us we could see in the gray light the party whose lantern had led up the glacier. 'It is well,' said Camille; 'they will cut our steps for us.' And we balanced with speed and ease along the neat nicks that the swinging ice axe of their guide had made.

The route we followed takes one to various ascents, and earlier in the season many parties pass over it every day. It was my own sixth trip of the year, so my feet went almost of themselves. Here was the place where one sat on the side of a crevasse and reached one's feet down on to a ledge cut out of its wall. Then a stretch and stride across the chasm, to climb the ice steps hacked out of its other wall. Next came the twists and turns and ups and downs over the great ice blocks that had fallen from the towering séracs above, a place where you must hurry your best on the warm afternoon return, lest new blocks melting and tumbling off should land on you, but where you may loiter as you like at dawn. Finally the narrow snow bridge across the bergschrund, which leads on to the rocky outcrop of the Rognon.

Tradition rules the climbing craft as rigidly as any other craft with an apprentice system, and it is hard to conceive of a guided climb that would not stop half an hour for second breakfast by the hut at the top of the Rognon. So here, on the flat rocks that are known as the 'Salle à Manger,' we found the other party just finishing and moving off. We exchanged greetings, and ourselves sat down to eat, on the same spot where every great climber, coming to do the classic Grépon, or to seek new routes among the other peaks, has partaken of his second breakfast, since first rock climbing began.

We were on the top of a rock islet, in an amphitheatre of glacier. Below our feet, in the direction from which we had come, the rocks dropped away almost perpendicularly out of sight down toward the Chamonix Valley, with the low bare range of the Rochers Rouges, now ruddy in the first sunshine, beyond. At our left and behind us, ice and rock towered up to the high black ridges of the Blaitière, whither we were bound. At the right, over the tall splintered peaks of the Charmoz, in whose shadow the whole amphitheatre lay, the sky was still glowing with the last sunrise gold.

'How does the weather promise now, Camille?'

'It looks very safe, very good.' And my earlier mood of depression drifted away and vanished over the ranges.

III

It was bitter cold, as we sat munching tough bread and cold meat in the dawn shadow. Our breaths steamed up, spectacularly visible against the sunlit valley, and a drop of lukewarm tea, spilled as I poured it from Camille's canteen, froze on my coat in a thin crackling film before I could wipe it off. While we ate, Camille sorted over the food, and, after consultation, some of the heavier articles were left beside the hut for our return.

Now we stood shivering, ready to start, but he held us yet a moment to point out to us our pinnacle and goal. Up it rose ahead, bold but tiny against the distant sky, where the steep glacier sweeps up to the Blaitière ridge. From the long rock line of the ridge it projected like a stony finger, crooked at the end, beckoning us on to conquest.

'Not so bad, is it?' said Camille, with proprietary pride.

It was good to get in motion again. We followed in the steps of the other party along the steep hard ice just above the Rognon.

'Notice well,' Camille instructed, as we crossed an ice slope dropping spectacularly out of sight beside us, 'this is a place to be very specially careful. For if one should slip, one sees where one would go.' As a matter of fact, that is just exactly what one did not see! But one could imagine.

Soon we came up with the other party, where the little French girl, their tourist, was teetering in hesitation on the hither end of a narrow snow bridge across a sufficiently wide and yawning crevasse. My tastes happening to be such, I peered with interest over the edge, and enjoyed the exquisite clear blue shades of the icy depths. But she felt differently.

'Oh,' she cried, '*j'ai peur, j'ai peur, j'ai peur!*' And it was a long time before the reassurements of her guides, plus the absolute security of the rope held taut before and behind her, could persuade her to cross.

'Why,' meditated Camille, as they moved on ahead, 'do such people climb? They cannot enjoy it. For they say always, "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur!*"'

'But surely,' I remonstrated, 'there cannot be many who climb who are afraid.'

'Oh, but many, many!' Camille assured me. 'Always they go over the mountains saying, "*J'ai peur, j'ai peur.*"' And he reminded me of some we ourselves had recently seen. The most striking was a gnome-like little man who told us he had been at the climbing game for over twenty years. And although he was moving up a steep glacier much faster than we, we would overtake him at every negotiable crevasse. There he would hang, trembling miserably on the brink, while his guide counted, 'One, two, three, *leap!*' And we would climb far ahead, still hearing behind us, 'Come, come, monsieur! It is easy! It is narrow! One, two, three, *leap!* Only have courage, monsieur! One, two —'

'Truly,' I admitted, 'it is amazing.'

'Perhaps,' suggested Georges, 'they climb for the glory.'

'Yes, that may be it,' agreed Camille. 'When they get back, they will talk much about what they have done. I have heard them. And then all the world will admire them. It is pleasant to be admired thus.'

'Or perhaps,' I contributed, 'they enjoy being afraid.' And they agreed that that also was possible. But to be *always* afraid. It would seem excessive. All in all it was very odd. Again I was faced with that eternal riddle of the mountains, 'Why *do* we climb?'

We were nearing the top of the glacier, and again we saw the other party close ahead. They had halted before the problem of the bergschrund. The bergschrund, where the top edge of a moving glacier yawns away from the stationary snow field or rocks above it, is generally the most difficult of all crevasses. This one ran true to form. It was large, and the upper lip, as is usual, rose in a wall above the lower, which had sunk as it drew away. One could here stand close to the foot of the wall, as the crevasse itself was bridged with a lid of snow. But this position only enabled one to see more plainly what was ahead — a cliff of rough snowy ice, some twenty or thirty feet high, rising practically perpendicular, and bulging here and there into definite overhangs.

The French girl's guide had quested to both sides to see if there were any easier place, and now was standing back, planning where and how he would cut steps to take advantage of all irregularities. Having decided, he set manfully to work.

It was a slow long job he had ahead. First, swinging the axe downward, with his hand almost at the end of the shaft, he hewed out a large step for his foot in the hard gray ice. Then, reaching above his head, with the axe held close to the business end, he picked and hacked away a little hole, over the edge of which a mittened hand could hook. Mounting into the step on his left foot, and clinging to the hold with his left hand, he swung the ice axe down again, to make a place for the right foot diagonally above the left. Another handhold hacked out. Another step. The ice axe chopped tenaciously, while his body clung humped against the wall. It was a difficult and wearisome advance. The ice wall was in the shade, and a chilly wind breathed across it.

After watching a long time, we stepped back shivering into the sun. I felt tentatively of my face.

'I think,' I said to Camille, 'that my nose is frozen.'

'It is indeed a little yellow.' And a welcome diversion was furnished by rubbing it vigorously with snow.

Still the guide continued methodically his snail-like progress. Photography suggested itself as a profitable pastime. I took everything in sight — the view, the wall, the guide cutting, Camille and Georges, and finally our pinnacle, which towered almost directly above, really imposing-looking on nearer view.

IV

And now at last the guide had finished his task. He stood at the top of the ice wall, above the diagonal row of steps he had cut, holding the rope, ready for the little French girl to come. Its other end was attached to the porter, who stood ready to pay it out behind her.

She started timidly up the route. Both guide and porter were shouting directions at her, which must have been most confusing. She advanced four or five steps. A handhold was small and slippery, the rope was pulling. Suddenly she swung off her holds, and hung helplessly on the rope.

In this real, though very minor emergency, all her former conspicuous fears seemed forgotten. Unless, indeed, she was struck dumb with terror. For not a sound did she make.

The porter ran forward helpfully to drag her back to the left, to where she could get into the steps again. He reached up, seized a dangling foot, and pulled. The leg, of course, yielded somewhat, but the body still hung heavily motionless. The guide, holding the rope above, danced up and down with impatience.

'Pull her over by the rope, you fool! Not by the leg! The rope!'

The porter gave another tentative tug at the foot, and yet another, and another — all equally ineffective. The little figure swung back and forth, patient and helpless.

'The rope! The rope! Idiot!' The guide was becoming frenzied in excitement. He embellished his speech with strange and vicious-sounding swear-words. 'Not the leg! Oh, fool! fool! *Not* the *leg!* THE ROPE!'

Camille and Georges by now were rocking back and forth, convulsed with silent, delighted laughter. A guide's sense of humor is often a little primitive. I was trying to control my own smile to ladylike proportions. A tourist's sometimes becomes primitive, too.

At long last, the porter did seize the rope, and was able to pull the girl back to where she could get into the steps.

When it was the turn of our party, and Camille, having reached the top, shouted for me to come, I moved very, very carefully. I did not care to furnish another moment of comic relief. And I realized better what the difficulties were as I felt the bulging irregularities trying to push me and the taut rope trying to pull me out of balance.

Stepping over the top of the ice on to the snow of the col, I looked up at the point just above me. Now at last the known part of the route was almost ended. I felt like an explorer, with a new world before him, or even more like a child, just arriving at a party. Now, the fun was going to begin!

Then, suddenly, comedy transformed itself into the ultimate tragedy.

'It is no use,' said Camille. 'To-day is too cold. We cannot make the climb.'

'But —'

'Up here, you see, there is a very strong cold wind. Before I could climb fifteen or twenty metres hand over hand up the rope at the top, my hands would be too numb to hold.'

'But by the time we reach the ledge where you throw the rope, it may be warmer. The wind may stop. Let us go on, and see.'

'No, it is no use.'

Georges had by now joined him. They were both thoroughly chilled from the long wait at the foot of the bergschrund. Their faces were reddish purple. They were shivering and stamping.

Georges gloomily confirmed Camille. 'It is no use.'

I looked again at my pinnacle — with what different eyes! The rock below the ledge was frosted with new snow. I could imagine how icy this part would feel to bare hands on delicate holds. And the ledge itself was in shadow. The wind would sweep about it bitterly. One would not get warmer there. No, it was no use.

There was a glorious view over the other side of the col, — an immense sweep of glaciers and peaks, — silver ice, black rock, white snow, gleaming and glaring, leading the eye on and on, all the way over to where at last a deep-blue sky bounded the whiteness, on the Col du Géant that leads to Italy. All this magnificence seemed almost an insult. What were views to me? I turned my back on it.

'To get down, I will make you a *champignon* (mushroom),' said Camille, with the affected enthusiasm of a grown-up trying to divert a child's mind from a lost treat. 'You shall see! There are very few guides in Chamonix who can make a champignon!'

At the top edge of the bergschrund he started in. First he cleared away the layer of three or four inches of soft surface snow, then in the solid ice he began to cut with swift strong strokes. Georges joined him, and soon they had cut deeply down in, leaving a mushroom-shaped mound of ice a foot or more high. Around this they doubled our extra rope for the descent, as if around a point of rock. We twisted this rope about us so that its friction on our clothes might act as a brake, and slid down it hand over hand, walking with our feet down the perpendicular wall of ice, just as we had so often done down a similar rock wall. Yes, it was an amusing bit of ice technique. And convenient. But what, after all, were champignons to me?

Standing at the foot of the bergschrund, we looked back up at that impudent pinnacle, rearing its pointed head high above us in the sunlight.

'It is a great pity!' sighed Camille. 'But, at any rate, you have made some very fine photographs.'

V

June of the next year, and I was again in Chamonix. This time in the rôle of motorist, speeding from one hotel de luxe to another, over the map of Europe. We found in Chamonix the usual gay streets, smart shops and tea rooms, and crowds of tourists, and it was decided to stay two days.

From the hotel garden I looked up at my tiny point, just visible on the far sky line. Was fate giving me another chance?

I rushed to the Bureau des Guides, before it should close for the night. Was Camille engaged? Yes, he was off on a climb that day. But he was returning that evening.

Next morning the stately concierge gave me a well-known greeting, 'Good morning, mademoiselle. Your guide awaits you,' and I saw in the distance a familiar, tall, roughly-dressed figure and good-natured sunburned smile. I could hardly wait through the proper formalities of greeting — is there anyone more ceremonious than a guide!

'Has our pinnacle been climbed yet, Camille?'

'Not yet.'

'Is there too much snow to try it now?'

'No, the rocks are dry and good.'

'Could you go up with me to-day and climb to-morrow?'

'Yes, mademoiselle.'

'How does the weather look?'

'Very sure.'

'I have no ice axe with me.'

'I can get you one.'

'Then I will get the provisions, and we will meet this afternoon at the train for Montenvers.'

'Very well, mademoiselle.'

I leaped into my climbing clothes, brought without hope, simply because I never travel without them. I bought dried apricots and prunes and raisins, cakes of chocolate and lumps of sugar, canned cherries and pineapples, bread and butter and cheese, crackers and a tin of foie gras. I was too much excited to think properly, and went feverishly over and over the list, for fear I had forgotten something. (And in fact I had — a candle for the lantern. But we got it at Montenvers.)

At the train I met Camille, and he handed me the ice axe.

'It belongs to an Englishman, an Everest man,' he said. 'He left it last summer on the top of the Drus, and asked me to get it next time I was up, and keep it till his return.'

I felt honored to carry an Everest man's ice axe. I swung it in my hand. It balanced a little differently from my own, but how good and how natural it felt! I thought with a smile of the days not so very many years ago when I had first held one and it had seemed about as unwieldy as a telephone pole.

Next morning, as we swung along the path in the darkness, I had no need to bring to mind my favorite question, 'Why do we climb?' For the answer seemed obvious. It was all so tremendously good.

During a long climbing summer, custom is likely to blunt the edge of appreciation. But I was coming back to it fresh, and everything carried for me its full weight of pleasure. I was delighted to see again the lights of Chamonix sparkling in the black valley far below, and to think of that whole town full of sleepers, all resting unconscious of us watching them from the mountain side above. Do burglars, I wondered, know this realization of the charm of their working hours, and the sense of power and pity with which one awake and active looks down on those who, unknowing, sleep? The lantern flashed alternate light and darkness, revelation and mystery. I was amused to discover my feet moving to the rhythm of a moral poem taught me in childhood and forgotten till now: —

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

I did not even trouble myself with thoughts about the weather, except to notice that it appeared perfect, starry and cloudless. But everything appeared perfect. I embraced the cheerful fatalism of the mountains. Things would decide themselves — favorably, one hoped — in their own way and their own time. Meanwhile, I was enjoying the moment too thoroughly to bother about the future.

The way was the same, yet not quite the same, like the face of a friend whom one has not seen for a long time and then meets in different surroundings. In the cold air which last September had held the threat of winter was now the fresh sweet smell of spring, with everywhere traces of the arctic season just past. Drifts of old snow smoothed out the hollows of the path. The glacier wore a new and fairer face, its dirty summer ice covered with crisp snowy whiteness. Shod with the long iron spikes of crampons, we crunched quickly and gayly up steep slopes that had been a matter of infinite step cutting the year before. All our old landmarks of crevasses were gone, and others had formed — much smaller, not yet having met the summer's thaws. The Rognon, and second breakfast on the Rognon, seemed almost the same. But even there was a difference — the shelter was all but buried under a winter drift. Above it, snow slopes led quickly to our pass. No bergschrund problems this time — only a little sunlit steepness to remind us of our former delay.

At the foot of the rocks, where we had turned back the previous autumn, we stripped ourselves for the conflict. We left there all but one of our ice axes, and a fat rucksack that contained most of the food and — how deeply did I later regret it!—all our extra wraps. And the climbing began.

At first, as we followed the regular Blaitière route, the going was easy. We moved more or less together, up gullies and cracks, mostly bare rock, but occasionally filled with solid old snow. Our pinnacle now rose right above us, its top bent over to look down at us, very tall and gray and arrogant. I looked up at it with an equal arrogance. 'To-day! . . .'

We must traverse to the left to reach its foot. Camille was watching for a good route, and now he had us wait while he tried a hopeful-looking place. He wriggled up a crack between two huge blocks, and vanished over the top of one.

'Come on.' The porter and I followed, one by one.

Camille now made his way along a sloping snowy shelf under an overhanging rock, where one must move crouching deeply, and at the end from hands and knees reach out across space to good holds on uptilted rock beyond. The porter held the rope and paid it out with care as Camille slowly moved, and I watched him with interest.

We had reached the sort of climbing of which the sensationalist loves to write, 'A slip would be fatal!' I could indeed see out of the corner of my eye the gulfs of bright air below me, and was subconsciously aware that an object starting to fall would not stop for a very long distance. But I also subconsciously realized that Camille knew to the fraction of an inch the limits of climbing possibility, and would always move, comfortably, well within the margins of those limits. Short of some most unforeseeable event, no slip would occur. And even if there did, the rope, an unusually strong and heavy one, could be counted on for a good deal.

So I watched Camille's gymnastics with no more fear than one watches a person descending a flight of stairs. My interest, though intense, was purely technical. On this passage there were no great difficulties, but one or two tricky spots, and the snow was not absolutely firm. How was he managing that low overhang? I must n't forget to use the clever hold he had found under its edge. How much was he edging his feet into the snow? Off which knee was he starting to swing across the crack?

Beyond that traverse we turned upward again, and followed simple cracks and ledges for some distance higher. The climbing was just hard enough so that we moved one at a time.

Then there came a moment that furnished me with some interest, and Camille and the porter with great amusement. It was a question of pulling one's self up on top of a block, almost entirely by one's arms. To a strong-armed guide, such an incident is of course not even noticeable. No delicacy, no danger — he raises his arms, pulls, and arrives, as he might raise his foot and step up a step. It gives Camille an ever-fresh surprise and joy to find that so simple a process is to me quite another story. Here, I put my arms up and hauled. I raised myself slowly and painfully part way, while he grinned at me.

'But come on! There is no difficulty there.'

My strength gave out completely, and I let myself back down, to a chorus of chuckles.

'Why do you go way down again? You were almost up!'

I panted a while, took a deep breath, and another start. The voice came merrily from above, 'Shall I pull a little?'

'No! No!' A desperate effort — will, nerve, and muscle clenched. My strength just held, and I arrived over the top, worn-out but triumphant, under my own power.

'See, mademoiselle! Did I not say it was easy?'

The air swept clear around. The sky was blue above. The rocks, as we moved on upward, were firm and rough under hand and foot. Living and climbing were very definitely jolly things.

VI

Now our steady advance was checked. The pinnacle, though not visible, must, we knew, be just over us, the ledge not more than thirty or forty feet above where we were. At last we were actually nearing our goal. But there were difficulties to conquer, between. Ten or fifteen feet up from where we stood, the wall of rock broke up and closed into a deep cleft that seemed to promise some sort of climbable chimney from there on. But to get up into this cleft there was no obvious way — nothing but a smooth wall, with a vertical crack too small for toe-wedging or even finger holds.

Leaving me waiting just below with the rucksacks, Camille called the porter up on to a narrow ledge where the crack began. While the porter clung precariously, Camille mounted his shoulders and felt with his hands over the almost imperceptible irregularities of the rock. He found no usable hold. He slid carefully down from the porter's back. I held up his rucksack, and he took from it his ice axe. Then he climbed again on the porter's shoulders, and on to his head. Standing there on one foot, he raised the ice axe and wedged its pointed head into the crack far above him. He pulled and shook vigorously at the ice axe, to be sure it was solid. Then, grasping its shaft as high as he could easily reach, he lifted his body slowly on his arms. At last it was high enough. He let go with one hand, and, hanging on the ice axe with the other, groped up blindly for a good hold inside the cleft. Soon he found one, and hauled himself up.

The problem having been thus prettily solved, there were, beyond it, only a few minor pulls and wriggles. Soon we found ourselves on the final ledge.

This was indeed as scenic in location as it had seemed when we had twice looked up at it with longing from the glacier. Cut out into the edge of the ridge, it gave views in both directions — glacier, snow field, and rock peak, hundreds of square miles of them, lying below our feet. And just above our heads, smooth and sheer and high, rose the unconquered final needle of our pinnacle.

Things were now becoming rather exciting. The successful end of a year of desire might be very near.

Camille got out his equipment, three or four separate coils of strong cord, with at the end of each a lead weight somewhat smaller than an egg. He untied the first, saw that its coils were ready to run loose, and, holding the cord, twirled the weight a few times around his head, as a boy swings a sling shot. Then he launched it, straight up. High into the sky it flew. Surely it would clear the top. No, it hit just a little low, and came tumbling down. We dodged, and it lay at our feet.

A wind, which we had not noticed before, was rising. Camille launched the weight again. A strong gust came and blew it off to one side.

'We can do nothing,' he said, 'if this wind continues.' We waited anxiously. The wind would die down a bit; then, just as he was ready to throw, it would rise and roar against us, and almost sweep us from our perch. The sun shone so brightly, the sky was so serenely blue, the mountain heights stood so calm and still around, that I could not help feeling this wild wind as something inconsistent, a peculiar perversity of nature, which at any moment ought to vanish as unaccountably as it had come.

We waited, braced against it. As soon as its ferocity had lessened a little, Camille threw the weight again. We held our breath and watched it, soaring up and up, and then, actually, over the top! It looked like victory at last.

'It will be safer to have more than one,' said Camille, and tried another. At his third throw this weight did not return. A second cord lay straight up the rock and over the summit.

'Now, mademoiselle,' said Camille, 'the porter and I will go down and up the other side of the point, to attach the rope to whichever cord we can best reach. You will hold the two of them thus, one in each hand. When I tie on the rope, I will tug the cord three times, and you will notice which, so we may know to which cord the rope is attached.'

He got out his extra rope, doubled it over a point of rock, and he and the porter vanished quickly down it. I was left, holding a cord in each hand and waiting for the tug, like some fantastic fisherman fishing upward in mid-air.

I waited a long time. The two voices calling directions to each other died away into silence, then by some odd trick of echo came clear again, mounting on the other side of the pinnacle. The wind was blowing stronger and stronger, and it was growing colder and colder. Before my eyes were all the kingdoms of the High Alps outspread for my gazing, but before my mind were only two images. Those two held my undivided attention, and on them I concentrated an agonized intensity of longing. One was a vivid mental picture of my heavy, dark green sweater, which lay in the rucksack on the snow far, far below me, the other an equally vivid anticipation of the feeling of three tugs on one or the other hand.

The voices mounted very slowly now, and anxiety began to darken my expectation. Now I could hear them for a long time, coming from one spot, about level with where I stood. And no tug yet on the cord. The outlook seemed to be growing more and more gloomy.

Then at last the voices moved. They were descending again, the way they had come!

I tried to account for these manœuvres not too unfavorably, to invent pleasant reasons of one sort or another. I clung desperately to the very last straws of hope. But in my heart I knew. I knew very surely that for some reason — I did not yet know what — the pinnacle would not be conquered by us that day.

And slowly, very slowly, as the voices vanished, and then again mounted, coming nearer, I began to realize that I did not after all so greatly care. The autumn before, I had been intensely disappointed, and often during the winter and spring the thought had come to me of that pinnacle, rearing its proud head, waiting for a conqueror. Then this summer chance had seemed to favor me, against all likelihood, step by step — my unexpected presence in Chamonix, Camille's being free on my one day, the rocks not too snowy, the weather perfect, the throws successful. Step by step, chance had helped me on, until victory had appeared to be actually within my grasp.

Now that it was snatched from me — well, it mattered, but it did not matter so much, after all. I waxed philosophical on my mountain peak. Success or failure, what were they but words, anyway? I could already hear in imagination Camille's stock consolation, 'At any rate, we have had a fine day in the open air.' And I knew that it was true, gloriously true. For the rest — well, the mountains had won. They often do. But what a pleasant fight it had been!

When Camille arrived, he discovered for us a small consolation prize.

His gloomy face, as it rose over the edge of the platform, well confirmed my fears.

'Yes, it is impossible. I think it can never be climbed. The weights thrown from here can in no way be reached. Where they fall is on another wall of smooth perpendicular rock, with no ledges or cracks. It is impossible.' The porter nodded gloomily beside him like a Greek chorus.

'Yes, it is impossible.'

Camille hauled in the weights in silence, and they thudded at our feet. Then he looked down. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he became a little more cheerful. He took my arm and pulled me to the end of the ledge.

'Do you see that small point just below?' Yes, I had seen it often on the sky line, as I had looked up at our pinnacle. It stood some fifteen or twenty feet high, perhaps, jutting up from the side of the other, slender, pointed, and perky, a tiny imitation of its bigger brother.

'Let us go down and climb that!' said Camille. 'I am very sure that it has never been climbed before. For it can be reached only from this ledge, and the other parties who attempted this descended the same way they came. So, you will have a *petite première*, after all!'

'A *toute* petite première!' I smiled rather ruefully.

'Ah yes, perhaps,' agreed Camille. 'But,' his voice brightened, and he seemed quite his happy self again, 'anyway, we have had a fine day in the open air!'

FULL AND BY

A Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

In the early days of the Spanish occupation of the Philippines, galleons sailing to South America beat for months against the easterly trades. Scurvy visited these ships, the water became foul, and often only a handful of those who had sailed lived to reach the coast of America.

Men died in the Philippines rather than attempt the return passage. Then a monk, who was about to make the voyage, turned his long and sagacious head to shortening it. He calculated that there were westerly winds to the north that would carry a vessel far to the eastward, after which it could sail south to Valparaiso with a fair wind. He induced the captain of the galleon which was to carry him to sail north from the Philippines, when his destination lay to the south of east. The result was that they ran into the northwesterlies and made an incredibly rapid passage.

Nowadays, ships sailing from the South Seas to San Francisco follow the old monk's precedent. They do not hope to sail within four points of their true course; and even the compass is of little use, for the course is 'full and by the wind' for three thousand miles or more, until the cold weather sets in north of the latitude of San Francisco. Then there is a day or two of varying winds before the northwesterlies thunder down on them. The yards are swung over, the ships wear round, and they sail down their easting with the wind howling over their quarter.

This was the course of the schooner *Tagua*, sailing from Penrhyn Island to San Francisco; covering six thousand miles of open sea between ports three thousand miles apart.

February 20. — This morning the schooner was ready for sea, the firewood and provisions were aboard, the hatches battened down and the sails bent. I started the engine at half-past eight and steeled myself to stay in the engine room with the roaring, clashing, back-firing, murderous thing. Soon Captain Thomson gave the signal to go ahead and we were off, steaming through the Penrhyn lagoon, out of the passage into the open sea. We kept the engine going until we were three miles from land; then dropped the pilot, hoisted all our sail, and with a brisk northeast trade laid our course, full and by on the starboard tack — a course we expect to hold until we are over a thousand miles to the north-northwest of the Hawaiian Islands. Then we will wear around with the first of the westerlies, and sail down our easting to San Francisco. Already we are fifty-six days out of Rarotonga; but we expect to make the coast of California in sixty days more.

February 22. — I have just come in from my eight-to-twelve watch on deck. The night is glorious, with a fresh easterly breeze; the schooner is holding up to north-by-east with her sails full, slipping through the water at about five knots. I paced the midshiphouse deck for an hour; then lay on the weather side of the deck to glance up at the sails blocking out the stars, and at the gesticulations of the topmasts in the sky. The full moon shone on me with a benign yellow light; the wind blew over my bare arms and chest, insinuating a sensuous pleasure, making me aware that it is good to be alive.

Lying on deck, I could check up on Six-Seas' steering by watching the shadow of a rail stanchion beside me. When he was on his course it lay nearly athwartship. When the shadow changed its angle in relation to the ship I roared aft at him, and in a moment the shadow had swung back to its proper position.

These last two nights the sky has been striped with a peculiar cloud formation; long round clouds, not over one hundred yards in diameter, stretch for miles from east to west, losing themselves in conical points that dip below the horizon. They give the impression of parallels of latitude drawn upon the sky; of Gargantuan loaves of French bread falling like manna from Heaven. They are sombre overhead, and when we pass beneath them the wind is killed and the sails boom back and forth; but once beyond their shadow, and the wind howls down the cloud-fenced lane. Where they touch the horizon it appears that it has risen to touch them, and that we are sailing over a concave sea. This gives a perspective of vast distances.

February 26. — The sky is changing to a paler and more delicate blue, and the ocean is losing that profound ultramarine of southern seas. Perhaps this has something to do with the Equatorial Current that brings cold water from the Horn by way of the Humboldt Current. Though we are close to the equator, the temperature has dropped to seventy-three to-night, and I find a sweater comfortable during my watch on deck.

Captain Thomson tells me that on one voyage, while trying to make Malden Island, the Equatorial Current set him to westward seventy-two miles in one day; and when he was sailing as mate with Captain Williams they beat against the current for over twenty days, trying to make a distance of sixty miles! At the end of three weeks they were farther from the island than when they started, and, as the water was giving out, they had to return to Penrhyn. The next time they sailed for Malden they made their easting in lower latitudes, then sailing down on the island with the current.

This led to Malden Island and stories of the many ships that have been wrecked there. The island is not visible from more than seven miles at sea, for it is only a low bank of sand and guano; at night it cannot be sighted five hundred yards away; probably many a ship has touched its reef before land was made out.

'Two ships were piled up on Malden within nine days of one another,' the Captain related. 'But the story does n't start there; it starts two or three months before the war, when Palmer, the owner of Malden, went there with a German chemist named Bach, who had given up his profession, for some mysterious reason, and wanted to get away from the world. There are plenty of that kind of people in the South Seas; they are a good set to keep away from. After they had been on Malden six months a ship came to load their guano and bring provisions. This ship brought news of the war, which greatly upset the German chemist.

'A few months after the ship sailed, dysentery broke out and several of the labor boys died. Then one night, when Palmer was down on his back with the sickness, Bach came tramping in with a shotgun to his shoulder. His eyes were blazing and his face flushed with fever. Pointing the gun at Palmer, he yelled: "You're a damned Britisher! I'm going to kill you!"

'Just then Palmer did n't care whether Bach shot or not, or whether he was a Britisher or a German. But in a moment or two the chemist changed his mind about killing Palmer immediately. He cried: "I'll let you live if you cheer for the German Empire and shout: 'Hoch der Kaiser!'"

'Well,' the Captain continued, 'the owner told me that he shouted everything Bach told him to. He could see that the German was in a high fever and that he did n't know what he was doing. Bach was satisfied and left, saying that he would make the whole gang cheer for the Kaiser, shooting anyone who refused.

'After that Palmer saw no one for eleven days. The first two days he had nothing to eat; but he managed to crawl to his water bottle and bring it to his bed. On the second day, while he was wondering what had become of his house boy, and whether the German had shot all his labor gang, a hen came cackling into the room. She made a nest in a basket of clothes and laid an egg. Palmer did not disturb the egg; but when the hen came back the next day and laid another, he crept to the basket and ate it. For nine days the hen came, each day laying an egg. On these, and the gallon of water in his bottle, he lived.

'On the twelfth day the house boy returned with a story about how the German had chased the gang to the other side of the island, shouting meaningless words and firing at them. When Palmer asked the boy why he had not returned sooner, he fell into a stubborn silence; when he asked what had become of Bach, the boy made the evasive reply that he had disappeared.

'It is not known what happened to Bach; but Palmer believes that the laborers killed him, put his body in a canoe with the shotgun, and shoved it to sea — the canoe and the shotgun were missing when Palmer was able to get up and take stock of things. The alternative is that Bach put to sea in the canoe, with some wild fever-born notion that he would raid the high seas for the Fatherland.

'The dysentery passed, leaving a wretched set of men, starving and baking on that bank of sand. No ships were seen for ten months, their own schooner having been piled up on the North Island of New Zealand, and their Colonial office being too bankrupt to charter a ship at the high rates shipowners were asking during the war. The food supply ran low; then the loneliness of the place started working on their nerves until they doubted if there had ever been any ships, or any lands outside of Malden. In their soberer moments they conjectured that Germany had won the war, and that they had been forgotten in the confusion of forming new colonies.

'One night Palmer sat on his verandah in a despondent mood. He was worn to a skeleton with sickness and starvation; the solitude was palling on him until he was on the verge of insanity; his nights were sleepless and horrible. There was nothing but the sand and the sea — the monotonous, maddening rumble of the breakers on the reef. The labor boys had long since refused to work; they lay in their bunks in a state of lethargy, and even Palmer's house boy had refused to cook his meals. He told me that it was very still that night. He was sitting upright in his steamer chair, his body too tense with the ever-increasing terror of solitude to allow him to relax. He was listening to the silence, gazing into the darkness, as he had been doing for months; waiting, expecting, hoping to hear or to see something, — something unnamable but expected, — something that would break the terrible tension he was under.

'And suddenly that something came. The darkness was broken by a white flame that filled the whole sky with a seething mass of fire! The clouds, the island, the houses of the laborers were illuminated brighter than day; and the next instant, from that great stillness that had not been broken for months except by the low rumble of the surf, there came an ear-rending explosion. The island shook to its base, the houses swayed, windows were broken. Then, from the sky, came a rain of iron and wood that crashed through the tin-roofed houses and strewed the ground with wreckage.

'Palmer jumped to his feet with a scream; he believed he was going mad. His laborers were running from their houses, shrieking with fear. One had been killed and several injured, and his house boy had run to a corner of the verandah, where he crouched down, whining like a frightened animal.

'The sky closed above them and instantly it became pitchy dark. The last piece of wreckage fell to the ground. With their ears numbed by the explosion, it had become deathly still. For a few moments no one moved. Then, out of the darkness, came a straggling line of panic-stricken castaways. They were the crew of the first ship to touch Malden for ten months! She had been loaded with twelve tons of dynamite on top of a general cargo including a thousand cases of gasoline. When she struck the reef the crew had piled overboard, swum ashore, and rushed inland. A few moments later a topmast had broken loose and fallen through the main hatch, exploding the dynamite.

'Now Palmer had to feed this lot, and he did not have enough for himself. There was nothing to do but catch fish and kill all the poultry — only the hen that had fed him he refused to kill. But in nine days a second ship ran on to the reef. From her a good supply of food was salvaged, as well as two longboats. One of these boats was sent to Penrhyn and the other to Fanning Island. The Penrhyn one met with the *Vaiite* in port, and she put off to Malden and rescued them.'

February 28. Midnight. — We have been holystoning decks to-day preparatory to oiling them. In order to keep both watches working all day, the Captain has decided to give them the entire night below, and he and I are standing watch and watch alone to-night. The wheel has been lashed since early this morning, and we find that the *Tagua* sails better than if there were a man at the helm.

The Captain took the dogwatch from six to eight and called me at one bell (ten minutes to eight). When I went on deck it was quite dark, for the moon had not risen. I could hear Andy at the pumps; a moment later they sucked, he climbed over the break of the midship-house, wished me a pleasant watch, and went below.

I was alone; there might not have been another soul on the ship, on the sea, or on the earth. A disquieting impression of estrangement from the world came over me when I glanced across the dark undulating water, then up at the towering sails shimmering mysteriously in the starlight. The sailing lights burned feebly, casting a colored glow on the water when the ship lay over; a ray from Andy's lamp shone through the skylight, throwing a patch of glaring whiteness on the mainsail. It vanished suddenly; my feeling of loneliness increased as I stared at the emptiness of the sea, at the old schooner moving noiselessly through the water like a phantom ship.

Presently I lay on deck with the midshiphouse skylight for a pillow. By imperceptible degrees the windward shrouds became more distinct; the halyards and lifts stood out more sharply against the dimming stars. Then a milky light, tenuous and illusive, paled the east, and the moon rose, blood-red and enormous, over a bank of clouds. The wind freshened with the moonrise, the schooner lay over gracefully, and there came a musical ripple of water along her sides and a soft churning under her counter.

Romeo, our ship's tomcat, appeared, walking pompously like some well-groomed steamboat captain showing off his chest and mustachios to the lady passengers. But when he was beside me he forgot his dignity, rubbed his head against my arm, and purred. Then he became frolicsome, playing mouse and cat with the ends of the handkerchief tied around my neck, springing from side to side, leaping on one corner of the handkerchief to shake it and then jumping back to a crouching position and staring at me with round glowing eyes. Before long he tired of this play, crawled on top of me, and squeezed his head between my sweater and singlet. The warmth must have been pleasant, for soon his shoulders and front paws were under; then the whole cat was beneath the sweater, curled comfortably and purring. But soon the purring ceased; Romeo was asleep.

For a time I watched the stars; then I also dropped asleep, flagrantly leaving the old schooner to the treachery of the sea.

I woke with a start, jumping to my feet before my eyes were open. Something terrible was happening. There was a caterwauling going on *inside* me! My alimentary canal seemed to be doing handsprings and contortionist's feats! Romeo was in the throes of a nightmare. He scratched my chest, clawed my sweater, and yowled rabidly. With a snapping of buttons and a rending of cloth I managed to pull off the sweater. Romeo dropped to the deck; the next instant, with a flash of red eyes, his shadow weirdly elongated with tail erect, he raced across the deck and was gone. Again peace settled over the ship.

But Romeo did me a good turn, for when I was able to look about me I saw a black squall racing toward the ship. In a moment it had hidden the moon, and already the wind was freshening. I ran aft and took the lashing off the wheel. A moment later the squall struck us with a blast of rain, keeling the schooner far over. I laid the wheel hard alee until we were running with the wind abeam and the *Tagua* had straightened on to an evener keel. She was a beautiful sight charging through the rain and spray, her lines taut, her sails bellying, the foam fanning out thirty yards from either bow.

Captain Thomson poked his head out of his after port. 'All right, Ropati?' he called.

'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Just a little squall. We're in the worst of it now.'

'Keep her full!' he called back. 'I woke with a feeling that something was wrong; but I knew you would be keeping a good lookout, so I did n't go on deck.'

'Thank goodness you did n't!' I muttered to myself.

Shortly after the squall had passed I heard the clock in the Captain's cabin strike eight bells. I must have slept over an hour! I called Andy, pumped the ship, and then came to my cabin to write my journal and meditate on my perfidy.

March 1. — We ran out of the southeast trades into the doldrums this morning. Now, in the first dogwatch, we are within twenty-five miles of Fanning Island; but, as it is an atoll, we have not sighted it.

What a change is made by the cessation of the southeast trade! Gloom has settled over the little schooner; the sailors talk about their wives and sweethearts in a remorseful tone, wondering if there is the slightest hope that they will be faithful. Most of the men are sane enough to realize that there is no hope. Captain Thomson is gloomy, and there is a sarcastic bite to his words. Neither of us sleeps well, for we are in constant apprehension concerning our masts, wondering if they will stand. We go to sleep thinking about them; at the slightest unusual noise we wake with a start, our nerves tense, believing the masts are going by the board.

March 2. — This is the second sweltering day. The sea heaves in oily undulations under a cloudless sky; the schooner's sails hang limply, billowing intermittently with a cannonade of flapping canvas as the schooner lies over, scooping up the still air in the hollow of her wings. Blocks rattle, shackles grate on traveler irons, lines strain and slacken; the yards groan against the masts until Captain Thomson or I come on deck cursing to set up the tackles. Each morning the sun rises on a cloudless horizon, ascends to the zenith, and blazes down implacably. From noon to sunset a haze gathers over the sea, blotting out the horizon so that the gray of the sea mingles with the scintillant blue of the sky. It gives a fantastic illusion, limiting the schooner to a smouldering pool of sea in the midst of a blazing void.

Decks are washed down every few hours, but it does little good, for the water evaporates as fast as it is thrown on, leaving the tar to boil in the seams, scorching the bare feet of the sailors. Yesterday there was relief in jumping over the side, to lie for hours in the tepid water; but this morning a great tiger shark smelled us out and came to lie under the counter. From then on, if a sweating sailor jumped over the side the shark woke with a lazy flap of his tail that sent him hurtling through the water and the sailor scrambling back on deck.

Only he who has been becalmed in a sailing vessel can appreciate the weariness of these blazing days. The sea, the wind, the sun, the very air, are somnolent and enervating. Each day brings a rehearsal of petulance and suffering, pacing the deck, cursing the calm, unceasingly watching the horizon for the promise of a breeze.

March 3. — Last night at eight bells Captain Thomson told me to start the engine, for a northwesterly wind had sprung up and he wanted to bring the ship on the port tack. I descended into the bowels of the ship not only with misgivings but with actual panic. The ridiculous thought flashed through my brain: 'Who knows? Perhaps I shall never come out alive.'

'That is absurd! Don't be a coward!' I shouted to myself.

'Absurd?' the little voice mocked. 'You will know how absurd it is when the ship goes up in flames!'

This was the first time I had been in the engine room at night. By the light of my electric torch things assumed an unfamiliar appearance. As I walked around the engine a great coil of spring with a red knob on the end of it caught my eye. I knelt down to examine it; never had I noticed it before. It occurred to me that something was broken. That would be an excuse for not starting the machine — but no! The thing had always been there, probably — I hoped so, at any rate. A rat ran squealing under my nose. His eyes gleamed red and malevolent. Turning my flash light on the leaky fuel tank, I noticed that around the tap it was damp with gasoline.

'That's where the fire will enter,' I muttered; 'but I shan't know the difference; there will be just one great explosion, and my troubles will be over!'

I opened the sea cock, primed the cylinders, and turned on the switch. Then I pulled the wheel over gingerly. The engine started at once, racing at a mad rate. There was a back fire — bang! I jumped back, my whole body atremble, struck my head against the iron ladder, and dropped my flash light.

Jet blackness!

The engine was racing at a terrific speed, and now and then the room was illumined by a flash of blue flame through the carburetor flues. The flash light rolled against my feet; I fell on my knees and groped for it. Just then the flame of a back fire ignited some gasoline on the base of the machine. Instantly the whole room seemed to be in flames! With a yell of horror I jumped for the fire extinguisher and frantically pumped it into the flames. They subsided as quickly as they had risen.

The telegraph rang with a clarion sound. By this time I was as nervous as an old hen with her brood, and the sound of the bell made me jump a foot from the floor. But in a moment I had better control of myself, so I threw in the clutch and turned to the throttle and spark. The latter was far advanced, for I had forgotten to attend to it before starting the machine. I retarded it, the back-firing ceased, and the engine chugged away at a more reasonable rate.

Presently the stop signal sounded. I turned off the switch, the gasoline, and the sea cock; then climbed on deck. Edging up to the Captain, who was bellowing orders to the sailors, I related my troubles. It was several moments before he found time to answer me.

'Oh, well,' he said with an expansive sweep of his hand, 'you'll have to get used to that kind of thing, my son.' Then he went into his cabin to forget my alarming experience while reading an unexpurgated volume of *Arabian Nights*.

At twelve I had to start the engine again, for the northwesterly wind had died as soon as we got the ship around, and now a squall was forming on our starboard beam. I do not know why I have this absurd fear of machinery. I have read of no such phobias; but apparently such a one exists, and I am one of its victims. I have not been aware of it before this voyage, for a person living in the South Seas does not come in contact with machinery more deadly than a phonograph or a typewriter — but even with the latter I have had moments of apprehension lest I inadvertently jam my finger in some of its mysterious mechanism.

March 4. — Still in the doldrums. Strong current setting us to the southwest.

I have just finished reading Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*. While trading in Puka-Puka I read *The Mayor of Casterbridge* with great pleasure, and years ago equally enjoyed *Life's Little Ironies*. A year ago, when sailing from Puka-Puka to Tahiti, I stole a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* from Harrison of Rakahanga. It turned out to be one of the stolen fruits that are not sweet — an empty, cheap love comedy of uninteresting yokels, without even a plot to add a little spice to it. *The Return of the*

Native was better, but that is about all that can be said for it. The reader has no sympathy for any of the characters except the villainess, Eustacia; he is repelled by the ones Hardy (presumably) wishes him to sympathize with — such as the meddlesome Mrs. Yeobright, who, after wrecking her niece's life, must dabble her pragmatical fingers in her son's affairs with an equally disastrous result. And one is bored by such a moon calf as Clym, the hero, who has not the slightest appreciation of his delightful wife, the villainess. But the reader does sympathize a little with the terrible Wildeve, though he finds the gentle Thomasin quite empty. And the rest of the characters are hackneyed stage property: Christian Cantle, the village idiot; Grandfer Cantle, the lively old man; the mysterious reddleman who always turns up at the opportune moment to take charge of the fates of all the characters. Only Eustacia lives and is adorable; but even she is tinged with a certain cheap romanticism — a juvenile Meg Merrilies. Hardy certainly is an uneven writer; I remember reading one of his poems in which he previsioned the effect of his death on his friends. I thought it the most exquisite piece of work I had ever read.

March 5. — We are in the northeast trades at last; but they are boisterous winds, sombrous with heavy rain squalls that keep us busy day and night, letting go the main and jib halyards when the wind freshens, and hoisting the sails when it lightens. 'Carrying on' is impossible on this crippled schooner. I keep the main halyard coiled on deck, ready to run free, and one of the sailors standing by it when the wind freshens. A lively sea is working up, but the *Tagua* rides it handsomely, hardly wetting her decks.

To-night I sat on the skylight with Six-Seas while Ropes was doing his trick at the wheel. I showed him the North Star pointers, telling him that we should see Polaris soon, and that it would be our guide all the way to San Francisco, rising higher in the sky as we sailed north. Then I pointed out the Southern Cross, and asked him if he had noticed that it was nearer the horizon than formerly. He told me that all the sailors had been watching it. They thought it strange, but had decided that it was all right, and that presently it would return to its old place.

'Perhaps it means a strong wind or rain squalls,' Six-Seas ventured.

I expressed my doubts; then changed the subject to America, and began telling him of the wonders he would see. Before he left to take the wheel he offered to wash my clothes in the morning; all of which demonstrates that it is worth while being civil.

March 6. 9 P.M. — At dawn the sky was stippled with high mackerel clouds, giving it the appearance of an inverted choppy sea. Lower down, long mare's-tails veined across the higher clouds, stretching from the eastern horizon to the zenith. They were an awe-inspiring sight, refulgent with the opaline flush of dawn. Captain Thomson's face clouded when he came on deck, for mackerel clouds and mare's-tails are a sailor's infallible sign of heavy weather. Throughout the day we watched the barometer. As it remained steady, we took in no sail; but we kept our reefing gear on deck, ready for an emergency.

At the beginning of the first dog-watch the sky was murky, but there was no sign of a squall. It was my watch below, so I went into the Captain's cabin to talk to him while we waited for our dinner. But there was no dinner for us to-night. I had not been below a half hour when a screaming gust of wind struck us, canting the schooner far over on her beam.

'My God! The masts!' Andy cried. Thrusting his head through the porthole, he yelled to Seaside's watch to let go the main halyard; but before anything could be done the second mate shouted aft that the foresail was going.

Captain Thomson and I rushed out of the cabin. The wind was strong enough to sweep a man from deck, and the schooner keeled so far over that we had to catch hold of the taffrail to keep from sliding to the leeward side. We pulled ourselves on to the midship-house, and from there saw a rent in the foresail, between the first and second reef point bands. The Captain yelled to Six-Seas and Food to stand by the peak and throat halyards; but before they could cross the waist the rent broke through the reef bands, and with one great rending of canvas the sail was gone, leaving only long streamers of canvas whipping from the boltrope. One by one these were torn off and carried a hundred yards across the water before they fell; within a few moments there was hardly a yard of canvas left.

Rain poured down and the wind increased until it was blowing at hurricane force. The flying jib had been taken in at the beginning of the dog-watch. Now we managed to tie up the jib; but when we tried to lower the mainsail so that we could run before the wind without forestaysail, with all hands on the downhaul we could not budge it. As it was impossible to lay the schooner off from the wind without more headsails, — or less after sails, — we were obliged to make the best of it.

All hands, the Captain working harder than the rest, jumped on to the wreck of the foresail, unbending the boltrope with its half-dozen strips of ragged canvas. It was heavy work with the rain lashing against us, the wind blowing so fiercely we could not stand without a support. When we had the yards clear he heaved and strained, pulling a new foresail out of the lazaret; then we went to work bending it on. A description of such a task would mean little to a landsman; suffice it to say that when we were through our fingers were bleeding and our muscles ached. Still we had to double-reef and hoist it, and, when that was done, swing the schooner off from the wind so that we could lower the mainsail and reef it. By nine o'clock the schooner was as snug as we could make her.

It is my watch below. I lie back in my berth, listening to the rain pouring on the cabin top, the high-pitched sustained screaming of the wind. At every lurch of the ship I feel my heart jump and my muscles become tense; I cannot forget our crippled masts, and the fact that if they go while we are on this tack they will fall directly over my cabin. It is marvelous that they stood this evening! When the foresail blew out of her boltrope the Captain said to me: 'That is the only thing that saved our masts! If we had been wearing a new foresail, and she had held, no power on earth could have saved us.'

Later. — I went on deck at midnight to stand a watch of four galling hours. The rain soaked through and poured down the neck of my oilskin; the schooner rolled so violently it was impossible to warm myself by pacing the deck. At three in the morning the sky cleared; but again high mackerel clouds stippled the sky, and long mare's-tails stretched from the horizon to the zenith. I wonder if they mean the end of the storm or another one brewing?

March 7. *Noon.* — I turned in at 4 A.M. Ten minutes later Seaside called me. When I came on deck he pointed to the east, where miles of jet-black clouds were rolling up. During the ten or fifteen minutes I watched, I could see the storm approaching us at an appalling rate, probably no less than ninety miles an hour.

I called Captain Thomson, then returned to my own cabin, intent on sleep no matter what happened, for I had had no sleep since the night before. For ten or fifteen minutes I slept soundly. I was wakened gradually by the wind shrieking over the ship with a greater pandemonium than the night before. I seemed to be consciously forcing myself to sleep on, while the noise was forcing me to waken. The latter won. When fully roused I jumped out of my berth and ran to the after companionway. Captain Thomson stood at the helm. His face was drawn; the muscles on his bare arms bulged as he threw his whole weight on the wheel. Glancing beyond him, it seemed to me that the whole sea was a mass of foam tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. The sky was partially obscured by ragged clouds, rushing past a crescent moon with incredible speed.

'My God! This is terrible!' Andy cried; then, in native tongue: '*E matangi teie!*' A moment later he saw me and shouted: 'How do they stand it? It's unbelievable!'

I knew he was speaking about the masts, for we could think of little else during a storm. We were under short canvas, but still the *Tagua* tore through the water, heaving her bows into the air and plunging them into the sea with a mad burst of spray. The water roared and churned under our counter, and at times our lee rail would be buried three feet under.

In half an hour the Captain turned over the wheel to Second-Return, and we both went into his cabin, it being on the weather side, in less danger should the masts go. Lying on the floor, I tried to sleep, but it was useless. At six o'clock the storm had passed. Then the wind fell so light we had to turn out both watches, shake the reefs out of the sails, and hoist them to steady the ship, for she was rolling madly, putting the masts in greater danger than before. By the time the reefs were shaken out and the sails set the cabin boy had brought our breakfast, and when it was eaten eight bells had rung, and it was again my watch on deck.

Midnight. — These squall storms seem to come shortly before sundown and sunrise. A third one swept over us this evening, like a small hurricane, lasting a little over an hour, blowing at eighty to ninety miles an hour. We were prepared for this one, and both of us were too stupefied and exhausted from lack of sleep and the hard work to care how hard it blew.

At 8 P.M., when I went on deck, the sky was clear and the wind blowing at its usual force; but the seas were too high and choppy for the schooner to make any headway against them. Andy paced the deck with me, tired but elated, hoping that we had weathered the last of these hundred-mile-diameter squalls. He gave me his views on why sailors seldom desert the sea for other vocations, once they have been through the pleasure and pain of a deep-sea voyage.

'It's the contrasts that give a man a zest in life that landsmen can never know,' he explained. 'See what gusto we get out of a night like this! Our spirits are exulting, singing as though we were full of fine champagne. And if it had n't been for the horror we went through in those storm squalls we should n't be able to appreciate this fine weather. A man living ashore does n't know what it is to look up into a fine clear sky and feel his spirits shouting for joy; to feel the trade wind blowing fresh against his face, singing in his ears in tune with the singing of his own spirits. Curse of Satan on a landlubber's life! None of it for me! I'd rather be at sea in a rotten old schooner like this than living in a palace ashore. And when a sailor does go ashore he can enjoy wine, women, beefsteaks, and an easy life, as no shore man ever dreamt of enjoying them. Yes, sir; you have to go through misery and misery on top of misery before you can appreciate the good things of life!'

March 8. — To-day Captain Thomson and I discussed old sailor parlance, the subject having been suggested by my whistling after dinner.

'There you are!' he cried. 'A man would take you for a Mississippi steamboat mate! When we get past the "fairlyones," and anchored in Frisco Bay, I'll buy you and the cabin boy a tin whistle each.' He then started in on a deep-water yarn about how the mate had caught him whistling when he was a boy aboard a square-rigger, and how he had boxed his ears.

'But old Jackson, the mate, was n't such a bad sort,' he went on. 'He explained to me later that whistling is especially disagreeable to Saint Anthony, the patron of sailors. During Anthony's life he had been pestered by small boys whistling behind him, and ever since he took charge of the sea and sailing ships he has brought bad luck to vessels that have allowed that kind of music aboard. On one of the old square-riggers a man would be hazed by the whole crew if he was caught whistling.'

Andy was silent for a moment. Then he continued: 'Funny things, these sailor superstitions, if that's what you're pleased to call them. There's Fiddler's Green, for instance.'

'It's some sort of a paradise for dead sailors, is n't it?' I hazarded, remembering that Captain Viggo often referred to it and Barney's Bull.

'Yes,' said Andy. Then, with a burst of erudition, he explained: 'It's much the same as the Viking's Valhalla, or the Indian's Happy Hunting Ground, or the Moslem's Paradise. The Vikings reckoned that the nearest thing to bliss would be a place where they could fight all day and drink all night — blood and meat were their idea of a fine time, so they filled their Valhalla with them. The Indians imagined plains covered with buffalo; the Moslems built a paradise with palaces, and gardens full of plump women, and fountains gushing wine and milk and honey. Only the Christians made a mess of their hereafter by leaving the pleasant sins of the world out of it. Sailormen would never accept a Christian Heaven, even though they might go to the church with their girls when ashore. They decided, long ago, that the only fit paradise for a sailor is Fiddler's Green.'

'Suppose you stop beating about the bush and tell me something about Fiddler's Green. We may all be there before long, and I'd like to know something about it.'

'Hm!' the Captain said, giving me a hard look. 'Just shake her up in the wind, my boy, and be patient until I come alongside. Now, this Fiddler's Green is a place where every morning a man wakes up on a ship that's homeward bound. He's coming into port, — into the Golden Gate, let's say, — the weather's fine, the sky clear, and there's a spanking fair wind. On all sides of the bay the hills are covered with green grass, flowers are scattered here and there, and some fine old white oaks with doves cooing among the leaves, and squirrels doing handsprings on the boughs. And all along the bay, and all around Angel Island and Goat Island and the rest of 'em, are rows of saloons with girls dancing on the grass before them, to the music of fiddlers dressed in green pants and coats with brass buttons!

'Well, in no time at all the ship is tied up, the men paid off, and the mate strides out on deck with a smile, and says, "That'll do, boys!" Then, more'n likely, the crew thrash the mate for all the hazing he has given them on the voyage, and then tumble ashore. When they get there they naturally carouse and fight, and whichever way they turn there's always a fine saloon with a mahogany bar, and brass spittoons, and plenty of free lunch, and dozens of fiddlers playing, and girls dancing before it. When night comes they sit down to drink and tell long yarns; and everyone can talk at once, and hear everyone else at the same time — fine place, eh? By and by they turn in, and roll off into a happy drunken oblivion.

'But the fine thing about this Fiddler's Green is that when they wake up they are coming into the Golden Gate again, on a homeward-bound ship, with the clear sky and the spanking breeze, with the banks all covered with grass and flowers, and the saloons and the fiddlers and the girls dancing for all they're worth. So, you see, death becomes one glorious homecoming after another!'

March 11. — At noon to-day, while taking a meridian altitude, I observed a large sun spot. This is disquieting.

Killed one of the pigs. Andy and I are slightly ill from overeating. My aversion to port has suddenly disappeared; the reason is too evident to mention.

March 19. — This morning, at 4 A.M., a fresh breeze sprang up from the southeast; we took a deep breath as we eased off the sheets and let the schooner run free. This is the first time since leaving Rarotonga, eighty-four days ago, that we have been able to sail within three points of our course to San Francisco. We are passing far to the leeward of the Hawaiian Islands. This morning we cleared the Frost Shoal by five miles, with Nihoa Shoal to windward and Becker Islet out of sight to leeward. Navigating through these shoals is delicate work, but, having fine weather, we can take sights both day and night. It is my week navigating. I expected the Captain to check up on my sights with observations of his own, but he seems satisfied with my work, only watching the course I plot on the chart.

We picked up our first California gannet on the sixteenth; this morning five more joined us. They will have poor pickings in the wake of this hungry schooner.

It is appreciably colder. Our Manihiki sailors wear sweaters and coats during the day watches, though the thermometer has not yet fallen to sixty. I seem to be acclimating myself remarkably well.

We are approaching the northern edge of the northeast trades. One of these days when a cold blast comes howling down from the northwest; when fog banks roll down on us, insinuating their clammy fingers through our clothes; when the sun is lost for weeks at a time behind high curtains of clouds that shadow depression and despair on men of the sea; when storms raise their ugly heads, blowing icy spray in our face — then we may well cringe and wish ourselves back in the warm tropics. . . . Nonsense! When these things come we will show the elements how much manhood there is in the crew of this schooner!

(*The 'Kanaka Voyage' will be concluded in October*)

WHY I SHOULD FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BECOME A ROMAN CATHOLIC

BY REVEREND WILLIAM ORCHARD

I

THE statements in this article are by its very title advertised to be personal; therefore no apology is needed for the intrusion of the personal element and the emphasizing of the personal point of view. The writer's position is not merely personal, it is intensely individual, and is perhaps quite isolated; for he speaks for no one but himself; he has no organized Church behind him, nor party which he represents; indeed, he sometimes wonders whether, even in the vast modern variety of Christian belief, there exists one other person who accepts so much of the Roman Catholic position and yet remains a non-Roman. Therefore, I have been careful to head this personal contribution so as to discriminate my exact position from the outset: 'Why I should find it *difficult* to become a Roman Catholic.' For I could not write under any such title as 'Why I could never become a Roman Catholic'; I could imagine many conditions under which I should find it possible or necessary to do so. Neither should I feel comfortable writing under the title, 'Why I am not a Roman Catholic.' It is conceivable that I might become one before I come to the end of this article; which confesses how near to becoming a Roman I often feel I am, though the 'little less' may be 'how far away'! I often wish that I had been born a Roman Catholic in a predominantly Roman Catholic country; for I was not — I only know that I should find it difficult to make a change. I am well aware that, among the difficulties, pride and cowardice may play their part, even though I might find no trace of either. Nevertheless it is possible to state, with some assurance of sincerity, that I am sure I should n't find it difficult to *be* a Roman Catholic, but only to *become* one. I have thought about that possibility hundreds of times, and have read every Roman apology I could lay my hands on. I rarely read anything on the other side; I find Protestant polemics even more unsatisfactory. I know, too, that I myself should find it much easier to be writing on the Roman side. The passport of power and strength that would be gained is always most alluring. Why, then, do I remain where I am?

It has been suggested to me that the real reason why I do not become a Roman Catholic is either that I am one of those eccentrics who rejoice in taking up a peculiar and isolated position or that I am too personally involved in the work I am doing, and am unwilling to relinquish the position it gives me and sink myself in a wider communion. I need hardly answer anyone who understands what it means that my present position is far too lonely and difficult for me to rejoice in it; but I admit that there is considerable truth in my wanting to continue at my present work. For many years I have been convinced, and I have been endeavoring to persuade others, that there is no insuperable barrier between what is essential to Catholicism and what is vital to Protestantism. I believe that an unnatural divorce has taken place inside the Christian religion, and although it has been pushed to extremes by controversy, both sides are standing for something true and vital, but complementary rather than contradictory. I strive so to interpret Catholicism to Protestants as to show them that Catholicism enshrines and protects all that is vital to real evangelical faith, and this has often had considerable success with sincere and single-minded lovers of our Lord. I have had far less obvious success in persuading Roman Catholics that a great deal in the position of Protestants is due not only to ignorance, but to genuine fears, which Roman Catholic authorities could remove without violating a single one of their principles. If I became a Roman Catholic I could do this work no longer. Moreover, 'conversions' only further exacerbate an embittered situation; and particularly the fact that they are called 'conversions,' for this word has a widely different annotation on the opposing side.

Even if the hope of reconciliation that I am pursuing is chimerical, there are, however, wider aspects of my work which I fear I should also have to surrender if I became a Roman Catholic. I am naturally impressed with the primary need of persuading this generation that there is a God, that Christ is divine, and that some kind of Church is even a human necessity. The great majority of our people to-day are far away, not only from Roman Catholicism, but from Protestantism, and they have a good deal to accept before they can even come in sight of the things that divide us. Further, I am convinced of the need for confronting the vague religiosity, in which so many others are content to remain, with the claims of personal religion and the call of Christ.

If I were a Roman Catholic, these three main concerns of my ministry would be brought to a close. If I may judge from most Roman Catholic sermons I hear, I should have to confine myself to a much narrower set of concerns. I should no longer be able to address myself to the hostile, the indifferent, or the half-convinced; the very fact that I was a Roman Catholic would make it impossible for me to get the hearing that I have hitherto been able to obtain. This may be due to the mere prejudice of the majority of my countrymen, but I have to take them as I find them.

II

I am well aware that no consideration of the work one is doing, or supposes one is doing, should settle the question whether one should or should not become a Roman Catholic, and I am not giving this as a sufficient reason for remaining where I am.

There are, however, other consequences of crossing which I should find more difficult to reconcile myself to than a restricted audience on a narrower platform. I find no difficulty in accepting the whole of Roman Catholic doctrine, as defined, including the infallibility of the Pope. Nevertheless, I am compelled to distinguish between the statements of defined doctrine, authoritative teachers, and saintly mystics and the statements which I often hear in Roman Catholic pulpits or read in the popular books of devotion and propagandist tracts. The general religious attitude which seems to prevail among considerable numbers of the Roman Catholic laity I find a great stumblingblock; and it seems to me to be fostered by the emphasis placed upon the formal acceptance of doctrine and the performance of external practice, and the absence of a sufficient balancing insistence upon the interior apprehension of faith and the need for its expression in personal and social life.

Perhaps some instances should be given. I find no difficulty in the Tridentine definitions as to what takes place in the consecration of the bread and wine in the Mass; but I very much doubt whether the popular understanding preserves the Tridentine balance which, in its main statements, is careful to insist that it is the *substance* of the bread and wine which is changed, and this becomes the *substance* of the body and blood of our Lord. If 'substance' were omitted on either side, I take it we should be presented with an entirely different explanation. I therefore welcome the doctrine of transubstantiation, because it relieves us from any idea that in receiving the Sacrament we shall be consuming the accidental qualities of Christ's flesh and blood. But the very word 'substance,' even when it is carefully insisted on, is unfortunately liable, because of its modern connotation, to crude and carnal conceptions. It is because of this that transubstantiation is so feared and hated by Protestants; the term 'substance' is entirely misunderstood by them. But I am not at all sure that all Roman Catholics understand it — which thus leaves room for gross and misleading notions.

Again, I find no difficulty in accepting the theological definition of the position awarded to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Our Lord, and this right up to the declaration of the Immaculate Conception, which, I understand, really only involves that something was granted to her by anticipation similar to what Christian baptism bestows upon us all — namely, freedom from original sin. I think it is impossible to exaggerate the position she has among the saints who now intercede for us in glory, who was chosen to be the Mother of Him who is Very God of very God. Nevertheless, I should find it difficult to use some of the prayers addressed to her, which seem to me to pass beyond the asking of her prayers and to become petitions addressed to her, and sometimes apparently with the idea that they have more efficacy when addressed to her than if addressed to her Divine Son. I do not feel very comfortable in joining in the Litany of Loreto, when that is recited before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for worship. I trust I am not grudging or envious of the theological position given to the Blessed Virgin; indeed, I am gratefully conscious of the elevation of our humanity involved in her exaltation; but I am jealous for the honor and place given to our Lord himself. I do feel, in the popular devotion to Mary, something which not only enters into competition with the Divine, but even threatens to eclipse it.

Again, I do not find any difficulty in the definition of the infallibility of the Pope. Unless the Church can lay down what is of faith, I do not see why I should listen to her, any more than to any other statement of opinion; and when this is solemnly confirmed by the responsible head of the Church, with the full conscious intention of speaking on behalf of all Christians, I find no difficulty in believing that special protection is given to prevent any such statement leading to error. I do not even quarrel with the closing words of the Infallibility Decree, that such statements are irreformable 'of their innovation and not by reason of the Church's consent.' I want at least some statements to be irreformable. Unless some can be so regarded, there would be no prevention that the Church might not attempt to lay other foundations than those which are laid.

Further, only an irreformable statement could give those guarantees which are needed not only for the security of the Church, but for the safety of the world. I should feel much happier if the decree itself laid down what is, I believe, recognized as a practical necessity — namely, that the Pope first consult the Church before he promulgates a decree. And I hope that the 'irreformability' of doctrine does not mean that the doctrine could not be better stated in the future, when changing language or further understanding made that necessary. I am naturally anxious to know what Papal statements infallibility actually covers, and particularly that it does not mean that certain attitudes of the Church taken up in the past are beyond question and can never be repudiated — such as, for instance, the blessing of the Crusades, the methods of the Inquisition, or the wisdom of some excommunication. I am anxious, in short, that infallibility should not be pressed to include what is virtually a claim to the impeccability of the Church.

There are questions of atmosphere in which I should find it perhaps a little difficult to breathe freely. I love the regular services of the Roman Church, — the Mass, the Offices, and such popular devotions as Benediction, — but I should say good-bye with great regret to the freer services of Protestantism, in which preaching, open conference, and the free utterance of prayer by anyone have a larger place, for I regard them as necessary instruments for reaching the populace or for giving to the laity sufficient self-expression. In addition, I am afraid that I should find what I feel is the prevailing political atmosphere of the Roman Church at least slightly oppressive; for I cannot but feel it to be not only predominantly conservative, but conventional, and even worldly. I am by way of being both a socialist and a pacifist, and while I am prepared to define those terms in a way that does not conflict with the allowance of a place for private property and the natural right of anyone to defend himself, his goods, or his country, I feel the general attitude of the Roman authorities to these ideals to be indiscriminating, and the general impression and positivist effect created lamentable, ultimative, and reactionary.

I should feel equally unhappy about the attitude of the Roman authorities to Biblical criticism. I recognize how anarchic and irresponsible Protestant criticism has become; but I feel the Roman attitude to be timid, too much tied to doubtful traditions, and insufficiently governed by the Scripture itself.

III

These difficulties might, in certain eventualities, have to be put up with, for of course I should only accept what I had to and believed I was accepting; but there would still remain what I at present feel to be the greatest difficulty. If I were to pass over into the Roman Communion, instead of that bringing me into closer union with all my fellow Christians, which is what I most earnestly long for, I should find that I had only secured communion with one part of Christendom at the expense of separating myself from all the rest. For, according to the rubric for the reception of converts, I have to declare that I believe the 'Roman Church to be the one true Church established on earth by Jesus Christ'; and this would, in practice, necessitate that I must repudiate all who are not in communion with Rome as having no part or lot in the Church of Christ. I was once told by a well-known Jesuit that this is not what the rubric really entails; it would only mean admitting that Rome was the one Church which had kept the true faith. I had to confess that if that was its meaning it would go far to remove my greatest difficulty. But I questioned whether this was not his private interpretation of the rubric, and with his usual frankness he admitted that it probably was. Even if I could read into the rubric that meaning, by any private judgment that it would be legitimate for me to adopt, I know I should have to show by my actions that it meant very much more.

I know that it is authorized Roman doctrine that there is a mystical as well as a visible Church; that the mystical Church is the ultimate source of salvation, and that many souls outside Rome and even outside the explicit confession of the Christian faith may belong to it. But in practice I should not be allowed to have any Christian fellowship with them; I must never again take part in the worship of other Christians. If I entered an Anglo-Catholic Church where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, I must refuse to make my obeisance to it; and I must treat all other organized Christian bodies as apostates, pretenders, and enemies. If I was to be of much use in propaganda, I should have to spend a lot of my time pouring scorn upon the Church of England and treating Nonconformists as something almost beneath Christian consideration. Now, despite the fact that a good many of my fellow Christians outside Rome already refuse me communion with them and treat those with whom I am in fellowship much as the Roman Church treats them, and although some of my Low Church and Nonconformist critics will not thank me for remaining where I am, and I fear will only be contemptuous when they learn that I do it for their sakes, nevertheless I cannot bring myself to purchase communion with one half of Christendom only at the price of separating myself from the other half.

It may well be that at this point some acute Roman Catholic reader will exclaim, 'This man is really more of a Protestant than any of his fellows; he may accept Roman doctrine, but he accepts it on his own authority; he exercises the right of private judgment rather than the mind of the Church in the interpretation of Roman doctrine, and this final objection only clouds the one clear issue that has to be faced — namely, that the Roman Church claims to be the one true Church of Jesus Christ. If he rejects that, he rejects everything else.' I am well aware that this is the issue; but is it as clear as all Roman apologists imagine? In the first place, I very much question whether any infallible decree can be pointed to which declares the Roman Church, at any rate, the one true Church; Rome has not yet altered the Nicene Creed to read, 'I believe in the One Holy *Roman* Catholic Church.' It is certain that the Roman authorities cannot and will never attempt to decide who belongs to the mystical Church. Can they decide, and have they done so infallibly, that they know precisely where the boundaries of the true Church can be rightly drawn? I am perfectly willing to admit that historical considerations establish at least the lineal descent of the present Roman communion unbroken back to the primitive Church and the apostolic foundation. I am willing to allow that at the great Schism the Greeks were at least more in the wrong than the Romans; that the Orthodox Church in its present attitude to the Papacy gets back on what the Eastern Church once held. I am not moved by any consideration that the Greek Orthodox Church is to be preferred to the Roman Church. I am under no delusion that the Reformation reformed the Church, or that the Elizabethan Settlement settled anything. The 'establishment' of the Church of England has only resulted in a separation from itself of many of its most earnest members. The fissiparous tendency that has manifested itself in Protestantism, on whatever basis it has tried to build, the general doctrinal confusion of the Church of England, and the debilitating vagueness consequent upon the rejection of all doctrinal authority which now afflicts Nonconformity, all speak for themselves. Meantime the Roman Church persists, and is perhaps the only Church that is making a real advance, both in numbers and in prestige. Nevertheless, this is not the whole story.

It is admitted by many Roman exponents and apologists that the abuses which preceded the Reformation were of the most scandalous and reprehensible nature; others will admit that the persecutions which repressed heresy in Spain, were unsuccessful in Holland, and have left in England an embittered opinion on both sides, have only bequeathed a heritage of suspicion, fear, and hate that cloud the issues for thousands of souls. I am under no delusion that Protestants have not persecuted. Even after physical persecution was abandoned, they repressed Roman Catholic worship and profession in England, with heavy penalties. If some of the more extreme Protestants still had their way, I would not guarantee that they would not persecute again, or at least see that Roman Catholicism was either hampered by distressing legal restrictions or altogether prohibited. Nevertheless, while most intelligent and illuminated Protestants now repudiate persecution as principle, it is not so certain that Roman Catholics do. I find in Roman Catholic books on Toleration and tracts on Persecution an apology, timidity, and reservation on this subject which leave the doors open to the possibility of its worst revival.

It is not, in my judgment, sufficient to apologize for the persecutions of the past by saying that they were part of the accepted policy of the age. The Church of Christ surely ought to be in advance of the spirit of the age, and not give in to popular hate and fear. It is no excuse to say that Protestants were just as bad, and to object that, if Rome issued a decree that persecution must never be resorted to, Protestants either would not or could not give any equivalent promise. That distinction would surely only be a proof of the practical and spiritual superiority of the Roman Church.

Nor is much weight to be allowed to the suspicion of some Roman Catholic apologists that the modern objection to persecution is due partly to sentimental reasons, which put physical security before the integrity of faith, and partly to the giving up of belief in any definite faith and maintaining that one kind is just as good as another. Such opinions may be found, but the opinion of the present writer, and of many others, has nothing whatever to do with such considerations. There are even worse things than being put to death, even by being burned alive. It is not a question of the injury done to the body, but of the harm done to faith. It is not the people who are put to death for heresy, but the people who embrace orthodoxy to save their skins, that I am concerned about. It can surely be maintained that the dogmatic decision of a Pope that faith is not to be coerced is contradicted by recourse to persecution.

I find I have a divergence between Roman principles, which I can accept, and Roman policy, in which I cannot allow it to be thought that I acquiesce. This consideration leads to the question of abuses. They ought not to have led to schism; but where does the responsibility for that error even then really rest? Surely partly, at least, on the side of those who not only tolerated these abuses for centuries, but allowed them to become so firmly entrenched in the practice of the Church. No Church can prevent wolves from getting in among the sheep, but there must surely be something wrong with a Church when wolves not only get into the fold by the simple device of wearing sheep's clothing, but manage to get themselves elected as chief shepherds of the flock. If only a Pope, in calling Christendom to unity, would sorrowfully admit that some of his predecessors in that office had at least put a terrible strain upon unity, what a difference it would make! We are not raking up the abuses of the past in order to discredit the Roman Catholic Church, but to ask that the abuses of the past shall be officially admitted, their scandalous effect allowed for, and more guarantee given against their recurrence. For instance, one of the obstacles to accepting the Papal supremacy is that it has been used in the past to make quite other than spiritual claims over individuals and nations. This was, of course, due to entanglement of the spiritual claims of the Popes with the exercise of temporal power. It is quite possible that the recent settlement between the Papacy and the Italian State really puts an end to the temporal power; but when the event is hailed on the placards of Catholic papers with the announcement 'Pope and King,' one wonders if it is not regarded by Catholics themselves as a regaining of temporal power. If there could be an infallible declaration concerning the purely spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope, prejudice would be undermined and the fear that still remains removed.

IV

The comparison which has been sometimes drawn between Catholic and Protestant populations has often been made as if financial prosperity, industrial progress, and external cleanliness were sufficient indications of divine favor, of democratic liberty, or of approximation to godliness. All such comparisons are sufficiently ruled out the moment New Testament standards are surrendered to. But even with these qualifications in mind, and perhaps with the admission that whatever balance there was against Catholicism is not only being redressed, but being reversed, on such issues as intellectual integrity, commercial honesty, and sexual purity, there is still a widespread opinion among traveled and not obviously prejudiced people that in ethical standards, personal responsibility, and personal intelligence Protestants are manifestly in advance of Catholics. The Roman Catholics that I myself have been closely acquainted with, chiefly monks and priests, have been of a very high order. I have also a wide circle of acquaintances in the Anglican priesthood and a great number of friends among Nonconformist ministers and laity, and I can testify to the sincerity, earnestness, piety, and consecration which I believe are their prevailing qualities. As regards the general average produced by Catholicism and Protestantism, I have no means of judging beyond common observation. It is unfair to take the highest Protestantism can produce and contrast this with the worst that disgraces Roman Catholicism.

I am forced to admit that Roman Catholicism is capable of a sanctity which I very much question whether Protestantism could ever produce; and I should maintain this even though feeling that sometimes Roman Catholic canonized sanctity is of too exotic and cloistered a type, and while at the same time recognizing that Protestant sanctity is left uncanonized and is more exercised in social service, though there often with a disinterested aim and an extreme of sacrifice which really deserves canonization. But there is something about Catholic canonized sanctity which bears indisputable marks of being supernatural; Protestant sanctity more often bears the marks of ordinary ethical attainability. I very much question, however, if the worst that Protestantism has produced is quite equal to the worst Roman Catholicism has sunk to. I still remain doubtful whether the ethical and intellectual level of, say, Mexican, Italian, or Irish priests is on the level with German Evangelical, Scottish Presbyterian, or English Nonconformist ministers. Something, no doubt, must be allowed for racial characteristics and the opportunities for education; but have not the last four centuries of the differing types of Christianity some responsibility for these comparative conditions? A Protestant friend of mine always puts in an argument at this point on behalf of the Roman Catholics, however: that the Roman Church has to minister to ignorant, common, and degraded peoples. I willingly admit that Protestant congregations tend to be eclectic. But the comparison I would press here as valid would instance the converts of the Salvation Army. There are many things about the Salvation Army that do not win my entire approval, but its workers do go down to the lowest people, and do not leave them where they are. If I can trust to general observation and contrast the Catholic and Protestant quarters in Liverpool or Glasgow, I find considerable room for perplexity.

To sum up the comparison as charitably as possible, I do not find a general superiority of Catholic over Protestant such as I should expect if Rome were the one true Church and Protestants were altogether outside it. I am persuaded that whatever differences can be traced have nothing to do with Catholic doctrine, are not chargeable to the teaching of the great Roman doctors or the example of the great Roman saints; but I believe there is a danger in every form of Catholicism, Roman, Greek, or Anglican, which accounts for what I still believe to be a disquieting balance on one side rather than on the other, and it is something which I believe could be reversed. The Catholic system is always in danger of making too much of external expansion, and too little of interior demand. This applies in my judgment both to doctrinal demands and to sacramental devotion. I entirely recognize the need for a well-defined doctrinal faith, and I regret that in Anglicanism this is so often repudiated and in Nonconformity so widely abandoned. But the maintenance of the necessity for doctrinal fidelity can be so pushed forward that it comes to be regarded as sufficient to believe certain doctrines, or just to accept in general what the Church believes, as if that ensured one's salvation. Added to this there may be encouraged a pride in orthodoxy and a contempt of all others, which makes this attitude a positive danger. Moreover, it has to be said on behalf of those who not only have drifted away from orthodoxy, but have taken up a prejudiced attitude toward it, that it is often the way it has been preached and expounded, and the unlovely attitude with which it is often combined, which go far to explain their reaction to the extreme position that dogma is dangerous and doctrine is unnecessary.

And this brings me to what I am persuaded is a very serious weakness and cause of difficulty to much present

Roman argument. The fact that I accept Roman doctrine because it appeals to me as philosophically sound, and faithful to Scriptural teaching, exposes me, as I know, to Roman condemnation that I am merely relying on my private judgment, that I do not believe on the authority of the Church, and therefore that what I possess is not faith at all. My position would surely be inadequate if I rejected the authority of the Church altogether, or believed merely on my own judgment; whereas the putting forward of faith as merely belief on authority, which is the point so stressed in Roman Catholic exposition, is surely quite inadequate. This difference of opinion, I am well aware, goes back to the Reformation controversy, when the Reformers stressed the idea that faith is an assurance that one is forgiven — or, as modern Protestants would put it, faith is due to a religious experience which cannot be doubted.

Surely what is wrong here is that Protestants and Catholics are maintaining between themselves two essentials of faith. I take it that it is orthodox Catholic doctrine that some things are believed on the basis of reasonable argument, that other things are believed on the authority of the Church; but, since it is admitted also that saving faith is a supernatural gift, that must be something different from belief established on argument or belief on the reasonableness of trusting the Church. Now it is surely this supernatural gift of faith which the Reformation stood for as a necessary completion if it was to become the faith that saves. This is included, I take it, in defined Roman doctrine; but is it not often forgotten, in pressing for belief on the authority of the Church? And is not the emphasis on this one point, apart from the other essential elements, likely to have a dangerous effect? When one is asked to believe simply on the authority of the Church, does it not tend to produce a carelessness about the experimental confirmation in a personal experience of grace, and the need for expressing our belief, not only in creed and devotion, but in character and social life? Further, does it not breed a tendency simply to say, 'I believe what the Church teaches,' without being too careful to inquire what exactly the Church does teach?

I am the more moved to press this point because I can find Roman Catholic admissions to the effect that the doctrine of faith has not yet been very fully worked out. And is it not just this essential element in faith — namely, of going on to an experimental knowledge — that Protestantism in general, and Evangelicalism in particular, in however one-sided a way, have insisted on? I am convinced that it would make a great difference if Roman Catholic teaching insisted more upon the rationality of belief in God, which modern Protestantism has so come to reject; and if the necessity of an interior experience and some other confession than a credal one were more emphasized, not only would difficulties be removed in the way of accepting the general Roman Catholic position, but the whole life of Roman Catholicism would be lifted above its present level.

A similar distinction needs surely to be drawn in the way in which Roman Catholicism insists upon attendance at Mass. It may seem a fortunate circumstance in these days that Romanism has something to hold people to worship when everywhere else worship is being neglected; but is it sufficient to secure that true and spiritual worship is being offered by those who attend? I believe that the Mass is the highest form of Christian worship, and I believe that no Christian who really understood what the Mass was could do anything but joyfully assent to it. The often poor exposition of what it is, however, is responsible for its being so feared and disliked, and the insistence merely upon attendance leaves many Roman Catholics able to infer that attendance is enough, when surely what conditions acceptable assistance at Mass is that one really enters into some degree of communion with the Sacrifice of Christ. Now it is precisely this that Protestantism, while neglecting the sacramental representation of Christ's death, has nevertheless so much insisted on, as its hymns and preaching sufficiently testify, for in their own way they are a proclaiming of the Lord's death.

V

I should conclude, therefore, both from the way in which Romanism and non-Romanism divide Christendom and from the elements which Catholicism and Protestantism respectively emphasize, as well as from the complementary virtues and defects which Catholics and Protestants exhibit, that the two systems have managed to divide Christianity roughly in two, each appropriating simply one half. It is the whole that I, and I believe so many others, crave. 'I believe in the One Holy Catholic Church' — not in half of one. I cannot merely exchange one half for the other with any sense of gain for myself or for the whole Church of Christ; I cannot repudiate half my fellow Christians to placate the other half; and therefore I maintain that my present position, Protestant though my Roman brethren may declare it to be, is a protest on behalf of Catholicism. I go further and believe that I am true to the best Roman teaching; and I do not want to be unfaithful to that by appearing in the sight of the world, or of my fellow Christians, to accept a system which is bound up with so much of the past unrepented of, and even with so much in the present that is a confusion or a contradiction of the vital and necessary things for which Rome stands.

This position does involve, I know, the acceptance of the idea that the Church of Christ has become outwardly divided. The very tenor of the apostolic exhortations and of Christ's prayer that it should be one does not, to my judgment, exclude the possibility that such a disaster might happen. But while our Lord's prayer does not involve that this could never happen, it surely involves that it need not continue. Moreover, while feeling quite unable to admit that the Roman Catholic Church is coterminous with the whole Church of Christ, or that to be, temporarily, out of communion with the Roman See means that one does not belong to the Church, I find no difficulty in believing that the Roman See is the heir to the promise made to Saint Peter, 'Upon this rock I will build my church.' I can find no other adequate historical fulfillment of that promise but in the Papacy, and I look to the Roman See yet to bring about the reunion of Christendom by such admissions, explanations, and promises as would detract nothing from her past definitions or future dignity, and to construct some way back to communion with her that shall not entail repudiating other Christians who cannot as yet take that way. So upon her threshold I stand, waiting for the door to be opened, not to me as much as to others for whom I am concerned. If, in taking that position, I am adjudged as thus only condemning myself to exclusion from the true fold of the Church, then if I may, without irreverence, take words of Christ as defense, I can only say, 'Other sheep He has, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring.'

THE COMING OF THE LAMP

BY ALEXANDER IRVINE

I

There was only one lamp in our candle-lit part of the town. The Wilsons owned it. They had owned this sign of social superiority a year before it became a vital issue with us.

The Wilsons lived on the front street; we lived in an alley near by. My father and James Wilson had been shoemakers when shoemakers made shoes. But a machine had arrived somewhere, and, instead of one man making a pair of shoes in his own house, forty men and a machine made one shoe in a factory. When somebody told my father that they were making shoes by machinery he said it was a fairy story. It took some years for the influence of the machine to reach our remote part of Ireland, but when my father found himself a cobbler he thought perhaps there might be some truth in the story. Wilson was my father's chief competitor and occasionally made a pair of shoes. Some of us had an idea that his good luck was due in some part to the fact that he had a lamp.

'Why don't ye get a lamp?' a customer would ask my father.

'They 're too dangerous,' he would reply, 'an' they say if ye dhrapped a match in the oil ye'd wreck the house over yer head.'

'Och aye,' my mother would say, 'an' if the sky fell we'd all have larks!'

Continued suggestions were not without their effect. From the day the Wilsons installed their lamp my father had taken a stand against 'this high-falutin' notion of imitatin' our neighbors.' But one night he had occasion to visit the Wilsons, and saw for himself the difference.

One day Mrs. Wilson came into our house, and my mother drew her out on the comparative values of lamps and candles. Even if the candles were cheaper, Mrs. Wilson avowed, they would never go back to them. I think my mother staged this colloquy.

'If there was anybody here who could work the damned thing!' my father said when Mrs. Wilson had left.

'The Wilsons had to learn, dear; have they such an awful amount more brains than we have?'

'We've no place to hing it.'

'Hing it in yer mind first, Jamie, an' see how quickly ye'll find a nail an' a place.'

'Och, woman, give yer tongue a holiday. It's "Wilsons, Wilsons, Wilsons," from marnin' till night — ye've got them Wilsons on th' brain, Anna!'

'Dear knows it's just yerself I have in m' brain. I don't want ye to wear yer eyes out at a ha'penny tallow dip when ye might just as well have a nice white light, an' more of it, for th' same money.'

We had n't thought of Jamie's eyes. We were engrossed with the prospects of a sensation. Down there at the bottom of the world we owned one mark of distinction: we had a singing lark. My father once built a pigsty against the gable of the house, as we hoped to have a pig some day. It never turned up, but long after the sty was used as fuel the hope remained. We were strong in hopes, even though they seldom did boil the kettle. The sty was n't wholly a matter of waste, either. One night a beggar-man occupied it, and my mother said that in the mysterious providence of God that must have been its main purpose, anyway.

Like the proverbial dropping that wears a hole in a stone, the continual hammering at Jamie's obduracy wore down his resistance. When he said that we might inquire the cost of the cheapest thing that could be called a lamp, we knew the battle was won.

No sooner had we heard this note of surrender than down we went to Vance's store.

'We're goin' t' have a lamp!' I said to Bill Gaynor.

'Why don't ye go in fur gas?' he said with a sneer.

Sensation of this kind had a way of spreading in our quarter. I told every boy and girl I met on the way. All of them were slaves to the rush-light. We were just emerging, and I was the chief bell ringer.

When we returned we were furnished with all the information the town afforded on lamps, wicks, and oil. Later, Jamie confessed that he knew all about such things, for one day he had sneaked into Vance's unbeknownst and inquired. The next consideration was one of finance. Here was the real difficulty. When the decision was made the house began to retrench and save. I was selling papers at the time, and for the first time really began to care whether people bought papers or not.

When the great day arrived Jamie went for the lamp himself. We were ordered to stay at home and threatened with the strap if we did n't. Well, if we actually at last got the lamp, the strap would lose its sting. We followed him — at a safe distance.

It seemed to my two sisters and me that never in all our lives had we waited for anything with such nervous anxiety and impatience as we did for Jamie to come out of that store. He was only in there a few minutes, but as we stood at the church gate with our eyes riveted on Vance's door it seemed hours. Finally he came out with the bundle under his arm, and we moved toward Pogue's Entry, casting furtive glances backward to watch his movements.

Never was the Ark of the Covenant carried with more care and reverence than Jamie carried that lamp. When he arrived at Darrgh's blacksmith shop the neighbors were at their doors. Not all of them — I had not had time to alarm the whole of our part of the town. He was puffing lustily at his short cutty pipe, just to look as unconcerned as possible. When he came within fifty yards, we ran and told Anna.

'Whisht, dear, keep quiet,' was all she said; but we knew she was just as excited as we were. Before the bundle was opened, the neighbors were discussing it at the mouth of the entry. Some of the more familiar and brazen ones ventured over the doorstep just to pass a few remarks on the weather.

Coming calamities were casting their shadows over the event. Anna, always the gentlest and kindest of souls, grasped the situation and, taking the whole thing out of Jamie's hands, carried it into the bedroom. Then she returned to entertain the visitors while Jamie struggled with the lamp. When he came to a point when he could go no further without her, he came back, sat down on his bench, and began to work. We were irritated, but a look at Anna's face told us the whole story. We were content to wait.

II

The amenities down there, at the bottom of the world, were rather crude. Our front door was like the gate to a public park — anybody felt at liberty to come in at any time. What our neighbors lacked in this respect they made up for in others. They had keen intuitions, and read my mother's kindly face as readily as we did. On this occasion they did n't need to be asked to go — they just went.

When the house was cleared, Jamie shut the door and *barred* it. We gathered around the mystery.

'Be careful of that chimney,' Anna said.

'Oh, don't be nervous,' my father said. 'I handled half a dozen of them in Vance's jist fur practice.'

'Did they show you how to light it?'

'No.'

'Why?'

'I was lettin' on I knew all about it.'

Carefully the parts were laid out on the table. A piece of wick was stuck in the burner, and the burner screwed on the reservoir. Jamie struck a match to light it.

'You've forgot something, dear.'

'What?'

'Oil.'

Jamie scratched his head and smiled.

'Ay, ye're right fur oncet,' he said; and then, looking at her, he continued in an abstract sort of way: 'Will ye iver forget the first box of matches we iver seen?'

'I mind it rightly.'

'Ha, ha!' he laughed. 'They got wet and we put them close to the fire to dhry, an' off they went! Ha, ha! Well, well, well —'

'Oil, Jamie — oil, dear! We can't keep that door barred all day, ye know.'

Oil cans were discussed. Wilsons, of course, had one. We did n't know the exact price of them, but we knew that the exchequer could not at that juncture bear the strain. Being most fleet of foot, I was dispatched with a jug for our first pint of oil.

It was with difficulty that I squeezed through the neighbors who crowded the narrow entry. Everybody knew my mission. I told them. Two pals, favorites, were on the street. I took them along.

Down through the town we sped for the oil. I could have gotten it at Farren's, a few hundred yards away, but, as Jamie would say, we had Vance on the brain.

Jamie had overestimated the price of oil. I had a penny too much. Bob, one of the pals, suggested a stick of barley sugar. I hesitated. Vance might have undercharged and would demand the penny later, and my pantaloons were thin. I stoutly resisted — not because of moral scruples, but because I knew Jamie.

As we came up past the church a lad named Scott stepped in front of me and wanted to settle an old score.

I could n't settle. I had n't a marble in my possession.

'Fight 'im!' said Bob. 'Go on! I'll hold the oil.'

I thought of the barred door and the waiting family. A scrap was a tame affair compared with the lamp, and I demurred. As I moved on, Scott held his arm up and spat over it. The Irishman never lived who could refuse that most aggravating of all challenges and live it down! I handed the oil to Bob and mixed it with Scott. A crowd gathered and egged us on. We were both winded and spent when someone shouted: —

'Skip! There's a policeman!'

'We'll be at Pigeon Hill th' morra afthernoon,' said Bob to Scott, as I wiped the blood from my nose and ran uptown.

'What the devil kept ye?' said

Jamie impatiently, as he opened the door.

'The shop was full o' people,' I said in a tone of injured innocence.

'Which of them tore yer shirt, dear?' Anna asked, as she looked me over critically.

Happily for me, Jamie was too much engrossed with the lamp to notice the remark. He was filling the reservoir. That done, he wiped his hands behind the front of his trousers and screwed on the burner. Anna lit it, and he adjusted the chimney. Somebody knocked.

'Let them dundther!' said Jamie, as the flame shot up through the glass.

Something went wrong. The thing smoked. We were all excited. The chimney must be removed. Instinctively we all saw that at the same moment.

Jamie took the chimney in his hand. He did n't hold it long.

'Phewt!' he exclaimed. 'I've roasted m' hand off!'

And the chimney dropped in fragments on the mud floor.

'Here endeth the first lesson,' said Anna, as she picked up the bits of glass and threw them behind the burning peat. Jamie turned down the flame. Nobody said anything, but we all saw clearly that if he had done it sooner he would have saved himself and the chimney.

'I knew it — I was sure of it from the start,' he said. 'I'm goin' back t' candles, an' stick t' them till I die!'

Our hearts sank within us, but Anna, always the champion of hope, always the discoverer of silver linings, revived our drooping spirits. Jamie abandoned the project. He sat down at his bench and went on with his work. Anna whispered something to Mary. I did n't hear what it was, but Jamie seemed to know, for he arose from the bench and raised his voice in protest. That raised voice always made us shiver — not because it meant anything in particular, but because it could be heard outside, in the entry.

'No, no!' said he. 'Ye will not ask Misthress Wilson, nor Misther Wilson, nor Misther Vance aither, t' come in here and examine our ignorance. If ye do, jist as sure as gun's iron, I'll take the whole damned prakus an' dance on it. I will that!'

'As ye had a little practice in handlin' them, Jamie, maybe ye'd like a wee bit of practice in dancin' on these bits first.'

'It's no laughin' matther.'

'No, dear, nor dancin' matther, aither.'

III

Jamie lit his pipe and smoked as he hammered. Anna gathered up the lamp and removed the activities to her bedroom. She opened the front door and let those who were burning up with curiosity venture in. She then went into her room and shut the door. We followed.

Instead of proceeding with lamp arrangements, she took the money out of her little leather purse and looked at it. She did n't count it. She knew how many pennies were there. They had n't increased. She was just swithering what to do. We saw the problem on her face, and were already voting for the chimney.

Jamie was pretending to be in high dudgeon, but he knew in his heart that the problem would not end where he left it. In a few minutes he joined us in the bedroom and shut the door after him.

'Well,' he grunted, 'are ye still crackin' yer brains over bein' quality an' havin' a lamp, jist because th' Wilsons have one?'

'No, dear,' Anna said. 'We have decided that. We are jist tryin' to make up our minds whether we'll have light for supper — or porridge.'

'We'll have porridge!' said Jamie.

'I think we'll have light, dear!'

'It's a mortal pity there is n't an extra pair of trousers in th' house; ye might put them on jist to show yer authority,' he replied tartly.

'Shure, it's brains and good sense we need, Jamie, an' if trousers don't give them to you they would n't be likely to give them to me, aither.'

'Egad, it's quare what odd notions women do have these days,' he answered, as he went out and resumed his work at the bench.

'What have ye in yer pockets?' Anna asked me.

'A peerie and sthring, an' four marbles an' a catapult,' I answered, with some curiosity and alarm.

'Lave them all on that window sill an' run to Vance's for a new chimney for the lamp.'

The news that we had failed got noised abroad in the entry somehow, and as I came out, with my face aglow and eyes sparkling with excitement, the curious eyed me critically and followed my movements until I was out of sight.

While I was gone, Anna performed a miracle. She persuaded Jamie to hammer a stout nail in a rafter of the roof — just over his bench.

'It's not that I'm givin' in,' he said, 'but jist because I know that when a woman makes her mind on somethin' her tongue keeps waggin' on't like a wheel without a cog — ay, that's it; now ye have it.'

But he took care that it was the right kind of nail, and that it was so driven that a lamp could be safely suspended therefrom. I had left the house under the impression that the supper money had gone into the lamp chimney, but Anna had resources that often baffled us. When I returned she was preparing supper. Of course, it was n't the regular ration, but it was supper.

In the twilight Jamie got his old candlestick as usual and arranged the big penny candle in it — a sort of notice to the family that he was determined to hold out to the last ditch.

The parts of the lamp, with the new chimney, were laid out on the bed, and we were ordered out of the bedroom, and the door was closed. Operations were suspended until the neighbors who still hung around got tired, and we had our evening meal.

Hardly a word was spoken that night at supper. We children were excited still — full of pent-up emotion. Toward the close of this abbreviated meal hour we were informed by Anna that outside curiosity was not to be satisfied that night.

'It's no use glunchin',' Jamie said, as he watched the disappointment spread over our faces.

'Is Mrs. Wilson goin' t' show ye how t' light it?' Mary asked.

'She is n't!' Jamie said, as he glowered at her.

Here was another mystery. Jamie and Anna had evidently struck a compromise — and we had not been informed. We could n't go out then. We had nothing to tell.

When the town clock struck nine, and Sammy Cooper tolled out the days of the month, we had to go to bed — always. That night, for the first time in my memory, the hours dragged along at an aggravatingly slow pace. Jamie worked at the bench, and Anna was evidently not feeling so badly, for he sang 'Black-Eyed Susan' and 'The Old Gray Mare' that night. The world was always swinging round correctly on its axis when Jamie sang. Anna evidently was pleased. We could tell that by her face. There was nothing for us to do but grin and bear it — for the night.

As I lay on my pallet in the little half loft I became suspicious that the old folk were going to put that lamp up during the night and rob us of the sensation of being in at the start. They sat at the turf fire, talking in an undertone. From the sound of Jamie's voice I knew that the storm had passed. The forces of reform had triumphed — the lion and the lamb were comparing notes!

With but a slight movement of my head I could look over the edge of the loft and see them at the fire. There was a candle in the little tin sconce in Anna's corner, and Jamie had put on a few extra clods of peat. The *Weekly Budget* had been tacked over the window to prevent curious eyes from looking inside. The opposition to the lamp was not wholly and entirely, after all, a matter of obstinacy or dislike of change. They had their weight in deciding the question, but there was one drawback, equally recognized by both, but now slowly emerging in the confession of Jamie. He did not use it as an argument — the argumentative stage had been passed. It was an explanation.

My three brothers had gone away, one after another, to push their fortunes in other parts. They seldom wrote. Two had to get others to do it, anyway, and the third had a family and cares enough of his own. One of the gentle delusions of that far-off life in Pogue's Entry was connected with the burning candles that nightly lit up our cottage, and beside which Jamie worked at his trade.

A bright little shining spark about the size of a pinhead would occasionally appear on the burning wick. To us poor folk it was like a little star in a fairy firmament. It was always the harbinger of hope, the forerunner of good news from abroad. It was a sure sign that a letter was on the way. Anna believed it; so did Jamie; so did we all. We would as soon have doubted our very existence. Just as the rainbow was God's sign in the heavens that never again would the world be destroyed by flood, so the bright little spark in the candle was the mystical sign that after all we were not forgotten!

'I was thinkin' of it all the time, meself,' Anna said.

'I hate t' give it up,' said Jamie, 'for it's been a more sauncy comfort t' me than I ever let on!'

While it was yet dark I was awakened by the sound of hammering in the bedroom. As I listened the town clock struck three. I dared not move, of course, but next morning the secret came out.

Together they had stayed up all night and mastered, with mutual forbearance and with a good deal of childish glee, the mysterious mechanism of our first lamp. As soon as it was 'dacently' permissible, the family gathered around and exulted in the accomplished fact. There it hung, suspended on a temporary nail, awaiting full introduction to its permanent abiding place over the workbench.

Next night we were bathed in glory. The lamp was a new social status. Never had we had so many visitors; they filled the house, they peered in the window, they wondered how we got it and what we should get next! Jamie was content. Anna was triumphant. She took entire charge of it, but many a time for years afterward she would turn the lamp out after his work was done and light the candle in her sconce in the corner. Jamie would smile knowingly. It was for his comfort as much as her own!

DOLLARATURE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I

COTTON was off again yesterday; wheat slumped one and a half cents on prospects of showers in the prairie provinces; Bethlehem Steel was down two points; and prime-to-fancy novels were reduced to $1.00 by a number of publishers, to enter the chocolate sundae field. Lard, we are happy to say, held its own. Unfortunately I do not make lard and I do write books.

You will say, 'Ah! But there you are, you see! They have found you out at last! The books you write are not worth $2.50!' and you will think you have me in a tight corner, but you do not know me. You don't know what an eel I am. You don't know how easily I can wiggle out of tight corners. If you say to me, 'Your books are worth only $1.00,' I shall merely grin at you and say, 'If you ask me, I don't think my books are worth six cents a crate, but what has that to do with the ghosts of William Makepeace Thackeray and William Dean Howells?' I rather think that will stump you for a while.

The $1.00 book proposition, as I understand it, is this: Run-of-the-mill novels, all grades, have been bookstored at $2.50 for quite a few years. This has made the novel haughty and insolent, because in bookstores the novels associate with Sets of Encyclopædias and Full Levant First Editions that cost almost as much as secondhand Ford cars. Although everything possible was done by the department stores in offering these run-of-the-mill novels at funny prices like $1.98, $2.14, and $2.26, the copyright novel simply would not mend its ways and associate with common citizens in the careless democratic manner of a ten-cent cake of soap, three cakes for a quarter. It remained arrogant, going home only with people with brains of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth grades, except in the case of crime mystery novels, which would go home with anybody. Something had to be done about this.

One of the first things to be done was to think of eggs. The thinker who sat down to think about eggs may have intended to think about literature, but you know how a fellow's mind shifts around. A young woman sits down to think about the soul, and the first thing she knows she is thinking about hats; you sit down to think about the Einstein theory, and the first thing *you* know you are thinking about dinner. Perhaps the thinker who sat down to think about literature did so early in the morning, and, when he had thought about literature awhile, began to think about breakfast, and that led to eggs.

At any rate it was inevitable that anyone thinking about eggs should see at once that eggs reach the consumer in two ways: (1) by letting the consumer go to the egg store and buy his eggs; (2) by sending the eggs to the consumer by mail. It was estimated that hundreds of thousands of persons — 657,942, to be exact — would never go to egg stores to buy eggs, because they were suffering from sore feet or fallen arches. To be sure they had eggs, the Egg-of-the-Week system had been created, by which people subscribed for their eggs by the year and the egg producers selected especially fancy eggs and sent an aluminum box of eggs by mail, right to the home, weekly.

But even the application of the Egg-of-the-Week system to the book business did not solve the problem of those who were worried about the proudness of the book. It did not accomplish their desire, which was the worthy one of wishing the book to be so democratic that every citizen would buy one copy of every book published by every publisher. The cruel fact remained that nobody read books except those who read books. Even the Egg-of-the-Week plan, as applied to books, did not put books where chewing gum is.

For a while the reason for this puzzled everyone. Millions of Americans chewed gum; why did not millions of Americans buy books? Books were made with different flavors just as chewing gum was; they were done up in different styles of packages, with two or three wrappers; and books were advertised just as gum was, every novel being proclaimed the greatest ever written. What was the matter with books?

It was about this time that someone noticed the Reprint Copyright book. For years these same arrogant first-chop novels that had been sneeringly holding aloof from Mamie the shopgirl had been jumping into her arms by thousands in the Reprint Copyright editions. These same novels, originally so high-hat and snooty (as we say in the aristocracy), put out originally at $2.50, were being reprinted, after the original publishers had sold all they could and a few more, and sold in great lots at 75 cents or 80 cents, or whatever the price might be, in railway station news stands, general merchandise stores, and, what ho! in drug stores.

Well, it did not take a bright person long to see what that meant! The meaning of that was clear enough, once the fact was noticed: books had been in the wrong class; for centuries they had been kept in the bookshop class, along with encyclopædias and dictionaries and sets of Scott — they belonged in the drug and toilet-article class. The book, rightly considered as a modern merchandise, was not the companion of the $6.00 note paper and the gold chased paper cutter, but the chum of the hair remover and cough cure, and the pal of the ice cream soda and the lettuce sandwich.

The cerebration following this discovery was obvious. If a girl (hereafter called the party of the first part) who operates a typewriting machine (hereafter called the party of the second part) or clerks at Binkers' (hereafter called Binkers') gets hungry at noon and goes to the drug-store lunch counter for a Hamburger sandwich and a Strawberry Swizzle, she does not go there because they cost her what a $2.50 lunch would cost her at the Marmora. She goes there because she is not expected to spend much there. Consequently, if you want to sell a book in a drug store, it must be a book that costs less. It must be a Hamburger sandwich book and a Strawberry Swizzle book; in other words, the $1.00 book ought to be just about the right ticket.

II

How the drug-store novel will turn out as a profitable publishing enterprise is none of our business. Some of the publishers are going to try it. They are the hardy pioneers, and whether they will find the drug-store book trade a land flowing with milk and honey, as Moses and Aaron found the Land of Canaan, or, like Peary, find it a North Pole that is mostly frost, no one can tell. Some of the books are to be bound in cloth like any other novels, and some are to be bound in boards, and some, possibly, in paper covers, thus corresponding with the shaving soaps, which can be had in cakes, jars, and tubes.

Authors will have nothing to worry about, their royalties being a percentage of the retail selling price. To the author it is all the same whether one of his books is sold at $2.50 by a bookshop or two and one-half books are sold at $1.00 next counter to the talcum. The publishers hope that three times or four times, or even more times, as many books will be sold. Publishers, I have been told, particularly the more earthly ones, do not like to do business at a loss, and the $1.00 book publishers hope the increased sales will keep their net profits neat and tidy, or even make them neater and tidier. They say, 'If you consider the overhead —' But as soon as anyone mentions 'overhead' I swim ashore and lie down on my back and put my feet in the air and whine, because I know I am beyond my depth and already licked, 'overhead' being a higher form of financial mathematical guesswork I never could understand. All I know about 'overhead' is that, no matter how you figure it, your figures are always wrong, because you forgot to take into account the Law of Diminishing Returns and the window cleaner.

In any event the drug-store $1.00 book will be an interesting experiment. There is, of course, as some of the more keen observers may have noticed, a slight difference between a toothbrush and a book, even when the toothbrushes have different-colored handles. If I buy a book, — and, little as you may be inclined to believe me, I have bought a book, — I read the book. While I am reading the book my wife asks me, 'How is your book?' and I say, 'I have n't got very far into it yet.' She says nothing more about the book then, but when I have finished reading the book I say, 'I'm through with that book if you want to read it.' 'How is it?' my wife asks me. 'Just so-so,' I tell her, 'but you had better read it. It's not so good, and it's not so bad. It is just another novel; I've read better and I've read worse.'

So my wife reads the book. She sits up an hour later than usual to finish it, and the next morning she says to our daughter, 'Jean, you must read this book; it is the best novel I've read in years.' So Jean reads it, and then Marjorie reads it, and Elsie takes it out to Port Washington and reads it, and I bring it back when she has finished it. Then my wife lends it to Mrs. Biffick, let us say, and Mr. and Mrs. Biffick read it, and the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Biffick read it and lend it to twelve friends, and the book comes back and we lend it to Mrs. Rimmel, and Mr. and Mrs. Rimmel read it, and the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Rimmel read it and lend it to twelve friends, and when all our friends and their children and children's friends have read it, and all the uncles and aunts and grandmothers and second cousins of everyone concerned, we mail the book to Miss Willup, at Goshen, and it begins another round. Hundreds of people read the book. But hundreds of people don't use my toothbrush. Even if I bought my toothbrushes in bookshops I would not pass them around for other people to use.

Although you might not notice the resemblance at the first glance, a toothbrush is more like a theatre seat than like a book. You buy a theatre ticket and you go and sit in the seat it entitles you to sit in, and when the play is over you can't pass the seat on to your friends for the next night and the following nights. A book can be passed around, and a book is passed around. If a theatre seat is $3.50, — and that is low these days, — one person must get $3.50 in entertainment from seeing one play one time. If ten persons read a $2.50 book, the entertainment of each person has cost but twenty-five cents; if fifty persons read the book, — and that often happens, — the entertainment cost is five cents per reader.

That is one reason why I am a little doubtful whether the book can be put into the chewing-gum class by putting it in the drug store. I don't know how many packages of chewing gum are chewed each year in the United States. It may be 342 million packages or it may be 97 billion packages, but I do not believe books are going to reach any such sale merely by reducing the price and piling them on the counter next the bath salts. As a rule, only one person chews a wad of gum, or takes a pill, or uses a toothbrush, while so many read the same book that it is often hard to keep hold of it until you have finished it yourself. To be brutally frank, — and why not? — one must admit that it is not enough that books are put up in attractive packages like chewing gum, with chapters instead of sticks, or that books have various flavors just as chewing gum has; the fact remains that books are *not* chewing gum — they cannot be surreptitiously stuck on the underside of the seat of the restaurant chair and discarded. Until someone invents a mint-flavored, chewable book, or a book that has to be squeezed out of a tube, books will be passed around.

So far all efforts to invent a non-refillable book — so to call it — have been unsuccessful. I remember that when I was a boy a man invented a readable shirt bosom, consisting of a shirt with a many-ply paper dickey, or bosom, with a chapter of a novel printed on the underside of each bosom sheet, so that the wearer could read the next chapter each time he tore off a soiled front; but nothing much came of it. If a man was satisfied with the design of the imitation linen bosom he did not like the novel, and often the man who wanted a sedate novel had to wear a flashy shirt. Probably the shirt factory had a poor editorial department. The truth was, I imagine, that the literature business and the shirt business were two quite different matters, and possibly the haberdasher was not up in *belles-lettres*, for that was quite a few years ago; but the objection does not apply to drug stores to-day. Some of the best lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches are now made in drug stores, and selling a book is no trick at all compared with making a tomato bouillon that does not curdle.

III

In many ways the drug-store sale of books appeals to the finest commercial instincts of the modern American, and should lead to a much needed standardization of product in the literary field and the eventual creation of dependable novels, doing away with the present lack of uniformity. At the present time the novel may be anything from Hardy to Laura Jean Libby grades, requiring the buyer to have at least a small sense of literary values — or the aid of a bookseller — when buying, let us say, a book to give to Aunt Susan. This makes it annoying. The drug store, on the other hand, knows its trade and can indicate to the publisher what a novel should be in order to sell to all types of customers, dyspeptic, pulmonary, and rheumatic. A safe average of book will be produced that will be salable to all, from the young person who drops in to have a frosted chocolate to the truck driver who comes in to have a skinned knuckle dabbed with mercurochrome or the commuter who rushes in looking for a rake or a coal scuttle.

This should relieve the publisher of much of the mental worry he now has in selecting book manuscripts, for he could turn that work over to a committee consisting of the drug-store clerks. I should suggest a committee of five clerks, say the clerk in charge of rubber bathing caps, the clerk selling cigarettes, the clerk handling elastic stockings, the head soda-fountain clerk, and possibly the second assistant pie cutter. I am not so sure about the pie cutter, many of them being college graduates and having toplofty ideas about books; it might be better to substitute the sandwich maker.

Such a committee would be able to gauge accurately the reading appetites of the customers, and its decisions would prevent the inclusion of anything that would be hard for the truck driver to understand. In its work, it need hardly be said, this committee would have the assistance of all the clerks in the drug stores, except the pharmacist. The pharmacist does not amount to much in the modern drug store, being kept as an ornament, like the blue and red bottled water in the windows, and figured as an unavoidable expense, like the sale of postage stamps. The remaining clerks would have much to say from time to time, as 'Only 16 per cent of my customers bought books last month; the next lot of novels should appeal more strongly to the users of Hair-Glosso,' or 'Get more of the John Henry Vispich novels; they are going strong with the humidor and briar-pipe trade.'

The committee would, also, be influential in deciding the titles of novels, and would certainly warn the publishers against such titles as *Balisand* and *Backwater* and *Cimarron*. A drug clerk is no person to ask for *Balisand* and *Backwater* and *Cimarron* if you do not want to create a lot of confusion. To go into a drug store and say, 'Have you got *Cimarron?*' would be certain to bring the reply, 'Perfume counter, over there next to the Put-and-Take tops and the roller skates,' and to ask for *Balisand* would probably send a clerk looking over the proprietary medicines among the Frecknocko and Toefixak — they all have such weird names these days. And I'd like to be standing near you when you ask for *Backwater* in a drug store. Heaven only knows what you'd get; it might be eau de Cologne and it might be arnica.

In time, I am sure, the whole system will work out beautifully, so that those who now dash into the drug stores and grab three cigars for a quarter, throw down a silver coin, and dash out again will be able to buy their books as briskly. With the splendid systematization that rules in all chain stores, the novels will be piled on the counters in classes, and the hurried purchaser need only glance at the placard that says 'Loves' and grab a book, knowing he is getting a love romance. Other piles will be labeled 'Crimers,' 'Sexers,' 'Westers.'

Outside the drug stores, pasted on the window, will be the usual announcements, 'Specials for To-day,' so valuable in attracting trade: —

SPECIALS FOR TO-DAY

Scento Talcum — 3 for 25c
Chocolate Frost — 10c
Frying pans — 22c
Cod Liver Oil, $1.00 size, 68c
Arnold Bennett, $2.50 grade, $1.00
Ham Sandwich, 10c

The trouble I see is in keeping the $1.00 novel at $1.00, when it is remembered how reluctant the drug stores are to keep the 25-cent talcum at 25 cents. Sometimes, when I feel in a despondent mood, I almost believe the reason the drug stores have had such success with the Reprint Copyright novels is because there is a belief — never, I think, promoted by the Reprint publishers — that a $2.50 novel is being had for 75 cents or 80 cents. The chain drug stores do not seem to mind being called 'cut-rate' drug stores, and I have sometimes felt that they desired people to know that they sold standard articles, such as talcum, tooth paste, shaving soap, and cigarettes, at prices lower than the supposed retail price, and I do wonder how long the $1.00 novel will remain the $1.00 novel. It is possible that it will become, in the drug stores, the 98-cent novel, and then the 86-cent novel, and presently the 80-cent or 75-cent novel. Possibly the chain stores, with their huge buying capacity, will press the publisher to reduce his price, and, if he cannot see his way to do it, go ahead and make their own novels as some of them, I understand, now make their own 'just as good' preparations in other lines.

Personally I think that when I want to buy a novel for Aunt Susan — or for myself — and the novel costs $2.50 or $3.00 or even the shocking price of a theatre ticket, I will buy it. If I am fond of Arnold Bennett's novels, — and I am, — I will buy them if they cost $1.00 and I will buy them if they cost $2.50. If the novels of Zybsko Pzmmizk, whose works I detest, sell for two cents each, or two cents a dozen, I will not buy them.

It seems to me that this attitude will be that of the present large body of buyers of $2.50 books. It will continue to buy the books it wants to read, feeling that a good novel furnishes more solid enjoyment than can be had for $2.50 spent in any other way. If some publisher offers a good novel at $1.00, this same group will buy it, and quite likely buy two more of the $1.00 books if the authors they like are among them.

Time will tell just how much need there was for the $1.00 book, and time is needed to tell. The novelty of any new thing or new price sells any article for a while, but in books, in the long run, quality is an important factor. It is true that in many cases readers have bought the books recommended by their booksellers, but I am not so sure that to have a book prescribed by a drug-store salesgirl is quite the same thing. We do say to the clerk, 'I've got an awful cough; what's good for it?' and buy a bottle of Bink's Cough Cure on the clerk's recommendation, and possibly it may be an advantage to be able to say, 'My aunt Susan has the tonsillitis just awfully bad; what book would you recommend for her?' or to ask, 'Have you a crime mystery story that would be good for a stout man of about forty-five with the liver complaint?' I don't know.

EUROPE AS A MARKET

BY FRANCIS P. MILLER AND H. D. HILL

I

Before the war, American export to Europe consisted in the delivery of certain products, mostly grain and crude materials, at the ports of the Old World. Since the peace, the American salesman has come to Europe and has taken on the Continent as part of his territory. The difference is revolutionary.

Before the war, selling to Europe was a simple transaction. The classical American exports were cotton, wheat, copper, tobacco, lumber. Trade was carried on on the basis of samples, with relatively few clients on the various produce exchanges. The use to which the exports were put was no concern of the person selling them; they were practically all producer's goods, destined to undergo immediate transformation. The purpose which led to their purchase was irrelevant to the American seller; he could consequently get along quite well on a minimum of European representation. To-day this type of trade is falling into the background. Exportation of raw materials is the sign of either a colonial or an agricultural country, and the United States is ceasing to be either. Every industrial nation is seeking to control, on a national or imperial scale, as many as possible of the raw materials necessary to its economic system, and to use them within its borders. Faulty agricultural methods in the Southern States are partly to blame, but the fact that in 1929 the sales to England of American cotton dropped half a million bales, while those of Indian cotton rose by almost the same figure, is in no small degree significant.

Yet, at the very time when this change in the world marketing of raw materials is going on, the total United States export to Europe has enormously increased. The average for 1910–14 was $1,333,800,000; in 1927 the total was $2,279,800,000. Where the change has come is shown by the figures below.

The total American export to Europe in 1910–14 was divided among the four great classes of foreign trade according to the following percentage: —

Crude materials	44.6
Foodstuffs	22.5
Semi-manufactures	17.2
Finished manufactures	15.7

In 1927 these proportions had become: —

Crude materials	35.2
Foodstuffs	23.0
Semi-manufactures	15.2
Finished manufactures	26.6

In other words, while the proportion of foodstuffs and of semi-manufactures remained relatively constant, that of finished manufactures very nearly doubled. The money value of finished manufactures has almost quadrupled. The world export of American finished manufactures in 1910–14 averaged $654,000,000; that of 1929 was $2,532,000,000. Since Europe took about the same proportion of each of these amounts, — i.e., 30 per cent, — it is clear that Europe alone is now taking slightly more of the finished manufactures of the United States than the world export of the United States in that class at the beginning of the war.

Next to ensuring a secure supply of raw materials, the chief aim of the modern industrial community is to find markets for its manufactured wares. Yet as soon as it goes in for this type of export, it is forced to face the fact that it is no longer dealing in producer's but in consumer's goods. Unlike the classical American exports to Europe, the new type of goods becoming prominent to-day are sold to their ultimate consumers in the form in which they arrive. The selling end is no longer a simple transaction. All the problems which have engaged the American producer at home — the stimulation of wants, the grasp of national psychology, the spread of mass purchasing power, and the rendering of service after sales, to cite only a few — reappear as problems of his European market. To deal with these problems it has proved necessary for the American business man to be on the spot, and, in the course of the last decade, to Europe he has come.

The most powerful single agency in facilitating the entrance of American business into European markets has unquestionably been the office of the American commercial attaché in the various capitals. There are twenty-two of these offices in various parts of Europe, with a staff of seventy-one trade commissioners, and $719,800 of the total Congressional appropriation, which for the Foreign Department in 1928–29 was $1,862,563, is spent on the European area. With their single purpose of developing trade contacts, they have been able far to outdistance what was previously accomplished by the consular offices with their multiple other functions; and while the European consulates still coöperate in industrial work, the more important trade contacts are now generally made through the commercial attachés. Though classed as attached to the United States Embassy, these offices head up, not to the State Department, but to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, and their post-war development under the Secretaryship of President Hoover bears out the first part of his definition that the function of government is to chart the channels of foreign trade and keep them open. The support of the business community is whole-heartedly behind the commercial attachés; they work in close coöperation with the Foreign Commerce Advisory Commission of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and with the National Foreign Trade Council; and at the last hearings of the Congressional Appropriations Committee they could point to requests from two hundred representatives of trades which desired to have various markets charted in their interest.

President Hoover, when laying the corner stone of the new $13,500,000 building which the Department of Commerce is erecting in Washington to be the largest office building in the world, said, 'While there may be complaints over the expansion in other directions, this Department cannot be the subject of them, for it is devoted solely to aid and foster the development of higher standards of living and comfort of our people.' It may well be asked whether this building is not the real Foreign Office of the United States. America is after all a business country, and the department whose men are forming the spearhead of the American thrust into foreign markets is very near indeed to the centre of national life.

The commercial attaché is, of course, not the only agency through which American firms establish themselves in the European market. Stories are not uncommon in Germany, for instance, of immigrant sons, grown affluent on their American ventures, returning to capture still larger markets with their old home towns as a base. Contacts made through the American chambers of commerce in European cities, chance acquaintances, or even unheralded fliers taken without any formal introduction, have all been responsible for firms getting a foreign foothold, and even the most partial list of what they are selling makes Alice in Wonderland's 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax' sound like a monotonous assortment.

II

Whatever the sources of their initial contacts, the end of the first post-war decade has seen both American goods and American firms established as a definite part of the European scene.

There are, naturally, many instances where the disposal of American goods takes place as it did before the war, where the goods come to Europe by themselves. Such transactions are usually effected through the establishment of an agency arrangement with a local firm already engaged in the line in question. In Germany there are some 1600 German agents who carry American goods, while in England over 6000 American firms distribute their products through some 3500 to 4000 British representatives. But in the more important lines American goods are sold in Europe because American industrialists are themselves at work there.

In the case of finished manufactures, the satisfaction to be obtained from a given object is directly related to the method by which it is used. American machines of all sorts, from steam shovels to electrical washing apparatus, have been modeled and remodeled to fit a given way of doing things. Possession of the machine, without familiarity with the way to get the best results from it, is only half an advantage. It is for this reason that the exportation of American machinery requires the exportation of American technique, and the exportation of American office equipment requires the exportation of American administrative methods if satisfied customers are to be procured. American firms have realized this, and have repeated in Europe the institution of the 'service man.' If a foreign firm agrees to manufacture an American machine tool under license, someone from the American factory accompanies the blueprint to translate trade terms, explain procession detail, and establish in the European shop practices as nearly as possible like those of the American factory in which the original of the design was developed. If a client desires to install an American card cataloguing system, an expert is sent to survey his particular situation, in order to give advice before sales on the apparatus most suitable to the given circumstances. Indeed, most of the office equipment concerns, such as Burroughs or Multigraph, have instituted training schools for operatives, so that not only are American appliances installed on the basis of American expert advice, but the appliances themselves are equipped with a personnel trained according to American systems.

The next step beyond the agency and the service man in the establishment of American business in Europe is the formation of a subsidiary firm, directly related to the American parent. As soon as this happens, all real distinction between domestic and foreign trade, so far as the American company is concerned, is broken down. Europe becomes an area, differing from regional divisions of the United States such as the Pacific Coast, the South, or the Middle Atlantic States, or from Oriental territories such as Japan or Ceylon, only in the nature of some of its problems. They all head up to the same final control: a salesman from Austria is on a par with one from Alabama; the company is thinking in world terms, and in the interests of administrative economy is bent on treating them all as nearly alike as possible. When General Motors held a gathering of its salesmen at a Delaware country club in the summer of 1929, representatives from twenty-three different countries, nine of whom were Europeans, sat down to talk sales policy as a common problem.

American firms approach Europe as virgin territory; the technique of organization which they bring with them is that which has been successful in organizing their own continent; they put it to work without regard for existing practices. Where possible, they attempt to offer a *quid pro quo* which will ensure to them the advantages of certain specialties already developed in the countries concerned. In Germany, for instance, they have made a practice of offering royalties on large-scale development in return for patent rights on laboratory processes. The understanding worked out in 1929 between Standard Oil and the German Dye Trust, whereby the former is to take charge of the development of the latter's process for coal and oil hydration, is a case in point. In England, on the other hand, the trade relationships built up with all parts of Europe and the world, in the course of last century, by an English-speaking people are an advantage which incoming American firms have not overlooked. A very large per cent of the agencies for all Europe, or indeed for all the world outside America, established by firms which have not themselves come abroad, are English agencies, and London (though closely pressed by Paris) is the first choice for headquarters of American firms seeking a location for their European Division.

Where the advantages of a combination of existing patent rights and market development could be secured, American firms have been inclined to coalesce with companies already in the field. The purchase of Vauxhall in England and Opel in Germany (and rumors are persistently rife regarding Citroën in France) by General Motors is an example of this type of organization; a more far-reaching one is the current agreement between General Motors and the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft of Berlin. Their present arrangement is the outgrowth of a long history.

In 1884, Emil Rathenau, the father of the German statesman of the war and post-war period, entered into an agreement with Edison for the German rights on his patents. A mutual exchange was continued until 1929, when the present closer relationship was agreed upon. Under this arrangement, the General Electric owns 50,000,000 of the 230,000,000 marks capital of A. E. G. and has four members out of thirty-three on the board of directors. The mutual exchange of processes and technique goes on; each company has a representative attached to the head office of the other to foster this exchange, and a definite market agreement is entered into between them. The world markets are divided as follows: the American market is reserved for the General Electric; Germany, Scandinavia, and all of Central and Eastern Europe (except Poland — an exception made out of deference to the Harriman interests there) are reserved for the A. E. G.; elsewhere the two companies compete. The A. E. G. thus acquires an exclusive market more than five and a half times the size of its domestic territory, with the right to make and sell there both all of its products and all those of the General Electric. The American firm, on the other hand, has a means of getting its products disposed of through an organization already familiar with the Eastern European sales territory, — for the A. E. G. had made considerable progress in the Balkans before the war, — and reaps profits thereon through its stock participation.

Other firms, by contrast to General Motors and General Electric, have preferred to build up their own organization from the bottom. The most conspicuous of these is Ford. If the Ford Company of Detroit can rightly be taken as the most advanced example of economic organization in the United States, the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of London certainly merits equally the name of the most advanced example of American economic organization in Europe, in the sense that more than any other American firm there it has overcome the tendency to think in compartments of foreign and domestic trade, and is treating Europe and America alike as partial elements in a single selling field.

It began in a small way, in England just before the war and in the other European countries shortly after, setting up sporadic subsidiaries each directly connected with Detroit. But it then, in common with General Motors and a host of other companies, saw the advantages of treating Europe as a continent, paralleling the continental organization of previous experience at home. In the autumn of 1928, the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., was founded with headquarters in London, to take over the various independent companies previously set up. With a capital of 7,000,000 pounds, it now controls plants from Cork to Constantinople, from Finland down to Spain. Most of these are assembly plants and warehouses, but important factory sites have recently been acquired at Cologne and Constantinople, and at Dagenham in Essex work is well under way on what will be the largest motor factory outside America. The unified finance of this system of undertakings shows, according to the directors' report of the first year of the company's operation, a net profit of over a million pounds, and so strong is its position that the same directors' report announced that so far as the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., was concerned, the 33⅓ per cent safeguarding duty which British manufacturers in general have regarded as a primary condition of building up the motor industry could be abolished.

There are several other companies in Europe which have used a continental form of organization to get above the compartmentalism of Europe's twenty-five national units. But within the last two years Ford has taken two steps which are so far unique among American practices. He has ceased to publish any statistics of production except world statistics, and he has given the Cork tractor factory for the present the right to make all the Ford tractors required by the entire world. And through the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., he has applied to the International Labor Office at Geneva to work out a system of real wages for the various European countries in which there are Ford plants, so that the same real wage, based on the Detroit scale, can be paid throughout the entire system of production, irrespective of the geographical situation of a given plant. These two moves place him at the forefront of producers conscious of the North Atlantic area.

III

The favorable balance sheets exhibited by most of the American firms which have come to Europe in the last decade seem all the more extraordinary considering the depression from which European firms have suffered more or less continuously since the break of the post-war boom. The American firms, however, have entered the field with three important initial advantages. First of all, they have come well supplied with capital. They have been able to carry initial investments and the losses of the expansion period on the accumulated profits of the home market. They could afford to wait, if necessary, a very long time before showing a return, a very much longer time than any firm whose entire assets were involved in the new venture. Secondly, the products which they have come to introduce have in general exceptional advantages of design. The research of which they are the results is the costly kind which can only be supported by a mass market. A company producing four thousand steam shovels a year can take a minute fraction of the profit from each to develop plans for a still better model; a firm producing only two hundred cannot spare enough to make such research pay. The third advantage is the American manner of business organization. The methodology which American firms have brought with them is perhaps their greatest intangible asset. They have carried over the flexibility of structure, the eagerness to meet the existing needs of the consumer on the one hand and beguile him into experiment on the other, and the capacity to view things in the large which were bred into them by the American market. Their unfamiliarity with the difficulties inherent in a world of highly differentiated jurisdictions has made them appear at times naïve; but their innocence of such limitations has not infrequently supplied them with an optimistic inventiveness, impossible to anyone but an outsider, in bridging over difficulties at which the more informed throw up their hands.

The American business man's unwillingness to recognize national divisions has enabled him to treat Europe as a continent. Even where the exigencies of European organization have forced him to proceed country by country he has not given up the wider continental point of view. The advertising policy of a considerable number of the firms now operating in England and on the Continent is a clear indication of this.

When General Motors, for instance, decided to go into the European market they arranged with the J. Walter Thompson Company of New York to go with them and set up branch offices in each of the cities where they established themselves. Such a combination provided an opportunity for a centralized selling strategy to be worked out according to the geography and expressed in the vernacular of the place of sale. Supposing the American office decides that the key idea for a campaign should be that a certain car will appeal to young people because of its speed: under such an arrangement a cut exhibiting dark-haired youngsters climbing effortlessly up a mountain will be prepared for Switzerland or Greece, while in Holland blondes are shown impressed by quick pick-up on the flat. And the texts will not be translations of each other: Paris has more than once regaled itself over little unintentional changes of meaning when firms have tried to do that. General Motors copy is put out by the European Thompson offices in some twenty-five different languages.

The unwillingness of the American

business man to recognize social divisions is enabling him to treat whole populations as well as whole areas as a market. A very great number of the American goods now in general use in Europe began as luxury goods. The companies making them have by and large not been content with the limited, high-class market of their original appeal, however, but by persistent advertising have created a market in classes whose traditions did not include the article in question in their standard of living, and whom the native firms have never made any effort to reach. The two following texts, taken from adjoining pages of *Punch* and advertising respectively an English and an American car of well-known make, show the dynamic behind the latter's publicity: —

1. The English car. 'There are men and women whose cultivated tastes admit of no pretense or insincerity; whose trained minds judge values fairly; who demand, simply and decisively, the best. They may be few, but it is for them that the —— car is built.'

2. The American car. 'Constantly striving for the goal of perfection, never resting on past laurels, —— again forges ahead. The spirit which led to the introduction of the first Twin Six in 1915 and the Eight-in-line Motor in 1923 moves on to greater achievement. In the two new eights which have just been introduced, —— presents to the public the concrete result of thirty years of manufacturing fine motor cars. Your inspection of the new models is invited.'

The most vivid examples of the democratizing process are those in which any sale whatsoever of the given product has had to be preceded by the conversion of the consumer. The development of a market for American labor-saving household devices is a case in point. As a result of optimism and advertising, the European sales of a certain electric ice box were in 1929 about 14½ times their total in 1924 when the product first began to be pushed. Beguiling a country like England, where the domestic use of ice is rare, into the purchase of an electric ice box necessarily began with the luxury class. The earlier cuts displayed the satisfaction of the haughtiest of butlers in serving an exquisitely refrigerated repast. Then an attack was launched upon the more important butcher firms by advertisements in journals of the meat trade, stressing cleanliness, constant temperature, and the luxury of not having to come down to the shop on Sunday morning to let the iceman in. As a result, in 1929 eighty-three of the eighty-five butcher shops on a London street devoted to the trade carried the —— sign in the window. The company could then turn to the ordinary consumer and say, 'For the sake of health buy where you see our sign,' and, once this campaign was finished, urge him not only to buy where the meat was kept at a proper temperature, but to keep it that way after it came from the butcher's to his own home. The final step in democratization is demonstrated by the company's very latest advertisement, which calls upon 'lodgers, pressmen on night duty, aldermen in reduced circumstances, and all others' to urge their landladies to install —— so that the chops of their weekly board may be more palatably kept.

One of the most powerful aids to American business in its democratization of wants in Europe, an aid which is no less effective for being unintentional and indirect, is the American film. Itself the symbol of the democratization of amusement, by picturing what is at least the Hollywood version of American ways of life it popularizes a host of American goods among wide masses of European people. The quota restrictions placed on the importation of American films by the various European countries during the last four or five years and the recent concentration of American producers on the 'talkies,' whose distribution has to be largely confined to the English-speaking market, have weakened the quasi-monopoly of the movie trade enjoyed by American companies in Europe during the years just after the war, but in 1928, 558 of the 778 films shown on the British market, 205 of the 520 on the German, and 313 of the 583 on the French were American films. In the same year, the seating capacity of the regular-run houses in England was increased 90,000 by the erection of new theatres and that of Germany 125,000. The continual vicarious enjoyment of the American type of product presented on the screen inevitably puts the European movie-goer in a mood to receive the American salesman who presents the real thing at his door. The European royalties of American motion-picture producers in 1928 amounted to $65,000,000. How much came to other American producers as a by-product of this sum cannot be estimated, but it was certainly no small amount.

IV

The establishment of the American firm as a definite part of the European scene is too recent an event to permit a discussion of its long-time consequences to the world of American trade. There are certain effects, however, which are already beginning to be discussed. Trade with Europe was started in order to dispose of the expanding margin of production on which America depends to keep prosperity on the upgrade. In other words, the foreign departments of American firms were set up to stimulate the exportation of *things*. When subsidiaries were established in foreign capitals, it was to aid in the distribution of products received from overseas. The articles so received were made in America as part of the regular domestic production; the value which they represented was distributed to different elements in the American productive system, and became part of American purchasing power. But development has not stopped there. Partly for the sake of cutting down on transportation, especially ocean freights, partly because of the lower cost of labor abroad, and partly in order to gain the good will assured to a firm offering jobs in countries carrying a burden of unemployed, the distributing subsidiaries have, in many cases, expanded into assembly or even manufacturing plants. In Germany, at the close of 1929, there were known to be sixty-four subsidiaries of American companies which had set up their own establishments for manufacturing or assembly. In England, the number was approximately seventy-three.

As soon as an article is manufactured in this fashion abroad, however, what the American firm is really doing is no longer exporting *things*, but *capital and design*. Now a great many people see this as the future of American foreign business. They point out that the possibilities of research and experiment offered by the American mass market mean that American firms will always have the advantages of improved design. And they point out that the exportation of capital is a normal process in a mature industrial country such as the United States has become. They suggest that royalties on design, taken either directly or in the form of stock participation in the foreign manufacturing company, are the desirable return from American business abroad.

Other equally informed observers see the matter differently. They point out that American prosperity is based upon the spread of purchasing power among the widest possible number of American consumers. But, where only design and capital are exported, the American provider of raw materials and the American worker are deprived of the income which would be theirs if the thing itself were exported after being made in the United States. Furthermore, the per cent of the total selling price of the product which does return to America comes back as royalties or interest. The class to which it comes will reinvest rather than spend that money on the consumption of the goods which are the backbone of prosperity, for the simple reason that it is already supplied with all the things it can consume within the limits of its leisure. For a great many articles America excels in design at the moment, but her progressiveness is due to the fact that she has still an expanding market. Only the knowledge that the country has the purchasing power necessary rapidly to replace a given model with a new and better one makes the American manufacturer press his research. A check to that purchasing power means a crystallization of American production on its current level.

In speaking of branch plants abroad, the Committee on Recent Economic Changes says: —

> The first type of barrier, the high tariff walls erected against American products, are in some cases being scaled; but, what is vastly more disconcerting, many of these are being permanently avoided by the establishment of American-controlled factories on the other side. Thus, substantial portions of our most highly developed and most profitable industries are actually migrating to foreign countries, carrying with them not only American organization and methods but also American talent, with all the resultant loss of purchasing of American domestic products and of the stimulus to American business in general.

The arguments for and against American branch plants, however, are both based on the assumption that it is going to be permanently possible to maintain America's relative prosperity as compared with other nations. The balance of international payments between Europe and the United States conceived of by the average business man as ideal is one in which the United States should receive the principal and interest of the war debts, the principal and interest of the post-war public and private loans, royalties on all American patents used abroad, and prompt payment for an increasing total of American exports, while preserving the American market as nearly as possible for American goods by means of an increasingly high tariff. Unfortunately that is not a balance. At some point or other, in the course of the next years, it will have to be made a balance. The American tariff is maintained because foreign goods are regarded as a menace since they are made at a lower labor cost than American; because, to put the same thing quite differently, purchasing power is less widely distributed in Europe than in the States. Any move which stimulates a high-wage policy and the democratization of consumption in Europe automatically limits the degree in which European goods can undercut the American market, and weakens the case for the present tariff wall. American branch plants, especially when they adopt a wage policy comparable to Ford's, are a very real dynamic in this direction.

America's success in selling her products abroad has so far been unquestionable. There is no doubt that America wants Europe as a market. There is more doubt as to whether America wants to accept implications of her present activities, that if she wants to have a foreign market she also has to be one. During the preliminaries to the recent passage of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, Congress treated the official protests of some forty other governments as irrelevant. The American manufacturers engaged in the export trade knew they were not irrelevant. When Mr. Ford and Mr. Sloan spoke of the danger to American commerce entailed in the revision of schedules upward to a height certain to cause reprisals, they were thinking in very concrete terms of the bills introduced last autumn in the French Chamber of Deputies whose passage would mean the closing out of the American motor industry in France. Owing to a lobby formed by all the American motor interests in Paris, under the name of the Automotive Club of Europe, and to certain negotiations by Ambassador Edge, these bills were tabled for the time being; the chances of their staying tabled in view of the new rates on various important French exports to the United States seem, however, slight.

Since last November, the automotive interests of all Europe have been working out means of presenting a united front to the American invasion; the simultaneous lobby which they plan in their respective legislatures now appears likely to find willing ears. The same applies to films and a host of other European products with which American goods are in sharp competition.

The movements whose base is larger than that of a single industry, whose aim is the creation of general customs unions comparable to America in size, are likewise using the passage of the 'Grundy' tariff as proof of the necessity of taking immediate measures for defense. Both the idea of a United States of Europe and that of an Empire Economic Union in the British Commonwealth are receiving an impetus from the erection of the new American barriers; Canada, America's best customer, has already revised her tariff upward against the United States and downward towards Great Britain.

The essence of trade is exchange; the prerequisite to sales is purchasing power. America cannot sell abroad if she does n't buy abroad; foreign countries cannot pay for American goods unless they can dispose of their own. It seems highly probable that within the next few years America may discover that, for a country at her present stage of economic development, protection and prosperity do not necessarily go together.

OUR NAVY UNDER THE LONDON TREATY

BY LIEUTENANT MELVIN F. TALBOT (S.C.), U.S.N.

I

Throughout history there has been one and only one effective method of international disarmament: salutary neglect. To go back no farther than the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was not the high-sounding idealism of the Holy Alliance or the labor of continual disarmament conferences that caused the disappearance of the huge fleets and armies, which, after a long twenty-three years of warfare, sent Napoleon an exile to Saint Helena. They melted away because of a universal revulsion against war, and all that pertains thereto. For nearly forty years thereafter one finds a comfortable ignorance and lassitude in all countries on the question of armaments. The horrors and the glories of war passed into song and story — 'and, oh, how deep the corn, along the battlefield!' Then came another Napoleon to the throne of France, the mutterings of resurgent nationalisms, and Bismarck with his policy of blood and iron. To create the German Empire he had first to create the Prussian army, which triumphed at Sadowa and Sedan. Remembering Alsace-Lorraine, France prepared for the future. The armament race was on. It ended in a surf of blood along the Belgian frontier in August 1914.

Civilized mankind is greatly resolved that we shall not tread those paths again. There are no officers in our army and navy so selfish or so blind as not to share this universal desire for peace among the nations throughout the years to be. This was the high hope of their first Commander-in-Chief, General George Washington, whose dearest wish it was to see war, 'this plague of mankind, banished from the earth.' And yet, as long as armies and navies exist, the soldier must prepare for the defense of his country. He need drink no braggart's toast to *Der Tag*, but for victory on the day of battle, if that day must come, it is his solemn duty to make ready. He therefore sees the limited success of disarmament conferences, not only in their broader aspects, as contributions to the ideal of world coöperation, but also in their more narrow and technical phases, as but halting and partially effective efforts to reach through the medium of international understandings the ultimate goal that war and the weapons of war shall some day vanish from the earth.

The protracted negotiations at London showed clearly that world opinion is a long way yet from the ideal of complete disarmament. Very substantial fleets have been left to each of the naval powers. Throughout the conference, the American delegation strove to secure on the lowest levels possible a navy adequate, in its relation to other navies, for our national defense and the protection of our commerce, equal to that of Great Britain, and yet so restricted as to promise to the taxpayer some relief from the burdens of the naval budget; and finally to keep this 'treaty navy' independent of any political commitment which might make our future tranquillity and security contingent on the action of other nations.

These were logical demands. They sum up the lines of thought along which the public has been taught to evaluate the naval power necessary for our country and to which we feel that we are rightfully entitled. But the deeper one probes into this most difficult of questions, the less important these well-known formulæ seem. Step by step, the seeker after the truth is led to the conclusion that in the last analysis they are well-nigh meaningless. There is one and only one index of naval needs: assurance of victory in the next war at sea. Power for battle is the only measure of fighting ships. The fundamental and inevitable war purpose of naval armaments was never better expressed than in M. Briand's famous disarmament promise, 'When Britain rebuilds her capital ships for the sardine fisheries, then France will redesign her submarines for the study of oceanic botany.' The veteran statesman's epigram was merely a pointed way of stating the bald fact that navies can be evaluated only by matching their fighting strength against that of other navies.

II

Remembering this simple truth, let us consider in the first place what is meant by a navy sufficient for our national defense and the protection of our commerce. Defense presupposes attack, and attack presupposes war. A navy that can merely forbid a hostile landing on our continental coasts falls far short of adequacy for victory. With New York and San Francisco safe from attack, but the Canal Zone and Hawaii invested, blockaded, and captured, we face either the continuation of a protracted and almost hopeless struggle, or defeat. Adequacy for national defense, if it means anything at all, means defense, not only of our coasts, but also of those outlying areas whose protection is vital to our existence as a Great Power.

Coming and going across the oceans of the world moves our sea-borne commerce. Nations that trade at sea give their maritime wealth a hostage to fortune. On its safety depends prosperity in time of peace, victory in time of war. But defense of commerce carries with it several implications: the safeguarding of peace-time commerce against the dangers to which it is ever exposed in distant and tumultuous lands; the vindication of a neutral's right to trade in non-contraband in the face of distant blockade; and finally the actual war function of guarding our sea-borne trade should we be involved as a belligerent.

In years of peace, commerce needs no protection beyond that which can be readily furnished by an anti-pirate police. It is for this purpose that the nations maintain specially designed gunboats on the rivers of China. But in times of civil disturbance abroad, danger to American lives and property calls for the further detail of naval ships. Cruisers and destroyers, whose normal function is to train for war as part of the active fleet, are ready. They need but oil and stores and orders to proceed. At the rumor of revolution to the south, they appear off disorderly and distracted ports as if by magic. Panicky bankers breathe freely again, knowing that their loans will no longer be dissipated in the thin smoke of chronic civil wars. Statesmen in Washington rest assured that no foreign ships, possible harbingers of international complications, will interfere. The press is relieved to know that the lives of distant traders and missionaries are safe.

But the point to be borne in mind is

that for naval ships this duty is aside from the intent of their designers. Naval vessels are designed to fight other naval vessels, and for no other purpose. When, and only when, war and the rumors of war shall forever disappear, we may put out of mind and file away in the archives of the old bad days all the really important questions over which naval officers spend their busy lives. The balance between speed, guns, and armor, the infinitely complex problems of the simultaneous firing of great guns from a floating platform — when war at sea is impossible, these questions will no longer employ the loyal service of trained experts. When the protection of commerce and interests abroad is the only reason for the maintenance of fighting fleets, the forces maintained will cease to be navies. They will merge and become an international water police, as unrelated to present naval establishments as the 'one-hoss shay' to the modern motor coach.

Defense of commerce goes far beyond this idea of an anti-pirate police. It implies the vindication of neutral rights against belligerent blockade. It involves the whole mooted problem of the just and proper relation of belligerent operations to neutral trade. In defense of our maritime rights we have entered two European wars, the War of 1812 and the World War. It is in their defense that we shall in all likelihood be engulfed in the great wars of the future, if other wars must come to burden with their useless destruction generations yet unborn. More and more, control of the sea is envisioned as the decisive factor in war. Despite the accepted phrases of international law, sea-controlling belligerents will probably employ the weapon of blockade to its utmost. In the heat of strife, they cannot do otherwise. They will seek to deny the use of the sea, not only to enemy merchant vessels, but to neutrals who would furnish their enemies with goods, contraband or non-contraband, even in neutral ships and through neutral ports. The historic rights vouchsafed under the old concepts of international law will seem even less sacred in the future if they are invoked to vindicate trading with a nation rightly or wrongly adjudged an aggressor under the League Covenant and the Pact of Paris. There can be no exact measure for a navy adequate to vindicate neutral rights against all contingencies of blockade and counter-blockade. Suffice it to say that powerful indeed must be the fleet that hopes to defy belligerent sea control, however contrary to a strict interpretation of international law, which seeks in the future to 'close the seas in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.'

Together with the defense of commerce as an index of naval needs is usually grouped the defense of foreign possessions. Here again ability to defend means nothing less than ability to achieve victory. For Germany in 1914, the defense of her Chinese and African colonies could have been assured only by victory at sea against the British Grand Fleet, or by a triumph over the armies of her enemies so complete as to vouchsafe a victor's peace. The same situation faces France today. An inferior French navy may succeed in certain convoy-guarding operations in the Mediterranean, but it will assure the final defense of the French Colonial Empire only by contributing its share to national victory. The greatest success at sea which such a navy can hope to achieve is not the triumph of smashing fleet action, but the historic Continental objective, a decisive counter-blockade. Commerce destruction has never brought victory in the past, but it has failed by only a narrow margin. At Whitehall they remember the dark days of the spring of 1917 when the British Isles felt the actual menace of blockade. Not since a French admiral in 1779 swept the Channel in force and a panic-stricken First Lord wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, 'For God's sake get to sea,' had the Empire faced defeat and destruction. The North Sea has ever been the battleground of empire. 'Pondicherry,' wrote Napoleon, 'must be defended on the banks of the Vistula.' French statesmen to-day, in their brief for the submarine, are saying with equal truth, 'On the vital trade routes of her enemies, off Brest and off Toulon, France, if threatened, must defend her empire.'

For the United States, the protection of foreign possessions is likewise a question of naval war. The Caribbean and the Canal fall within the striking range of the United States fleet, and beyond the immediate reach of any foreign force. A navy adequate for their defense need not be a navy able to sweep the Channel and blockade the Thames. But the Philippines lie outside the sphere of action of the United States fleet and unfortunately within that of Japanese sea power. A naval force adequate to defend the Philippines must of necessity be so based and so constituted as to be able to defeat the Japanese in their own home waters. To create the overwhelming fleet and the Asiatic base necessary to assure the immediate defense of the Islands is to question the word and threaten the security of the Japanese Empire, however sincere may be our own belief in the purely defensive intent of our Far Eastern policy. At the Washington Conference we gave up the right to fortify a major base. In the Four-Powers Pact, Britain, France, Japan, and the United States stand mutually committed to the territorial *status quo*. In the Nine-Powers Treaty, with Belgium, China, Holland, Italy, and Portugal as well, we gave and received a solemn pledge that all should be free to trade on terms of actual equality in the unsettled markets of the Far East. And yet, despite these treaties, considerable naval establishments continue to be maintained in the Orient. For us to neglect a fleet able eventually to make our power felt in this armed area of chronic disturbance is completely to abandon not only our territorial and economic interests but also the international obligations implied in the Washington treaties. Adequacy need not connote instant naval superiority. But, conversely, it cannot mean absolute impotency.

To pass to the next consideration, the much discussed question of parity with the British navy, what is parity? No one really knows, for again the only applicable index is power for victory in war at sea. But the strength that makes for victory is not a function of fighting ships alone. It depends also on operating bases, repair yards, convertible merchant tonnage, shipbuilding facilities, and finally on the maritime and industrial skill and wealth on which the whole vast edifice of sea power ultimately rests. To match Britain forge for forge and dock for dock is obviously impossible. Not even were Britain and the United States to be turned over to a perfectly honest commission of omniscient and omnipotent foreign naval officers, whose ideal it should be to equalize their entire sea power, could parity be achieved. It is too fluid. It involves too many unknown factors. It is a mirage, a dream.

With the deep and fundamental factors of parity the treaty does not deal. It attempts only parity in fighting ships built and to be built. But here again the underlying principles are so indefinite that actual parity is, and will always remain, impossible of definition and achievement. Taken singly, the fighting ship is herself a combination of three great variables, protection, striking power, and speed. Throughout the two fleets no ships actually match. And beyond these three main factors lie other important considerations: seakeeping qualities, underwater integrity, steadiness for gunfire, and, greatest of all, material and what might be called spiritual war-readiness. Let these necessarily unequal ships be grouped in two fleets, built and based, not for war one against the other, but with varying conceptions of their war purposes, and parity again recedes into the domain of pure speculation. More important still, it should be remembered that neither tons nor guns alone win naval wars. Battles and wars are won by leaders gifted with great skill in handling fleets and imbued with a will to victory that approaches the immortal. Paul Jones in the old, ill-found *Bonhomme Richard* fought and took the crack British frigate *Serapis*. Nelson went in at the Nile at sundown over unknown and treacherous shoals, 'viewing all obstacles with the eye of a seaman *determined on attack*'; went in with six ensigns in his rigging, lest, in the confused darkness lit only by the flash of broadsides, someone might think that the admiral had struck; went in with the immortal signal fluttering from his yardarm, 'Engage the enemy closer.' Who can value the spirit of a Nelson or the dash and daring of a Paul Jones? Parity is a problem of cold statistics. Victory lies in the lap of the gods. The gods fight, not always on the side of the big battalions, but ever at the right hand of the soldier most eager for bloody and decisive battle.

III

The London Treaty bids fair to end until 1936, and possibly for all time, that costly and most dangerous feature of navies, competition for victory in terms of ever-increasing fleets. The number of all combatant types, not of capital ships alone, has been restricted. By setting a limit to the individual tonnage of the cruiser, destroyer, and submarine, it will arrest the persistent tendency of designers to push up the size of ships in a vicious circle of threat and counter-threat. No longer will heavy cruisers be built solely to outclass a rival's latest light cruisers, and destroyer leaders to counter his destroyers. Neither fleets nor types can now be made better by the simple expedient of making them bigger.

Our avowed national policy of naval equality with the strongest sea power plus political isolation cannot be achieved for less than the cost of this 'treaty navy.' We must either foot the bill or abandon the policy. There is no other choice. True to President Hoover's promise, we have reduced our estimates to follow the curtailment of British 'needs' made by the Labor Government. We have even accepted a few cruisers not wholly approved by naval opinion. Parity, as far as it is possible to realize it, need not now be bought at the high levels on which the British delegation at Geneva insisted. As yet the Geneva figures were the lowest that could be offered by a hard-pressed Tory admiralty facing, not our building, but the expansion of Continental fleets. It is barely possible that, ere the race is run, we shall be compelled to follow the increase in British tonnage made to match the powerful navy which France, facing two oceans, and remembering the attack of 1914 and the rejected Insurance Treaty of 1919, saw fit to demand in the name of a sacred national security Britain and America decline to reinsure.

The treaty immediately brings the British and American battleship divisions into equality in numbers. Their equality in fighting strength is a question so complex that even the best-informed naval critic would hesitate to give a categorical answer. We must now disarm one old battleship and scrap two, the *Florida* and *Utah*. As with all fighting ships whose days are done, their commission pennants will be hauled down. Their 'brave forgotten bulwarks' will be broken up, and they will become a name, a tradition, like those gallant ships of other days, whose adventures adorn the reminiscences of old gunners and chief boatswains. Strength for victory will pass to a slight extent from the old and trusted ships of the line to the new and untried units of the cruiser forces.

Destroyer and submarine tonnage will in the future be limited to amounts far below the totals of these classes now borne on the Navy List. Hastily war-built ships, already well-nigh worn out in service, will be retired. Those retained must soon be replaced by new and improved construction, to match the building already completed by foreign navies. The finished United States fleet will contain approximately the number of torpedo-carrying ships which naval opinion holds necessary. The proportion of gunnery ships to torpedo craft and airplane carriers is not a fixed one. Its determination is as delicate a question as the balance of brass, strings, and wood winds in a symphony orchestra. As different compositions stress different instruments, so different wars stress different weapons. Nor is it possible to foretell the war groupings of naval ships. First there must be the battle fleet, at least the equal of the enemy, an armada whose power for victory must combine and synchronize the fierce striking force of all combatant types. In addition, cruisers will be called on to attack and defend commerce on the ocean trade routes, and submarines to patrol the focal sea areas. With limited fleets, no one can predetermine the magic combination that will vouchsafe victory. 'Only numbers,' wrote Nelson, 'can annihilate.' In war any ship that can float and fight would be of some service. Of no type can either belligerent ever have 'enough.' Suffice it to say that, under the London Treaty, except for a comparative dearth of convertible merchant tonnage, our peace-time establishment will approach the ideal of well-rounded sea power.

While restricting the number of naval ships to be retained, the treaty greatly increases the cost of future building. For it must of necessity define the size of each type of combatant vessel. There is no better index than tonnage. But tonnage is a very costly measure. If in the future we must build all classes against tonnage limitations, construction costs will continue to mount. Since the introduction of ironclads during the Civil War, and the following half century's developments, during which naval vessels have kept pace with that rapid advance in the arts which has transformed the whole world and given us the Age of the Machine, no more expensive factor has entered naval building than the limitation of individual ships by weight. Formerly the military features of a ship — weapons, armor, and speed — were determined in advance. The size of the ship was dictated by the size of the hull of ordinary construction sufficient to support these features.

To-day the designer is driven to embody great fighting power in light hulls. He has risen nobly to the challenge. Wonderful and costly is his handiwork. Hull construction has been refined. Expensive experiments in welding have been carried out to test its adequacy as a replacement for the heavier riveted construction. Aluminum has been used as a substitute for heavier and cheaper metals. Engines have lightened, and greatly increased in cost. Here the renascent German navy leads the field. At Versailles the victors dictated ten thousand tons as the maximum displacement for any new German ship. The vanquished bowed to the inevitable and signed. Ten years later they astonished the world by laying down the *Ersatz-Preussen*, carrying on ten thousand tons displacement a striking and staying power of which the Versailles naval experts never dreamed. German constructors, loyal to their country and their cloth, carried out intensive scientific investigations until they were able to produce within ten thousand tons a Diesel-driven ship carrying six quick-firing, high-velocity eleven-inch guns at twenty-eight knots on a well-armored hull. To the perplexity of their former enemies, they have evolved a new and troublesome type, a ship able to sink any cruiser that can catch her and able to elude any capital ship (except a few British battle cruisers) that can sink her.

Not only have tonnage limitations forced competing admiralties to great expense, but they have fathered types unknown before. The 'Washington cruiser,' a ship of ten thousand tons mounting eight-inch guns, is a direct outgrowth of the arbitrary figure mentioned at the Conference as the high limit for cruisers. Keen naval constructors, forbidden to build battleships, immediately set to work to see what could be done within the prescribed tonnage. Given ten thousand tons and eight-inch guns and a clean sheet of drawing paper, designers have achieved a type constructed, gunned, and engined with a skill undreamed before, and yet a type which some believe entirely illogical. To many experts, the treaty cruiser is neither a line-of-battle ship, taking her place like the battle cruiser as a fast wing in the deployed column of floating forts that give and take the hardest blows in the supreme fleet battle for control of the seas, nor yet the smaller scouting and screening 'crash-in' ship and commerce-stopping ship, which was the original conception of the cruiser's function. So lightly are these vessels protected against the fire of guns similar to those they carry (for armor was sacrificed for engines and guns in the division of the limited tonnage) that a fight between them is likely to be as quickly decided as one between fast-shooting 'two-gun men' in a frontier saloon. On the first few salvos may rest the question of victory — or utter destruction. *C'est magnifique*, like the charge of the Light Brigade, *mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

IV

The London Conference found the United States woefully deficient in these new 'treaty cruisers.' In 1921 we relinquished the trident already within our grasp. No one can realize how great a sacrifice of completed sea power we made at the Washington Conference who did not watch the acetylene torches eating day by day into the armor of fighting ships whose like the world may never see again. While others folded up tentative blueprints, we destroyed completed hulls. It was a supremely generous gesture of which we may well be proud. Since then we have lived in a world of conferences and dreams, hoping against hope that the old, costly, useless armament race was ended. We have neglected to replace our torpedo flotillas. We long hesitated to follow the quickly renewed naval competition for preponderance in the most powerful type unrestricted at Washington, the 'treaty cruiser.'

Now, under the London Treaty, we must build to match the finished post-war fleets of our naval rivals. Without the treaty, it is possible that they might not have willingly surrendered their lead. We might have found that a stern chase was a long chase. The treaty calls an almost complete halt on building abroad while we renew and expand our fleet. This means expenditure, not saving. And as long as fighting ships exist, economy will be foreign to naval building. In war, and in the preparation for war, there is no place for the cheaper, the second best. Nothing produced by mankind is so inherently expensive as modern naval material. To-day, with limited navies, no loyal officer will rest content until his country's warships approach perfection itself. Rivalry, in the inevitable and ceaseless competition, is destined to pass from a race for quantity into a race for quality.

The greatest immediate economy is in the postponement of battleship replacements. But postponement is not of itself economy. That navy is cheapest in the end whose continued and progressive development keeps steadily abreast of the arts. Such a navy grows gradually from ship to ship, year by year discarding the old and creating the new. Its dockyards and the private shipbuilding plants that supplement them work constantly at an even and economical load, furnishing uninterrupted employment to a force of experts trained in fighting-ship construction. It escapes the pressure of politics seeking work for idle yards. It avoids large accumulations of ships built at the same time, like our destroyers and submarines laid down during the war, whose replacement must be undertaken simultaneously. If we are to have battleships, it would be far more economical to take in hand their replacement from year to year. It may yet be that in 1936 the taxpayer will rue the economies of 1930.

From time to time the press has held out the hope that the battleships of to-day will never be replaced, that the type will cease to exist and become extinct. Few naval officers, however, believe that these ships will not be continued as the central striking force of the United States navy. For, unlike other naval vessels, whose types and functions have always varied, the battleship has never changed. She is an absolute. Throughout the ages she has been the ship that can take to sea the greatest fighting power. Once as an oar-driven trireme her decks swarmed with the foot soldiers of Greece and Rome. As a galley she carried Don John of Austria to victory at Lepanto. Under Nelson she was a bluff-bowed, full-rigged ship, whose might was measured by the strength of her oaken timbers and the number of her broadside cannon. To-day she has become an armored ship firing great guns from revolving turrets to either side with uncanny accuracy up to and even beyond the range of sea visibility. Only her equals can meet her in open battle. In different forms, by internal defense or by surrounding herself with screening flotillas and aircraft, she has outlived the threat of fire ship, ram, torpedo, and airplane bomb. Naval thought cannot to-day put afloat greater striking and staying power for victory at sea than is embodied in the long gray column of superdreadnoughts. These battleships remain the ultimate expression of naval might. They exist for the same reason that all armament exists: preparation for war. If, in her present form, she be cribbed and confined by artificial treaty limitations, the battleship will reappear in some new, startling, and even more costly guise as a super-cruiser. *The road to disarmament and economy lies, not in attempting to bind by restrictive formulæ weapons which, under the pressure of competitive war preparations, overstep all limits,* *but in following a policy of international coöperation that will gradually make these weapons unnecessary.*

V

In entering this international understanding on the relative size of naval armaments, what, if any, of our 'glorious isolation' have we surrendered? Into what entangling alliance have we been lured? Does the London Treaty in fact make our future security and tranquillity contingent on another nation's action? The answer to these questions lies in the realization of the historical fact that our security and tranquillity have always been, and will always be, dependent on the action of foreign powers. Safety and peace are functions of foreign relations. In no cycle of world wars, since the first white man set foot on the soil of North America, have our people maintained neutrality. If in 1812 and 1917 we could not avoid being drawn into the maelstrom of world war, it is even less likely that we can escape a major conflict in the future. Despite its rejection by the United States Senate, the League of Nations stands as a living embodiment of a new tendency towards internationalism that supplements and cuts across the groupings of the powers. Year by year the nations become more closely knit by ties of trade and finance. The life of the world has in truth become international. A breach of the peace cannot to-day long remain merely an Asiatic, a Balkan, or a Mediterranean question. It will of necessity become a world question. Of that nation which breaks its plighted word, and, by taking up arms in offensive war, lights everywhere the fires of wrath that blood alone can quench, future historians may well write as Macaulay wrote of Frederick the Great: —

> On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America.

On every side our affairs touch those of foreign powers. No nation can live sufficient unto itself. And many are the hostages we have given to fortune. We support a doctrine that the political life of a hemisphere is our concern, and ours alone. In forbidding entrance to those who seek to share the envied prosperity of a continent, we have used the dangerous formula of race discrimination. There are two paths along which our future may move: armed isolation, or international coöperation. Those sinister rivalries which lead to 'inevitable' wars can and will be checked, not alone by the naval power of a single nation *armée pour la paix*, but even more by the growing tendency of all powers to share the burden of maintaining world peace. If we now build to the agreed limits of the London Treaty, we are assured of a navy adequate to defend our isolation. While granting to us the inalienable right of self-defense, the very act of negotiating the treaty invites us to further coöperation. Lest we rest too secure in our armed isolation, it would be well for us to recall that, not in Washington, but in the chanceries and war offices of Europe, were set in motion those dark forces that drew young Americans to their graves in the Argonne. World peace and world wars of necessity involve all nations.

Since the fall of the Roman Empire,

no nation has achieved sufficiency unto itself. Neither the mercenaries of Louis XIV nor the nation in arms that swept into every European capital under Napoleon could secure to France the mastery of the Continent. During three centuries the British navy has triumphed, but only in alliance with Continental armies. Once Disraeli could boast that the Empire 'has nothing to fear from war. Her Majesty has fleets and armies which are second to none.' But not to-day. Germany 'in shining armor' was supreme for a few short decades. But the end came.

Throughout modern history, European alliances, grouping and regrouping in the endless strife for power and security, have affected the destiny of our people. As an ally of Bourbon foreign policy we won our independence. As Napoleon's associate we fought the War of 1812. The Monroe Doctrine, that courageous declaration of policy made by the youngest of republics in the face of the Holy Alliance of the oldest of monarchies, rested in those early days on the sanction of a British Foreign Minister, who chose to 'call the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.' From the very beginning the fortunes of the United States have been interwoven in the fabric of world development. The future bids fair to be no different from the past. Our peace and security will rest, not alone on our strength for isolation, but of necessity on the action of other nations as well.

The London Treaty, despite its failure to satisfy those who hoped to see competitive navies disappear from the seas, stands as an accomplishment in the field of international coöperation. Time was when no nation would brook a question on the size of its armed forces. The Bourbon army was the king's personal army. Its size was no one's business but his. The German fleet, Tirpitz implied in his conversations with Colonel House, was Germany's affair, and hers alone.

We have come a long way from those days. The size of armaments has become a question of world concern, writ large for all to read in an open covenant openly arrived at. It does not promise us, and no agreement reached by international understanding can ever promise us, the overwhelming material superiority which alone can vouchsafe easy and immediate victory. No nation to-day can achieve a menacing naval preponderance, except by lavishing treasure and risking war in an out-and-out armament competition. Nor does it bind us to an inferiority that spells certain defeat. It gives us a fleet against which no other naval power or combination of powers will lightly take up arms. In the western Atlantic, the Caribbean, and the Pacific west to Hawaii, our squadrons can carry the proud motto that was once displayed aboard a British destroyer in the days of Admiral Lord Fisher, *Ut veniant omnes* — 'Let 'em all come!' If the world must again go mad and war bursts in upon our country that asks only for peace, the London Treaty leaves the issue to the gods of battle and to the well-tried skill, the loyalty, and the devotion of naval officers, whose task it now becomes to wring superiority in fighting power from a fleet of strictly limited tonnage. Behind the fleet they will build, the country can rest secure in its position as a great nation, spiritually, if not politically, the ally of those new forces which seek to bring all peoples nearer together in an effort to prevent war. With the building of the 'treaty navy,' America will come of age and will take unto herself the strength and the inescapable duties of greatness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

EASY AS PIE

THE proper solution of the P. Q. — and of course everyone knows that abbreviation stands for our old friend the Prohibition Question — is so simple that I lie awake every night and chuckle to think Congress has not adopted it. Only last night my wife said to me, 'Darling, you left the water running in the bathroom,' and I said, 'No, darling, that is just me chuckling.' 'Well, please don't chuckle,' she said, 'because it sounds as if you had left the water running in the bathroom.'

So you see, — what with the *Lit. Dige.* taking the vote, and a crisis in the P. Q. rapidly approaching, — it looks as if a crisis were rapidly approaching, and if there is anything I do hate to see it is one of these crises that keep approaching and approaching and never come in and sit down and have a cup of tea.

To understand my solution you must first get a weevil — a boll weevil — and read up about it. Or get a road. Or a schoolhouse. Or, if these are not handy to get, get the Roosevelt Dam. Hold this in one hand and my solution of the P. Q. in the other. You are now ready to understand my solution if anyone can. No one has yet.

In the other hand — or, if you have not that many hands, you may put down the Roosevelt Dam for a minute — you will take, let us say, the State of Kansas. If you do not examine this too closely you will see that it is a dry state. It wants to be as dry as a bone — any bone will do as long as it is as dry as Kansas wants to be.

You now put Kansas over on the piano for a minute and take up the State of New York. Hold this to your nose and sniff it and you will find that it is wet. Ask it, 'Do you want to be wet?' and it will answer, 'Yes, I want to be wet.' Proceed in this way with all the states, putting the wet states in one pile and the dry states on the piano where Kansas is, and you will find you have two piles of states, one pile wanting to be dry and the other pile dripping on the carpet.

You now pick up the Roosevelt Dam again and ask it, 'Who paid for building you?' and it will answer, 'The Federal Government paid for me.' You then ask Delaware, 'Do you want a Roosevelt Dam built in you?' and the answer will be 'No!' — because, after all, there would n't be room for anything else in Delaware if a Roosevelt Dam were built there.

You now say, 'Ha! See? The Federal Government spends its money in one state for a Roosevelt Dam, because that state wants a dam, but that does not mean that because it builds a Roosevelt Dam in one state the Government has to build Roosevelt Dams in all the states.'

We now turn the boll weevil over on its back and let it kick its legs in the air, and we observe that, while the Cotton States desire the Federal Government to spend large sums to poke the boll weevil in the solar plexus in their territory, Montana does not ask for money and men to exterminate the boll weevil. Montana has n't any boll weevils. Neither has Kansas. What some have thought were Kansas boll weevils were merely ordinary Kansans after drinking Jamaica ginger.

You now see how beautifully my whole solution fits together. First I hand State rights back to all the states and let each state decide whether it wants to be wet or dry. This may be decided either by vote or by drawing straws. I then replace the liquor revenue laws, thus causing the wet states to pay millions to the Government of the United States. I then pass a law — or let Congress do it, because Congress is touchy about such things — requiring the United States Government to spend for Prohibition enforcement in each self-decided dry state a sum equal to the amount appropriated by that state each year. Or ten times as much, for all I care.

This ought to please everybody. If you wanted to be dry you could move over into a dry state, and if you wanted to be wet you would not have to break a law or pack up your corkscrew and move to Canada or Patagonia. By concentrating on the states that want to be dry the Government could accomplish something. The wet states would be happy because they would be wet, and the dry states would be happy because the liquor revenue taxes of the wet states would be paying for the Prohibition enforcement in the dry states.

A special fund of seven billion dollars would be set aside to keep the dry Senators and Representatives dry, this money being collected by the Government for permits to carry hip flasks in wet states. To prevent the return of the saloon in wet states a law would be passed eliminating the word 'saloon' from the American language and substituting the word 'refectory.' No more saloons.

This is as far as I have worked out my solution to date, but I am now considering the advisability of sweetening the whole matter by doing away with all the terms that are such red rags to the Prohibitionists. So far I have decided that beer would no longer be called 'beer,' but 'wumble,' which is a perfectly harmless word and should make no one angry. I have not yet decided whether to rename whiskey 'gloops' or 'biffick,' but at present I rather incline toward 'gloops.' The word 'souse' would, of course, be done away with entirely, and I think I will substitute the word 'thirstarian.' When all this is done the tender ears of our Prohibition friends will no longer be jarred, and their ire aroused, by such sentences as, 'The old souse went into the saloon for a slug of whiskey,' but should hear with calm indifference, 'The elderly thirstarian went into the refectory for a portion of gloops.'

This solution should avoid civil war, but if civil war comes you will find me ready, exactly as I was in the Great War, to make four-minute speeches, some of them thirty minutes long. Longer, even.

FROGS' CHORUS

IT began with a chub in a water pail. The chub had been intended for pickerel bait and was a last survivor; so it was given to me, aged four. I adored that chub! It was the first live thing that I had owned. I fed it flies of my own catching — after serious efforts and many failures. It had the whole of my heart.

Came then the time when flies were not, and bits of bread had to take their place. Then, one dire night! Down went the thermometer in that country kitchen and iced over the water in that pail. In the morning my beautiful silver fish was stiff and cold. The grown-ups laughed, to themselves. I felt the insincerity of their sympathy, and listened silently to their unproved statements that the real fish had gone to a happy stream where all good fish go when they are tired of hunting for bugs and worms.

Later, much later, I specialized in underwater life in a pasture trench around a great rock, permanently full of water. At eight or nine I could have told any boy the difference between toad, frog, and tree-toad tadpoles; and, as a frog *catcher*, in that town I had no equal. I knew in advance just which way that frog would jump. So, when a big hogshead was sawn in two to make great tubs for hog-scalding in the fall killings, in summer I made of them a safe harbor for evening concerts, out by the well, under the great elm. No boy had bigger artists!

But there was competition there. For every boy in town, count one impresario. Supremacy demanded constant alertness in annexing candidates. Great was the mortification if one other boy discovered and collected a deeper basso profundo. As a matter of fact, in that I was a class by myself, and the competition lay among members of the second class, to my own infinite soul comfort — tinged, still, with a permanent anxiety. Some other boy *might* discover a frog Babe Ruth.

One day I forestalled just such a case by fine detective work, and in glorious triumph carried home six giants of their kind. Naturally no pocket would hold them — that is, the totally inadequate pockets supplied to small boys. So, with the grip of a young monkey on the hind legs of my captives, I carried them homeward, three in each hand, heads down; and I swaggered past the crowded piazza of the summer hotel that all the world — especially all other boys therein — might see. Among the observers chanced to be my beautiful mother and no less beautiful elder sister, and I held up those full hands of mine to them in gleeful triumph. A roar of laughter swept that piazza from end to end, and my grown-ups turned a curious scarlet as to face. That night I received two distinct, emphatic lectures relating to keeping absolutely separate the piazza of that hotel and all and several frog adventures.

Now it so befell that while ranging in an outlying back pasture I came on a spring hole under a great rock, largely hidden by a pile of brush. Exceeding experience had made me wise; no such place did I ever overlook. But I was struck dumb by the sight of no less than twelve pairs of turret-eyes around the margin of that black pool; and the spaces between those eyes were to be measured by inches! The white man who first saw a herd of ten thousand buffalo may have got a greater thrill, but I doubt it. By then, he must have lost much of his capacity for thrilling. I had absolutely all of mine, intact.

But I was forbidden to carry prizes — and such prizes! — homeward in the natural way. Should I leave that bonanza until I could get home and back with a covered pail? That would take at least an hour; and for aught I knew at least five other boys might even then be right on my trail! True, from lesser skill they would be able to catch only one or two of those veterans of the deep; but they would warn the rest and that would cause me endless trouble. I sat me down and pondered, not long but hard. My private maxim even then was 'Obstacles were invented to create thought'— and swiftly the answer came.

With a fishline, cut without a qualm, I tightly tied my knee pants just above the knee. Then with Indian stealth, and suitable intervals of quiet, I proceeded. Each big black batrachian in turn found himself in the last suddenness of a grasp that held and paralyzed, then gently but irresistibly drew him from his comfortable bedplace of wet mud and deftly slipped him head downward under the waistband of those pants, to be joined in due time by others till my legs fairly bulged with quite abnormal muscular development. It was uncomfortable for all concerned, especially for me. But what would you? Had not the grown-ups in their power of resistless might unreasonably ruled a rule that all small boys of any wisdom must heed?

When the last of the twelve, a Goliath that seemed to me really a third larger than the rest, joined his husky, dusky brethren, can you blame me if I sat back and leaned against the rock and howled and yelled just for my own delight? It was simply impossible for all the boys in town together to produce by their united stealth even half a dozen such as mine. So I started on my homeward way.

Now the ordinary walk of a short-legged boy is apt to be staccato. To the frogs it must have seemed like being inside of a rotary churn. Moreover, as to what it was all about they still were completely in the dark; although more or less aware that they had descended into that *oubliette* from above, and hence that the outlet necessarily was above — a fact which they speedily decided to verify, some five minutes before I was due once more to pass the hotel piazza.

I have seen a flock of starlings tack, and veer, and flash away at a new angle when a hawk was winging past as though each bird in the mass thought exactly like every other bird at that second, and needed no command. They just went. So, suddenly up each leg twelve cold, clammy little feet frantically began to climb, and twelve more as promptly began to follow them, and every single inch of me thereabouts in an instant began to wriggle. Those twelve mammoth frogs, like chimney sweeps of old, went upward just as far as space would let them go, and clung there, and stayed; and one small boy had to swagger unconcernedly past that loaded piazza with stolid features and every quivering nerve under desperate mind-control! I won out; but it was at a price!

That night, at twilight, the entire family of inquisitive grown-ups cocked suddenly attentive ears at the deep, ponderous chorus that was pealing out from the cavernous mouths of those enormous tubs under our mighty elm. They listened. They looked at each other. They looked at me. I was beaming with a mighty satisfaction. So they simultaneously demanded when and how. I told them, placidly. Then, quite incomprehensibly they shrieked, and screamed with inexpressible laughter, and held each other up helplessly and shrieked again. I let them. Why not? Sometimes grown-ups, even mine, are 'perfect idiots.' The only way to do when they get that way is just to let them 'idiot.' I did. My turn was yet to come. My chamber window looked out on that orchestra, and every note of its deep-toned chorus came up to me as though magnified by the outlet of a mighty horn. I listened to it, positively entranced. That music was real, and it was worth all it cost. Nor did I have to pump wearily at the pump behind the church organ at five cents an hour to enjoy its harmony.

Suddenly, as by command of an imperious leader, every voice was silent. I leaned far out of the window in swift anxiety. Then I hugged myself with ecstasy; for out of the silence came one single, ponderous, metallic note — the one note without a rival; the note, I felt, from that huge giant of them all before whom lesser frogs must sit in silence. I listened. Oh, joy! It came again, carrying a world of deepest meaning if one but knew its language to interpret. Sometimes, in dreams, I seem to hear it now.

FROM A SYMPHONY PROGRAMME

The Roller Coaster Suite, Op. 23
Peter Pumpkin-Eater

(Born at West Hackensack June 1, 1898, living at West Hackensack)

PUMPKIN-EATER did not depend on commentators to explain the meaning of his Roller Coaster Suite. He printed his own programme on the score: —

Night — The Ascent — The Wild Surmise — Lost in the Clouds — Moments of Danger — The Lost Hat — The Descent — Vision — Young Love — The Eternal Question — Night

The work is in two movements, with a brief pause after the chief episode, 'The Lost Hat.'

The suite, dedicated 'in profound gratitude' to Ruben Salzheimer (the inventor of the Roller Coaster), calls for these instruments: five flutes, two oboes, English horn and brake-lining, double bassoon, four tenor tubas, wind machine, cymbals, kettledrums, chewing gum, three soprano saxophones, for use at a considerable distance behind the scenes, and as many strings as can be conveniently seated on the stage.

This suite is frankly programme music. In the soft slow measures of the introduction, Night is indicated. A Sicilian shepherd and his consort are discovered in a roller coaster chariot. Muted strings, horns, and wood winds have (*lento*) a slowly ascending figure. Against a chord (B-flat minor) the 'mounting motive' is sounded by the brass. Philip Hale, the critic, believes that this theme is derived from the folk song, 'All the Little Angels Ascend Up On High.' There is development. What may be considered the main movement of the symphony follows, the 'main' because, beginning with the Ascent, it has to do with the adventures of the couple on high. The movement begins ('*andante furioso* 4-4 time') with a theme played by the flutes, wind machine, and the full string choir. This is practically the chief theme of the work and is made much of. The English horn, now loud, now soft, indicates the traffic below. The chariot mounts higher and higher with the music. Saxophones, at a considerable distance, introduce the Moments of Danger, which, according to one of the wise men of Paris, represent the cries of the terrified female coasters.

A tonic part is now given to the tenor tubas, mounting to a crescendo. The Sicilian's hat has blown off! Here a noteworthy figure for brass, with a roll on cymbals with wooden drumsticks, bespeaks the wrath and lament of the young shepherd. 'Arpeggios, glissandos, rapidly descending scales, bells, and brake-lining picture the dashing descent of the Roller Coaster.'

Then begins that dulcet love passage so dear to concert-goers. From the composer's notes we are to understand that the Sicilian is now being comforted by his consort for the loss of his hat. Released from the peril and buffeting of Fate, the couple languish in each other's arms as their chariot comes gently to a stop. An appealing melody is given to the oboes over muted chewing gum.[1] This love melody is sustained for sixteen measures before it gives way to a brief interlude in which other roller coasters are heard in the distance. This threatens to grow ominous, then recedes as the music of endearment returns. For an ecstatic moment passion runs riot in a *fugato* movement in 6-8 time; then the love song fades, the chewing gum is heard no more. At the close, use is made of the Night material with which the suite begins.

There is a short coda.

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[1] Many will challenge this use of an instrument not usually classified in the musical world. But though repeated efforts have been made to reproduce this gentle smacking by instruments, thus far no close likeness has been achieved. Where machines fail, nature must be employed. — EDITOR

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OCTOBER, 1930

MY FRIEND CHACE

BY ROBERT BARRETT

I

Chace had no idea of going to Patagonia when he shipped before the mast in the fall of '97. He went as ship's carpenter on a little schooner that R. T. Green and Company of Boston had fitted out, to look over abandoned whaling grounds in the South Shetlands and take seal and whalebone. He had no idea of staying when the venture fizzled out and he found himself ashore in Patagonia ten months later. But it was thirty-one years before he saw his country again, coming up, as he said, because talking with us had made him homesick.

The schooner's crew was made up mostly of young men like Chace and his cousin Rounsville from Taunton and thereabouts, whose ears were full of tales of a recent venture to the South for bone and ambergris — five thousand dollars for the cabin boy's three-hundredth on the lay. But it was not the carpenter's hundredth that drew Chace. It was the promise of a wider field to go observing in than Taunton and Middleboro and New Bedford and the woods and swamps about afforded.

The skipper had been a formidable little mate in his younger days in the Arctic, and a plucky one. When he mashed his arm in the running gear up in Hudson's Bay he let his old whaling captain saw it off with a meat saw and cauterize the end with a red-hot harpoon, and, when the new wound gangrened, let him have at it again with the saw and the harpoon. The ship carried no anæsthetics. Now, many years later, when he took command of Green and Company's seventy-four-ton schooner, drink had begun to tell on him. The mate was a big sober fellow who knew the North too, and a little of the South. The young men liked him enormously from first to last. They liked the skipper less, from the start, in spite of all they had heard about his prowess, hanging about his cigar store in Taunton. Later on, off in the Falklands, when his reputation needed bolstering, Rounsville heard him brag of the little shop as his 'big department store.'

It took an interminable time to get away from Boston after the crew signed on. They lost three men before they started. The old man wasted a month or two after that in the Cape Verdes, lying drunk ashore. Three or four of the crew got away there, and the mate had to ship a lot of green Portuguese. The mate took the schooner out eventually, but the skipper made such a nuisance of himself, when he was n't completely paralyzed, that the mate

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had to empty all the Brava demijohns overboard. That was just before they crossed the equator. All went well for a long time after that, until they found the bilge pump putting fresh water overboard. They plugged the leak in time to save a little, and stood in toward the coast of South America to replenish.

They sighted barren cliffs at last, off what Chace thinks must have been Deseado on the Patagonian coast. An old chart showed fresh water farther south, marked at the head of the estuary of the Rio Santa Cruz, alongside an abandoned convict settlement. Recent charts show a missionary settlement there. The skipper knew nothing of that coast but tales of savages he had heard. The mate knew nothing more. Chace and Rounsville knew, from a picture in their geographies, that naked Patagonians, mounted bareback, hunt ostriches, with long lazos that carry balls instead of loops.

Now, at twenty-four, it was ten years since they had made spitballs behind those geography books. Neither had had any schooling since. Rounsville's mother had raised her heavy-jowled giant as a noncombatant, and all the other boys, even the most fragile, had gone about picking on him until one day, as Rounsville told me, his little chum said, 'Stand up to 'em, Horace. If you can't lick 'em, I can.' Rounsville's much the biggest and most formidable of the mates on the Fall River Line now.

Chace is a small man, a close-knit fellow, well set up; clear sharp eyes, strong hands with fingers crooked a bit by this and that mishap; a free lance still. His hair is gray now. In those days he had red hair and a red moustache, and something of a temper to go with them. When he was about seventeen, sitting in his father's pew, reading the hymn book during a dreary sermon, the parson had pointed him out and reproved him, and he got up, slammed down the hymn book, and marched out. The 'Patagonian savages,' when they got acquainted with him, used to call him 'Norte Alazan' for that coloring — the Sorrel Northerner. He thought his eyes were brown when he set sail, but when he came to go back home, after thirty years under the Patagonian sky, the consul told him they were blue. They are as sharp as ever, but they are turning brown again in the filtered sunshine of New England. His upright carriage is deliberate. When he was working in the machine shop at Taunton, pale and stooped, his grandmother told him she hoped he'd enjoy his Christmas deer hunt that year, because he'd never have another: he would go the galloping-consumption way that some of his forebears and neighbors had gone before him. Chace took the tip, quit the machine shop, and stood up.

One afternoon — Washington's birthday, to be precise, in 1898 — the little schooner came abreast a headland where a tall sea cliff from the south comes to an end. There was a low bluff opposite: the cliffs they'd watched from Deseado down had fallen off to that. Here, by the chart, was the inlet they were looking for.

At their approach, sea lions went splashing off. Years later Chace lay on his stomach on that headland, watching the entrance when there was no disturbing vessel in the offing, and saw some hundreds of the big fellows swimming, ranged in a crescent across it, like a net; and hundreds more plunging between the horns, coming up with big fish waving in their mouths; and more and more still, as far out as he could see. And all the sea was rippled with big and little fish, come swimming up on the tide. After that fishing, you'd find fish on the beach with big chunks bitten out of them. There is a rookery of those sea lions ten leagues down the coast.

The schooner stood in on a flood tide, rippled with fish but clear of sea lions, just about sunset, in mid-channel; it got up four or five miles, and anchored off an island where the bay was rather wide. The shores could n't be seen distinctly in that light, and no one felt easy in his mind.

Daylight showed no signs of savages, or fresh water, only a wreck ashore up the bay. The mate said, 'There's some ship's crew that the Indians killed when she went ashore.' It was not a pleasant prospect, but fresh water had to be found and got aboard somehow. The skipper got together a boat's crew to go exploring before he should take the schooner any farther up.

They rowed over to the wreck, climbed up on the old hulk, and made out well up the bay, across a three or four mile stretch of dirty yellow water, low roofs. The roofs lay in the mouth of a canyon that breached a tall sea cliff on the west side. Cliff edge or brow of steep slope made the sky line all the way to the entrance. The schooner was ill-placed to judge the height of that sky line by, but when they came to climb up to it later they thought it might be four mast-lengths. The boat's crew put off again on the yellow water, heading for the roofs, and soon discovered dark figures moving about — abandoned convicts, perhaps, certainly not naked Patagonians. They turned out to be men in natty uniforms, an Argentine officer with half a dozen sailors in charge of the harbor. The skipper got what information he wanted with bad Portuguese and started back.

The men rowed along the edge of a low shelf about a mile wide and found a couple of iron shanties on the beach, — high pebble beach, 'steep as a horse's hoof,' — which hid a whole village from the boat. They turned up a Hungarian behind the bar in one of the shanties who could talk a little broken English. The fellow said his neighbor was an Austrian, and the people in the 'dobe village they could see through his back windows were Spaniards and Argentines. There was a Falkland Islander down the bay on that side, whose native tongue was English.

It was long after dark when they got down aboard the schooner among their anxious shipmates, and heard how the mate had climbed the shrouds again and again and come down swearing that that 'damfool' captain had taken his men ashore to get them scalped.

There was no wind next day, and the crew got out the two whaleboats and towed the schooner up abreast the village. Chace and Rounsville got leave to cruise about a bit ashore, to see if there was any game in the country. The crew were pretty hungry for fresh meat.

An empty dusty way led back between two rows of little 'dobe houses and disappeared up a dusty canyon. They climbed up over the sky line to where they could look off across the Pampa Triste — that's what the Hungarian called the high country. 'It looked sad, right enough,' but there was no plumy pampa about it — not one of those tall feathery clumps, like the gilt-stemmed grasses that would reach from the floor to the ceiling in Chace's grandmother's parlor.

The dusty trail that led up from the village led on westward among sparse squat black bushes and sparse yellow bunch grass, big, but pigmy alongside Grandmother's bunch. These grew in sandy clay and pebbles, so hard-packed that the big wheels of five-ton bullock carts in later years did not sink in; Chace has worked hours with his crow-bar at a single fence-post hole in the stuff, a little farther south. Here and there the tops of bigger bushes peeped from arroyos (in the North American sense of the word). Those dry cuts made the trail tack a bit, but it held on its course toward a high scarp along a remoter sky line than the brow behind them.

It was an empty country. There was no sign of house or tent or water anywhere. There were no Patagón tracks. Those big tracks that scared Magellan's men were made by tall Indians clumsily shod, but no Indians north of the Straits have walked since the Spanish horses drifted down their way. There were no ordinary man tracks. Chace and Rounsville found barefoot horse tracks, however, and what looked like baby camel tracks, and three-toed tracks much bigger than any bird's they were familiar with. And there was something too blunt for a deer's track that might be a wild sheep's. They got down aboard empty-handed, but with both their scalps intact.

II

The mate was beginning to feel easy. He'd have been less so had Chace and Rounsville chanced to go a little farther north on the Pampa Triste that day to where neatly cleaned skulls of murdered men stuck out of shallow graves in an arroyo. There are plenty of beaks and teeth to pick skulls in that country, but one of those still wore a blue Chilean sombrero tied behind with a leather thong, after the manner of our cowboys.

Not knowing of this very thorough scalping, the mate took off a boat next day to try the eastern side for game. He found a forty-foot bluff a little back from the beach on that side. Chace sneaked up a gully in it, came out close to a band of baby camels grazing, and got two of them. But they were too red and white for camels. They had no humps, and their necks were much too slender and they held them too straight up. The tallest held his head higher than the mate's. They really are a primitive camel, those elegant little guanacos with waists like greyhounds.

There were no Indians in sight at that killing, but the boat's crew wasted no time taking notes on their strange game. They got the carcasses down to the beach as quickly as they could and cleared away.

The mate was bolder next day. The men had ventured back nearly a league from the edge before they found anything, and then, just before the country took a big step up, they saw wild sheep. Chace stalked them very carefully and got six, but when the mate came up and found they had earmarks and were wethers, he was for bolting while his men still had their scalps. There were no Indians in sight, however, and they wanted the meat. Chace stood guard while the gutting was going on. Then they made for the boats as fast as they could go. The mate went so fast that he 'got split off' from the others, and had the fright of his life in a gully just before he got down to the beach. He saw an Indian run out of a branch gully into his, and try to get between him and the boat. It was really an ostrich trying to get away unobserved, running with his head held low and his wings cupped, as Chace was to see him do 'often and often and often' in the years to come.

The men got the mutton aboard and cleared away, but the tide was against them, and so was a stiff wind. They failed to make the schooner, were swept down between the island and the wet shore, and beached the boat in an inlet in sight of the Falkland Islander's house. Mr. Betts was a proper British subject, or, as old Dick Pedraluca used to say of himself when he was drunk, 'British object.' But Betts's English was not much easier for the Yankees to understand than the Hungarian's had been. They made out that those wild sheep tracks on the Pampa Triste were made by his sheep, brought over from the Falklands in the *Rippling Wave* of Boston register, and that there were two settlers on the east side where they had got those Indian wethers. The Hungarian had made them think there were no settlers on that side. Betts gave the thirsty men all the water they could drink and filled their bucket. Chace said, 'This is too much.' Betts said, 'Throw some out, then.' Chace stared at him, and then remembered where he was.

That man Betts was one of twenty-two, all born in the Falklands, of one big powerful woman and one weazen little man. Chace had it from the seal pirate, Captain Poole, who used to poach on the Patagonian coast and carry liquor to the Falklands, that once when he had put that man ashore, after a long drinking bout on his schooner, and left him paralyzed on the beach, the woman had come down and gathered him up in her apron, only his muddy boots and shaggy head showing. Poole said, 'What have you there?' And she answered, 'A better man than what you be, Captain Poole.' Poole's own crew shot him in the water with the seal gun, when he had fallen overboard in a drunken rage. They were afraid there might be a rope trailing.

III

The schooner had been in port but a few days when a Scotch brig, the *Crossowen* of Glasgow, came in on her annual voyage and anchored alongside. Her crew were all British, but there was only one man among them whom Chace could clearly understand. The *Crossowen* carried general cargo, and so much liquor that Chace remembers her to this day as 'the rum ship.'

The brig's owners had built a liquor warehouse, the year before, some leagues up the river. Their captain turned his vessel over to his mate that trip, and went ashore to stock the warehouse and take charge of it, and later on got Chace to enlarge it for him. He sold wholesale and retail — good liquor to the whites cheap, bad to the Indians dear. Chace once heard someone say to him, 'The Government ought to pay you a bounty on the Indians you've killed off,' and heard him reply, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

The brig's crew lightered her cargo in her own barges and piled it on the beach above high water. Some of that cargo lay there months until the settler farmer out there came down to claim the stores he had been waiting a year for. The handful of settlers that there were in those days were all sheepmen, widely scattered along the coast, all except the *bolicheros* who sold liquor to the whites, and the traders who peddled the bad stuff upcountry to the Indians, and a man or two back from the coast who ran mares or cattle.

There were sawed Norwegian pine and corrugated iron in the *Crossowen's* cargo, and tin houses like Valentino's on the beach began going up in Santa Cruz. Hatcher of the Princeton Paleontological Expedition counted thirty when he came down that year.

A miserable little 'dobe village, that Santa Cruz, half sunk in pebbly flat between barren slope and dirty yellow bay. Only sparse bush and yellow bunch grass about it, and pebbles and blowing sand and dust; a restless saddle horse or two tied in the dusty street. There was no sign of any garden in those early days. 'One cannot sing in Santa Cruz,' a lovely Roman lady told us who was marooned there, years later, when the town had grown from a double line of houses to a solid square of them.

The priest had his chapel in one of the dusty gray houses, where Chace saw swarthy men kneeling at Mass, with long knives at their backs. The fine old justice, Don Juan Williams, held his court and lived with his family in another. Don Juan's wife, people thought, was a colonel's sister from Buenos Aires, and they had a family of little girls to bring up there in that rude and dreary place. The judge wore a long white beard and looked exactly like an Englishman, but did n't know a word of English. He probably pronounced his surname 'Oo-izhams.' Killing was out of order during Don Juan's tenure. He kept the peace single-handed. The blood of a line of English J.P.'s must have run in Don Juan's veins. Immediately after he left, killings began in Santa Cruz in earnest.

There were a number of women in the village. One of the townsmen kept three of them at a time as wives, and had a swarm of children, all probably duly acknowledged before Don Juan and thus simply made legitimate. There was a man up in the Rio Negro country who was reputed to have seventy-five legitimate children. In looking back over his first few years in the country, Chace remembers the Spanish and Argentine women as delicate, inclined to sit indoors and make lace. He heard of many deaths in childbirth. It might take three such women to raise even a moderate family. They used to say of the Chilean women that one of them could bear a child in the morning and go to work in the afternoon just like a Tehuelche squaw.

As to the landsmen who came and went about Santa Cruz, the Gauchos who looked after the mares and the bullocks and did the taming, the peons who did the odd jobs, the shepherds — everybody more or less, of whatever race or calling, who rode down into the village, seemed to come there to drink or gamble or carry off some other fellow's wife, but presumably some of them had other business.

IV

The *aguardiente* of the Cape Verdes had only held the Yankee skipper a month in St. Vincent and Brava, after he had got his torn sails mended and a new topmast, but here, with a British rum ship anchored alongside and a good bar in every house, there was no budging him for four months. His Portuguese were indifferent, but the English-speaking members of the crew growled more and more, and one day struck work. The captain got word to the harbor master, and he and his force of sailors and the brig's captain came aboard and called it mutiny. There was talk of irons, but nothing more than talk. And things went on as before, except that the mate demanded his discharge and passage money, and got them.

The skipper seems to have drawn on the slop chest to moderate his liquor drafts on the company's letter of credit, and to have got credit and some cash here and there by lending his men. Chace had got almost desperate idling on the schooner, but his turn came at last. The skipper lent his ship's carpenter to Valentino, the Hungarian bolichero on the beach. Valentino wanted a new mast for his cutter. And when Chace had a tall one from the wrecked bark trimmed down for her, the skipper lent Rounsville and a man or two to run her, fetching wool from the Paso Ibañez, where the ferry was, eight leagues up the Santa Cruz, and cases of liquor from Piscatores, and firewood from the mouth of the Chico. The Chico is another big river that empties into the head of the estuary, but does not bring down half the water the Santa Cruz does, in spite of its imposing appearance on the map.

Chace was no sooner through with Valentino's mast than he was off to liquor headquarters on another job. The Santa Cruz flows clear there at Piscatores between wide clay and gravel terraces, like those along the sides of the estuary. If you rode your *pingo* (saddle horse) back far enough, you came up on to that pebbly bushy Pampa Triste. But Chace hardly knew what a pingo was in those days. He got about on his own legs and in the Captain's boat.

The liquor warehouse stood on the lowest terrace, and the captain's dwelling right beside it. The captain wanted Chace to build a lean-to kitchen on that. He had brought his wife, an ex-barmaid, out with him this trip, and they were keeping Jock, their little cabin boy, for scullery lad. That lad grew up to do a rather unpleasant killing. A young gentleman friend of the barmaid's, returning to Glasgow from Patagonia, had given her a league of land along the river and she had come out with her captain to till it. There was a garden the next year, with posies in it, such as used to grow outside the country 'pubs' at home, and carrots and a first sowing of alfalfa.

Again Chace got no money for his work, but he had the use of the boss's Winchester. When the Yankee skipper got ready to sail and summoned Chace, he got word back that he would have to send more men than there were cartridges in that gun. The British captain used to say that the crew of that Yankee schooner was the most insubordinate he had ever seen.

The skipper actually sailed at last, still not for the Shetlands, but for the Falklands, with a makeshift mate from the *Crossowen's* crew — a decent enough fellow while the schooner was under way, but drunken as his chief while she lay at anchor. The skipper had gone up himself to Piscatores after Chace, a day or two before, and had come back without him, very angry, saying Chace was a bad fellow and he'd never have him on a ship of his. 'And I knew they'd locked horns,' says Rounsville, 'and Ned had come out on top.' Rounsville himself got away in the Falklands, and shortly after that the skipper was put on the beach by the authorities at Punta Arenas. He had such a way with him ashore that he was trusted by everyone almost to the last. The guileless Iowa consul in the Falklands even reinstated him when he had been temporarily removed from command.

He had had to take his schooner out from Santa Cruz without her carpenter, and Chace and Rounsville were parted for thirty years. They had seen very little of each other after Chace went ashore to work. The old man had kept Rounsville busy on board, or running Valentino's cutter, and went about wearing Rounsville's gold watch and chain as surety for him, perhaps, though better surety was Rounsville's vast size and the impossibility of getting big enough pants at Braun and Blanchard's. He was reluctant to run away and leave his sailor's bag behind. Chace himself, in the years to come, often had to make his own pants, or set great pieces into ready-made ones. There was always the *chiripa*, that blanket diaper the Gauchos use to keep their legs warm in cold weather. You take a blanket by one end and wrap that round your waist. You straddle what's left lying on the ground, pick up the other end, wrap that round your waist, and strap on the two ends so that the middle just clears the ground between your feet. If the blanket is wide enough it will keep the wind off your legs and feet while you are in the saddle. Very effective, but not attractive to Rounsville — so he stuck by the ship.

V

Chace had n't a centavo to his name when the schooner sailed. He knocked about for a while, helping his old mate, Johnson, run Valentino's cutter for his keep. Then he got a job with the British captain, enlarging the liquor warehouse and running his whaleboat. The canny old Scot paid him a hundred and twenty pesos Chilean when he left — called them 'dollars,' as they do down there. It would take about four of them to make an Argentine dollar and eight of them to make a Massachusetts dollar.

There was plenty of carpentry work to be done in Santa Cruz, but Chace hated that place. He was n't at all sure that the old man would n't come back, as he had threatened to, and seize him. He was suspicious of the subprefect, and of the Spaniards in the village, most of whom were Catalans, unfriendly just then.

News of the war between Spain and the United States had reached Punta Arenas, by vessels passing through the Straits of Magellan, and come up overland by mounted carrier. There was no Panama Canal then, of course, and all that traffic came through the Straits. The story grew as it traveled north. When Hatcher got it between Santa Cruz and San Julian, Spain and Germany and Russia had joined forces against England and the United States. The Catalans always had threatening looks and gestures for Chace after that news came up — would point him out and say, 'Americanos malos.'

Of course Chace wore his own gun faithfully. He did a little practice in public once to awe the Catalans — set up a half-dozen bottles and broke their necks and then their middles and then knocked off their bottoms. One might judge his awe of them by this emptying of so many of his handful of cartridges. The *Crossowen's*, though they were the right calibre, were poor stuff and there were no others. He carried a .44 Colt, using rifle cartridges, which often could be had when no others could, and practised up to the limit of his resources. Later on he got Remington cartridges up from Punta Arenas by the thousand, and practised every day. He used to shoot quickly without catching the sights, laying his index finger along the barrel — or rather the two remaining joints of it, which were all he had brought down with him. He says you don't need to squint your eye and look along your arm to point your finger at an object, and he never could see the difference. We heard praise of his skill wherever we went.

Only the Catalans were hostile. The Argentines were as friendly as the Britons or any of the other neutrals. But Chace was itching to get started north into country where there were no Spaniards and no police.

When he got up north, Chace found himself among friendly Scotchmen, no one of whom had any murders to his credit. Nearly every *padrón* was Scotch, but his shepherds were Indians and Chileans and his Gauchos were Argentines, and most of the Chileans and Argentines were there because they had done murder somewhere else.

Chace had had nothing to do with Argentine horses up to the time he started for San Julian. He had got about in a boat or on his feet, thinking nothing of twenty or thirty miles — or eight or ten leagues, rather, as they reckon in Patagonia. He had been used to tramping as far as that and back to see a Negro camp meeting on Cape Cod. But the day came at last when he needed a horse. He had agreed to go to work for a Dane, Hansen, who had taken out virgin sheep camp west of San Julian, and it was time to start. He had to be economical, for he had only that hundred and twenty pesos Chilean. The Paso Ibañez was just a league or two upstream from Piscatores; he would wait until he got across the river before he bought.

So he set out on foot with a heavy overcoat and a blanket and the ship's tools which he had appropriated as his share of the lay. It was hard work tramping up steep clay slopes out of the dry gullies the track crossed, and when he got to the Paso his load was lighter by all but one of the heavy tools and most of the light ones. He had only a square, a saw, a small chisel, a small plane, and a chopper — 'enough to build anything there might be to build in that country.'

He got to the Paso at last, and lit one of those black bushes to make a smoke, and yelled until they came across with the boat from the old 'dobe *boliche* of the widow Doña Gregoria, La Salina. Gauchos and Chilenos used to come down there for big drunks, and the widow's men would get drunk with them. There would be no getting the little boat at such times until someone sobered down.

Once across, he made for the new boliche, La Gaviota, the Sea Gull, shining with new iron from the *Crossowen's* cargo — sides and roof all iron. He had n't seen the building of it, but had helped Johnson stock it from Valentino's cutter.

'I can see that crowd in La Gaviota,' says Chace, 'as plain as can be — first really tough-lookin' gang I ever see; just the way they come in from ridin', not fixed up the way they would be to go down to the village. There was a big Scotchman, six foot tall, great big Hielan' fellow; coat sleeves comin' just a little below his elbows, great big hams of hands stickin' out; breeches like a boy that's outgrown his about two years, probably the biggest he could get down there. I did n't talk to him. He'd been drinkin' and he was blusterin' and I left him alone. There was two or three Indians with their *capas* on layin' round — they'd come tradin' ostrich feathers; and there was a big tall Spaniard, thin as a rake — Flamingo, they had him nicknamed; and one or two Argentines with long black beards and those big wide belts on outside, — *tiradors*, they call 'em, — big silver-handled knives stuck in 'em behind, and revolvers, too. I looked the crowd over and I thought I was n't afraid of 'em exactly. You don't mind bein' shot or anythin' like that, but I always did have a kind of a shudder against a knife. I always watched them fellows awful sharp, and I made up my mind if ever I see a man's hand goin' to his back, I'd do somethin' before he got that knife out.'

A stone's throw back from the water's edge, low 'dobe walls, wind-fretted, held up an old iron roof. The incessant wind swept over everything, slammed a heavy wooden shutter, eddied in at the open doorway on the lee side. There was no door. Just a little way off were some of those fourteen fresh-looking skulls Chace had been hearing about.

He entered a big bare firelit room. There were a lot of rough-looking fellows squatting on the dirt floor about the fireplace at cards, greasy cards. Doña Gregoria stood in the midst of them, lighting a fresh cigarette from the butt of her last one. She was a thickset little woman with a wrinkled bony face, very dark and dirty, coal-black hair, big gold rings in her ears, long black calico dress. She came over to greet Chace, slapping along in *alpargatas* — rope-soled canvas slippers. 'She had the history of every person that ever come to South America. She got it all from men. She would n't see a woman from year's end to year's end. She'd go down to the village once in a while and go into a house where some woman lived, but never speak to her — sit rollin' her own and smokin' with the husband all day long.'

There was not a bench or a table to be seen. Chace must have been loth to lay his only blanket on that much-spat-upon floor to sit on. Everybody else was sitting on *carpinchos* or sheepskins, pleated to make them take up less room and at the same time keep the upper sides clear of that dirt. There was a big iron pot on the fire, and macaroni and pound chunks of mutton stewing in it — *puchero*, they called it, for sale to them that wanted it; and there were *galletas* — big fat biscuit of white flour, hard as a stone, but softenable by heat.

In a little barroom that opened off one end of the big room, men threw dice for wine and hard liquor, and talked gossip and politics with Doña Gregoria. A Spaniard and an Argentine among them avoided hard liquor. They got heated with the red wine, though, and rather touchy. Some of the Chileans got drunk enough to be looking for trouble. An Irishman went crawling about on all fours, and another Briton lay paralyzed under the men's feet.

The Britons don't always get so apathetically drunk as that, though. Chace has seen a Scotchman walk out erect and steady alongside a German after fourteen whiskeys apiece. He developed something of a stomach himself in the course of time. He has drunk one crowd under the table, tot for tot, and started in with a fresh crowd and got far enough along with them to see his first companions beginning to revive. He became a connoisseur in the taste of everything down to 'Squirrel Brand,' but never got enough of anything to blur his observation of what was going on about him. He can still see Fatty Wallace, out at Lago Tar, trip between the doorway and a stream, lie rocking on his belly in a shallow puddle, swimming, spouting, shouting 'Help!' And a former haberdasher come to the doorway, settling his neck in an imaginary high collar, and, holding on by the jambs, say, 'I am extremely sorry, Fatty. I am unable to render you assistance. I am intoxicated myself.' The life down there reeked of drink. The consequences were often funny, but as often tragic. The surprising thing was how little it used to take to upset a man.

When a fellow collapsed at La Salina someone dragged him out and laid him on his sheepskins, but it was no easy matter for Doña Gregoria and her consumptive old henchman Felipe to get the last of the seasoned old drinkers out of the bar in the small hours and lock it up, so that she could go to her own quarters.

VI

Chace could n't afford to buy a horse at the ridiculous prices they asked him at the Paso. They wanted a hundred pesos Argentine, even for a mare, and no mare that is n't a *madrina* (bell mare), or would n't make a madrina, is worth more than ten. A man's testimony has been refused in court because he rode a mare: he was no man. A madrina is worth more than a horse, but a man who might succeed in mounting her would have a wild few minutes of it. A horse turned up next day for hire, at a price exorbitant enough but within Chace's means — forty of his Chilean pesos. It was one of the mail carrier's, Ribera's, come up from the south on his monthly trip.

Chace made a bit and bridle of rope

for his horse, tied on a sheepskin, and made a stirrup to mount by — another piece of rope. He wore his heavy overcoat and lashed his tools to his back. It was sore for a week or more after that journey, though Ribera almost never went out of a trot. This was by no means Chace's first ride. He had had some practice at home with what they called bronco mustangs, shipped in from the West, reputed to be stolen from the Indians.

The two men had to wait at a native sheep farm on the right bank of the Chico until the ebbing tide had bared the wide quicksands. Ribera picked a safe way over, late in the afternoon, and they stopped for the night at Gondille's sheep farm.

They found that the track climbed gradually up, first over a wide step, where the boat's crew had taken the wild sheep, then on up, over step after step, miles wide, some of them. The edge of each step ahead Chace took to be the top of the country, till they had mounted the rise, and he saw another. The twisty trail they followed lay on pebbly, hard-packed surface, like that first Pampa Triste. Chace was to find, in later years, that all that long gradual slope, down from the western mountains to the coast, wore the same pebbly cloak, interrupted here and there by a patch of fine clay or a sandy patch or a salty hollow, shining like snow.

Riding along the surface of one step some leagues back from the sea, and hundreds of feet above it, the two men found their trail entering a breach in a cape that reached a long way out on their step from the edge of a higher one. They rode a level half league in the defile and came out into a wide bay, all green round the edges from springs that oozed out part way up the rise of that higher step. A Falkland Islander, Wallace, ran three or four thousand sheep in there, on camp that people called the Gap Station from that breach. There were two other Falkland Islanders, Kyle and Frazier, each with as many sheep as Wallace, directly ahead on that higher step. Their camp was embayed in a still higher step, and, like his, watered by springs about the edges.

Ribera stopped at all the shanties, and then the two climbed steeply up a final rise, and in a short flat mile or two dropped steeply down into a canyon five or six miles wide, sunk very deep, almost to sea level. Innumerable springs broke out on the canyon sides, but there seemed to be no water running except on very short stretches. There was a small lagoon or two, up valley, and there were larger ones out toward the sea. The bay of San Julian backs in through low country to the bottle neck of this big canyon, which they call the Gran Bajo de San Julian, wasting a good word which might be confined to the undrained basins in the country. There was a network of dry channels that ran between the bay's head and the nearest of the lagoons. Chace nearly lost his life once swimming his horse in one of these, running full in the spring tide when he was trying to rescue a too venturesome flock (or 'point,' as the English translate the South American *punta*) of sheep out there. He has known three thousand to be overwhelmed by the sea on those low flats.

It was getting dark when Ribera pushed through that breach in the wall on the far side of the Bajo and rode into the little Cañadon Paraguay, and stopped at the shepherd's shanty. The old Indian was n't there, but he came riding up very soon with his dogs, took one look at the hungry men, said, '*Caramba!* I must get meat,' and rode off with one dog toward a point of about twenty sheep that were feeding high above them. Chace thought, 'The dog will help him run down a sheep and catch it.' But to his amazement the dog went off all by himself, worked around behind the sheep, drove them all down to the shanty, and held them there, without the Indian's apparently doing anything about it.

The Indian drove into the point, dragged out a fat wether, slit his throat, snatched him half out of his skin, disarticulated all the ribs on one side from the backbone, along with the fore shoulder, skewered the meat, still warm and quivering, on a flat rod, and stuck the iron into the ground at a surprising distance from a little fire he had built outside. 'It looked pretty savage,' Chace said, 'to eat meat cooked alive like that, all quiverin' and jerkin'.'

They all took maté, of course, while the meat was roasting. The old Paraguayan was more particular in making his than the men at the Paso had been. He partly filled his silver-mounted gourd with *yerba* out of a skin of an unborn foal, yerba that had come down from his own country in bull hides, poured in cold water to soak up the crisp crushed leaves, thrust in a silver and gold *bombilla* tube which he drew from his boot, sucked out and spit out that first filling, then poured in hot water, not quite boiling, took a pull at the bitter stuff himself, and passed it round. Chace tried it, but he was not yet ripe for it.

After a very long time, the Indian said, '*Bueno* — it's ready,' pulled out his long knife, and cut off a chunk from the shoulder. Ribera pulled out his, and cut off a chop. They found a knife for Chace, and he cut into the shoulder. He found the meat as juicy and sweet-flavored as an orange, and very tender.

Ribera and Paraguay had twenty or thirty silent matés around the morning fire after that first night of Chace's 'in camp.' Then Ribera and Chace made the steep climb over the top of the high spur ahead of them, and in a league or two came down into the canyon, wide and green, where Monroe's farm buildings and paddocks were.

Chace stopped at Monroe's to wait for Charlie Hansen to pick him up. He spent the time making gates and doing odd carpentry jobs. Monroe needed the ship's carpenter and his tools badly and tried hard to get them away from Hansen. He pictured Hansen as half mad, and the camp he had taken up as so remote and rough and wild that no man who was n't half mad would think of running sheep there. Chace had snapped up that first chance to get away from Santa Cruz, knowing nothing of the man or the job or other possibilities. He did n't particularly like Hansen and he did like Monroe, but he had given his word and he was in for it.

Monroe had come out from Scotland, as a shepherd, to the Falklands, and worked up into partnership there — a little fellow with a big red beard and a stammer. He knew more about sheep, Chace thinks, than any man he met in all the time he was in Patagonia. He had come over in the *Rippling Wave*, with some of the firm's sheep, and when Chace first met him had more than twenty thousand in unfenced camp, coarse-haired Falkland Island sheep crossed with merinos from the north.

Chace was quite unaware that this meeting with Monroe would foredoom him to thirty years in Patagonia.

(*To be continued*)

SO YOU'RE GLAD TO BE HOME?

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

I

As the little boat, which for some strange reason not quite clear to anyone on board had gone halfway round the world on its way to New York, at last approached Halifax, the returning Americans made a disconcerting discovery.

They were not a homogeneous lot. Among them were a Southern boy who had spent a year studying at Poitiers and a retired New York physician and his wife who had wintered in Egypt. There were a theatrical producer and a professor of psychology, a bride and groom just out of the cradle, and several traveling salesmen. There was a lady whose town house was on Spruce Street, whose country house was on the Main Line, and who was a member of the Colonial Dames. There was a lady clerk from a government bureau and a gentle if impecunious family. There was a former editor of a garden magazine who had been spending the winter in the Basque country. Among them all there was no one who could claim more than a bowing acquaintance with the Latin Quarter or the Dome, or who had read Proust all through, or the later work of Joyce. And yet, as the boat passed the oil tanks and the factories that line the banks of Halifax harbor and make that far Canadian port look so like its southern sisters, these non-homogeneous but quite distinctive Americans, most of whom had all but come over in the *Mayflower*, made the disconcerting discovery that not one of them was glad to be coming home.

The old doctor made it first, and as the breezes from the Arctic Circle swept the cowering deck he stopped in his endless walking to ask now one person, now another, 'So you're glad to be getting home?' 'Glad!' the answer would come to him in amused, or weary, or scornful tones, as the person interrogated cast a saddened glance at the shambling buildings of the harbor. To be sure, Halifax is n't our country, but it looks enough like it to belong to that smaller part of the continent for which we complacently preëmpt the name American.

The old doctor was disturbed. The editor from the Basque country was disturbed. They themselves were unregenerate. They were sorry that in two days more they would be groping up the fog in the North River, and they admitted blatantly that they would leave the land of the free again as soon as they could. But someone ought to be glad to be home, and nobody was. Not the most colorless, not the most spineless. Not the most wedded to bathtubs and Heywood Broun. Clearly, something was wrong. What was it, we asked ourselves as we left the breakfast table to look without animation at Nantucket lightship awash in the trough of the waves.

There were those, of course, who suggested the Prohibition Amendment, but they did it half-heartedly or desperately, like a man catching at a last straw, or like a cancer patient who hopefully suggests to his doctor that perhaps he's a little bilious. For biliousness can be cured and Prohibition can be voted out or eluded, but what could be done with those factories defiling the harbor side, or with a town that has cut down forests to build rows of houses not one of which is endurable to look at?

'The house in which I was born,' the former editor said, 'has been torn down to make room for a garage. The front lawn is the salesroom, the tennis court is the repair shop. The woods road I used to walk along to school is lined with hot-dog stands and gasoline tanks and the rusty skeletons of abandoned cars. If my old home had been in France it would be standing yet, and the trees my great-grandfather planted would be nodding sedately at the trees my grandfather planted. And there would be vines on the walls and flowers in the beds that had been laid out in the eighteenth century, and pleasant neighbors near by. All our pleasant neighbors have fled before the hot-dog stands.'

'Where have they gone?' the old doctor asked. And then a queer look came over his face. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'I'm one of them. Not one of your old neighbors, but somebody's old neighbor who for the last dozen years has been nobody's old neighbor at all. This winter I lived in hotels in Egypt, and last winter I lived in hotels on the Riviera, and next winter I shall live in hotels in Algiers. And when we land to-morrow I'll go to a hotel in New York.'

'The Seine is a little creek compared with the Hudson,' the boy from Poitiers said, 'but look what they have made of it!'

It was n't necessary to put into words what 'they' have made of it. All the returning Americans could see in their minds' eyes the rows of chestnut trees on either side that gracious river. They could see the stone embankment on which men fished and sketched and loafed and read in the very heart of the city, the little *bateaux mouches* with their loads of unhurried passengers, scurrying over the surface of the river like water beetles, the long narrow barges with a man in the stern holding the big rudder, and tousled heads of children looking out of windows, and a bobbed-haired, big-hipped wife hanging out the washing. They could see people loitering in front of the bookstalls, whose colored prints and colored bindings looked so gay against the greenish-amber water. On one side was the long pleasant façade of the Louvre, whose gardens stretched to the gardens of the Tuileries, whose gardens looked across at the gardens of the Invalides. In the distance, towers and domes rose here and there against the soft spring sky with its haze of new spring leaves.

'And look what we've done to the Hudson!' the young man from Poitiers continued bitterly. Again no words were needed, for we could all see as if a movie film were unrolled before our eyes the blackened warehouses, the smoky factories, the shunting trains that desolate both banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. We knew that from the moth-eaten little park at the Battery to the beginning of Riverside there is no spot from which the citizen of New York can stroll along his river — although, like the Seine, it flows through the heart of his town — unless he should venture hardily on to some produce wharf in competition with the trucks.

'New York has fantastic beauties such as Paris never dreamed,' I said, struggling to throw off the oppression of this appalling contrast, for I was born in the Middle West, and nearly everyone born in the Middle West at least starts life with the conviction that to like another country better than one's own is a trifle light and giddy, if not positively wanton. Conscientiously I set about trying to remember the sun pouring itself unexpectedly into the crevasses of skyscrapers as it pours itself into the ravines of a mountainside, and the white towers of Fifth Avenue seen across Central Park. Though of course I don't live in Central Park, nor could I ever afford to live in one of the buildings that front it, while almost anyone in Paris can afford a room looking out on the gracious vistas of the river, or on some park. Tolerably pleasant surroundings in New York are restricted to such an extremely small area that they can only be purchased by the millionaire, while in Paris, Rome, or Florence it is difficult to find an unattractive spot.

'Of course everybody has a chance in America,' the groom just out of the cradle said hopefully to help me. 'And to get that I suppose we ought to be willing to put up with smoke and grime and litter and all.'

'A chance for what?' the former editor asked, and nobody answered her. We were talking to keep up our courage and knew it, and the others knew it. We were n't glad to be coming home. Though I had expected to be, and had n't been far from sharing the attitude of those of our native land who look on expatriated Americans with not a little amusement and superiority. The place for Americans, so this homespun theory goes, is in America, except when they're traveling, of course. But it's one thing to travel and another to hate to come home.

II

How grievously we erred in this respect we learned as soon as we left the protecting cosmopolitanism of the boat.

'I bet you're glad to get back,' my Danish window washer said to me two days later in my New York apartment. 'No? But you came back. Everybody comes back. I always come back myself, though I've traveled all over the world.'

'Why do you do it?' I asked.

'Yes, that's just what my mother says to me,' he said. 'Why do you do it?'

'Is it the job?' I asked, knowing in advance that it was n't the job, for he has a supreme indifference to the job, and in this he's more American than his accent.

'Well, it's easier to change from one thing to another,' he said, scratching his head thoughtfully. 'In the old country, when you leave one job it's sometimes very hard to get another. There's something in that.' But the idea was evidently so new to him that it was n't particularly convincing as an explanation.

'Well, it's this sort of thing,' he said. 'You and me talking together. If I was to go into a lady's house in the old country to wash her windows and start talking to her, she might n't like it at all.'

'Nor in many places here,' I added mentally, remembering the pleasant waitress in the little restaurant of Lafon son Caneton on the Quai Voltaire, who welcomed us every evening to our corner table with a hospitality as gracious and convincing as that of a friend entertaining us in her own home. Remembering a Tory English lady who, when we stopped to inquire our way in an Italian mountain village, and discovered that English words in an unmistakable English accent were coming out of the shawled and toothless head of our informant, seized the hands grasping the shawl in both her own and patted them. 'Well, my dear, so you are living here?' she said, and the two launched into Sussex reminiscences as if they were long-lost friends.

'Perhaps, perhaps,' I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the window washer, and looking past him to the narrow, littered, ugly street that seemed so strange to me.

Strange to me, the street on which my own house stands! Literally strange, because during my absence it had been torn up in order to widen it a few inches, and all the façades of the houses opposite had been changed. It would indeed have been matter for astonished comment if, after an absence of four months, I had found my neighborhood looking recognizably as I left it, since New York is continually destroying itself to build itself higher and bigger. But strange, too, in a deeper, more significant sense, and perhaps here was the explanation of the nostalgia, the overpowering homesickness for Europe that had oppressed us as we neared home. For we had left a world in which man is still the central figure, and had returned to one in which he has become definitely subordinate to the machine and that devouring growth we call the Industrial System. We had left the sort of world we knew as children and which formed the background for the imaginative atmosphere man begins to breathe from the first birth of his consciousness, and had come to something new and strange.

That world of our youth, still to be seen in Europe, was one in which man could have all the satisfactions and stimulations of living in a city near congenial friends, without exiling himself from natural things. The sky was not shut away from him by towering buildings. He was not ignorant of the change of the seasons, from lack of trees on which to watch them come and go. He was not ignorant of the sound of the wind, because there were no leaves to bend under it. Birds sang in his city garden and sunshine streamed in his windows.

How radically all this has changed one can perhaps realize most quickly by comparing New York and Paris. Suppose a strip of parkway extended along the Hudson from the Battery to Dyckman Street. Suppose broad, tree-shaded boulevards joined this strip with Fifth Avenue. Suppose, beginning at some point around 34th Street, Fifth Avenue itself were lined on either side with double rows of trees, with chairs and tables under them and a wide space to stroll, as is the Champs Élysées. And suppose that, almost at the point where it enters our charming but narrow and toylike Central Park, it swept into a real forest like the Bois de Boulogne. Suppose in addition that smaller parks and charming gardens greeted your eye all over the city, and you have some faint notion of the difference between a new and an old world city.

Of course I had been conscious of the change before. I had seen our few widely scattered public gardens wither from poison and neglect, or had actually seen them scrapped to make way for new subway terminals. I had even read books and articles that measured and forecast the change. But its approach, though rapid enough, had been filtered into my consciousness day by day and week by week. I had grown accustomed to being without sunlight in the city, without solitude in the country, without a room of my own or a garden to stroll in, to breathing air so poisonous with gasoline fumes and the dust that hangs in a cloud over New York that I waked every morning with a headache and an overwhelming sense of oppression. All this I had accepted as part of the rather onerous conditions of living. And then by the mere crossing of the Atlantic I had left it all behind. For, although Europe is as up-to-date as we are in scientific discoveries, in medical care and all the things that go to make life comfortable and safe, it is as yet only very slightly industrialized. Even its greatest cities have trees and grass and flowers and sunshine and leisure and pleasantness. And, returning to New York, I saw in one revealing flash how hideous is the world we have been so eagerly building. The long trek in prairie schooners, the daily fortitudes and renunciations and endurances of pioneer life, the high hopes and ideals, had brought us to this mechanistic desert.

III

'But it's the world of the future,' my friends tell me impatiently, disgusted to find in me this naïve atavistic tendency.

And of course they are justified in their impatience if I fail to see 'the world of the future' just because it is new, the ability to appreciate beauty in new forms being one of the surest evidences of one's own refusal to capitulate to death. But it is fatuous to think a thing is beautiful just because it is new. And it is degenerate to accept complacently a future world worse than the one we've known.

'The style is always beautiful,' a friend said to me pontifically this winter when I inveighed against the not wholly disinterested desire of Paris designers to turn women into crossing sweepers again. If she were right, the barbarian nose ring must be beautiful, and those scores of stiff upstanding braids into which fuzzy hair was clamped not so long ago. But of course she did n't mean what she said, though what she said has influenced her conduct because she thinks it is what she means. She meant to say that style is always beautiful, and that is a very different thing.

Style is at any rate always interesting, though we all have our preferences among styles. And considered abstractly, as a stylistic performance, New York is one of the wonders of the world. I am, by the way, considering New York in particular simply because it is the first of our great cities to eliminate almost all traces of a preindustrial age, and because the others are imitating it as rapidly as they can.

'The mere mass of it excites me,' a painter said to me. 'Just driving through its streets thrills me. To see it and try to compass it emotionally is a great experience. To see it for the first time is like being born again.'

'But as a place to live in?' I asked.

'Oh no! It's impossible to live in,' she agreed, and I remembered that she lives in a houseboat on Staten Island.

How impossible it is as a place to live in is partially expressed by the fact that Manhattan loses population every year. People are running away from its abstract beauties as fast as they can, and this in spite of the fact that in leaving it they must give up most of those very pleasures and stimulations of city life that are among the chief satisfactions of civilized people. They are running away so wildly that they almost forget to ask where they are going.

For choice they have the suburbs and the country. If they select well-established or fashionable suburbs, they will be lucky if their neighbors speak to them after a residence of ten years; and if they pick out easy-going and helter-skelter suburbs, they'll be lucky if they find any neighbors they want to speak to. For the most part they camp out in shockingly flimsy, inadequate houses, since a man must have $50,000 nowadays to copy an old New England farmhouse decently, and even in rich America most men can't do that. And in any case there's not much point in building a house well if at any moment it must be torn down to make room for a new road, or if some chance turn in development ruins its neighborhood before the new trees and shrubs have really started to grow.

If they pick out the country, they must be able to retire from business, or they must be willing to be very poor, since men can't make a comfortable living in the country any more. And although it is one thing to live without much money in a country like France, where most of the 'durable satisfactions of life' can be obtained without it, it is another thing to be without money in America, where everything has its cash price. Money is relative. You can live comfortably on a thousand a year if your friends and neighbors have no more. You will be wretched on it if the inadequacies of this sum cut you off from the life about you.

There is the further alternative of the small town, but in the last twenty years so great a chasm has opened between the sort of people who live in small towns and those who live in cities that the city man in search of the pleasant living conditions of his youth will do well to think long and seriously before he commits himself to the bogs and quicksands of small-town life. Let him be himself just once in some local crisis of local gods, and he will find life very uncomfortable for him. No, few of us will find the pleasant world of our youth in those charming country towns and villages we motor through in summer. They are deep, still ponds of difference in which, more likely than not, we shall drown if we trust ourselves to them. The greater part of us are committed for better or worse to the venture the country made after the Civil War, when it left the towns and built the cities.

There is much to be said for this venture. It has altered the surface of the world more radically than any other recorded change, political or economic, and although much of this alteration has been for the worse, never did any God make such lavish promises to man as this same system.

One of the first books I picked up on my return was the symposium edited by Mr. Beard in which various eminent engineers and technologists predict these possibilities, and then, foreseeing perhaps some antagonism in the creatures to be benefited, assure us that there is nothing in the nature of the machine to cause its present ugly manifestations, that man's abuse of it is responsible. This is certainly true, and like them I desire intensely to believe that man will eventually wish to reassert his superiority over his mechanical creatures. The picture of Gandhi weaving his hour's stint each day as he discourses to his followers always makes me think of King Canute commanding the tide to turn back. And yet, as I have gone about naïvely interrogating the people I meet regarding the unanimous 'homesickness' of those returning Americans, all the responses I get fall into four not particularly helpful categories.

IV

The first, which I suspect represents much the largest class, expresses what seems to me a bewilderingly complacent acceptance of man's subordination to the machine. Does Industry want the banks of the great river that flows past our city and could be a joy to all who see it? Then Industry must have it and man can do without, for the city exists by and through and for Industry, not by and through and for man. There seems to me something almost masochistic in the admiration with which men of this class look at the great piles of masonry that shut off their sunlight, at the smoke belching into the air.

'Yeah, this is a vulgar, democratic country,' one of them grunted at me. It was the same taunt, the same accusation of snobbishness, that has been hurled for years at whoever compares America unfavorably with Europe in any respect. The New Babylon is touchily proud of its height, its size, its noise, its gunmen, its prostitutes, its gamblers, its dirt, its turmoil, its humor.

The second class, also numerically large, is made up of those who fondly believe that New York and Chicago and Pittsburgh are not America. Perhaps they are n't, in the matter of Prohibition and obscenity and art and rapid transit, but when it comes to the things the Industrial System has done to them, I suspect they're just the bellwethers of the flock.

Tucked away in a valley in the Vermont hills is a prosperous industrial town to which my mind has turned with pleasure for years because it has always quite consciously given man a position at least of equality with the machine. Its houses rise so precipitously from either side a narrow river bed that the introduction of a steam railroad would completely spoil it as a place to live in. It therefore resolutely refused some thirty years or more ago to permit a railroad to enter, and still ships its products by an electric side line to the nearest station, some six miles away. But in recent years a change has come over its way of thinking. The chief beauty of its village Square, next to the hills that surround it, is furnished by two large elms in its centre. They cast a shade over a large part of the Square, and give it a charming quality that is nowadays chiefly associated in our minds with towns living on their past and guiltless of the prosperity this one boasts. This year, at the annual town meeting, a motion was passed to cut down the two elm trees on the score that they interfere with traffic. In the manner of trees, they take up considerably more room in the air than on the ground. The space saved for traffic will be small indeed, and the Square is in any case a spacious one.

'Why did you let them do it?' I asked a friend who lives in the town. 'Why did n't you go and fight against it?'

'Because there's no use fighting any more,' he said. 'They must do what they will do. I've fought too long and too unaided.'

And there you have the difference between the two worlds beautifully epitomized. A town of five thousand in industrialized America can't spare a space about twenty feet in circumference in its Square to two beautiful trees. Paris, with its several million population in only very partially industrialized France, has trees scattered delightfully all through its busiest sections, and many of its boulevards are lined with trees.

The third class to which I put my question is fatalistic. Not so large numerically, it is extremely articulate, because it includes to-day most of the intellectuals and artists. Man is a fool and always has been, it says. Give him as dangerous a weapon to play with as the machine and mass production, and you can expect him to make just such a mess of it as he has. You can expect him to forget that the machine exists to save labor, not to increase it, to make life pleasanter, easier, more beautiful, more satisfying. Ralph Flanders observes in the Beard symposium that for the first time in the history of the world man has the opportunity to be civilized without being an exploiter, since our luxuries, our colleges, our leisure, are founded on the machine instead of on helots and serfs. Man has the opportunity! But what a chasm between that pleasant possibility and the facts, even on the material side! Only a rich man in America to-day can afford to live in a well-built house. Every peasant in Italy has a tile roof to his house and plaster-covered stone walls, while even well-to-do Americans must put up with paper or shingle roofs, and few think they can afford stone walls. Only a rich American can afford enough land around his house to protect his sunlight and his privacy. In spite of the savings the machine undoubtedly makes, the poor and middle class of to-day are less able than their grandfathers to purchase civilized living conditions. Let whoever doubts me reconsider for a moment the slums and poorer suburbs of any American city.

The fourth class is numerically small, but there is a horrid ring of conviction about its answer. Yes, it says, we are building inhuman cities and an inhuman world; but they won't last long. When they get bad enough, man will rise up and overthrow the whole horrible system. He will sweep clean and begin over again. These enthusiasts, being as a rule young and without much historical perspective, forget that after such a sweeping clean there has always ensued a long period, sometimes centuries long, of desolation. Not having the hearty temperament that likes to burn the barn down in order to get the horses out, I can't welcome their optimistic forecast with much pleasure, especially when I remember that Europe too is about to industrialize itself.

V

The most interesting thing to Europe to-day is America. Europeans are even forgetting to hate us because of the war debts, or to envy us because of the money we throw around, so absorbed have they become in ourselves as a phenomenon. Perhaps for the first time since Lowell noticed it, that certain condescension in foreigners is giving way to a respect that seems to me even more disturbing. They drink our cocktails, they talk our slang, they read our books. They manfully swallow past prejudices and present doubts and admit us to a degree of intimacy that earlier generations of Americans could have crawled on their knees in vain to get.

Paul Morand, who shares the interest, observes that both the respect and the subterranean horror that accompanies it are misdirected. It is not the unique character of the Americans that has made them and their cities what they are, he explains to his European readers in *New York*, a book whose tremendous vogue gives some faint notion of this intense interest Europe is taking in us to-day. It is the Industrial System. The same system introduced into Europe to-day would produce the same results. He goes on to warn them that, marvelous as many of those results are, the system would ruin Europe. M. Morand is too gallant an admirer of America to explain too closely just what he means by this. Mass production has brought wealth. It has built fabulous cities. New York is its capital, and in New York Morand finds the greatest intellectual activity anywhere in the world. But it will ruin Europe, he says, and I can't but agree with him. It will wipe out the old Europe as completely as it has wiped out the old America, and, if the analogy holds good, it will substitute for that gracious world something strange and inhuman.

'Yeah,' I can imagine the sarcastic patriot who accused me of snobbishness observing at this point. 'They want to introduce our system because its results are so horrible, don't they?'

Of course they, like our optimistic

engineers, believe its results need n't be horrible, and of course, like us, they are allured by its prospects of 'easy money,' its illusory promise of conquering the drudgery of life at last. But there is a far more important and urgent factor than this. No intelligent observer of the last war could fail to see that military supremacy in the future would be dependent on industrial supremacy, that, no matter how valiant its men or competent its leaders, an agricultural country would not in future be able to hold its own in war against an industrialized one. To survive in an industrialized world, Europe *must* industrialize.

Already Soviet Russia has gone in for industrialization on a grand scale. The possibility that for the first time in the history of the world man can be civilized without being an exploiter, while couched in very different phraseology from hers, still falls in beautifully with her millennial programme; and the advantages of industrialization on the economic and military side are all too obvious to her. Yet, as I have looked at the various industrial films the Soviets have sent over here, I have been wholly unable to share their exultation in their own accomplishment. It seems sadly ironical that so much idealism and sacrifice should be devoted to attaining the dubious goal we have already reached. They believe that they will handle their new wealth more wisely, of course, and so did we.

As yet Russia is the only country to imitate us on a grand scale, but all Europe is already toying with our fire. And if Europe industrializes, the days when we can step from our mechanistic nightmare into the pleasant world of our youth are strictly limited.

America has been the first to permit herself to be devastated by the machine age. The most absorbing question of our generation is this: Can she also, before her devastation spreads too widely, bridle that wild beast and keep it from running amuck over the world?

A FLYER IN PEARLS

BY ANICE TERHUNE

I

The dinner bugle blared through the corridors of B Deck in a pompous crescendo. As it reached Eve Wareham's stateroom door, it achieved a triumphant, sputtering climax; then passed on astern, leaving in its wake a gradual diminuendo of sound.

Eve hurried into her dinner frock. She was late, and she hurried a little too much. A bit of the delicate beige lace caught on a hairpin somewhere at the back of her head. Try as she would, she could not dislodge it without tearing the lovely frock, or else pulling down her hair.

She was letting her bob grow out; and just now it was no easy matter to do it up securely and at the same time becomingly. It was so late, she simply could n't pull those hairpins out and begin all over again. Instead, she rang for the stewardess and stood staggeringly before her swaying mirror until the woman appeared.

'Please untangle me, stewardess,' she said. 'I'm so afraid I'll tear my frock. I got it in Paris, just before I left, and I don't want to ruin it the very first thing!'

'Now don't you worry, dearie!' answered the stewardess, soothingly. 'I'll have it all right in a jiffy. There you are! And not a thread broken! However did you manage to get it wound around that hairpin like that, miss?'

'I don't know. I suppose I was hurrying. Thanks, ever so much. What should I do without you? We're only two days out, and yet you've been simply wonderful, already! A real friend in need! I never had such a nice stewardess!'

'I'm sure I thank you, miss!' beamed the stewardess, smugly. 'Anything I can do for a sweet young lady like yourself on the voyage — of course. — Are n't you a-forgetting the pearls, miss?'

'Why, I *had!* Just think of my going out and leaving them in my stateroom for anyone to make off with!' And Eve snatched up a choker of exquisite small pearls and fastened them around her neck. 'Thanks for reminding me.'

'You need n't of worried, though, miss. I'd always lock your door for you if you ever went out and left it unfastened,' cooed the stewardess, smoothing her apron. 'Anything more I can do for you now, dearie?'

'I wish she would n't call me "dearie,"' thought Eve, as she staggered lurchingly down the swaying corridor toward the lift. 'But she's so kind and helpful. She has certainly been wonderfully good to me. I must give her a very big tip before we land.'

II

Eve's place in the dining saloon was at a table that seated eight. Five of the eight were 'cruise people' — that is, they were a section of a Raymond and Whitcomb Mediterranean cruise party.

A large cruise is like a human kaleidoscope. It is made up of ever-changing groups. When the cruise starts, certain people are drawn together more or less by accident. As the cruise drifts on, these groups drift apart, only to form other groups. These, too, are ever-changing. Misunderstandings, getting to know one another too well or too ill, boredoms, envies, heartaches — any one of these is enough to break up a seemingly unbreakable clique.

It is only the group which sticks together as the voyage nears the Statue of Liberty that really counts, in the long run. This group has a chance for permanent friendship. Together they have seen unforgettable things. They have climbed mountains and descended into caverns and catacombs together. They have dragged their weary limbs back to the boat and complained wholeheartedly and earnestly, to each other, about the cruise management. They have been seasick and recovered, side by side. They have played cards together, day after day, in the smoke room or lounge, and still remain friends.

Sometimes, on very stormy Sundays, they have flocked to Divine Service together, and sung familiar hymns about the Deep; seriously, and rather tremblingly. At other times, with their heads closely bunched, they have gossiped more or less harmlessly about all the other groups. What more does one need to cement a friendship?

Such a group were the ruling majority at Eve Wareham's table. The most pervasive of them were Mrs. Stone and Miss Stone, of New Haven, Connecticut — a mother and daughter who were determined to miss nothing on the trip, whether or no they died in an attempt to see everything.

Mrs. Stone was at least seventy, her daughter over thirty. They were both kittenish, flirtatious, and given to neck chains, floating panels, and Egyptian scarves. Barring these slight failings, and a desire to thrash every subject out to a finish, they were nice people and good company.

At the head of the table sat Mr. Yandall, a Pittsburgh lawyer, with his wife on his right. They were nice, too. Mr. Yandall 'always managed to let someone else do all the tipping,' so the Stones confided to Eve the first day out; and he was 'a poor loser at cards; but he *was* clever!' Mrs. Yandall was charming in every way.

Next came the fifth member of the cruise group, Mrs. Cater of New York, a pitiful little slip of a widow, in deep mourning. Her steamer chair was next Eve's, on the promenade deck; and, she confided to the latter, she had undertaken the cruise all alone as a last resort, to cure her of insomnia. She was glad to find that Eve also was from New York.

'It gives us a sort of fellow feeling,' she had said. 'There are hardly any New York people on this boat.'

Between Mrs. Cater and Eve sat Mr. Van Benthuysen, lately graduated from Oxford, and thus far guiltless of cruise life. On Eve's other side, completing the eight, sat a charming, white-haired old chap named Wright, from Baltimore, who loved to talk about his rose garden, and Grand Opera.

'There's quite a sea on to-night,' he said to Eve, as she dropped into her chair beside him. 'There are lots of vacancies in the dining room, I notice. Hope you're a good sailor, and feel hungry, Miss Wareham.'

'I am — and I do, thanks. I feel as if I could eat a house to-night, and I've never been seasick in my life.'

'The Captain's not down to-night,' put in Mrs. Cater, nervously. 'Do you think it's going to be very rough?'

'It does n't make much difference, in this big floating hotel,' said Mr. Yandall pompously.

'Do you realize,' demanded Miss Stone, of the whole table, 'that this is by far the largest boat we've been in on the *whole cruise?* By *far* the *largest?* Is n't that interesting?' And she beamed about the table inquiringly.

'What's so interesting about it?' muttered Mr. Van Benthuysen, *sotto voce*, to Eve. 'Does it seem particularly hair-raising news to you?'

Eve laughed. 'Perhaps it might,' she muttered in return, 'if you and I'd been on the cruise; but we have n't, though we've heard so much about it during the last two days, we might almost pass an examination in its more salient features. For instance —'

'Did you ever ride a camel, Mr. Van Benthuysen?' broke in Miss Stone.

'Once,' said Mr. Van Benthuysen, rather irritably. 'It had adenoids. I did n't like the way it sniffed all the time. It was a mouth-breather. We did n't get on very well.'

'Do you really mean to say the camel actually had adenoids, Mr. Van Benthuysen?' asked Mrs. Stone. 'The kind you or I might have?'

'What an interesting phenomenon!' guffawed Mr. Yandall. 'I'll bet that camel was a rough pet, all right! By the way, have you made out your declarations? I got mine this morning; and I was so hard at work on the blamed thing just before dinner, I nearly forgot to dress!'

'Oh, heavens!' cried Miss Stone. 'When I think of all the things we've bought! Is n't it queer how we all buy and *buy* and BUY, and —'

'I don't "buy and buy and buy,"'

put in Mrs. Cater. ‘I can’t afford it, in the first place; and then, I had n’t the heart for it anyway, this time.’ And she gave a slight sigh that was almost inaudible. ‘I really have nothing to declare except a little lingerie and one or two small trinkets. I shan’t have any duty to pay.’

‘You’re lucky,’ said Mrs. Yandall. ‘I had heaps of clothes made in Paris. I wanted to, as we’ll probably never come over again — at least while we’re able to trot about like this. We’re not as young as we were!’

‘Do I have to put down every paper of pins?’ asked Eve. ‘I’ve never traveled alone before, and someone has always done all those silly, unpleasant things for me.’

‘You do, and you don’t,’ said young Van Benthuysen.

‘What do you mean, Mr. Van Benthuysen?’ asked the Stones, in chorus, all attention.

‘I mean, time before last, when I crossed, I put down every solitary thing. The Customs officer complimented me on my declaration — said it was one of the clearest he had ever seen. Last time, I did the very same thing; and the Customs officer — a different one — complained rottenly about it; said, “Why don’t you lump ’em? I don’t want to pore over all those petty details! You ought to say ‘antique weapons’ *here*, ‘golf suits’ *there*, ‘leather goods’ *here*, and so on.”’

‘Oh, dear!’ cried Miss Stone. ‘Have I got to undo all our parcels? We’ve been sending them right to the steamer as fast as we’ve bought things, from the very first! And they all came aboard in one huge package, when we got to Cherbourg! They’re down in the hold. I *can’t* go over all those things! I’ll never get them done up so well again!’

‘I’m afraid you’ll have to, Miss Stone, or get run in for smuggling,’ said Mr. Wright.

‘What a hideous arrangement! I’m not going to open those things! I’ll just put down a lump sum as the price of them — I know it within a dollar or so — and let it go at that.’

‘Don’t run any risks, daughter,’ put in Mrs. Stone anxiously. ‘I should n’t want them to think you were trying to smuggle.’

‘Nonsense, mother! They know who’s smuggling, don’t you worry.’

‘They can’t know till they look, can they?’ said Eve.

‘Indeed they can,’ said Mrs. Yandall. ‘Don’t you know, you’re reading of such cases all the time?’

‘Yes, but how can they?’ echoed Mrs. Cater.

‘The long arm of the law is a powerful thing,’ puffed Mr. Yandall, throwing out his chest professionally.

‘They say that the sale of anything over a thousand dollars is reported to the authorities at once, and they are on the lookout for it,’ said Miss Stone. ‘So if you have something valuable and you don’t declare it, naturally they search you.’

‘Yes, but how can they always tell? Could n’t a thing be so carefully hidden that it could n’t be found?’ Eve asked quickly.

‘Not a chance. At least, of course, there *is* a *chance*,’ said Van Benthuysen, ‘but the Government has spies everywhere.’

‘I remember reading about a woman who bought something from Cartier’s, and when she got on the ship to come home she took it out of its box and hid it in her handbag, and dropped the box in the wastebasket. Of course the stewardess found it, and reported it —’

‘The stewardess?’ breathed Eve. ‘How dastardly of her!’

‘Oh, lots of them do that. That’s part of their business. They get paid for it by the Customs people.’

‘Do you remember that actress who

did n't declare her diamond bracelets last winter?' said Mrs. Yandall.

'And the woman whose husband had to pay five thousand dollars to keep her out of jail, about the same time?' chimed in Mrs. Stone. 'I forget her name.'

'But how could a stewardess give away anyone like that?' persisted Eve, going back to the earlier story.

'Why, it's simple enough,' said Van Benthuysen. 'They're only doing their duty as they see it. Then, there's the reward. That helps. They notice something suspicious about a person. Perhaps it's a jewel — or some lace or something. Or liquor. Generally the person who is trying to smuggle is nervous; and she responds gladly to the overtures of kindness made by the steward or stewardess, as the case may be. Before she realizes it, the stewardess has her secret.'

'But how?' asked Mrs. Cater.

'Perhaps it's a ring. The stewardess remarks on the beauty of the ring and says it is a pity to pay such a large amount of duty when the ring must have cost so much — or some such thing. Then, having caught her fish, she plays it. Says she knows ways of eluding the Customs. That she can hide the ring in the lady's hair in such a way that the inspector can never find it. The upshot is she hides the ring cleverly in the woman's hair — so cleverly that the inspector himself could never have found it if the stewardess had n't sent word just where to look! It's being done all —'

'My goodness, Miss Wareham! You're white as a sheet!' broke in Miss Stone. 'Shall I help you out of the dining room?'

Eve had risen suddenly. The room seemed to be receding and advancing by turns. Waves of nausea nearly submerged her.

'Don't bother, thank you. It's just the motion. I think I'll go on deck. I'm all right, really.' And she was gone.

III

The seven people gazed after her retreating back, blankly.

'She said she was never seasick,' said Mr. Wright.

'She never has been, either, so far,' said Mrs. Cater. 'Her deck chair is right by mine, so I know.'

'How queer! The sea is all calming down again, too!' said Mrs. Stone. 'Now I wonder whether, perhaps, seasickness could n't be retroactive — like the wash after a boat goes by! Do you suppose it could, perhaps?'

Mr. Van Benthuysen snorted, or came as near it as can one just out of Oxford. His thoughts were following Eve's white face. He left the table soon and went up on deck to find her. But she was not there.

As a matter of fact, Eve was lying face down on her bed, her hands clenched. Before her tightly shut eyes danced all the careless words about smuggling that had been tossed back and forth across the dinner table. She clasped one hand about her pearl necklace. There it was, still — the awful thing! What on earth should she do with it? How could she have been such a fool as to tell that hideous stewardess it was new! And — just exactly as John Van Benthuysen said — just exactly — the stewardess had promised her she would hide it in the little wad of hair at the nape of her neck where her bob was just long enough to do up! Oh! It was all too fearful!

There was a tap at the door.

'Who is it?' the girl asked wearily.

'Only me, miss,' answered the sleek voice of the stewardess. 'I thought you was still at dinner and I came to fix your room for the night. Can I do anything for you?'

Eve opened the door.

'I don't feel well,' she said. 'I think I'll go to bed. Just fix things up for me in a hurry, will you? I want to get my clothes off.'

The stewardess seemed more than usually loquacious, and she drove Eve nearly frantic. At last she was gone, and the girl could lie prone and try to plan.

But no plan would come. Already she saw only Customs officers — disgrace — perhaps jail, she did n't know. It was her first attempt at smuggling and she was ignorant of just how far the law could go with her.

The pearls had seemed so heavenly when the Paris jeweler had showed them to her! She had always wanted pearls, and these were n't so frightfully expensive; for, though they were exquisite, they were secondhand. And she had just enough money left, allowing for everything but the duty, to pay for them! It all had seemed so very simple, in the store.

The clerk had said, 'You'll *wear them in*, won't you?' and when she had hesitated, 'You'd be surprised to know how many people *do* wear them in!'

She had n't thought about the duty, until he said that; and though, just for a moment, she had been frightened, she felt that he must know all about such things. He told her not to be nervous, but just to go right ahead and wear them, and no one would be the wiser. So she had bought them. And she had worn them boldly ever since.

Probably, by this time, the jeweler had notified the Customs officer. Whether he had or not, she, like a little fool, had blabbed to the stewardess! Oh, if only — if only she had n't been so imbecile! What on earth could she do? Let herself be arrested on the pier before all her welcoming family and friends? Should she throw the old pearls into the ocean *now* — right through the porthole there — and be done with it?

She was strongly tempted to do this. In her excitement she stood up on her bed and pushed the curtain aside, only to be reminded that the window opened on to a deck, not on the ocean.

Should she dress and go aloft and drop the pearls overboard into the black, foamy water?

No! She would n't! She had bought them! They were hers! She had paid what to her was a small fortune for the pearls. She would n't give them up until she had to. She set her teeth hard, and vowed to herself that she would find a way to get them in, somehow.

IV

For three days Eve kept her bed; pretending to be seasick — in reality sick with worry. She could hardly bear to have the stewardess bring her her sketchy meals; for now she hated the sight of the woman and she felt that behind the smug face was a triumphant knowledge of the whole situation. Eve always pretended to be asleep when the woman came into the room.

Toward the end of the fifth day out, she got up and dressed. She had a plan, at last. It was a risky plan. It needed careful, quick work. But at least it was better than no plan at all; and it *might* succeed.

As she made her way to her chair, she found the deck deserted, as she expected, except for one or two somnolent forms. The tea hour was over. Life aboard ship was at a temporary lull. It was not yet time to dress for dinner, or to invite one's chosen cronies for preprandial cocktails in the smoke room.

Mrs. Cater's chair, like most of the others, was empty, though her coat and a book gave mute evidence that she was coming back. Eve knew that the black-clad little woman played a solemn game of auction every afternoon at this hour with Mrs. and Miss Stone and Mr. Yandall. Eve had counted on that; and on the fact that Mrs. Cater, with childlike faith, seemed always leaving her coat lying about.

Throwing herself down in her own chair, Eve quickly drew Mrs. Cater's coat into her lap and snuggled down under it as if she were chilly.

'Cover you up, miss?' said the friendly deck steward, appearing from nowhere, as if someone had touched a button. 'Hope you're feeling better, miss — '

'Oh yes, thank you,' said Eve. What possessed the man to bob up just then, when every moment counted? When, of all times, she wished most to be alone?

'I'm all right, now. Just tuck my feet in a bit. That's all right. I did n't bring my ulster up on deck, so I'm using Mrs. Cater's.'

'C'n I bring you an extra rug, miss?'

'Oh no, thank you. I'm perfectly all right now.'

After a few remarks on the wonderful calm of the water, and the fineness of the weather, the steward made off, to Eve's great relief.

With nervous fingers she opened her little vanity bag and took out a tiny blue enamel sewing case, not three inches long. It had been one of her *bon voyage* presents. In it were tiny scissors, a thimble, and a needle threaded with black thread.

With quick little snips, she ripped the inside of Mrs. Cater's fur collar just far enough to admit a flat little chamois envelope. Quilted into the envelope, by coarse stitches, lay the pearl necklace. Fastened securely in this way, it could not roll about; nor could it very well be detected through the chamois and the thick fur.

Eve's fingers trembled as she pulled smooth the buckram stiffening at the back of the collar, sewed the chamois envelope securely to it, and then healed the little gash the scissors had made.

Just as she took the last stitch, Mrs. Cater appeared.

Frantically, Eve bunched the coat up about her mouth, bit off the thread and, her hands hidden under the coat, replaced the little sewing kit in her vanity bag.

She did not attempt to put the coat back.

'Hello!' she cried as Mrs. Cater stopped in front of her. 'I hope you don't mind my using your coat? I was sleepy and cold, and too lazy to go below for my own coat — ' She stopped, breathless at her narrow escape.

'Of course not! Keep it!' answered Mrs. Cater. 'I'm so glad to see you up and around again. Are you all right now? Why — you're shaking! I'm afraid you're having a chill! Shall I get you something? You look very ill!'

'Oh no, thank you! I'm perfectly well,' Eve answered, through chattering teeth. 'I'm perfectly well, thank you. I was just utterly tired out, I think. I was on the go so steadily before we sailed. I don't think I'd have been sick but for that. Here's your coat. Really I don't need it any more. Please take it,' and she laughed with hysterical relief.

'You must have been pretty sick,' said Mrs. Cater. 'We've all missed you a lot,' she added, simply. 'All of us. It'll be good to see you at the table again. Mr. Van Benthuysen has been quite forlorn.'

From then until the end of the voyage, Eve made it her business carefully to cultivate the precious friendship of Mrs. Cater.

V

That evening when Eve went down to dress for dinner, she hunted in her trunk for a string of imitation pearls that she had worn in traveling, and until she bought her real ones. Since then they had lain forgotten. The string was a choker, as was the real necklace; and though the imitation pearls were somewhat larger than the real, they were not noticeably different to the untrained observer. From that moment, until she landed, Eve wore them constantly.

The night before the ship was to dock, Eve was locking her trunk preparatory to having it taken out to be piled up with the other luggage. She could hear trunk after trunk bump by on its journey through the corridor and white-sheeted gangway, to the deck.

She was trying not to feel frightened about to-morrow. No one in the world but herself knew where her pearls were. Mrs. Cater had been wearing them about, most innocently, in the back of her fur collar, for two days. Unless Eve herself should go insane and blab, there was no way anyone could find out! Still, when there came a knock at her door, she jumped in spite of herself, though she knew it must be the steward for the trunk — which it was.

In his wake came the stewardess; and as soon as the trunk was out of the way the stewardess shut the door.

'You're not forgetting I promised to hide your pearls for you?' she said, expectantly.

'No, thank you,' Eve forced herself to say calmly, 'but I decided to declare them after all. So it won't be necessary.'

'Oh,' said the stewardess blankly. 'Well, perhaps you're right; but it seems a pity.' She waited a moment, still expectantly; but Eve merely gave her an extra-large tip and let it go at that.

'She does n't believe me,' Eve said to herself, 'but, at any rate, she can't find the pearls. Nobody can!'

The next day, Eve donned her imitation pearls and walked off the steamer gayly and boldly, though she was sickeningly excited. She quaked.

On the pier people automatically were lining themselves up under their own particular letters, for Customs inspection.

Mrs. Cater, she was relieved to note, would be nearly at the other end of the alphabet from herself, among the C's. She was thankful she knew no one on the boat whose name began with W, except Mr. Wright. The Yandalls, Mr. Van Benthuysen, and even the Stones were not very far off; but at least they were out of earshot.

How odd it was that no matter how intimate people got, on the voyage, at the end all the little cliques had to disintegrate; all persons had to declare themselves alone — to stand naked, so to speak, in their own corners, awaiting their turns at the judgment seat, to find out what they had to pay.

Was n't it just a little bit like that, perhaps, when one died, she thought. Just a little? The Voyage; then the waiting, alone, at the end, not knowing quite what one had to pay? How big a sin would smuggling be rated There, she wondered.

For some reason the boat had docked nearly an hour before the advertised time. So no one was waiting for her on the pier. She was profoundly glad of that.

Presently Mrs. Cater went sailing happily by, following her luggage toward the street, the collar of her coat held innocently high. She had the now-defunct Courtesy of the Port, so her inspection had taken very little time.

She rushed up to Eve and hurriedly kissed her good-bye.

'Don't forget you promised to come and see me right away — 969 Park Avenue — it's on my card! Good-bye again!' Then she was gone, and Eve's pearls with her.

In her relief, Eve waved not only one

hand, but both, to Mrs. Cater, as the little black figure disappeared in the crowd.

Eve turned back, to face an inspector.

'Now let's see what we've got here,' he said, glancing up and down her declaration.

Then, in an odd voice, he added, 'We were informed you are carrying some pearls. You have n't declared any pearls!' His tone was crisp and accusing.

'These imitation pearls are the only ones I have about me,' faltered Eve, 'and I bought those in New York before I went over.'

'Sorry, miss. 'Fraid we'll have to go into this a little further. *Somebody* seems to think you've got some other pearls!'

And in spite of Eve's protestations and those of kindly and distressed Mr. Wright and Mr. Van Benthuysen, who hovered near, the girl was taken into an inner room, and examined from top to toe by a matron. First of all, she was asked to undo the little wad of hair at the back of her neck.

Disheveled, mortified, tearful with nervousness, Eve was allowed finally to go home. She was a wreck — but, she thought to herself, by a miracle she still had her pearls! At least, Mrs. Cater had them, instead of the Government.

VI

At her very first opportunity, Eve called on Mrs. Cater, who was effusively glad to see her.

'I came so soon, especially, because you have something of mine,' Eve said, her voice trembling slightly.

'Something of yours? What do you mean?' queried Mrs. Cater, looking surprised.

'Why — I bought some pearls in Paris — and I did n't know how to — I just smuggled them in, in your — I just sewed them into the lining of your big coat — at the back!'

'Why — why, Eve! Miss Wareham! Why, how — how *amazing!* Did it occur to you,' — Mrs. Cater grew very formal, — 'that they might have been found upon me? I was wearing the coat all the time.'

'Yes — but they were n't! You see, you're not the sort of person one would search. I —'

'Well,' snapped Mrs. Cater, 'you certainly took a great deal on yourself. I must say I'm awfully surprised.'

'Oh, do forgive me, please! I would n't have harmed you for worlds! You know that! It was just that I'd spent all my money for the pearls and I did n't want to pay the silly old duty! If you take it like that, I'm fearfully sorry. You — you won't *tell,* will you?'

'Of course I won't tell. I'm not a sneak. But I did n't dream you were that sort.'

'Oh — I'm not! I never did it before! But if you're going to take it like that, please get the coat and let me rip the pearls out, and then I'll go. You —'

'It is exceedingly unfortunate, but you will realize the risk you took. I gave the coat to the Salvation Army, with a lot of other things, only yesterday. I send them a bundle every so often. It was an old hack-about coat, and I was just giving it a last wear during —'

'The coat's gone?' gasped Eve.

'Yes, quite gone, as far as you and I are concerned.' Mrs. Cater's voice was firm. There was a ring of finality about it.

And somehow Eve knew, past all doubt, that the slender, gentle, grief-stricken little Mrs. Cater was lying.

MADE IN JAPAN

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

TRAVELERS voyaging west to reach the East find, when they attain the 180th meridian, that going to sleep of a Sunday night they wake up on Sunday morning. This repetition of a day, whose complicated explanation is familiar to the Third Class in arithmetic as it is to sailors, serves for the ordinary passenger as an intellectual stimulus — a kind of *pons asinorum.* If he crosses the bridge which asses balk at, then he is qualified to travel and grow in wisdom. Some tourists pass the test.

Whether this assertion is libelous or not, the problem usually serves to close the conversational gap which divides you from Yokohama. The first week has disposed of the President, the flaccid stock market, and other staples of small talk. Mathematics is for once a blessing. Besides, as a social asset the Japanese ship you are traveling on is not to be despised. It is a sort of selective exhibit of things Japanese. You are bidden to a garden party where the port deck is hung with lanterns and festooned with wisteria, and booths along the cabin wall are piled high with every confection that bean and fish are susceptible of. Here you are served by cabin boys so kimono'd and powdered that they seem the identical ladies who beautified the fans of your youth. Here too you are given your first lesson in manners. Young lady, if you can curtsy as prettily as the stewardess when she looks in with her morning smile, — 'Madam, it would be charming to me if you are comfortable,' — the success of your début is assured.

Yokohama is big, modern, efficient, and bustling, but its real interest lies in the fact — true, though you can't believe it — that seven years ago there was n't any Yokohama. After the earthquake, in the Prophet's awful words, came the fire, and the city ceased to exist. Yokohama is the port of Tokyo, half an hour distant. Even now we can hardly realize that within the two cities nearly a quarter of a million people were done to death. Sixty thousand corpses incinerated in a huge hecatomb are interred in a single shrine built in Tokyo of solid cement as if in defiance of what Fate may have in store. Such a catastrophe outreaches the imagination. The tragedies of Galveston, of San Francisco even, are incidents beside this holocaust. Think of that scene! Yokohama was a memory, Tokyo an ash heap, and homeless multitudes, gathered in rude cantonments, clung in their agony to the single hope of reaching some city like Kyoto, out of the earthquake belt. But on the sixth day the Emperor spoke. Tokyo, the Imperial Rescript ran, was forever ordained the capital of the Empire. Then people knew that Will had conquered Fate.

One of the prize puzzles in Tokyo is to find an address when you want it. Of course, it would be simpler if the streets had names, but that would spoil the puzzle. Names there are for districts or for wards, but these are utterly irregular and known to instinct alone.

Once in the ward, the taxi driver knows that the trail is growing hot. What he next seeks is the *cho*. Now in the country the *cho*, properly a lineal measure running sixteen to the mile, — to be computed by the rod, perch, or pole, as the arithmetic book hath it, — also designates an area, but in towns the *cho* is simply what it is. So, once within its limits, down clambers your driver, while the taxi next in line honks its protest in the narrow street behind. First he inquires of the grocery man. They bow twice in harmonious accord and then get down to business. But the grocer has only lived there for a year or two and is imperfectly informed. The stonecutter, who in Tokyo invariably lives hard by, is called into consultation, and when the party is completed by the policeman the outline of the *cho* is theoretically determined. Up springs the driver and into the *cho* you go, grazing (I speak from experience) two bicycles and a pushcart.

Then the driver looks round, talking with desperate rapidity. He must mean: 'What is your number?' You have it on the slip of paper with which the hotel clerk has providentially supplied you. 'Number 18.' Here it is. Well, you might suppose that would be the end of it. But there are two 18's. No, four! No, six! Upon my soul, in one instance I can testify that one *cho* has eighteen 18's. In such an emergency you can, of course, ring the eighteen doorbells and come infallibly to your destination, or you can wait for the postman. We usually waited — to the taxi tune of six yen an hour!

If there is a more extensive city than Tokyo in the world, I do not know it. London may be large. If you take the bus from Clapham Rise to Wormwood Scrubbs, you will cover a substantial slice of England. But remember, this is an earthquake city, and, foreign buildings aside, every structure is one or, at most, two stories. Spread two million people out flat, add a quantity of the great parks of the world, throw in a dozen rivers and canals and central arteries of immense width, and you cover a considerable amount of the earth's surface. Of which the moral is, Start early when you go out to dine.

II

At Tokyo you will have your first *sukiyaki* — a repast suggesting friendship and even intimacy. Now, squatting on your heels with quiet dignity for two hours and a half sounds easy, but the habits of a lifetime creakily protest against it, and something of Eastern dignity can still be retained by sitting cross-legged on a cushion. The guests, usually in groups of five, squat about a central pot, always boiling and perpetually replenished with slices of beef, onions, greens, and something that looks like vermicelli but is n't. Into the hotchpotch the vigilant waitress pours ever and anon a thin sauce made from the omnipresent soy. As the steam rises, juicy and fragrant, each guest plunges his chopsticks into the dish, searching for a tidbit cooked precisely *so*, and transfers to his personal bowl all he is immediately good for. On and on the process goes. Bowls are refilled before they are emptied. One never knows how much or, for that matter, what he has eaten, till at the close of the feast comes the bowl of steaming rice — universal substitute for bread — to fill the last interior cavity.

As with food, so with *sake*, which washes it down. Served warm in tiniest bowls refilled as they are emptied, the mild liquor provides the gentle exhilaration which Japanese sociability requires. *Sake* to an American seems little more potent than spring water, but the Japanese, whose wits are more delicately poised than our own, lose their equilibrium more easily, and *sake* drunk in cumulative sips represents to them infinitesimal gradations between sober-sidedness and that spontaneous exhilaration which for one hour at least makes a man a hero to himself, transforms a chance gathering into a brotherhood, and metamorphoses this stable world into the unsubstantial fairy place of the poet's dream.

From these lyrical remarks the reader must not think the Japanese an intemperate people. They are the reverse. *Sake* is merely their gentle protest against the dull placidity of life.

Little does he appreciate a *sukiyaki* who rates it in terms of food and drink. Like all Japanese festivals, it is the very efflorescence of leisure. For aught I know, a Japanese alone may dine with businesslike dispatch, but in company the host pauses after every mouthful, and unembarrassed silence follows talk. It is the end of the day. No business presses but the business of fellowship. Hour after quiet hour you sit and chat and eat.

The door of a Japanese house swings open less readily than ours. Their little rooms, lovely and bare, are dedicated to family, not to social, life. But if you are so fortunate as to be asked within, the host's wife and daughters will take the place of maidservants, and you dine as dined Odysseus when King Alcinous's wife brought him meat and his cup was replenished by Nausicaa. The American who has been waited on, but not by servants, appreciates the honor which has been done him. If the guest be English, let him note the attitude of the wife as she walks abroad just three steps behind her husband. That gap may strike him as the perfect distance!

The visitor who studies his map will notice that there are two main centres of interest in Japan. One clusters about Tokyo, one about Kyoto. Tokyo is but two hours from Miyanoshita, and three or four from Nikko. After the city, the country is doubly delicious, and neither of these lovely patterns of the Japanese countryside can be neglected. In both the second day is more delightful than the first and the third exceeds the second. I have not the honor of knowing the governors of their prefectures, but the social rulers of these two delightful places are brothers, veritable Dioscuri from their trim figures and hazel eyes to the last sinuous twist of their confident gray mustachios. Both are masters of the honorable profession of innkeeping. Either will give you as comfortable a bed, as hot a dinner, and as lovely an outlook as this old world affords. Both were educated in London, and both illustrate the ancient adage, often so difficult of credence, that life for the wayfarer can be made not only bearable but enchanting.

At Miyanoshita, while the water cascades out of a green forest into a sunny pool right at your feet, you can smoke a confidential cigar with Mr. Yamaguchi, and he will tell you the ways of the world. When quite young he elected to be the Bad Boy of his family, but on his rare visits home made himself so agreeable to his parent, and showed so pronounced a preference for the fatted calf above the husks, that all the rewards of the Prodigal were his. His advice to young men is to do likewise, but, as the golden time is gone for me, I could only lament the discretion of my youth and its lack of early counsel. At Nikko, Mr. Fusiwara (Japanese brothers frequently migrate into different families and change their names) will have a glass with you, looking out over the azalea-tinted hills. The famous lacquer bridge spans the stream sheer below, the temple bells are calling across the valley, and Mr. Fusiwara gives you wise if more conventional advice.

After all, a man's nature has much to do with his journey's end and his happiness on the road. A wayward path sometimes leads home, and the gate of virtue is often more strait than comfortable. But these are reflections written in an unchristian land.

III

All women and some men have an ulterior motive in going abroad. Deep in the female heart, below cathedrals, pictures, statues, is — the shop. And talk as she will in admiration of fixed prices and the matter-of-fact buying in our stores, it is the romance of the bargain, the battle of wits, the desperate lure of something for nothing, that lights a woman's eye and lifts her heart. There *may* be a diamond in the glass necklace, the picture *may* have been painted over a masterpiece. The chill realism of 'one price only' has crept into Japan. The department stores are rigid as our own, and the larger shops. But curios, as befits them, still linger in the age of romance. In the august galleries of Mr. Yamanaka at Kyoto (I wonder if there is a handsomer shop than his in the round world), perish the thought of bargaining. The golden screens will be a joy forever, and the four thousand yen you paid for them well lost — but lost they will be. Yet drama, the fine essence of shopping, is not gone from Japan. Mr. Yamanaka is the Daimyo of his profession. Among the samurai beneath him, and below them, there is scope and verge enough for shopping in its theatric glory.

At Nikko when you have done your temples, among the most magnificent memorials in the world, when you have spiraled the hairpin turns taking you to a lake outvying Lucerne, and had your laugh over the guide's perennial joke anent the 'American' waterfall which 'some of the time' is quite dry, the day's work will bring you home at four o'clock. Three hours to dinner — just time in ceremonious leisure to visit Mr. Kobayashi's. It stands unpretentiously at a corner of the single street. A few modern Buddhas, brass jugs, and garish brocades clutter up the floor. You show your disappointment. 'Ah, if the gentleman [I quote my own experience] desires something a little better, we will cross the garden.' Cross the garden we did, passing a fronded brooklet by a pretty arch of stone, and entered an inner shop. 'Better, but hardly interesting.' You shrug your shoulders and the clerk remarks, 'Perhaps the third shop will have more of the gentleman's desires.' Another garden, past azalea borders along the lisping trickle of a brook, leads us to the third shop. A third disappointment. There are good things here, to be sure, but one has come eight thousand miles! 'Ah,' says the understanding clerk, 'Mr. Kobayashi would wish you to see the fourth shop.'

There are the arcana, and there is Mr. Kobayashi. He has the look of intelligence transmitted through the generations. 'It is a pleasure to welcome so fastidious a gentleman. Come in.' Two little bowing maids bring you Japanese tea — no milk, no lemon, no sugar, but a thin sweetened cake that will not spoil the flavor. If the tea itself is not to your liking, you will come to appreciate it, for the cup is eggshell china and the aroma quite perfect.

'What would you see? Jewels, porcelain, cloisonné, jade?'

'Jade — white or green, as you please, but unquestioned.'

Two maids and a clerk unpile the teakwood boxes in the corner. 'Not that, not that. There — that.' The conversation, for your benefit, has little jets of English in the steady spurt of Japanese.

The box is now in Mr. Kobayashi's hands. 'Is the light good?' His thin brown fingers slide the cover back and draw out something in delicious butternut-colored cloth. Within is a box fashioned of ravishing brocade. 'Ah-h!' The syllable is deliciously prolonged. Then, very slowly, the box is raised in the left hand; with the right the magician draws from it a vase. Foam of the sea over verdurous moss. Six inches of perfection, stately, absolute. The translucent jade is fretted with a noble design. Among the amphoræ on Aspasia's dressing table it would have reflected glory.

The drama pauses. The vase seems to overflow from the sunlight pent within. The American gentleman catches his breath. 'I suppose,' he says slowly, 'it has a certain value.'

'I might afford,' philosophizes Mr. Kobayashi, 'to let it go for 30,000 yen.'

'May I have more tea? Thank you. I like it strong.'

Outside, through the open *shoji* at the rear, you hear the torrent that waters the templed groves above tumbling in thunder. The tracery of the vase prints on your heart of hearts its delicate design. The unebriate cup in your hand has lost its little potency.

'Twenty-five thousand yen,' murmurs Mr. Kobayashi, 'is the lowest possible price.'

You sink into contemplation of the values of life.

IV

Tokyo and Osaka are the muscles and sinews of the Empire. Kyoto is its heart. There the traveler may spend days, months, years, and not know the half of its glory. Nara is near, and what can man desire that is not at Nara, with its temples and its shrines, its forests of cryptomeria, camphor, and redolent fir, its museum of masterpieces, and its fallow deer which come cantering through the glades to meet the passing rickshaw? Nara offers you all that is past. But Kyoto gives to the contemplative more of the sense of eternity — the everlasting Now. I will not describe it, — I could not if I would, — but be grateful to me for giving this advice. Each morning start from the excellent Miyako Hotel betimes, leave word that you will meet your party within half an hour, and walk alone to the little Buddhist garden of Nan-Jengi. It is not in the guidebook, and for that (and that almost alone) the guidebook be blessed, for the omission keeps it lonely.

From the hotel, below azalea'd banks and beneath pines which have sheltered the road these three hundred years, ten minutes will take you there. Pass under the gateway and find Peace. The outer court before the hoary Tokugawa shrine is carpeted with gray sand, swept each morning and raked with a deep-pronged rake in delicious patterns, curving like running water. The azaleas, pink, white, carmine, are in full bloom, and behind them the ancient graveyard. Each monument is of five stones; for, as the pilgrim knows, there are five elements, — Earth, Air, Water, Fire, Ether, — all praising to eternity the way of the Lord Buddha.

Behind the little graveyard rises the majestic mountain, still clothed in primeval forest. You pass on slowly to a little bamboo gate, taking care lest your footprints mar the gardener's design. Pause then for an instant before a small pine tree cunningly twisted and gnarled by an art unknown outside Japan. It shades a rustic monument of stone and moss, and as the old gardener will tell you (if you find an interpreter), the stones are raised to the spirit of the pine which for three hundred years sheltered the garden gate. The mighty ancestor is gone, leaving its puny descendant to grow great in its place, but its spirit still haunts the spot, and, not unaware of its presence, you pass into the inner garden.

Here is quiet beyond the silence of the study and the cloister. The forest-bordered pools are of two levels. From one to the other the water drips, soundless as a memory of rain. Bordering the shores are the ruddy reflections of massed flowers, and beyond, deep in the twin mirrors, the reflection of infinite forest greens. Sit there pensively on the open porch of the monks' lodging, and learn a little what contemplation means. It is not thinking, for where will thinking lead you? To try not to think, as the monk within would say, is to think. But try not even to think not to think. Thoughts forge a chain leading you in familiar circles. Let your mind be as a shaken cup, which ceases from its vibration. Ideas that were thoughts precipitate themselves in solution. Gradually, very gradually, through the years, perhaps, effort ceases, the balance grows perfect. Then from without the light strikes in. Dismembered fragments of ideas reshape themselves into new meaning. An atom of the Truth is born.

Another sight there is in Kyoto which, if you would understand Japan, you must not miss. Momo Yama, Hill of Peaches, has for one thousand years been the burial place of emperors, and here lie the ashes of the greatest of them. The Japan we know is herself the monument of Mutsuhito, posthumously revered as Meiji Tenno — Emperor of Enlightened Rule. But what genius among architects devised this memorial? Napoleon's tomb is less dramatic, and the marble mountain of Victor Emmanuel less tremendous.

You face a steep hill covered with dense forest. Straight up it runs a flight of granite steps, broad and high, two hundred of them. No architectural balustrade, no landscaped border — nothing on either side but the forest pressing in to its ordered limit, and at the top, facing the glorious view, a plateau, wide and level, strewn with gray pebbles. This you cross to the barrier beyond and pause beneath the *torii*. Right in front, the mountain rises again in a perfect cone, thick-covered with great trees, and in the centre of them, with nothing to part it from the encompassing forest, a vast tumulus of round and polished stones. No inscription, no ornament, nothing superfluous. The dark and gloomy background of the forest, the naked stones, unmortared, uncut, recall the twilight of the Druids, priest and sacrifice among the awful shadows of lonely clearings. All the primitive strength and simplicity of the race are there, its pride, its endurance, yet nothing conceals the modernity of that undeviating flight of granite steps. Again the Imperial anthem, monotonous and haunting as a cicada's song, goes throbbing through your brain:—

'Ten thousand years roll on.'

Old travelers tell you that when the Emperor was buried, on that memorable night of September 14, 1912, ceremonial more impressive than anything Japan has known marked his translation. Some day in a remote quarter of the Seven Seas the tremendous event will in strange fashion be recalled, for amongst the rites of that day Shinto priests inscribed the story on the backs of three enormous tortoises, painting the record in black lacquer and liberating the ageless creatures to bear their message to generations yet unborn.

V

Kobe, Gateway of the Inland Sea, is but forty minutes from Kyoto. From there the wise traveler sets out on a voyage through seas safe and lovely as

Como, though the water is salt and there is more tang in the breeze. To chronicle its beauty would be to write a new guidebook to Japan, and the genius of the present writer lies in other spheres. But wherever you land, neglect not Miyajima. The island rises blue as the ocean which gave it birth. As the boat points in, you face quite out at sea the giant *torii*, ancient and magnificent, the only water gate in all Japan. It is the gateway to a great shrine built upon piles and extending so far over the shelving beach that at high tide the water sluices and swishes beneath its endless corridors.

The first night, after your comfortable dinner at the hotel, you will walk to the shrine past the files of stone lanterns, dark but for one jubilant night in May, under the heavy shadows of the pines.

Who is the god of shoes? You pray very earnestly that he may respect yours when you take them off in the blackness, letting them nest close to the entrance and slipping along the windy corridors in your stocking feet. There is no light other than an occasional star, nor sound except the sand sucking in the ripples below you — nothing but the breeze against your cheek and the delicious texture of the waxen floor beneath the soles of your feet. One corridor leads to another. You seem to walk for miles, alone, with the sense of a presence almost visible, when suddenly in the blackness you hear the clapping of human hands. You are passing an altar, and before it, though you see him not, stands a lonely petitioner calling on his gods.

Great men have lived there and loved the island. Great spirits still brood over it. The breeze through the open galleries seems to blow from every point of the compass like the whirring of unseen wings. On the headland overlooking the vast shrine, you see for an instant, as clouds unveil the moon, a penthouse roof supported by huge rows of columns, unwalled and open to the weather. Here the great Captain, Hideyoshi, was once accustomed to summon his chieftains for counsel. By daylight you may see his altar, and hanging from the rafters about it *gakus* of famous warriors, each with its ideograph paying homage to this warrior's greatness. Among these tributes hangs one which by its brilliance catches the visitor's instant attention. It is from Togo to Hideyoshi — from the Nelson of our day to the Lion Heart of the days of chivalry.

What greeting this to that restless ghost! 'Heaven and earth,' wrote Togo in letters of resplendent gold, 'remain beyond conflict forevermore.'

Something of that spirit there is in the silent corridors of the starlit shrine below. Peace, safeguarded by the generations which have died that their children's children shall live beyond conflict forever.

Birth, says the Buddha, is born of desire, and death is linked to rebirth. The wheel of life is sealed by Karma. An instinct has led the Japanese to free this enchanted island from the coil of mortality. None are born there and none are buried, though a whole community lives there the life between. The famous Ito loved the island well, and proved his affection by building flights of granite steps which lead from beach to mountain crest. You wander slowly upwards along swept and sanded walks beneath cryptomeria and pine. One flight of stairs leads to the next natural level. Then another flight to another level, up and up, three thousand feet to one of the glorious views of the Eastern world. Almost at the summit a spring gushes out beneath a mossy rock. Beside it, on his pensive lotus, sits a figure of the Buddha. He it is who draws the water through the mountain to its very top, and in gratitude the pilgrim pauses and thrice empties the long-handled dipper over the god's thirsty head.

At the summit the splendor of Japan lies below you, the silver waters of the narrow sea, and the blue mountains beyond. There, too, are shrines and temples. One I noted where the priest tends an eternal fire, smouldering, when I saw it, as if after six hundred years it might go suddenly out. The flame, it seems, is sacred to the God of Fire, who, if the flame no longer warms him, has sworn to leave the place incontinently and seek his rest beside a hearth at Koya. I had a friendly inclination to chuck a few logs on the fire, but, doubtful about the delicate line which divides courtesy from officiousness, contented myself with studying the *gaku* which overhangs the door. It was, my guide told me, written by Prince Ito himself. When he translated the golden letters I thought, in my parochial way, that President Eliot might have written the inscription, so instinct it was with his New England philosophy; for the legend proclaims, as the summation of human desire, three things alone:—

KNOWLEDGE, HAPPINESS, HEALTH

VI

It is a traveler's pleasure to contemplate other travelers. In Paris they are half the show, as you see them, Baedeker in hand, checking off the sights they have 'done' with a 'Thank God for that' and a determination never, never to do it again. In Japan they are so few in numbers that one can study them in detail. You recognize the French professor (he must be lecturing at a university), obviously troubled that the Japanese give preference to the barbarities of English over the civilities of his own tongue. There is the German, an octave quieter since 1918, and the Britisher whose manner proclaims him in direct descent from the Conqueror. Especially I like to remember the gentle English lady who disapproved of the Japanese relationship to dogs. Straw mattings are not for dogs, and by that fact canine habits are much altered. At Atami the dogs habitually howled, and in particular one moonlight night a hound bayed the moon at precisely one-minute intervals, hours on end. It was more than the little lady could stand. I heard her window in the room next to mine go up with a certain emphasis, and she spoke her mind quite plainly: —

'Hush, will you hush, you outrageous beast!'

'Oh, Mumsie,' called her daughter from a bed within, 'he can't understand a word you say! He's Japanese!'

It is not aliens you have come to study, but the native. Wherever you are, do not, in rapture at the loveliness of the place, forget the people. They are worth your preoccupation. If you are lucky enough to find one who has thought seriously and can express himself in English, ask questions and listen. The Japanese is given too much to self-study. His school and his religion teach him to examine well his mind and character. By text and formula he learns a definite rule of life. A pantheist both Buddhism and Shinto teach him to be, and he is at once more prone to generalization and more abstract than the Christian. But in his counsel of Perfection is an ethic as exalted as our own. Place his ideal virtues beside ours and who shall say which are higher and which are lower?

First in his creed comes the necessity of Duty. Kant's Categorical Imperative is not a clearer trumpet call than *Gin* — the sense of Ought. The conflict between duty and natural affection is as favorite a theme for classical drama as it was in Paris in the days of Racine. No one who in a classical play has seen the sublime Masaoka fling away her own child that heart and mind might be devoted to her lord's bantling, who has listened to the sobbing of women in the audience and watched men narrow their eyelids lest they too show emotion, can doubt the reality of this precept in the minds of the Japanese. And second, as Professor Harada tells us, is *Ho-on*, the Sense of Gratitude. Third, *Remketsu*, the Spirit of Disinterestedness, and fourth, — chiefest of all, if I mistake not the instinct that underlies Japanese character, — *Chako*, the virtue of Loyalty and Filial Piety.

And if you turn to the teachings of Shinto you will find there four injunctions laid heavy upon you. First, you shall live peaceably and usefully day by day, thinking of the immediate task you have to do. Second, you shall keep clean both heart and body. Third, you shall ever hold in honor and affection those who have gone before and shown you the way. Fourth, you shall make your Emperor's will your own.

There is nothing here of ambition and less of truculence. When you understand Japan, 'Heathendom' will never have quite the old significance again. The future of Christianity there lies not above other faiths, but beside them, intricately entwined. When Japan takes on the new, she never utterly neglects the old; and just as Christianity made her own the ineradicable superstitions of ancient countries, so Buddhism and Christianity alike incorporate customs and beliefs held too tenaciously to be rooted out.

A friend has told me, out of long and intimate experience with the Japanese, the story of a young man of noble blood who very early became a Christian. He married the daughter of a samurai and she embraced her husband's faith. Years followed of happiness, then of deep anxiety and death. Their eldest child, a beautiful girl not seven years old, died after a devastating illness. My friend, bound to the young people by bonds of old and close affection, went to the house of death. The stricken father met him at the door, the smile of welcome as ever on his lips, while in silence he drew back the *shoji* of the inner room. There was the mother, kneeling, and beside her the dead child, white as the pear blossoms without. In her right hand the mother had placed her Bible, and across her breast lay her father's sword, naked and shining. The Word of God was there to guide her to a better world. But while her spirit groped through mortal confines, the rustless blade of the samurai made every thing of evil keep its terrified distance.

VII

Buddhism is, I am told, not a religion but a philosophy, — a way out of the jungle of life, — and the Emperor has declared that Shinto is not a religion but a culture. However all this may be, the Japanese are a reverential people, and few of them even in this rationalistic age are devoid of the religious sense. I asked a businesslike companion, as we visited the temples of a remote mountain top, whether any of his schoolfellows had become priests, Shinto or Buddhist. He laughed boisterously at the idea, but a moment later, as we paused before a shrine, he clapped his hands after his father's custom, and dropped his head in instinctive communion with his father's gods.

Holiest amongst the holy places of Japan is Ise. Go from tip to tip of the Empire, from the Kuriles to Formosa. Study the people, their habits, character, history, and life. You will learn innumerable facts, solve some puzzles, and raise others, but Japan herself you cannot know unless you go to Ise. For there is the first of Shinto shrines, the fountainhead of the ancestor worship of the only people whose rulers go back in unbroken line to the earliest history that is recorded. It is the shrine of the Sun Goddess Amaterasu Omikami, link between the God of Heaven and Jimmu, first of the Imperial line. Here is kept shrouded as in the Ark of the Covenant her mirror, which with the sword of righteousness and the jewel of beauty has been transmitted through a hundred and twenty-five generations of the race of Emperors. From this mirror comes the universal symbol which is the centre of veneration in every shrine.

No inheritance like the Emperors' has existed upon earth. The Romanoffs were upstarts beside them, the Hohenzollerns parvenus. The family has not even a name. They are simply Emperors, source of all law, and, in the sonorous phrase to which our ears are accustomed, of might, majesty, dominion, and power. The Emperors are the fathers, the elder brothers of the people. By race and blood the coolie is bound to them and they to him. The Mikado is the Head of the House. All the loyalties of race and nation, of fief and clan, family and household, are blended in one supreme, universal loyalty to him. To live for him is the commonplace of existence; to die for him a privilege coveted and too often denied.

At this shrine he worships. No event of importance to the Imperial House passes which the Emperor does not make known to his ancestors at Ise. Birth, death, war, famine, pestilence, all in Roman fashion are brought in symbol before the altar of the ancestral gods.

The shrine is worthy of its heritage. It stands in a grove of cryptomerias so enormous and so ancient that they seem permanent as the rocks beside them. The buildings, of beautifully grained and polished *hinoki* (which I take, from its light and delicate color, to be a variety of cypress), are in the usual triple form, but every twenty-one years for over sixteen centuries past they have been absolutely rebuilt. No joist, no beam, no plank is left. All is cut into tiny fragments and distributed to pilgrims, lest profanation come by commercial use. From fresh trees cut in the Imperial preserves on Kiso Mountain the new timber is hewn, and for years, during the entire period of construction, architects and workmen alike are clad in ceremonial robes of white. The doors have panels measuring five feet by ten, without seam or knot, giving the wondering onlooker some idea of the perfection of the huge boles from which they are fashioned. There is no paint, no ornament.

The present buildings, immaculate and perfect, are hardly more than a year old, but the shrine itself is old as the nation. As you stand at the barrier, flanked by mighty trunks, deep in the forest, and gaze through the open doorway toward the mystery beyond, you feel the presence of a Living Faith, ancient as Japan, new as the fern uncurling beneath the shadows. No sound breaks the stillness except the scratching of majestic white cocks sacred to the Goddess, and the clap-clap of the worshipers' hands before the shrine. Nothing else is like it. To one pilgrim, at least, it seems that while Ise lives, Japan is eternal.

What union of opposites makes Japan! Cherry and battleship, screen and railroad, kakemono and modern newspaper. Nippon, land of the fan and factory, feminine in manners and customs, masculine in courage and power; proud as Lucifer, but full of distressful doubts. Before her the road runs East and West. She ponders, and slowly turns her face to the setting sun.

WAYS OF INDIA

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

A FOREST is like a town in one respect: without streets, one can get nowhere; without forest lines, a forest is unmanageable. They are required, not only as a means of communication, but also as an essential part of the fire-fighting equipment. In this part of the world, experience has led to the adoption of two main types of line — the *saufooti*, or hundred-foot line, and the *pundrahfooti*, or fifteen-foot line. Urdu, that conglomerate of languages, receives accretions daily; and it is interesting to find that even the most primitive of the inhabitants have adopted quite a number of technical English words as part of their very limited vocabulary. The train for them is 'late,' or 'time par'; it leaves when 'line clear' has been given; it arrives when it has been 'signaled'; and so on. Similarly, in their work in the forest, they have incorporated into their current speech a considerable number of technical English terms.

It is very pleasant riding through the forest along the fifteen-foot lines. Except for a brief period each day, they always afford grateful shade; on each side the sal trees tower up, to a height of fifty or sixty feet. Underfoot is turf — not very green perhaps, but green enough to be restful to the eye; all around lies the forest, pathless, impenetrable, choked with fallen trees, heavy undergrowth, and creeping lianes. The sal trees have shed their foliage now, and the ground is heaped with the broad, dark brown leaves, dry as tinder, crackling at a touch: Feet deep they lie, parched, brittle, hard. The grass areas were burned long ago, when the forest was still green enough from the rains to render that possible without undue danger; but there is no solution of the problem of the fallen leaves, which lie in hundreds of thousands of tons, clustering thick in the tangled undergrowth and ripe as tinder to the flame.

Every year, when the violent heat storms of May and June sweep across the forest, and the lightning darts and flickers in the heart of the orange-purple hurricane mass that rends and tears at the great trees, fires are started. Perched on high watchtowers scattered at strategic points throughout the area, the keen-sighted guardians of the forest are quick to notice the appearance of smoke at any point where their local knowledge tells them it is explicable only on the assumption that the forest has caught fire. Then an elaborate organization, carefully worked out beforehand, and perfected from year to year in the light of successes and failures, springs into being to fight the flames. The Tharus — wisest of all the inhabitants of the forest — cunningly counterfire; regiments of men, gathered from here and from there at breakneck speed, beat back the flames along the isolating lines; it is one long orgy of delirious activity, blazing heat, singed clothing, parched throats, and furious endeavor. The lust of combat grips the fighters, and they experience that wholly satisfying joy which comes from pushing the physical forces to their utmost limit.

It is April as I write, and the fire danger is still somewhat remote. One rides along slowly, care-free, breathing in the sweet heavy smell of the sal flowers — which resembles so much the troubling scent of tuberoses — and looking at the flowering tops high overhead which stand out, a mist of silver-gray and delicate green, against the pale blue sky. As far as one can see, the line stretches on inexorably, straight as a Roman road, scrupulously clear of all encroachments or obstructions. Not a branch is allowed to push its wayward way across that sacred space; not an ant hill is permitted to desecrate its smooth splendor. Usually, no living thing is to be seen; but one's attention is claimed from time to time by the path itself, where sand or dust patches conserve their ephemeral record of the life of the forest. A bear, leaving its unmistakable and semi-human track, passed there, traversing the line diagonally; he must have been going to the heavy grass bordering on the side of the lake three miles off, where wild figs abound. Here and there, leaving the line and returning to it, one sees the tracks of leopards — a male and female, doubtless hunting together. They are journeying, probably, and are making for the open country on the fringe of the forest. In the heart of it, no real hunting is in general possible: the game is too scattered; the fallen leaves make stalking (even for a leopard) almost impossible; there is usually neither food, nor water, nor thick shade.

Far away, I pick up a low mass, right in the centre of the line, that can just barely be seen to change outline from time to time. It is neither leopard, pig, bear, wild dog, nor deer of any kind; dismounted, a long steady look leaves me no wiser. We have sauntered long enough, so I get hold of Spartan and send him — he needs no urging — thundering along the turf, smooth as a billiard table, that stretches away till the two lines of trees meet in the far distance. I try to keep my eye on the suspicious mass, but it is very difficult; all I can see is that, while I am still a long way off, it dissolves into three forms that slip into the forest. Pulling up after a bit so as not to overshoot the mark, I jog along slowly, eyes on the line. Soon I come to the body of a Russell's viper, — rather a rare snake in these parts, — half-eaten. All round in the dust are the trident-like marks of peacocks' feet.

The whole history is written plainly there. The snake — perhaps five to six feet long, and thick as two thumbs, rusty brown in color, with darker markings that are almost black — had been struck by the peacocks as it wriggled from the thick undergrowth on to the line; they had eaten it, then and there, beginning with the head. The fore end, down to roughly the middle of the body, had been devoured. The poison bags had apparently been eaten with the rest of it; anyhow, I could find no trace of them. Russell's viper is one of the most deadly of snakes, but that had not discouraged the peacocks. They are fond of snake flesh, and adept at killing snakes.

At the little village which is our headquarters we protect the peacocks — an easy task, as the Hindus venerate them and the Muhammadans generally are averse from their destruction. We protect them mainly in order that they may keep down the snakes, which infest the dust-gray aloe hedges that form our only boundaries. On several occasions I have seen a peacock picking gluttonously at the body of a dead cobra, and I think one may fairly conclude that these birds merit one of their many Eastern names — 'eater of snakes.' A snake is, indeed, a defenseless animal. I had a three-quarter-grown kitten which specialized in the killing of cobras; and I have several times seen her trotting across the drawing-room carpet, while I was at tea, trailing over her shoulder four feet or so of very dead cobra. She always gripped them at the back of the neck, just behind the head. As the bungalow had no plinth, and the compound was full of snakes, she got plenty of practice.

II

On arrival at the forest bungalow where I intended to halt for some days, I found an agitated policeman and a much more agitated railway clerk, who could not be restrained from dashing off, simultaneously, into a highly sensational account of how the pleasant-looking young Tharu they had brought along with them had attempted to derail the morning train shortly before it arrived at the little forest station some miles away. They were so fresh from the incident, and so completely full of it, that it was impossible to prevent them from talking about it, hard, and together. The Tharu stood dignified and silent. I sent the policeman to a tree about a hundred yards off, and told him to stay there till I signed to him to advance; the railway clerk was then permitted to open the floodgates of his eloquence.

His story came to this: the accused, with several others who had been seen, but who had escaped, had placed a large tree across the railway track. The Tharu and his companions had then hidden in the jungle, close alongside, intending to rob the passengers when the train had been derailed by crashing into the obstacle. His companions had firearms; the accused had none when he was captured. His capture had been a task of the very greatest difficulty, and had demanded exceptional efforts on the part of the clerk and the policeman. Both had happened to be traveling, by chance, in the train the accused had attempted to derail. When the policeman's turn came, his story was much the same.

I turned to the Tharu, a youth of about eighteen or so, and asked for his version of the affair. Here it is, practically verbatim.

'I come from Trimala, in Nepal. It is fifty miles or so from here. It is just under the hills, where they spring up from the swamps to the high mountains where I have never been. I tend cattle; I have ten of my own, and I graze cattle for other people also. Never have I left Trimala till now. I used to sit at the great peepul tree in the evening, after the day's work was done, and listen to the talk. We were all Tharus, and it was good talk. Lately, they spoke a lot about the "terain" of the English; some of our people had seen it. They said it was black — black as a water buffalo; it stood a little lower than an elephant; was long-bodied like a crocodile, and was fed on wood, or on black stuff that looked like shiny charcoal. The terain was stronger than the wild elephant, and more clever than a fighting elephant of the keddah. It ran fast, but could run only on shining bands of iron that the English laid down for it; smoke came out from a hole in the top of its head; and at night its great eyes glared like a forest fire seen from afar off. It rumbled, at times, like an elephant; and it drank water every time it stopped.

'They — those who had seen the terain — said that there was no danger; but, though they were good men, I felt some doubt as to that. One of them told me that, when the terain came to anything that lay across the shining bands, it nosed it away with a thing in front that looked like a short trunk. It did this itself. There were always men with the terain; these were not Englishmen, but Indians. The Englishmen lived far off; the Indians went with the terain, fed it, and attended to it when it drank.

'I felt I must see these things for myself, and find out what the truth was about this matter. So I left Trimala yesterday, at dawn, and came here. I came alone. I was told how to come. I had only to go south through the forest for twelve hours, cross a big river, and keep south and east till I came to the shining bands. I brought my axe with me, of course. I have no other weapon. I came to the shining bands last evening, while it was yet light — the west was red when I arrived. I ate the unleavened cakes I brought with me, and decided to sleep in a tree for the night; I did not like sleeping on the ground near where the terain might pass. This morning, when the clouds were beginning to turn yellow, I got down from my tree, and cut a strong sapling — as heavy as I could deal with. This I freed from branches, and then levered it slowly along till I got it right across the shining bands. They were in the middle of a great road in the forest, which ran straight as an arrow northeast and southwest. In all that great road no living thing was to be seen.

'I was frightened of what the terain might do, so I climbed one of the tallest trees that stood on the edge of the great road, and hid myself in the branches. No one could see me — that I am quite sure of. I watched for the coming of the terain. When the sun had risen about five hours, it came. I heard it panting and snorting far off; it came quickly along the shining bands; but no smoke went out from its head. When it came near my sapling lying across the iron bands, it saw it, and stopped; then it crept slowly forward, and stood with its front feet touching the tree. Men got down from the terain and began to pull the tree away. I was annoyed. I had walked fifty miles, had slept in a tree all night, and had cut down a heavy sapling, in order that I might see the terain nose it away with its trunk. It was nothing to me to see men do that. So, being annoyed, I came down from my tree and walked across the great road to the group of men who were hauling at the sapling.

'I said, "Why do you do that? I want to see the terain move that tree away." They looked unkindly at me, and asked me who I was. I told them. They asked me if I had put the sapling there. I said I had. Then these two men, encouraged by the others, laid hold of me, and said I must come and see the sahib about it all. So I came, and am here. What have I to do now?'

'Who is the headman at Trimala?' I asked.

'Masani.'

'Who was the headman before Masani?'

'Kasumbi.'

I had shot my first tiger at Trimala, three years before; and I remembered Kasumbi the headman.

'These men say — you heard them — that they found you hiding in the jungle; you had armed companions with you; they chased you, and finally caught you, after very great difficulty. Is that true?'

'There is the jungle, fifty paces off; let us see if it is true! The jungle is my home; it is not their home. If I hide in the jungle, I am not discovered by people such as these. If I flee in the jungle, people such as these cannot catch me. Besides,' — and his eyes twinkled,— 'these men have stomachs in front which do not help them to run fast.' It was true; and the railway clerk and the policeman looked uncomfortable.

I turned to them. 'You heard. If I turn the Tharu loose now, will you engage to catch him in the jungle?' There was no reply.

'Will you run against him to that ant hill over there, a hundred yards down the forest line, and back — level going?' Again there was no reply.

'Is his story true?' Again there was no answer.

I sent them off to the camp bunnia to get some food; and told the Tharu that he must not leave the place till I had seen him again. They went off quite amicably, all three of them. In the evening I took the Tharu out on an elephant with me, and wandered round the fringes of the forest, looking for leopards on the prowl. He talked freely, about all sorts of things; and I was soon convinced that his story as to the alleged train wrecking was true. I made him take me to the scene of the occurrence, show me the tree he had slept in, the sapling he had cut down, and the tree from which he had watched the morning train arrive. Indubitably, if he had wanted to escape, no one there could have caught him; if he had wanted to remain hidden, no one there would have discovered him. He was merely a jolly, happy, ignorant, curious child; he had no idea that his action might cause damage or suffering, and was aghast when I told him what the consequences might have been.

I, of course, sent him back to his village, with a warning to others; and I was entirely confident that that warning would be heeded. It was. During the five years I remained in the district, no similar case occurred. But the railway administration — which took its little tin-pot line very seriously indeed — was inexpressibly scandalized. Grave protests, couched in ponderous language, rained upon me from various exalted and perturbed personages; the heinousness of the 'offense' was insisted on in a crashing crescendo of official letters; and there were dark hints that it would be necessary to have 'recourse to higher authority' if I persisted in my wholly untenable views. Happily, my position was more than strong — it was impregnable. I had recorded a formal decision, as magistrate; the thing had been done according to the rules; 'bell, book, and candle' had been duly employed. The decision could be upset only in accordance with these same rules. The omniscient Macaulay had of course foreseen cases of the kind, — the only thing he forgot to provide against in the Indian Penal Code was cannibalism, so far as I remember, — and it was clear that the High Court, the only authority which could intervene, would certainly refuse to do so. So the storm died away in distant grumblings and mutterings; the long-distance bombardment by letter ceased; and my jungly Tharu, safe anyhow in Nepal, remained unmolested.

III

The Tharus are an engaging people, of Mongolian origin. In several important respects they are unique. Fever — even black-water fever of the most deadly type — seems to pass them by. They do not know how to steal or lie. They live far from the world, by the world unknown; their home is the jungle. They brew a potent spirit with which to rejoice their hearts; they cover the forest with their delicately built contrivances for the capture of fish; they know the jungles like the back of their hand. I have seen them dig nonchalantly in the dry mud, and extract large, living fishes. Once I complained, banteringly, to a couple of wizened old men, the two seniors of the village, that I had been working in the vicinity for four days without seeing any sign of a tiger; the elder, puckering up his kindly, wrinkled old face and regarding me steadily with almond eyes that peered out of a mass of humorous crinkles, explained: —

'That is bad. I forgot all about it. That tiger had been worrying my cattle, and I thoughtlessly imposed "a prohibition." I laid a spell on him, preventing him from coming here. Of course you did not find any signs of tiger!'

'Well,' I suggested, 'a dead tiger is better than a spellbound one, is n't it? Suppose you lift the spell?'

'Certainly,' he said. 'I'll see to that at once, on my return home. It was stupid of me not to remember.'

'And what can I count on when the spell is removed? Two? Four?' He grinned amiably, and shook his head. 'A tiger is a tiger. God knows. He is an animal often without shame. But I think — I think — that you might get one, or even one and a half, if you beat the *narkul* jungle by the Mahadeo pool to-morrow.'

Next day I did beat the jungle where the tall narkul grass waved its brown feathery tops over a sea of dark green; and we put up four tigers — a male, a female, and two full-grown cubs. If we only got two of them, that was not the fault of anyone but ourselves. The *tona* had worked.

Once, when shooting in Nepal, I camped not far — perhaps a mile or two — from a Tharu village. It was appallingly hot weather; the shade temperature ran about 115 degrees, and sometimes went considerably higher; and in the sun it was impossible to handle a rifle without a heavy leather guard. Our camp was pitched on the banks of a dried-up river bed; huge mango and lime trees marked, unmistakably, a village site long abandoned. Returning late one evening, after ten hours in the burning sun, I had taken my bath inside the kanats — the sidepieces of a tent, the whole of the top being open to the sky — and, clad simply but chastely in a bath towel, I was busy shaving at a small table right out in the open when I heard women's voices just behind me. A bevy of Tharu women had descended on our camp. They came up to me, entirely unembarrassed, and were as frankly friendly, and as perseveringly curious, as a tame mongoose. One of them rubbed the back of an appreciative forefinger against the bare skin of my arm. 'How white! How soft! Here, Mithi, feel his skin.' Mithi — who had a jolly little Japanese-looking baby sitting astride her left hip — did feel my skin all right, and found it 'very good.'

'Why is your skin like that — all red in the face, and all white elsewhere? And how do you keep it so soft and cool?'

It did n't feel particularly soft to me, and it most indubitably had not felt cool for some months.

'What are you doing — rubbing your face with that thing?'

'Shaving.'

'How can you shave without a knife?'

'There *is* a knife — tucked away inside there.' I was using the 'known the world over' instrument.

'I can't see any knife. Is the razor made of silver?'

'I am a poor man, and far from home. How could it be made of silver?'

They giggled appreciatively, for the 'poor man, and far from home' phrase is a kind of standard formula used by Indians whenever half a chance offers.

'But it looks like silver,' I was informed, doubtingly.

'Lots of things look like what they are not. A crocodile looks like a log, a python like a hanging branch. Why should this not look like silver?'

That went home. 'True,' they chimed in chorus; and the affair of the silver razor was docketed, and classified, and done with forevermore.

Then my magnifying mirror was discovered, as they bent closer in their talk. They squealed with delight. They had all to look, in turn; then their babies had to be made to look into the magic glass; they chattered like excited magpies. Every article on my camp table was picked up, and its use demanded. One does not go tiger shooting in Nepal with much in the way of a *batterie de toilette,* but they found everything new and vastly exciting — my curved nail scissors, the little machine for sharpening razor blades, a pair of hairbrushes in a leather case, the shaving soap in its nickel cover, — that was 'not silver' either, — and a tube of tooth paste. And all the time there was someone behind me who pensively rubbed a grubby paw against my skin, and murmured that it was white and soft — and 'so cool.'

It was all rather delightful; they had the vivid curiosity of a child, and they had the child's endless capacity for asking difficult questions. They felt their presence was not unwelcome, and they made themselves thoroughly at home. When I had had enough of them, I told them so. I arose in my semi-naked majesty; and, remembering the 'puggy paws,' I decreed: 'I go again to bathe before I eat. Run away, all you women people and you baby people.'

Off they went, without a word, chattering and laughing, swinging easily through the open forest, each woman leaning over to the right to balance the weight of the baby on her left hip.

IV

This bungalow stands on the edge of a great clearing in the forest. In front, for three miles or so, there is a huge plain, covered with coarse grass, and treeless. Here and there, where the level sinks, large pools of water lie open to the sun; you can see the lotus lilies resting on the surface, framed by the dark, green-veined, upturned leaves that look so cool in the scorching heat; and the air is heavy with the scent that the 'yellow jewel' distills. All round, ringing the view in every direction, are the sal trees now in full flower, their tops misty with a profusion of green and silver-gray blossom; behind these, the pioneers, the forest stands, rank on endless rank, for hundreds of square miles. It is all very beautiful, peaceful, and attractive; yet I dislike this bungalow, and this portion of the forest. Nothing has ever gone quite right with me here; in work, as in play, in official matters as in private affairs, it has been associated with misfortune, thwarted hopes, and unexplained disaster.

One experience — the most gruesome of all — is burned into my memory. Early in June, after a forced march of fifty miles on an elephant, a military friend of mine and I arrived at this bungalow about three in the afternoon of a blazing day. Our servants were many miles behind; we had nothing with us but small suitcases; we were leaving that evening by train for headquarters, where some urgent work required my immediate presence. The bungalow was opened for us by the resident caretaker. We had been up long before dawn; had been joggled across country on the back of a particularly tiring elephant for something over eleven hours, exposed all that time to the fierce heat of a June sun; had had practically no food and very little drink; and had certainly a sleepless night before us. We had but one thought — sleep. The verandah was impossible — the sun flamed full into it. I tried to move my bed, single-handed, from the rather small and stuffy bedroom to the larger dining room adjoining, but found that impossible. The door was too narrow.

So, giving up all thought of improving matters, I threw my suitcase under the bed, and lay down, dressed as I was, in the stifling room, to snatch a few hours' sleep before we had to set off again to catch the evening train. The door into the dining room I left open; the window — a very exiguous affair of perhaps four square feet — I fastened back so that no stray gust of wind could shut it. I remember lying on the wide string bed, looking drowsily at the squared roof beams above, and wondering what fool had painted them that distressingly red-hot color. The room was about eight feet by twelve, and the ceiling was perhaps ten feet high. Apart from the string bed, a rough toilet table with a looking-glass, and two heavy teakwood folding chairs, there was no furniture. The floor was of cement, with one tattered durrie, or thin cotton rug. The second door in the room — shut when I entered it, and unopened by me — led directly into the adjoining bathroom. I dropped asleep, still rather querulous about the purple-brown color of the roof beams and the infernal stuffiness of the room, the long outside wall of which caught the full force of the western sun.

It was a very troubled sleep. I was forever striving against an ever-menacing destiny; fate, in indescribably horrible but wholly vague forms, edged closer and closer to me; 'crocodiles covered me with their cancerous kisses'; I was fast bound, while nameless tortures prepared themselves against me. I could remember little afterward but a deep impression of formless horror; it was not least in the mental agony of that uneasy sleep that everything was vague, nebulous, hidden, full of uncertain terrors and undefined but ever-nearing dangers. Eventually I struggled through the welter of fear and horror back again to semi-consciousness, to find that but a continuation of the dreadful dream.

The light from the window on my right — the strong golden light of the setting sun — struck on a palpitating mass of formless gray, and lost all its strength in so striking. Little motes vibrated uncertainly in an all-enveloping cloud of dull smoke color; there was no air with which to fill my lungs; my face, my eyes, my hands, prickled all over with the sense that millions of tiny hands were laid upon them. When I moved, there came a far-off, minute, but clear sound, like the rending of thin silk; and I felt the tiny hands strain and grasp and tear loose from their hold. Depression and despair weighed on me like a physical load; the tainted air smelt of decay and death. I was awake — partially awake at least — and almost sick with anger and dread. I could not understand it all; the solid basis of my world had changed; I remember the passion of resentment I felt at my inability to understand what it all meant. I wanted to do something — what had I to do? I did not know what had happened — what had happened? I must do something, at once. What was it I must do?

Probably that period of half-waking did not last long. Almost as soon as my eyes really opened, I grasped the incredible, the horrible, fact that the room in which I had been sleeping was tight packed, from floor to ceiling, from wall to wall, with spiders. I leaped from the bed, and tore my way out — the mass giving way before me with that thin, faint, rending sound like fine silk tearing. When I reached the dining room I hastily undressed; apart from a few spiders caught in the folds of my clothes, and dead or dying, all had disappeared. I turned back to the bedroom I had quitted. The frame of the doorway was filled, from side to side, from top to bottom, with spiders — the kind of spider with six or eight long hairlike legs, supporting a tiny brown-black body of the size and general shape of a grape pip. This wall of spiders filled the door frame, and pulsated slowly, in even regular beats, like some great beast breathing tranquilly. Long, rhythmic, even waves descended slowly, regularly, from the top of the wall to the bottom. There seemed no tendency for the mass to fall toward the floor; there was certainly no tendency for it to spill into the dining room. It remained there like a curtain, moving in slow waves, barring the entrance to the bedroom, smoke-gray, menacing, and horrible.

I recollected my friend, who was sleeping in the room corresponding to mine, but on the east side of the bungalow. I went in. His room was sweet and clean; he was lying on his back, with his fists tight shut, sleeping like a tired child. Not a spider was to be seen in the dining room, or in his room, or on the verandah. But I could leave no one sleeping in that house while the sinister thing across the room continued to beat slowly. We stood together for some minutes watching it, he with more of scientific detachment in his attitude than I could attain to. In the bedroom I had left, spiders filled every chink, every nook and cranny, that we could see. They seemed to be, relatively, motionless; there were no signs of movement inside the mass, though each spider at times quivered or vibrated rapidly; at times that motion ceased. But the steady pulsating movement continued all the time; the front remained like a wall, neither crumbling nor sagging; and from its mass there emanated a hateful odor of corruption.

When our servants came, perhaps two hours later, they soaked rags in kerosene oil, and with these fastened to sticks, and with red-hot brands from the camp fire, they burned their way into the room. That was perhaps as horrible as anything — the writhing mass, the nauseating smell, the quivering heaps of scorched and dying creatures that cumbered the floor. In a very short time the room was clear, but I could not bring myself to enter it again. I took a chair, and sat under the deep velvet-black skies, with the clean night air on my face, the stars glowing softly above, the forest looming dark all round, and the fires gleaming fitfully far away, on the high slopes of the Nepal hills.

BIRD MIND

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

I HAD been fond of birds since a child, but it was when I was about fourteen that I became a real bird watcher. The incident which precipitated the change was this. One morning of late winter, crossing the laundry yard of my aunt's country house, I saw a green woodpecker on the grass only a few yards from me; I had just time to take in the sight of it before the bird was off to the wood beyond the hedge. The green woodpecker is a common bird enough, but I had never seen one close. Here I saw every striking detail — the rich green of the wings, the flash of bright yellow on the back when he flew, the pale glittering eye, the scarlet nape, the strange moustache of black and red; and the effect was as if I had seen a bird of paradise, even a phœnix. I was thrilled with the sudden realization that here, under my nose, in the familiar woods and fields, lived strange and beautiful creatures of whose strangeness and beauty I had been lamentably unaware.

Most bird watchers, I should imagine, get started off on their hobby by some such sudden glory. The next step in their career is generally the same new realization of beauty and strangeness in other common birds; and only then, as familiarity dulls the edge of novelty, do they turn to look for rarities to give them new excitement.

That certainly was the course of events with me. I can recall to-day with extreme vividness the pleasure of discovering the detailed loveliness of a cock bullfinch busy on a fruit tree, — glossy black of head, soft but vivid brick-red of breast, delicate white of rump, exquisite bluish gray of back, — or watching for the first time the mottled brown creeper mousily climbing a tree and prying into the crevices with its long curved beak, and realizing that here was a new kind of existence which I had not previously suspected.

In the same way I remember feasting my eyes on the astounding beauty of the plumage of teal on seeing a flock of these on a pond in Surrey; and being spellbound by the fantastic ventriloquial note of the grasshopper warbler the first spring I heard it.

A year later I can recall with equal vividness the excitement of coming over the crest of a heathery common (not forty miles from London) and seeing an enormous bird of prey get up fifteen or twenty yards away, leaving half a pheasant carcass on the ground; and of discovering that this was no less a personage among birds than a young white-tailed eagle. That was my first experience of the thrill of rarity; and it set me off deliberately trying to collect glimpses of rare birds as the philatelist collects rare postage stamps. I could take a map and mark down just where I saw my first Dartford warbler, my first smew, Montagu's harrier, and so on.

For revelation of the beauty of flight, I commend a scene once witnessed in North Wales. I was high up on the mountains above Ogwen. A buzzard was mewing overhead. I looked up, and saw it circling upward, very high, a mere speck over the crags of the Glydyrs. Suddenly it set its wings at an angle and started to glide steeply down. Without once changing direction or speed, it kept its invisible track until it disappeared far to westward behind a distant ridge against the late afternoon sky. In one act of flight it had traversed half Snowdonia. No other creature in the world but a large bird could achieve anything like this speed or singleness of sweeping motion.

Many of the bird watcher's rewards come like this one, unexpectedly. About five months ago I was standing by the side of a road in the Belgian Congo in the quick-falling equatorial twilight, the lorry on which we were supposed to be traveling having stuck in the mud for the fourth or fifth time. Just ahead I saw shapes fluttering against the sky: they turned out to be nightjars, thirty or forty of them, sweeping round and back over one spot with quick, swift-turning flight, ghostly because so absolutely noiseless, but beautiful in their grace and controlled motion. I slipped down over the bank to be nearer, and then suddenly realized why they were there. A big white ants' nest stood on the slope and from it were issuing hundreds upon hundreds of the winged king and queen termites for the one sortie of their lives, the nuptial flight.

The nightjars had discovered this, and as the termites fluttered up looking rather like caddis flies (I could just see their long winged shapes against the twilight sky), the birds swooped at them, with their huge mouths opened wide. This social but silent meal, taken on the wing, with twistings and turnings and every subtlety of flight, this banquet for the birds which for the white ants was a massacre of all their emigrants and potential founders of new colonies — the whole scene, though I watched for only five minutes, gave a sudden insight into the strange details of the birds' life, a sense of unexpected intimacy, such as comes in some foreign country through a glimpse of a family seen at their lamp-lit evening meal through a window left uncurtained.

II

But it is not only the unexpected that is memorable. One may be rewarded for deliberate search or patient watching. On the Oxford University Expedition to Spitsbergen, three of us set out one day to visit one of the celebrated bird cliffs of the arctic. The vast numbers of sea birds which come north to the arctic to breed must find security for their nests from marauding foxes, and most species take advantage of ledges on precipitous cliffs. As such cliffs are few and far between, they are crowded in an astounding way.

It was a long way from camp to the birds — five hours across snowy tundra to where a heavy ship's boat had been left a day or so before, and then four hours more in the boat. Our goal was the cliff bastion at the north end of Prince Charles Foreland — a narrow prow of rock, each side of it more than a mile long, and two thousand feet high. When we were still nearly two miles away, we began to hear the birds; and by the time we were half a mile off, the noise was like the parrot house at the zoo heard from just outside. The chattering and screaming of the hundreds of thousands of birds blended into one continuous high-pitched roar. Though it was 11 P.M. when we at last reached the foot of the cliff, the midnight sun made bright daylight, and there was no abatement of the birds' activity. Innumerable kittiwakes, guillemots, and razorbills, with a sprinkling of puffins, crowded the cliff face, and, near the top, colonies of the huge and predacious glaucous gulls, the robber barons of the arctic bird world. Against this background of deafening noise, hundreds of tiny winged specks whirred into the high ledges with food, whirred out again to fish for more. It was an amazing concentration of vital activity.

I found it an effort of imagination to recall to mind that this bird city was but a seasonal affair, and that in the winter the bird cliff was wholly untenanted, the rich supplies of food that teem in the arctic seas made unavailable by a crust of ice. But the efficiency with which the birds exploit the riches of the sea was vividly brought home by a simple concrete fact. Spitsbergen boasts no trees or even bushes; and over most of it the prevailing grass and lichens are low, the few flowering plants nestling in crevices or growing in the form of dense cushions. All round the bird cliff, however, where plants were nourished by the birds' droppings, the grass was tall, the weeds were high and rank, growing a couple of feet high instead of two or three inches, so that the whole complexion of the surroundings was changed.

We had twelve miles still to do, two of us, in the slow heavy boat, and had been out already for fifteen hours. So I lay down on the grass, and, though less than seven hundred miles from the Pole, was able to rest the better part of an hour in perfect comfort, so windless and balmy was the air, tempered by the midnight sun. The birds' clamor filled the place; their forms shot to and fro at every level, up to nearly half a mile above my head, hundreds every minute. It was a complete revelation of the abundance of Nature and her unconcern with man on this arctic uninhabited island.

I was staying for Whitsun one year at a little inn on the Upper Thames. Under the eaves a number of house martins were building their mud nests. I was interested to find out something of their courtship, but there had been no courting in evidence during the Saturday afternoon and evening. So, knowing that such activities are often most pronounced in the early morning, I got up before dawn on the Sunday. To my surprise, there were no martins to be seen — none in or by their nests, none flying round. I walked round the place, and up and down the towpath, along which spread a faint mist from the river, and still saw nothing of my birds. Then from the barn came a single swallow, and flew steeply up into the sky. I followed its flight with my eyes, and suddenly saw why I had failed to find the martins. They were all up there in the blue, circling round in company with some barn swallows and chimney swifts, from which I could just distinguish them at the height they were flying. The sun had not yet risen where I stood on the solid earth; but he already reached the birds high above my head. And as the earth spun and the sun's rays approached its surface, the birds sank with them, twittering all the time; until finally the light struck the inn and flooded the meadows, and the birds dispersed to the duties of the day.

There can be little doubt that when I first came out, half an hour before I saw the birds, they had already flown up to greet the sun and make themselves a longer day; but how far above the earth they flew before they reached the light and began to circle in it and sink with it, I do not know. Nor do I know if martins and swallows and swifts do this regularly. I have not had the opportunity of setting myself to find out, and although I published a little account of the incident at the time, and asked for more information about such sun-greeting habits, none was sent me. It may be that the birds only ascend thus on radiantly fine mornings; or only during a short space of the early breeding season; or that it is a local habit of Oxfordshire birds. That remains to be discovered. All that I know is that on this particular day I saw the birds anticipate the dawn; and that the sight is still something to be remembered.

III

The routine of birds' lives we are a little apt to take for granted. They feed, sleep, make love, disport themselves in song and play, rest, look after their young; they grow, age, and die; their life, in fact, more or less mirrors our own. That is what we for the most part vaguely assume, and then, without troubling our heads overmuch about the matter, proceed to enjoy the obvious sights and sounds with which bird life provides us.

But in reality there are very great differences between the life of birds and the life of men. Perhaps the biggest single difference, and yet the one we are least apt to remember, is that all birds, except a few in the tropics, are more or less unsexed, made neuter, during half the year. The finches or buntings that fought and courted and bred so vigorously all summer, keeping together so closely in pairs, each bird jealous of rivals of the same sex, the pair jealous of intruders on to their nesting area, cock and hen full of amorous devotion to each other, then of parental devotion to the young — these same birds in winter lead a wholly different life. Then they are gathered together into flocks, in which there is neither sexual jealousy nor sexual attraction, no desire to sing, no parental feeling. Sometimes, indeed, the only imprint of sex upon winter life is the existence of flocks all of males, or all of females, the sexes shunning instead of seeking one another, as is often the case in chaffinches.

This neuter phase of behavior is caused by a physiological change within, the reproductive organs shrinking in autumn to a twentieth or even a fiftieth of their full size, to swell again during early spring.

In some species, the unsexing process does not go as far as this, and mated birds remain constant to each other throughout the year. On a mild midwinter day one may see the separate pairs crystallize out, as it were, within a flock of jackdaws, the birds sitting about very obviously two by two. But even with these birds, the emotional state is wholly different in winter and summer, and each spring the cock bird will renew his courtship just as if it were for the first time of asking, and he had not been mated for years.

We have only to reflect how extremely different human life would be if men and women were only to attract each other in the summer, and parents ceased to care for their children with the approach of winter, to see how remote a bird's life is from our own.

With migrant birds, there is a further complication. Twice a year they are seized with an impulse to leave their haunts and fly south or north as the case may be, often thousands of miles. This impulse is not a mere desire for change, such as sends human beings to the seaside in summer, or to Switzerland or the Riviera in winter: it is the result of some deep-seated alteration in the vital chemistry, and the urge itself is as purely instinctive and automatic as the instinct of a kitten to pounce on mice or of a worker bee to build hexagonal cells of wax. Of the nature of this change in physiology, we know very little. Professor Rowan of Alberta has recently made some very interesting experiments, showing that with some birds at least it is the changing length of night and day, and not temperature or shortage of food, which is the first link in the chain of causes that brings on the migrants' impulse to move south in autumn. Kept in an aviary until midwinter in their Northern home and then released, the birds with which he experimented simply hung about the neighborhood; if their physiology had been tampered with, and they had previously been kept under a régime of a day progressively lengthened by artificial illumination, they would when released even move northward toward the arctic and almost certain death.

How instinctive it all is comes out still more clearly when we recall that there are some kinds of birds, like our familiar English robin redbreast, which are not constructed so as to feel this impulse at the turn of the seasons, but stay all the year close to where they were hatched and bred.

Most, however, of our familiar temperate birds that we are apt to think of as resident are not really resident at all; they are migratory in an irregular way, on a small scale. The thrushes of our winter hedgerows and gardens, the peewits of our winter fields, are for the most part not the same birds which bred there in the summer. Those have moved a hundred miles or so south; these are birds from the more northerly parts of Europe. This partial and irregular migration is halfway between the stationary residence of the robin and the full migration of the cuckoo and nightingale, and shows how the latter might have evolved out of the former.

The discovery of the prevalence of partial migration was made possible through the practice of banding birds — attaching a light numbered and dated ring of metal to their legs, either when still in the nest or after being caught in a special and harmless trap and subsequently set free again. A few of the hundreds or thousands of banded birds will be subsequently shot or trapped or otherwise recovered, and so we can keep track of their main movements.

This banding method has also been used to shed light upon other sides of bird life. For instance, a Mr. Baldwin in the United States put up in his big orchard a great many nest boxes, most of which were occupied by pairs of the American house wren. When they were snugly asleep in the boxes, he caught them and banded them. Now these birds always raise at least two broods in the season; and when the first brood was done with and the business of rearing the second brood was at its height, Mr. Baldwin caught and examined all his wrens again — to discover the surprising fact that about 80 per cent of them had changed partners between broods, as human beings do between dances! They are very constant in their monogamy for the duration of one brood; but after that they separate, and it seems to be a matter of chance how they pair up again for the next spell of married life.

Still another method, in which banding is combined with intensive watching, has been tried on robins. The birds are banded with bands whose distinctive mark can be recognized through good field glasses; and a number of birds are thus followed all through the year, with surprisingly interesting results. The possibility of recognizing individual birds gives a new concreteness of insight into their life. Similar schemes of individual marking have enabled naturalists to discover startling facts about other creatures, notably bees and ants; and there is no doubt that here there lies ready to the hand of the bird watcher a new and valuable tool which will enrich his watching if he has but the patience to use it.

Birds when we notice them are generally well-fed or at least active. We rarely see them when they are ill or starving; we miss most of the violent deaths by hawk or owl. And so we are apt to forget the terrible mortality which all the time is thinning their ranks. But a little calculation will show how enormous this must be. A pair of blackbirds, for instance, has an expectation — barring accidents — of at least ten years of reproductive life; and each year will produce at least two clutches of about five eggs each — say a hundred eggs in all.

Accidents do of course happen, so that perhaps three seasons is more like the average number to which a blackbird, once arrived at maturity, can still look forward. This means thirty eggs; yet the race of blackbirds does not increase, which means that of those thirty, twenty-eight fail to reach the reproductive age again. Mr. Nicholson, from his observations, finds that more than half of these are eliminated even before the time comes to leave their nest. For robins, Mr. Burkitt estimates that at the beginning of autumn a pair will have only one surviving young bird left to show for all their season's labor. And all this is before the rigors of winter have set in.

For migrants, especially the smaller kinds, the worst losses seem to be during the long migratory journeys themselves. The birds may be blown out to sea and drowned in thousands, or are so exhausted after long struggle with adverse winds as to fall an easy prey to their enemies on landing.

For residents, on the other hand, occasional years of great severity cause a real massacre. After the hard winter of 1917, for instance, long-tailed tits were actually wiped out over large areas of England, and it took the overplus of several favorable seasons to fill the empty spaces again. Famine and flood can take heavy toll of human populations; but man is never living so near the edge of security that one severe winter will exterminate all the human beings over a considerable area.

IV

We all of us quite naturally begin with the assumption that other living things have the same sort of minds as ourselves — they happen not to be able to talk, to do mathematics, or to frame philosophies or religions, but in general, we take for granted that they feel and think, remember and plan, in the same sort of way as we do. Closer observation, however, and especially deliberate experiment, quite destroy this assumption. The lower animals do not talk and calculate and philosophize just because their minds are not like ours — they are on quite a different and lower level.

Many people are apt to resent this conclusion and to think men of science cold and soulless for pronouncing it. It always seems to me, however, one of the most exciting and encouraging of ideas to reflect that our minds have been perfected by slow steps from the most rudimentary beginnings, and that there is no reason to suppose that further evolutionary progress is not possible, toward minds which would stand in the same sort of relation to our imperfect instruments as do our minds to the still more imperfect instruments of a shrewmouse or a newt. It is from this point of view that I like to think of the minds of the birds I watch as mental instruments forged out of the metal of life on the anvil of circumstance by the impersonal but inexorable agency we call evolution. They are in all essentials more primitive mental instruments than ours, though in this or that particular they may reveal some advantage of sense, some novelty of instinct.

Of course the actions of an animal must on the whole achieve their end, otherwise the species could not continue to exist; but it is by no means necessary that the end be perceived in the mind of the animal, much less deliberately planned and purposed by it. The usual procedure of Nature is this — that the brains of animals shall be so constructed that in a given set of circumstances impulses will be aroused which impel them to actions adapted to the circumstances, in just the same blind and automatic way in which our bodies are constructed to do the right adaptive thing quite irrespective of our minds knowing anything about it. Our stomach is constituted so as to pour out gastric juice when wanted, and to digest food — it achieves its end admirably. But nobody ever consciously planned to make his gastric juice just of this right composition, or even purposed to liberate it just when it is needed.

As a very simple example of adaptive but wholly unintelligent instinct, take the crouching of many young birds, such as those of various plovers, when danger threatens. In their natural haunts, this is an admirable method of escaping detection, for their colors blend with the surroundings. But they will crouch just as readily on a lawn or a carpet, against which they are conspicuous in the extreme. Their instinct to crouch is in fact as automatic and unpurposed as their color. Another piece of adaptive but apparently quite instinctive behavior we may take is the actions of many ground-breeding birds when an enemy threatens their eggs or young. They trail their wings on the ground and shuffle along as if badly wounded, only to spring into the air when the enemy has been lured far enough from the nest. Here again, all the evidence is against the bird having any conscious purpose or knowledge of what it is doing; the shamming wounded is an inborn pattern of behavior, like sneezing in ourselves.

As a curious example of lack of intelligence we may take the well-authenticated fact that some birds, when they begin a nest against one rung of a ladder or on one of many similar rafters, seem wholly unable to keep the situation distinct, and proceed to build a whole series of nests against all or most of the rungs or rafters. In nature, every situation is a little different from every other; here, man's artificiality has been too much for them with its repetition of sameness. How remote from ours is the mind capable of this lack of discrimination!

Equal evidence of difference from a human type of mentality, though in a rather different way, is provided by the numerous recorded examples of comparatively clever birds like jackdaws which do not know when to stop in cases where mere bringing of more nest material is useless. Jackdaws breed in holes, and drop sticks into them to make the foundations of their nest. Sometimes it happens that a nice-looking hole communicates with some bigger space below, and the sticks simply drop through. But once the birds have chosen a hole they may continue bringing and dropping in sticks for days and days until a really enormous pile accumulates in the hollow trunk below, although after a few hours' work it should have been obvious to the meanest intelligence that they were wasting their time. The reason they never realized it was simple — that in respect of nest building, birds do not and are not required to use intelligence, being endowed by Nature with instincts which normally are quite good enough.

Mr. Kirkman has recently conducted a number of interesting experiments on black-headed gulls and finds that they, while the brooding urge is on, can be made to accept stones or even sardine tins and sit on them apparently quite happily — a complacence rivaled in nature by that of the emperor penguin, whose passion for brooding *something* will induce it to incubate lumps of ice if eggs are not available.

It is this perverse acceptance of substitutes for normal eggs and young which makes possible the parasitism of the common cuckoo. It is surely the very nadir of intelligence for a pair of wretched meadow pipits or hedge sparrows to go on caring for a young cuckoo just because he happened to be hatched in their nest, although he eventually grows four or five times as bulky as his foster parents, and to feed him at all they have to perch on his shoulder or head.

In Mr. Chance's remarkable film, 'The Cuckoo's Secret,' occurs an illuminating incident which forcibly reveals the deficiencies of bird mind. The young cuckoo is first seen, in the absence of the old birds, heaving one of the fledgling meadow pipits, his foster brothers, out of the nest. It caught its foot not a foot from the rim of the nest, and remained there squeaking. After a little, the mother bird returned with food. Her unfortunate offspring was in full view and hearing, yet she did not attempt to get it back into the nest or even to feed it, but went straight to the young cuckoo and put the food in its capacious gape.

It would thus seem (and there are many other bits of evidence in support of the idea) that birds react much more to whole situations than we do, and are much less capable of distinguishing single objects as separate. What appeals to the mother bird and touches her parental instinct is not a young bird as such, not *her* young bird as such, but a young bird — more or less any young bird — in the proper situation, which is within the nest. It is as if a human mother were perfectly willing to adopt a young gorilla if she found it in her nursery, and to pay no attention to her own baby though it was howling in full view, but on the other side of the street.

This is not to say that birds cannot and do not learn; but they are only capable of limited learning, and do much more of the business of life untaught, instinctively, than we do. Flight, that most amazingly complex of all physical activities, comes untaught to birds; they do not have to learn how to migrate, or how to build a nest (though a certain improvement in this may come with repetition), and the great majority of them will sing the characteristic song of the species even if kept out of hearing of all others of their kind.

V

But to make up for their relative lack of intelligence, birds are extremely various and intense in their emotional natures. As cause of this, it is natural to look first to their high temperatures. The rate at which chemical processes take place, including the chemical processes of life, goes up with temperature, being roughly doubled for each rise of ten degrees centigrade, and the normal temperature of birds is keyed up to what in men or any other mammals would be dangerous fever heat. Besides this, birds are constructed to undertake that most arduous of all vital activities, flight. Thus they must have a reserve of energy and power which readily bubbles up, and can express itself in vivid and striking ways.

It is from a combination of these two causes that birds provide us with such amazing exhibitions of combined physical and emotional energy as the skylark singing his way up to the sky, the unceasing duels and wild dervish-dancing of ruffs or blackcocks on their assembly places in the breeding season; that a pair of herons or egrets will burst out with a wild expression of mutual affection each time they see each other again after a few hours' absence, all through the long months of the nesting season.

Birds are thus, on the whole, lower than mammals in pure intelligence, higher in pitch of emotion and intensity of living. This is the background against which we must remember to interpret their actions. But what I want to discuss is the insight we get into the mind of birds by watching them in the field.

The first point which will strike even the most casual observer is that different kinds of birds are endowed by Nature with different kinds of temperament. The common whitethroat is a restless, excitable creature, always fluttering up and diving down again into the hedgerows, while the hedge sparrow is sober and retiring; the English robin, for all his charm, is exceedingly pugnacious; the house sparrow we all know as impudent and cunning, with a nature quite different from that of his close relative, the tree sparrow.

But after we have given a character to each familiar species of bird, we find that this is only a very general character, and that within the species there is great individual variation of temperament as well. There is enormous difference in the timidity or courage of birds within a single species. One hen will shoot off from her eggs as soon as a human being appears in sight; another will sit tight and let herself be watched and photographed at close range. The red-throated diver, for instance, is not usually a very close sitter; but one bird we came across in Spitsbergen had actually to be forced off her nest by gentle pressure with my boot (her sharp beak precluded the use of hands) before we could see what she was sitting on.

Such individual variation is often very noticeable in respect of the dawning æsthetic impulse which prompts many birds to adorn their nests. This in itself is a strange phenomenon of bird mind. It is strange that one of the American flycatchers should always decorate its nest with a strip of a snake's cast skin — though it has been suggested that this may perhaps frighten egg thieves; but why should buzzards and eagles and other birds of prey bring green leafy branches to lay on their nests and renew them from time to time during incubation? Why should various plovers put shells and bright pebbles round the edge of the little depression that serves them as nest? We can only suggest that it is, as I said, an early germ of the æsthetic impulse, alien to that which prompts magpies and crows and jackdaws (including the celebrated bird of Rheims) to carry off and hoard bright, shining objects. But whatever the precise nature of the impulse, it is nearly as variable in its manifestations as the artistic impulse in human beings. Of a dozen Kentish plover nests, most will be moderately decorated, one or two will be very richly garnished, one or two will have no decoration at all.

Another very curious side of bird mind is one which was first stressed by Edmund Selous — namely, the way in which hostility between two rival males so often finds outlet in strangely formal posturings and mock combats instead of in genuine fighting. A male swan will ruffle up to an invader of his territory in fear-inspiring pose — breast puffed out, neck curved back, wings arched;

the trespasser will adopt the same pose; but instead of coming to blows the two will circle round each other grandly but harmlessly, until honor, it seems, is satisfied, and the invader swims off or the two separate as if by mutual consent. It is the rarest thing for a genuine fight to develop between two swans. The same is true for very different kinds of birds, such as stockdoves; and even the constant duellos of ruffs on their assembly grounds are much more in the nature of sparring practice than of dangerous fights. Here again possibilities of great biological and psychological interest lurk behind the facts; but for the moment what we need is more watching and more facts before we can try to generalize.

Another strange bit of bird psychology is the mobbing of hawks, owls, and cuckoos by many kinds of small birds; and still another is the extraordinary talent for mimicry of other birds' notes which is indulged by quite a number of species in a state of nature. The mocking bird of America is perhaps the supreme example, but the blue jay, the common starling, and the sedge warbler are masters of the art, and I have been deluded by a blackbird mimicking a nightingale. Here again we can see no utility attached to the practice, and it seems to be a mere by-product of their nature. But why is it found in some species and not in others, though closely related? Why does one bird practise it by nature, and others, like ravens, only when taught?

As you see, a great deal of what I have been talking about consists of facts which pose unanswered questions. This is at least a challenge to the bird watcher to go on with his watching and produce new observations. Puzzling facts are rarely to be cleared up by speculation alone; almost always they need the illumination of new facts for their explanation. It is also a reminder that bird mind, if not especially characterized by high intelligence, is yet complicated enough, and a study full of interest. Let us remember that, in the long history of life, mind has evolved as well as body, and that in studying birds we can be studying a particular phase in the evolution of mind, that strange and mysterious property of living creatures with which — let us face the fact frankly — the present scientific scheme of things, coherent though it be, and ever more embracing, is still very incompletely linked up, and whose eventual incorporation in that scheme will cause upheavals of thought as great as those due to Copernicus or Darwin or Einstein.

SONG[1]

Young, young you!
The years that pass so gayly
Have not begun to frighten you, since all the days delight in you,
And sun and moon and stars conspire
To make you lovelier daily.

Young, young you!
The years that follow after
Twenty-two, thirty-two, forty-two, fifty-two,
Will chill the song upon your lips
And your heart's laughter.

Young, young you!
The years that lie before you
May smother all that's glad in you, and try your soul and sadden you,
But will have no strength to make you old
As long as I adore you.

R. S.

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[1] *Défense de déposer de la musique sur ses vers.*—Victor Hugo

EMERSON RE-READ

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

EXCEPT in tales of romance it is not given to us to be able to pass through postern doors or forest glades and find ourselves in lands of leisure where it is always afternoon. If one seeks the King of Elfland's Daughter it must be between the pages of a book. Nevertheless, one can change one's stage and ways of life and amplify one's days. Some months ago by a simple shift in space I so wrought a change in time that, for a while at least, I have been able without sense of haste or pressure to browse again among the books I read and marked as a boy, books which for more years than I like to count had stood untouched upon my shelves, open apparently to the reaching hand, but in reality, owing to lack of time, as remote as boyhood's days themselves.

A week ago, I picked up one of the oldest of these, oldest in possession, not in imprint — the *Essays* of Emerson. In an unformed hand there was the inscription on the flyleaf, 'James Truslow Adams, 1896.' I was then seventeen, and had evidently read him earlier, for at the beginning of a number of the essays, notably 'Self-Reliance,' are marked the dates of reading, '1895, '96, '96, '96.' The volume, one of that excellent, well-printed series which in those halcyon days the National Book Company used to sell for fifty cents, is underlined and marked with marginal notes all through. The passages are not all those I should mark to-day, but at sixteen and seventeen it is clear I was reading Emerson with great enthusiasm, and again and again.

In the past few days I have gone through five volumes of his work and found the task no light one. What, I ask myself, is the trouble? It is obviously not that Emerson is not 'modern,' for the other evening I read aloud, to the mutual enjoyment of my wife and myself, the *Prometheus Chained* of Æschylus, which antedates Emerson by some twenty-five hundred years. I turn to Paul More's *Shelburne Essays*, Volume XI, and read the statement that 'it becomes more and more apparent that Emerson, judged by an international or even by a true national standard, is the outstanding figure of American letters.'

I pause and ponder. 'International,' even 'true national,' standards are high. Whom have we? Lowell as a critic? One thinks of, say, Sainte-Beuve, and a shoulder shrug for Lowell. Lowell as poet, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant? *Exeunt omnes*, except as second-rate by world standards. The troop of current novelists and poets are much the same here as in a half-dozen other countries. Hawthorne? A very distinctive, and yet a minor voice, in the international choir. Poe? Again a minor, and scarcely distinguishable as a 'national.' Whitman? One thinks of Whitman five hundred years hence in world terms, and shakes one's head. The choice is narrowing fast. Is Mr. More right? Yet the Emerson who evidently so stirred me at sixteen leaves me cold to-day at fifty. It is something to be looked into. I try, at fifty, to reappraise my Emerson. I take up the volumes again to see wherein the trouble lies.

First of all it occurs to me to test him by his own appraisals of others, and I turn to his volume on *Representative Men*. The list of names is itself of considerable significance — Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Goethe. Four of these are evidently so obvious as to tell us nothing of the mind choosing them. The case is a good deal like that of the Pulitzer Jury in biography, which is forbidden to award prizes for lives of Lincoln or Washington. The essential point is, what has Emerson to say of these men?

I confess that, when after these thirty years or more I turn from reading about Emerson to reading him himself, I am rather amazed by what seems to me the shallowness of these essays. In fact, I believe that even Mr. More considers the Plato a very unsatisfactory performance. Emerson babbles of 'the Franklin-like wisdom' of Socrates, and, indeed, I think we could look for as sound an essay from an intelligent undergraduate. The Shakespeare is almost equally naïve and unsatisfying, and Emerson's final judgment is that the dramatist was merely a 'master of the revels to mankind,' the purveyor of 'very superior pyrotechny this evening,' and that the end of the record must be that with all his ability he 'led an obscure and a profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.' This essay throws much light on Emerson if little on Shakespeare. Nor does he show more real understanding of his other great men. He can say that Napoleon left no trace whatever on Europe, that 'all passed away like the smoke of his artillery.' Of Goethe's greatest poem, the *Faust*, Emerson notes mainly its 'superior intelligence.' One suspects that he chose these four names unconsciously because they were high in the world's record of the great, not because he understood the men or their work.

When he turns from these names, almost imposed upon him, to another of his independent choosing, it is illuminating that the one he dwells on with greatest admiration is Swedenborg. This fact is significant. For him, the Swedish mystic is 'a colossal soul,' the 'last Father in the Church,' 'not likely to have a successor,' compared with whom Plato is a 'gownsman,' whereas Lycurgus and Cæsar would have to bow before the Swede. Emerson quotes from him as 'golden sayings' such sentences as 'in heaven the angels are advancing continually to the spring-time of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest,' or 'it is never permitted to any one in heaven, to stand behind another and look at the back of his head: for then the influx which is from the Lord is disturbed.' Nor should we forget that entry in Emerson's *Journals* in which he noted that 'for pure intellect' he had never known the equal of — Bronson Alcott!

It is true that these essays are not Emerson's best, but they were written when he was over forty years old and at the height of his fame and mental maturity, and they help us to understand our problem. They are typical products of the American mind. Conventional praise is given to the great names of Europe, with comment that indicates lack of understanding of the great currents of thought and action, while Mrs. Eddy and Brigham Young peer over the writer's shoulders. We begin to see how deeply Emerson was an American.

His national limitation is noteworthy in another important source of influence in a mature culture, that of art.

Music appears to have been outside his life and consideration. Of painting he could write that, having once really seen a great picture, there was nothing for one to gain by looking at it again. In sculpture he finds a 'paltriness, as of toys and the trumpery of a theater.' It 'is the game of a rude and youthful people, and not the manly labor of a wise and spiritual nation,' and he quotes with approval Isaac Newton's remark about 'stone dolls.' Art is not mature unless it is 'practical and moral,' and addresses the uncultivated with a 'voice of lofty cheer.' All art should be extempore, and he utters a genuine American note in his belief that it will somehow come to us in a new form, the religious heart raising 'to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the joint-stock company, our law, our primary assemblies, our commerce, the galvanic battery, the electric jar, the prism, and the chemist's retort.' 'America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres.' A century later, and we realize that something more is needful for the imagination than an ample geography.

His doctrine that art should be extempore stems from his general belief that knowledge comes from intuition rather than from thought, and that wisdom and goodness are implanted in us — a fatally easy philosophy which has always appealed to the democratic masses, and which is highly flattering to their self-esteem. Wordsworth had led the romantic reaction by making us see the beauty and value in the common things of everyday life, but the philosophy of Emerson has a different ancestry. The two when joined are a perfect soil for democratic belief, and democratic laxity in mind and spirit, far as that might be from Emerson's intention and occasional statements. The more obvious inferences are dangerous, for although a cobbler's flash of insight *may* be as great as the philosopher's lifetime of thought, such is of the rarest occurrence, and preached as a universal doctrine it is a more leveling one by far than universal suffrage.

II

As the ordinary unimportant man, such as most of us are, reads Emerson, his self-esteem begins to grow and glow. 'The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant tones of tenderness, truth, or courage.' Culture, with us, he says, 'ends in headache.' 'Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business anywhere. Life is not intellectual or critical, but sturdy.' 'Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps.' 'We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom but in art.' 'Our spontaneous action is always the best. You cannot with your best deliberation and heed come so close to any question as your spontaneous glance shall bring you whilst you rise from your bed.'

There is a kernel of noble thought in all this, but it is heady doctrine that may easily make men drunk and driveling, and I think we are coming near to the heart of our problem. The preaching that we do not have to think, the doctrine of what I may term in Emerson's phrase, 'the spontaneous glance,' is at the bottom of that appalling refusal to criticize, analyze, ponder, which is one of the chief characteristics of the American people to-day in all its social, political, and international affairs. Many influences have united to bring about the condition, and Emerson cannot escape responsibility for being one of them.

On the other hand, a new nation, a common man with a fleeting vision of the possibility of an uncommon life, above all the youth just starting out with ambition and hope but little knowledge or influence as yet, all need the stimulation of a belief that somehow they *are* important and that not only may their private acts and lives be as high and noble as any, but that the way is open for them to make them so. This is the one fundamental American doctrine. It is the one unique contribution America has made to the common fund of civilization. Our mines and wheat fields do not differ in kind from others. With Yankee ingenuity we have seized on the ideas of others and in many cases improved their practical applications. The ideas, however, have largely come from abroad. The use of coal as fuel, the harnessing of steam and electricity for man's use, — the foundations of our era, — originated in Europe. Even the invention of the electric light was only in part American. But the doctrine of the importance of the common man is uniquely an American doctrine. It is something different, on the one hand, from the mere awarding to him of legal rights and, on the other, from the mere career open to the talents.

It is a doctrine to which the heart of humanity has responded with religious enthusiasm. It, and not science, has been the real religion of our time, and, essentially, the doctrine is a religious and not a philosophical or scientific one, equally made up as it is of a colossal hope and a colossal illusion. This does not invalidate it. Like all religions it will have its course to run and its part to play in the moulding of man to something finer. It is one more step up, and we need not deny it merely because of the inherent falsity of that gorgeous preamble which proclaims to the world, 'All men are created equal.' In spite of the self-assertion of the so-called masses, that is a statement which, deep in their hearts, it is as difficult for the inferior as the superior genuinely to believe. It is an ideal, which, like every religious ideal, will be of far-reaching influence, but which must be made believable emotionally. Emerson's greatness lies in his having been the greatest prophet of this new religion, an influence that might well continue to be felt on the two classes that need the doctrine most — the common man striving to rise above the mediocre, and the youth striving to attain a courageous and independent maturity.

Another strain in Emerson, that of the poet and mystic, has also to be reckoned with in making up the man's account. His insistence upon values in life, culminating in the spiritual, is one sorely needed in the America of our day as of his. We are, perhaps, further from the ideal he drew in his 'American Scholar' than were the men of his own time. His large hope has not been fulfilled. There is a delicate beauty in his spiritual outlook on life, a beauty akin to that of many an old fresco in Umbria or Tuscany. Unfortunately, there were fundamental flaws in the work of the Italian artists, flaws not of spiritual insight or of artistic craftsmanship, but of wet plaster or of wrong chemical combinations in materials, so that little by little their painting has crumbled and faded. If Emerson's mysticism led him too easily toward Swedenborg rather than toward Plato, and if the beauty of his spiritual interpretation of the universe does not carry that conviction or mould his readers as it should, may we not wonder whether there were not some fundamental flaws in the mind of the man that may explain his decreasing influence, just as in examining a wall where a few patches of dim color are all that remain of a Giotto we have to consider, not the artist's love of the Madonna, but his lack of knowledge of the mechanics of his art? Of this we shall speak presently.

The quintessence of Emersonianism is to be found in the first and second series of *Essays*, and it may be noted that it was these, as my pencilings show, which I myself read most as a boy, and of them, it was such essays as 'Self-Reliance,' in which the word is found in its purest form, that I read over and over. What do I find marked as I turn the old pages? 'Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.' 'Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.' 'Nothing at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind.' 'I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle.' 'What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.' 'The great man is he who in the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.' 'Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative.' 'Life only avails and not the having lived.' 'Insist on yourself; never imitate.' 'Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.'

This is high and worthy doctrine, the practice of which will tax a man's strength and courage to the utmost, and such sentences as the above have proved the strongest influences in the making of literally countless adolescent Americans, stimulating their ambition in the noblest fashion. Unfortunately this part of Emerson's teaching has had less influence than the other. The average American soon slips into preferring 'we are all wise' to 'scorn appearances.' Insisting on being one's self is strenuous and difficult work anywhere, more so in America than any other country I know, thanks to social opinion, mass ideals, and psychologized advertising of national products. Emerson deserves full meed of praise for preaching the value of individualism, but it may be asked, granting that nearly all intelligent high-minded American youths for nearly a century have, at their most idealistic stage, come under the influence of Emerson's doctrine, why has the effect of his teaching been so slight upon their later manhood? Does the fault lie in them or in the great teacher? for, in such sentences as we have quoted above, I gladly allow that the sage of Concord *was* a great teacher.

The answer, I think, is that the fault lies to a great extent in Emerson himself. His doctrine contains two great flaws, one positive, the other negative, and both as typically American as he himself was in everything. That he had no logically articulated system of thought is not his weakest point. He once said that he could not give an account of himself if challenged. Attempts have been made to prove that his thought was unified and coherent. One may accept these or not. It matters little, for it is not, and never has been, as a consistent philosopher that Emerson has influenced his readers. It has been by his trenchant aphorisms which stir the soul of the young and the not too thoughtful, and set the blood to dancing like sudden strains of martial music. It is in these, and not in any metaphysical system about which philosophers might argue, that we find the fatal flaws and influences I have mentioned.

The first, the positive one, in spite of his high doctrine of self-reliance and individualism, is that Emerson makes life too easy by his insistence on intuition and spontaneity. The style and construction of his writings deliberately emphasize the import of the aphorisms. The occasionally qualifying context sinks into insignificance and out of memory as does the stick of a rocket in the darkness of night. We see and recall only the dazzling shower of stars. If this is now and then unfair to Emerson's thought, he has himself to blame. He took no pains to bind his thought together and loved the brilliancy of his rocket-stars of 'sayings.' We have already quoted some of these on the point we are now discussing. All teaching is 'Intuition.' In 'Spontaneity or Instinct' he finds 'the essence of genius, the essence of virtue, and the essence of life.' 'It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak.' 'All good conversation, manners, and action, come from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great.' 'No man need be perplexed by his speculations. . . . These are the soul's mumps and measles and whooping-coughs.' 'Our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. . . . There is no merit in the matter. Either God is there or he is not there. We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.' A page or two back we noted his theory of spontaneity in art and intellect.

III

This, as we have said, unless the occasional qualifications are as greatly emphasized as the sayings themselves, is extremely dangerous doctrine. Of all the youths who have read Emerson in their impressionable years, a certain proportion have subsequently retrograded in the spiritual and intellectual scale, and a certain proportion have advanced. Of the difficulty with the master felt by the latter we shall speak presently, but for the first group this doctrine of spontaneity, so emphasized by Emerson, offers all too soft a cushion upon which to recline. Act and do not think. Culture is headache. Perplexities are the soul's mumps and measles. Radiant sentence after sentence, graven with clear precision on the cameo of the mind. It has been said that, of all the sages, Emerson requires the least intellectual preparation to read. He is, indeed, in some respects, and those in which he exerts most influence, fatally easy. Fatally easy and alluring to the busy hundred-per-cent American is this doctrine of intuition and spontaneity. It is a siren voice, a soft Lydian air blown across the blue water of the mind's tropical sea. For a century the American has left the plain hard work of life to his foreign serfs. The backbreaking toil of digging trenches, laying rails, puddling iron in the furnaces, has been delegated successively to the Irish, the Italians, the Slavs. But thinking is intellectually, willing is spiritually, as backbreaking as these. The ordinary American prefers also to abandon them and to take for himself the easier task of solving the economic problems and puzzles in which he delights. Intuition and spontaneity — fatal words for a civilization which is more and more coming to depend for its very existence on clear, hard, and long-sustained 'thinking-through.' It is this positive flaw in Emerson's teaching that has made the effect of his really noble doctrines of so little influence upon the boys who have worshiped him this side idolatry at sixteen and then gone into the world and found every invitation to retreat from the high ground rather than to advance.

What now of those others, those who also worshiped Emerson in youth, who have fought the world, and who find him declining in influence over their lives the more they advance? With them we reach Emerson's negative flaw.

What a gulf between the man of fifty and the boy of sixteen! As one has in those intervening years studied the history of the past, watched the daily life of the people of a score of nations, seen wars and famines take their toll of millions, and, nearer one's own heart, watched the physical pain of those closest to one's self, stood at grave after grave, found, too, perhaps, that one has wrought evil when most striving to do good, one has come to feel the whole mystery of that problem of Evil — of sin, of suffering, of death. One may yet carry a brave heart and hold one's self erect, but one is no longer content with a philosophy of shallow optimism, a 'God's in his heaven — all's right with the world.'

I think that here is where Emerson fails us as we grow older and wiser. The trumpet blasts of self-reliance which so thrilled us at sixteen sound a little thin and far-off now. We needed them when they first smote our ear and we are deeply grateful, but we have fought the fight, we have tried to be ourselves, we have tried to live our life for itself and not for a spectacle, and now we are older. We have lived, loved, suffered, enjoyed, fought, and to some extent won. The world has been rich in interest — and in suffering. There are hopeful signs on every side. There is sunlight as well as darkness, but there *is* darkness. One has been close to failure and looked it in the eye. There have been the brows we could not soothe through years of suffering, the waxen faces we kissed for the last time before we laid them away, the mysterious darkness coming toward ourselves like the shadow of a cloud on a summer landscape, but inevitably to overtake us. When we turn again to the great teacher of our youth, what does he say to help or hearten us? Nothing.

Owing largely to material circumstance and a vast and uninhabited continent, the prevailing mood of the American people came to be one of shallow and unlimited optimism, the waves of which flowed over even the sectional Calvinism of New England. Nature ceased to be the evil enemy of man's spirit and gave him her fairest gifts, as Mephistopheles bestowed his Helen on the tortured Faust. With material abundance, spiritual evil ceased to appear important and a golden age seemed dawning, as youth came to Faust in that most un-American legend.

For its hundred and fifty years America has been scarcely touched by suffering. Pestilence? None. Think of the Black Death and other great plagues that have swept over Europe. Famine? None. Think of India and China. War? Scarcely more than one. In the Revolution only an infinitesimal part of the population was in the army for any length of time. The War of 1812 was a ripple, almost all at sea, and the deaths were negligible to the population. The Indian Wars? Skirmishes by paid troops. The Mexican War? A junket which never came home to the people. The Civil War? Yes, but even that did not come home to the whole civilian population, except in the South, as have the wars which have flowed in torrents over Europe. Compare it with the Thirty Years' War, in which, to say nothing of the rest of Europe, the population of Germany, from the ravages of the sword, famine, disease, and emigration, sank from 16,000,000 to 6,000,000, and in which of 35,000 villages in Bohemia less than 6000 were standing at the end, and in which nine tenths of the entire population of the Palatinate disappeared. The Spanish War was a holiday affair except for a few homes. In the last Great War we lost by death a mere 126,000 as compared with 8,500,000 in the Old World. In civil life our history has been one long business boom, punctuated by an occasional panic, like a fit of indigestion for a man who continually overeats. We have never suffered like the rest of humanity, and have waxed fat without, as yet, having to consider the problems forced upon others, until we have ceased to believe in their reality. The dominant American note has thus been one of a buoyant and unthinking optimism. America is a child who has never gazed on the face of death.

Emerson somewhere speaks of 'the nonchalance of boys sure of a dinner.' Can any words better express the American attitude toward the universe, and, in spite of his spirituality and the somewhat faded fresco of his mysticism, does Emerson himself really give us anything deeper? Man, according to him, 'is born to be rich.' Economic evils trouble our sage not at all. The universe, for him, is good through and through, and 'success consists in close application to the laws of the world, and, since those laws are intellectual and moral, an intellectual and moral obedience.' One thinks of Jay Gould and the career of many a magnate of to-day! 'In a free and just commonwealth, property rushes from the idle and imbecile, to the industrious, brave, and persevering.' As I am certainly not idle (I am working on a holiday to write this), and as Americans would not admit that theirs is not a just and free commonwealth, imbecility is the only third horn of the trilemma on which to impale myself if property has not rushed toward me. 'Do not skulk,' the sage tells every man in 'a world which exists for him.' At fifty, we have found, simply, that the world does *not* exist for us. 'Love and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic problem.' One rubs one's eyes. 'There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.' Man may, he says, 'easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure his welfare is dear to the heart of being.' Is he so sure? Alas, no longer.

IV

As I think over my most recent visit to Rome, where two thousand years of human history, happiness, and suffering have left their monuments, and Heaven knows how many thousand unmarked before, I contrast it with a visit to Emerson's house at Concord on an October day many years ago. It is a charming, roomy old house, and in it Emerson was able to live with a large library and three servants on two thousand a year. In the ineffable light of an American autumn, as I saw it, it was a place of infinite peace. Concord in 1840 was an idyllic moment in the history of the race. That moment came and passed, like a baby's smile. Emerson lived in it. 'In the morning,' he wrote, 'I awake, and find the old world, wife, babes, and mother, Concord and Boston, the dear old spiritual world, and even the dear old devil not far off.'

It is true that he has very occasional qualms and doubts. He even wonders in one essay whether we must presuppose some 'slight treachery and derision' in the universe. As we turn the pages, we ask ourselves with some impatience, 'Did this man never really suffer?' and read that 'the only thing grief has taught me, is to know how shallow it is. That, like all the rest, plays about the surface, and never introduces me into the reality, for contact with which, we would even pay the costly price of sons and lovers.'

One ends. Perhaps Mr. More is right. Perhaps Emerson *is* the outstanding figure in American letters. Who else has expressed so magnificently the hope, and so tragically illustrated the illusion, of our unique contribution to the world? My own debt to the sage is unpayable. He was one of the great influences in my early life, as, in his highest teaching, he should be in that of every boy. It seems almost the basest of treason to write this essay, and I would still have every youth read his Emerson. But what of America? What of the hope and the illusion? A century has passed. Is no one to arise who will fuse them both in some larger synthesis, and who, inspiring youth, will not be a broken reed in maturity? Are our letters and philosophy to remain the child until the Gorgon faces of evil, disaster, and death freeze our own unlined ones into eternal stone? Is it well that the outstanding figure in American letters should be one whose influence diminishes in proportion as the minds of his readers grow in strength, breadth, and maturity? And, speaking generally, is this not true of Emerson? Does any man of steadily growing character, wealth of experience, and strength of mind find the significance and influence of Emerson for him growing as the years pass? Does he turn to him more and more for counsel, help, or solace?

There is but one answer, I think, and that is negative. Unlike the truly great, the influence of Emerson shrinks for most of us as we ourselves develop. May the cause not lie in the two flaws I have pointed out, flaws in the man as in his doctrine in spite of the serene nobility of so much of his life? If with all his wide and infinitely varied reading, noted in his *Journals*, we find his culture a bit thin and puerile, is it not because he himself trusted too much to that theory of spontaneity, of the 'spontaneous glance,' rather than to the harder processes of scholarship and thinking-through coherently; and if we find him lacking in depth and virility, is it not because he allowed himself to become a victim to that vast American optimism with its refusal to recognize and wrestle with the problem of evil? One turns to Æschylus and reads: —

> . . . affliction knows no rest,
> But rolls from breast to breast its vagrant tide.

One does not need to be a pessimist, merely human, to find here the deeper and more authentic note.

If Emerson is still the outstanding figure in American letters, is that not the equivalent of saying that America a century after the *Essays* appeared has not yet grown to mental maturity, and that the gospel it preaches is inspiring only for unformed adolescence, — of whatever age, — without having risen to a comprehension of the problems of maturity? In Europe, the past has bequeathed not only a wealth of art, but a legacy of evil borne and sorrow felt. Perhaps American letters, like American men, will not grow beyond the simple optimism and, in one aspect, the shallow doctrine of Emerson until they too shall have suffered and sorrowed. Emerson, in his weakness as in his strength, is American through and through. He could have been the product, in his entirety, of no other land, and that land will not outgrow him until it has some day passed through the fires of a suffering unfelt by him and as yet escaped by it.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

The End of a Kanaka Voyage

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

A SAILOR aboard a sailing ship is fascinated by the peril of danger and death. On the calmest day he is aware that a change may come over the sea, when only his presence of mind and exertion will save him. He is face to face with a lethal thing of enormous power; this sea, from which he is separated by thin planks, will take his life with the same dispassion that she has taken the lives of millions.

A sailor fears the sea; but love mingles with this fear, as love and fear mingle in a child's attitude toward its mother. I believe that death at sea is less terrifying to him than death ashore, because such a death has an unconscious symbolism of returning to the womb of the mother — the sea — to be reborn. This has been impressed upon me during the voyage of the schooner *Tagua*, when often death was very close. The fancy may seem far-fetched, and probably it is; I give it only as the result of idle musings during the long night watches aboard ship.

March 20. Midnight. — The sky is overcast and the wind lighter; now and then a misty rain drizzles down on us like the spent remnant of a storm, insinuating its own dejection and despair into the weary crew of this schooner. A towering cloud has just passed ahead of us. Rain fell from it, and beyond its windward edge I could see a sad sky mottled by dull gray cloud-fragments. Across the lee of the cloud, rising from the sea in a bow a thousand feet high, was a dim moon-rainbow in which faint colors were visible. It suggested a pristine world of water and humid air, with a faint tinge of color in the deep twilight of creation.

At the beginning of my watch on deck I walked forward to stand by the windward shrouds. The wind hummed softly through the old schooner's rigging, and there was the plash of spray whiskering out from the cut-water. Out in the gloom of the Pacific the wind blew silently, save for the intermittent gasp of a toppling wave — a gasp in the solitary spaces of the sea.

From aft came the low clang of the bell; then a hollow voice droned in the darkness: 'Four bells! Four bells!' There was a patter of feet as Ropes ran aft to take the wheel, someone grunted a curse, and again all was silent.

Alone on the deck of a sailing ship in the most unfrequented stretch of sea in the world, with the wind mild and the sea calm, it would seem natural that one should turn one's thoughts to tranquil reflections. But, through some malicious quirk of the brain, mine dwelt on the meaning of death at sea, its reality, and the possibility that all of us would find a chill grave somewhere in the North Pacific. Death at sea! I recalled the passing of McLeod of Atiu, and the words of the Rarotongan, Kamu, came to me: —

‘By two in the morning only three of us were alive. Two rowed while a third rested, crouching forward, up to his shoulders in the cold water. When I called him to take his turn at the oar he did not answer. I leaned back and shook him. He was dead!

‘I tied the little boat’s anchor to his feet and laid him across the gunwale. Then I said, “Return to God; I am too weak to pray for you!” and dropped him over the side. I saw him sink with his arms raised stiffly above his head.

‘Then, for the first time, I was afraid. I thought of how my friend was sinking into the blackness, and how he would be buoyed in the bottom of the sea, standing upright in the water, his head thrown back and his hands pointing toward the surface. It terrified me; but a few moments later a raging squall swept over us and I was able to forget my friend.’

When I stared at the sea I thought of Kamu’s friend sinking into the impenetrable night. A shiver ran through me as though the cold water were clutching with her clammy fingers. I turned my eyes from the sea, bundled my coat about my neck, and paced the deck rapidly until I threw off my gloomy forebodings.

March 21. — It is eighty-six days since we sailed from Rarotonga! It seems as if land were something I have heard of but never seen. There is only the sea, ever changing: to-day, vicious in her solitude, gloomy and sublime; to-morrow, a neighborly being mothering her ships. And to-night, with the barometer low and storm clouds blackening the sky, she has become a vast and implacable thing, lonely, inexorable, and detached; willing to kill or disregard. She is indifferent to the humanity that embarks on her; she rises in magnificent and terrifying undulations, regardless of the heroism, the tragedy and misery, aboard the ships on her bosom. The sea is the mistress of millions, but she does not know them; she is like space itself in her utter disregard for animate life. Curse the sea, praise her, flatter her, pray to her, sacrifice your life in her depths — she is unmoved. The greatest navies may flounder and sink without stirring her compassion; she takes them into her womb coldly, as she has done these thousands of years, as she will do these thousands of years to come.

March 22. — Are we to have no fair weather during this voyage? Is the sea intent on destroying us? This morning at four I went into Captain Thomson’s cabin to look at the barometer. It had dropped four tenths, now reading 30.01″! I woke the Captain and told him the news. His face clouded, and for a moment he spoke of the unheard-of weather we have been experiencing. Then: ‘Well, Ropati, we won’t let it catch us as it did last time. Turn out both watches and reef down.’

I went on deck and called Seaside’s watch. The temperature had dropped to fifty-four. This would be nothing to men accustomed to cold weather; but to us, with our blood thinned by years in the tropics and with only thin cotton clothes, the cold was bitter. When we put our hands to a rope they burned as though we were touching hot irons, — a strange simile, but a true one, — and our flesh rebelled against every movement, as though willing to perish rather than live and suffer.

I sang out to the boys as cheerily as I could, but got little response. Then, jumping to the reef earing with gritted teeth, I worked with all my might. Presently one or two of the boys livened up a little, the rest joined, and in an hour we had the fore and main sails reefed and the flying jib tied up.

The work was no sooner done than

a howling wind struck us from the north, blowing with such violence that we had to go to work on second reefs in both sails. I held the wheel while the Captain drove the boys to work. I had thrown my oilskins aside while taking in the first reefs. Rain and spray drenched me; at first the cold was stinging, but later I became too numb to feel it.

All day long the wind howled, and the seas built up higher and higher until we stared at them at an angle of forty-five degrees. We are despicable things on the deck of the *Tagua* with those Titans rising above us, unconscious of our presence, rolling and tossing us skyward as though we were no more than the sea spume. But the *Tagua* is doing handsomely; in fact I never dreamed that a ship could move so tranquilly through a confused sea. Only once did she come to grief. At two this afternoon we sailed into a calm pocket. A great sea laid the schooner over; she rolled back quickly, having no wind in her sails to steady her, and laid her windward bulwarks under. At that instant a great comber rose over her, curled, and crashed down from stem to stern, burying her completely under.

When the sea crashed on the after house like cannon fire I thought the masts had gone. A column of water poured through the engine-room skylight, which had been raised by the movement of the water, and the whole cabin was flooded. Too dazed to grasp the significance of this, I thought the ship had been broken in two by the falling mast.

Presently Six-Seas laughed from his place at the wheel. I jumped out of my berth and ran into the Captain's cabin. One of his windows had been bashed in; he was sitting in his berth, which was full to the coaming with water. It splashed back and forth, and over the coaming on to the floor when the schooner rolled.

Still uncertain as to exactly what had happened, I stared at Andy, waiting for him to speak. Presently he said, quietly: 'It was just a big sea that buried us. I was sound asleep, and the first thing I knew the water was pouring through my window on top of me. The devil! Now all my clothes are wet, and we are just getting into the cold weather!'

When we went on deck we found that Six-Seas had been submerged and only saved himself by winding his legs around the wheel shaft. Ropes had jumped into the rigging, while the men in the forecastle had escaped with a flooding.

To-night at eight I decided to give the pumps a personal trial. The result is that we have been pumping steadily up to midnight; still they do not suck!

March 23. — I am tired of writing about stormy weather, but it seems that we are to have nothing else. After each storm we cheer up, saying this is the last; but the wind seems intent on keeping us from San Francisco. Last night and all day to-day it has been blowing at from eighty to ninety miles an hour.

I worked most of the night in the waist, putting new lashings on the reef boat and gasoline drums, and keeping the boys busy at the pumps until, at about half-past one, they sucked again. Every hour or two I would go into the galley to warm myself and drink a mug of strong coffee; but, back in the waist, the first volley of rain and spray drenched and chilled me. I tried to get some help from the sailors; they did their best, but are good for nothing in this cold weather. Six of them cannot do the work of one man. They walk with their backs stooped; their cheeks are becoming hollow, their eyes inflamed. Andy and I are afraid there will be scurvy among them before we make the coast. If so, God help us!

The forestaysail blew out to-day. We hoisted the jib to steady the ship, then worked four hours with all hands bending in a new sail — ordinarily an hour's work for two men.

This evening Andy is decidedly worried. We are burying our bows with every heave of the schooner, the waist is continually flooded, and the schooner rides the seas unsteadily, plunging and lurching with a heartless strain on her timbers.

Later. — I turned in at 8 P.M., but could not sleep. The masts hung over me, breaking, falling, breaking, falling, forever about to crash through the after house! 'To the devil with the masts!' I shouted to myself. 'If they come down I'll never know the difference. No death could be quicker and less painful; and how much better to be buried in the clean sea than in the mud ashore!' But this did not put me to sleep. I lay on the floor, thinking it should be safer; but then the thought came that if the masts fell I might be pinned down to suffer a long and painful death. I returned to my berth. Every wrench and lunge of the ship tortured me like the rack; and when a stool fell and rolled across the cabin floor I jumped out of my berth with a half-suppressed cry. I have been through many storms at sea without fear, and I should be easy enough now if it were not for these two rotten masts that stand only by the grace of God. Expecting them to fall, waiting for them to crash down, creates a maddening tension.

At seven bells I fell asleep; when Seaside woke me fifteen minutes later I smelled a strong stench of gasoline. Going into the engine room with my flash light, I found that the tap on the leaky gasoline tank had broken, and the room was flooded. As most of the gasoline had already leaked through the floor into the bilge, and as the tank was now empty, I could do nothing but wake Andy to warn him against lighting his lamp.

March 24. — The wind blows with more violence than ever. This afternoon even Captain Thomson was terrified. 'By God, Ropati!' he cried, holding to the rail and watching the little schooner being flung madly about. 'She can't stand this much longer! If we don't do something to ease her we'll be dead men before the morning!'

A moment later he said that our only hope lay in heaving to. 'I've never had the *Tagua* hove to in stormy weather,' he muttered, as though speaking to himself, 'and I don't know how she'll act; but we can't go on as we are.'

We called all hands, put a triple reef in the foresail, and tied up the forestaysail. Then the Captain took the wheel, judged his time, and brought the schooner into the wind. She rolled much easier in the great froth-lipped seas, now that her way was stopped; but even now all that is saving her is the massive timbers fitted into these old sailing ships, which were built to weather the Horn or the fiercest Indian Ocean typhoon — and she has weathered them many a time, too; but now she is old and unfit for the strenuous work of newer ships. Planks part for the water to leap in; ribs strain to the breaking point as the seas roll under her worm-eaten sides, lifting her high in the air only to throw her aside as though she were no more than the sea foam; and the masts whip from side to side with terrific momentum! Those masts! Why don't they go, and break the tension? We are all thinking, 'Break, damn you, and be done with it!'

March 25. — Last night, during the twelve-to-four watch, the wind was blowing as I had never before experienced it. It shrieked above us at a hundred miles an hour. It came upon us like a gigantic wildcat hurtling through the sky, tearing the sails with its claws, bent on destruction. Toward midnight it shifted to the east, and cross-seas worked up to an amazing height, blotting out a third of the sky when we lay in a trough.

At two in the morning Andy called me, saying that I should try to put a triple reef in the mainsail. I crawled out of the cabin. On deck the wind's roar was like an aeroplane engine, its force so great I did not dare rise from my hands and knees until I was at the rail, which I gripped with both hands to keep myself from being blown across the midshiphouse! I found Ropes, drenched and numb with cold, crouching in the lee of the after house; Six-Seas was at the wheel, astraddle the shaft and, though the wheel was hard over and lashed down, gripping the spokes. I sent Ropes forward for Seaside's watch, then lowered myself into the lazaret for a bundle of rope yarn to use as reef points.

We worked like slaves last night, without time to complain, or even to think of anything but the safety of the schooner. The safety of the schooner! What a blessing that sailors can transmute the fear of losing their lives into a fear of losing the schooner! Otherwise they would go mad with terror. On the after house, when we put the reefing tackle in the third reef cringle, the force of the wind would have picked us up and hurled us over the sea like strips of canvas if we had not clung to the boom; and when I was tying the reef points the wind crushed me against the boom until my limbs ached. At half-past three it was done. I crawled along the skylight and the scuttle hatch to the break of the after house, dropped on deck by the companionway, and returned to my cabin.

I lay back in my berth. My brain was uncomfortably alert; I was vividly aware that there was no predestination saving me, that I was not immortal, that the elements were striving with a worm-eaten old ship, and, whichever won, I should not be considered. I had hallucinations. There appeared in the darkness above me leering hideous faces more clearly defined than real faces could be; then abruptly they vanished, to give place to visions of ravishing beauty. These dissolved, and I was in a darkness glowing with red points of light which gradually dimmed into nothingness. There followed a stupefied fatigue which knew neither hope nor fear.

Morning came, bringing the most awe-inspiring sunrise I have ever seen. We were on the north edge of the storm. From east to west, directly above us, was a ragged line of clouds dividing the black hollow of the storm to the south from a clear star-stippled northern sky. Gradually the dawn brightened. The storm clouds kindled to a fuliginous red like the reflection of lurid lights from a bank of fog; but the northern sky was tinged with silver and long strata of the tenderest fallow gold. Never have I seen such a distinct line between fair weather and foul, and never a sight which filled me with such mingled reverence and dread.

Noon. — The storm has blown itself out in a few malicious squalls and one tremendous waterspout which crossed our bows not fifty yards away. When it had passed, so close that it actually drew us toward its vortex, Andy laughed in a high-pitched hysterical way.

'Why did you laugh?' I asked him later.

'I could n't help it,' he said. 'It seemed so ironical that we should fight like grim death through a four days' storm, believing we were getting the best of the elements, and then, when it was all over, a little waterspout should come along which might break us to pieces. There was something terrible and satirical about it, as though the elements were saying: "You think we had to blow for days to wreck such a picayune schooner as the *Tagua?* See, with one wrench, in ten seconds, we can make kindling of you!"'

The barometer, which was down to 29.90″, has risen to 30.52″. The same drop in the tropics would have given us a reading of 29.50″, which would have been a sure sign of a cyclonic storm.

March 26. — At eight bells I went into my cabin to read Wilde's *Salome* for half an hour; but it did not give me the usual pleasure. It seemed sophisticated, forced, unreal, here at sea, where sky, wind, and water are pregnant with the realities of existence. I could take no interest in the easy flow of meticulously chosen words when from beyond the thin bulkhead of my cabin was audible the low and dolorous moaning of the wind; the tragedy of Salome was trivial in comparison with the potential tragedy in a brooding storm, and the might of King Herod was a bubble beside the might of towering seas that destroy dispassionately, blindly, and silently move on their way. As I write this it occurs to me that perhaps the truth or falsehood of a book makes itself apparent when read under such conditions as the present; when we are face to face with a stern reality, flights of imagination become unnecessary, if not superfluous, for the experiences of the moment are more impressive than imaginary experiences could be.

April 2. — What an inhospitable sea, sky, wind! There is only a dim light that casts a leaden hue on the clouds. For a few moments the wind will blow a channel through the high canopy, and then indeed there is a promise of warmth and light, glowing coldly through the mist. But soon the clouds fill in, shadowing the little schooner with nostalgia and despair. At night threatening clouds loom above the horizon — clouds that would portend storms or squalls in the tropics; but here they pass over us with a proud deliberation — gloomy, without increase of wind.

The crew seem hushed and afraid of some impending disaster that they believe to be at hand. There are whispered rumors that we are lost, that the schooner will never make land, and that we are doomed to perish at sea. Captain Thomson and I are affected by the depressed state of the sailors. He is unusually excited; a fire burns in his eyes as he paces the deck restlessly, working himself into a frenzy over the wind, the crew, or whatever attracts his attention.

The wind is blowing with an intent determination to keep us from our destination.

The balmy air, the white coral strands of the South Seas, attract unremittingly, exasperatingly.

April 4. — We crossed the latitude of San Francisco to-day — 37° 47′ 57″; but, as we are in longitude 149° 34′, we still have 1284 miles of easting to make. The northwesterlies cannot come too soon for us now.

What a relief it will be to go ashore! The first night I am going to the best hotel in San Francisco, order a suite of rooms, bathe in floods of warm soapy water, and then sleep! Sleep all night long! Or perhaps do like the retired seaman — have someone call me every four hours so that I can tell him to go to the devil, and roll over to enjoy my repose doubly. When sated with sleep, I will reach from the bed for the telephone, call a waiter, and order a simple breakfast of ham and eggs, beefsteak and potatoes, sausages and pancakes, coffee and toast, oatmeal and cornflakes, two or three kinds of fruit, and everything else that happens to be on the menu. Potatoes will be a big item.

I have told Captain Thomson that I am going to leave the ship in San Francisco, though I have no intention of doing so. It was just a malicious attempt to annoy him, as he often does me nowadays. This is natural enough, for even the best of friends grate on one another after so many days cooped together.

April 5. — Yesterday evening I sat with my feet hanging over the midship-house, waiting for the cabin boy to bring our evening meal of boiled rice and tinned beef. Presently, from under the water tank jumped a rat — a poor sickly creature as damp and miserable as the rest of the Taguans. He flittered about for a moment or two, when suddenly he met the destiny that was written upon his forehead. 'The Destroyer came upon him, the Separator of friends, who overturns all palaces and towers, and gluts the hunger of the tomb.' The tomcat, Romeo, appeared from nowhere, and there was one less rat and a fatter cat.

After I had turned in at eight bells, Romeo jumped on to my berth, rubbed himself against my head, and, when I raised a corner of the blankets, worked himself toward my legs, curled between them, and started purring himself to sleep.

'Lucky cat!' I thought; then soliloquized at length on relative felicities, coming to the decision that cats receive more pleasure from life than men, and that intelligence and imagination are doubtful blessings.

Later. — The cat has ceased purring; he is carousing in the feline Fiddler's Green, where fat mice are forever creeping from barn doors, and little fountains of cream gurgle past boxes bedded with flannel and straw. I felt viciously jealous of this tomcat and kicked him out of the berth.

April 6. — To-day, almost for the first time, we have laid a course within one point of San Francisco, sailing east-northeast magnetic.

Last night I dreamed that Old Man Boreas came out of a cloud. There was a smile on his weather-beaten and bearded face. Glancing abstractedly at the *Tagua*, he mumbled: 'Poor little cockroach schooner! So she has weathered my gales! I had to blow great guns to sink that impudent Red Line steamer, and I did n't even notice this sea louse in the scud and foam. Well, well, I'll compensate this inoffensive little thing, lay the seas smooth about her, and let my old enemy, South Wind, blow just strong enough to keep her moving handsomely toward the coast of California. Anyway, I need a rest after sinking that vain steamer.'

April 7. — Andy called me on deck during the first dogwatch. His face was clouded as he pointed to the mainmast just above the boom collar. There was a break in it five inches wide and two feet long! Every time the schooner rolled, the break would open itself, working its lower end out a half inch or more. I have put a seizing of two-inch rope around the broken place. It will not do the least good; but it will hide the break so that we shan't go crazy staring at it, wondering when it will break the rest of the way through.

A half-dozen stormy petrels (Mother Carey's chickens) fluttered near the schooner this evening. Sailors claim that they are a warning of foul weather. They are amazing birds; no bigger than a sparrow, they flutter across the widest stretches of open sea. They cannot soar, and in their fluttering they give one the impression of fledglings learning to fly. Where do they sleep? What do they eat? Where do they nest? At Puka-Puka one fell ashore dead from a wound in its breast. The natives told me it was a bird of the sea (*manu-moana*) that never comes to land except on rare occasions such as that one. They said that it lays its eggs on the water, that they float, and that the birds live on sea foam.

April 10. — The wind has shifted to the northwest at last. Shaking the reefs out of the sails this morning, we put the main boom in the long guy for the first time on the passage. When it came to hoisting the sails we found that there was not enough strength in the entire crew to hoist either the peak or the throat halyard. We were obliged to strop a handy-billy tackle on the throat halyard and set up on it, then take the tackle to the peak halyard to set it up, then back to the throat, and so on until we had the sail set. Even with the tackle it was all we could do to manage it. Our winch, unluckily, is out of order; we could have hoisted the sails easily with it.

April 11. — This evening I found what is weakening the crew. Scurvy! When Six-Seas came aft to take the wheel I noticed that his legs bulged his overalls. He told me that they have been swelling for some time, and added that Second-Return's mouth is in bad shape. Captain Thomson called this sailor aft, to find that his teeth are so loose he can move them back and forth with his fingers, and that the gums are starting to ulcerate! Food is also sick, but with him it shows only in inflamed eyes and slightly swollen legs.

Later in the evening Captain Thomson decided that, calm or blow, he will not shorten sail. 'If we lower sail,' he said, 'we shall not be able to hoist it again, and we'll just wallow out here until we are all dead men. And by carrying our sail we may be dismasted, which will also mean the end of us; but if the masts hold we may make San Francisco in time to save most of the crew.'

Where are all the ships that ply the sea? Were they destroyed in the storms we went through? We have not sighted sail or smoke at sea since leaving Rarotonga, one hundred and seven days ago.

I am ill and do not doubt that it is scurvy. Andy is nervous and irritable. He calls from his cabin continually, shouting to the sailors to keep the sails full — a difficult thing when the wind is so far aft.

Only Ropes keeps in good health. This Sinful Peck cannot be killed. He remains fat and greasy, and he alone devours his daily ration of beef and rice.

April 12. — The wind freshened to-day, so we are bowling along at a better rate. At 4 P.M. we wore ship, for the wind had shifted to the southwest. Now, at last, we are laying for San Francisco with a fair wind; and it is none too soon, for we cannot hold out many more days. The Golden Gate is six hundred and fifteen miles away.

I am much weaker to-day. My head is giddy, hallucinations trouble me, and I am afraid of myself on deck.

April 13. — West-southwest wind blowing a moderate gale. With all canvas set we are making a hundred and fifty miles a day. We need two men at the wheel now; one man is too weak to hold it.

April 14. — Six-Seas is down in his bunk, unable to get up. The rest of the crew, Ropes excepted, look as though they could not last many more days; but Andy seems confident that we shall make the coast. He says that he needs only one man to help him. I am growing weaker rapidly. This evening, before turning in, I stamped my feet to warm them. The result was a half hour's dizziness.

Later. — I have just been forward to see Six-Seas. His eyes are glassy; they stare at me horribly as he talks about bananas and oranges, and fish flapping out of the lagoon to be eaten raw. I tried to divert his thoughts to other channels by talking about the fine time he would have in the street cars and automobiles of the United States; but he would only ask if I was sure that there would be plenty of potatoes in America. Leaving Six-Seas, I talked with Food, who was at the wheel. His mind was on lobsters; nor could I make him think of anything else.

April 15. — I rose this morning, walked across the midshiphouse, turned, and fell on deck. On leaving my cabin I had felt fairly strong, but it seems that the exertion of climbing the ladder and crossing the deck was enough to exhaust me. Andy helped me into my berth, where I have been ever since. I noticed that it was all he could do to support me. He must be quite ill; but he is too much of a man to mention it. When I am ill I moan and bewail my lot like an old woman.

I have been saving three bottles of lime juice for the worst. I opened one to-day, took a good dose, and gave the bottle to Andy to dose the crew.

Second-Return is still able to hold the wheel. He looks much worse than I. I feel like a malingerer, lying in my berth.

April 16. — This is my thirty-third birthday. I felt a little better this morning and went on deck to stand my watch. After a few moments I returned to my berth with difficulty. It is marvelous how Second-Return and Food still stand their watches. Andy says that Six-Seas is no worse.

We drank the second bottle of lime juice to-day.

What odd writing this is in my journal! I can barely read it. My letters slip all over the page; first they are minute, then as big as a schoolboy's figures. Oh well, many a man has had scurvy and recovered, and in all probability we shall be in San Francisco in three or four days.

April 17. — What a day! Light winds to noon, then a dead calm. Sails booming back and forth, wrenching the masts as though intent on tearing them from the ship. Flocks of gannets paddling about us, waiting for the first scurvy victim to be thrown overboard. I wonder if they are man-eaters. Second-Return's face is blotched and starting to break out in ulcers; but still he stands his trick at the wheel. It fascinates me horribly to watch from my porthole when he is due on deck. Each time I doubt if he will appear; but as the bell sounds he emerges, a gaunt, terrifying skeleton. He staggers aft, grasps the wheel with both hands, braces himself against the wheel-box, and stands his watch without a complaint. The wheel is light now, so he can hold it alone.

When his watch is through and he passes my cabin, I call from the porthole, '*Okirua-tane!*' ('Second-Return the man!') A hollow, painful voice comes from his smiling lips: '*Ropati-tane!*' But I am no man; I am in my berth when I should be on deck.

Drank the last bottle of lime juice to-day.

April 18. — Both Six-Seas and I were able to stand our watches to-day. This proves, as has been proved many times before, the value of lime juice as a scurvy specific.

I stood with Six-Seas, helping him with the wheel. He asked if it is true that all Americans carry revolvers, to shoot from their coat pockets when they meet someone with money. (Glory to the educational movies!) He wanted to know if the *Tagua* sailors would be in danger. I told him to be at ease, for no one would imagine that a poor Atiu sailor had money. He agreed with me, but added that he would have money, for he could draw over six pounds. I am glad that he can think of something besides food.

April 19. — At 4 A.M. I turned in for the first sleep in twenty-four hours. Captain Thomson left me alone until noon, when he turned me out to start the engine and wear ship. On looking out of my port I found the sky clear for the first time in weeks.

During the afternoon watch we sighted smoke. Shortly after, a San Francisco revenue cutter steamed up, went round our stern to make out who we were, and then hurried away as though disgusted that she should have wasted steam on such an insignificant craft, with nothing but rancid copra and scurvy sailors aboard.

April 20. — Last night, at half-past twelve, we sighted the intermittent glow of the Point Reyes light. It had an odd effect on me. I climbed to the fore hounds and sat there for more than an hour, glancing now and then at the light, but oftener at the sea below me, at the sky, and back along our wake at the great expanse of ocean we were leaving behind.

Now that we were close to land and reasonably certain of being in San Francisco to-morrow, the fear of death at sea left me; I realized that I loved the sea, and took little interest in our arrival in port. I understood that every man aboard this schooner is a man of the sea, and that only the sea can hold any permanent fascination for him. I stared over the stern at the gray moving water of the Pacific. A sense of exultation thrilled through me. Out there I had been very close to death in its ugly reality, and it had terrified me; but now I knew that I should infinitely prefer death in the cold womb of the mother sea to death ashore. The thought of mother earth brought no response; death must be a return to the womb of the sea.

The dull gray shimmer on the water darkened when a cloud passed overhead. The sea became a brooding monster, terrifying but magnificent. Again, as earlier in the voyage, I ruminated on Kamu's story of burying his friend at sea.

For a moment I visualized myself as Kamu's dead friend: I am sinking into the deep twilight, down to the realm of the last ray of light, on until there is only the secular night of great depths, and on until, miles below the last faint glimmer, the boat's anchor sinks into the marine ooze and I am buoyed, upright, with my head thrown back and my arms raised stiffly above my head, forever! Here is a tomb inviolate, a solitude and a stillness in perpetuity!

We entered the Golden Gate at sundown; but there was little thrill in it for any of us. The sailors stared silently at the barren hills and the bleached white streets of houses set out with mathematical precision. With hardly a glance at the land, Andy talked with the pilot. This man had been a disappointment to me. I had expected a weather-beaten old salt in a pea-coat and a sou'wester; but a fashionably dressed young man had boarded us, with evident disgust, having been rowed over in a varnished dinghy.

'That is the Legion of Honor Building,' the pilot said, pointing to a white pile on top of one of San Francisco's hills. Andy and I glanced at it and then our attention returned to the ship.

'Look, Ropati, how she sails!' he cried. 'How she scuds through the water! We're making nine knots if we're making one!'

'This is the first fine wind we've had since leaving Rarotonga,' I growled.

The pilot started to make a remark about the barracks on Presidio Hill, but old Seaside's senile wail broke in: '*Tagua* aye! She sails! She sails! The wind spanks her stern!'

The engine was running wide open, and, though it was blowing great guns, every stitch of canvas was set. The schooner lay steadily on her beam, with her midshiphouse deck lapping the water. She was alive! She leaped through the water, and if she had had a voice she would have shouted with exultation.

Second-Return stood at the wheel, an animated skeleton, with the grin of a dead man across his blotched and emaciated face.

'I wish you would take in sail,' the pilot said, with a glance at the cold, darkening water.

'Take in sail!' Andy cried with unfeigned derision. 'Carry on, you mean! Let the old plug have her head! We'll tear the masts out of her and save the shipyard a job!' Then, with a wild rush of spirits: '*Tagua* aye! Now she sails! Now she sails! Oh, man! I'm dying already to get out of port and roll down the old Pacific again!'

April 22. — This morning our agent came aboard. When we were seated in the cabin he said, 'I hear you had a pretty bad time of it coming north. Just what kind of passage did you have?'

His words brought to my mind pictures of the hardships and dangers I have related in this journal. I waited for Andy to say something that would surprise the man. But he just leaned back and with entire sincerity said: —

'Oh, about the usual thing: blows and calms and plenty of hard work for all hands. Just the sort of voyage that sailormen have been making in sailing ships for hundreds of years.'

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY — AUGUST 4, 1914

BY E. BAX

I

It does not seem possible that more than fifteen years have passed since that memorable day. Each moment of it is impressed upon the photographic plate of my memory, and needs only the merest hint to snap it back out of the archives of the past into the drama of the present. That day marked the dividing line between the old care-free, happy days of peace and leisurely diplomacy at London and the raucous, disintegrating, and brutal life of war. For when the sun shone out bright and clear that fourth of August it brought to the English people a stupefying fear that before twelve hours had passed the quiet peace and comfort of years might be shattered and their country plunged into the abyss of a European war.

I was in a curious position, an Englishwoman who had been in the London Embassy for several years doing stenography, typewriting, and all the usual little chores that fall to the lot of a woman in an office full of men. I thoroughly enjoyed my work, and liked and admired the kind and appreciative Americans with whom I was associated. I did not think of them as foreigners, and in all the years until then I had not had occasion to realize that their political allegiance and sympathies might be different from my own. For the first time that morning I felt a little rift in the lute of perfect unity.

The train that brought me into London from my suburban home was punctual. The only sign of anything untoward was a sentry standing on guard at Clapham Junction, one of the largest railway junctions just outside London. This sentry was the object of much interest on the part of the passengers of the many trains passing by, because of the novelty of seeing a soldier in such a spot. He looked rather forlorn, and there was apparently nothing at all for him to do.

Arrived at Victoria Station, I hurried out with the rest, as it was after nine o'clock, and took my way rapidly down Victoria Street to '123,' the headquarters of so many ministers and ambassadors of the United States, beloved of them all with the exception of Mr. Page, who saw the old building with his eyes instead of with his heart as his predecessors had learned to do. A flagpole outside proclaimed the presence of a foreign embassy, and a plate beside the door confirmed the fact that this was indeed the American Embassy. The porter of the building, who was appropriately and patriotically named George England, admitted me somewhat morosely.

I saw at once the reason for George England's gloom. It was not the usual quiet, dignified scene of diplomacy *in absentia* that greeted my eyes this morning, with the individual letters for each secretary arranged in neat piles on the table, and friendly sounds of activity off stage. Instead, the vestibule and reception rooms were filled with men and women, all with anxious faces, talking and gesticulating — and one woman in tears. The two messengers, with Mr. Edward Bell, Mr. Gerry Greene, and Mr. Harold Fowler, secretaries of the Embassy, — all early risers during the past week, — were trying to cope with the many demands upon them and stem the tide of almost panic that seemed to be imminent. Every one of the sacred Embassy rules was apparently being broken with impunity. The place was being made into a charitable institution, a telegraph office, a tourist agency, and a steamship office, to say nothing of a nursery for a few children who played on the floors while their mothers were being offered such comfort as was possible. The harassed people had learned that all steamship passages were canceled 'for the present,' and they were frightened and short of money, as the ordinary August Bank Holiday had been extended by the Bank of England for an additional two days to get its finances adjusted. Currency was therefore very scarce, and even the American banks felt the desirability of conserving it.

So here the Americans were, stranded in a foreign land with a war almost in sight and no way to get home. This was more than they had bargained for, coming as they had for relaxation and culture, and they came to the Embassy in the hope that it would be able to bring pressure to bear on the steamship companies to release the ships. The majority of them were good-tempered and patient, but the inevitable few were outspoken in their criticisms of those who permitted such barbaric things as war to happen. Most of them also wanted passports. Now under the old regulations the Embassy issued passports only to travelers going to Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan States, — governments had n't realized then what a nice little source of revenue was being overlooked, — so as the circumstances were so unusual we had cabled for and received instructions to issue them to any American who desired that form of identification. There were many, also, who came in merely for comfort. They wanted assurances that this catastrophe which seemed to be rushing toward them so inevitably was all a nightmare. This group fussed and fumed, and their sorrows seemed so fatuous and empty in the face of the real tragedies that none of us were as sympathetic as we should have been, I fear. We knew that they were in no particular danger, that they would not suffer from lack of food or lodging, but were actually in the proud position of having front seats near the scene of hostilities without any participation in the war itself.

Pushing my way through the crowds into the room of Mr. Irwin Laughlin, Councilor of Embassy, which I shared, I found my desk covered with official documents which had just come, for it was part of my work to make a record of all these before they were scattered to the various secretaries for attention. The incoming and outgoing correspondence of the last few days had shattered any fond illusions that anyone at the Embassy might have had that, except by a miracle, war could be localized to the Powers immediately concerned, and we all realized that the end of this day would probably find England drawn into this great European conflict which had been in the making for years, but which had been definitely brought up on to the horizon by the assassination of the Austrian Archduke.

The spring of 1914 had been a particularly busy one at the Embassy. Affairs in Mexico had been none too stable, — the situation between the British and American governments in this matter might indeed have been described as 'delicate,' — and diplomatically there seemed to be a restless feeling of uncertainty in Europe. The season drew along to its conclusion. June came and went and July dawned. The same number of people were presented at the Courts, the same numbers applied for invitations to everything, the usual hundreds wanted tickets to the sessions of Parliament, and the same grumblers came to make complaints. By the beginning of July we were all tired out, and even tempers were worn ragged. The Ambassador was ready to leave town. The secretaries had their plans made for a much-needed rest as soon as the Ascot races were over.

Instead of that, however, ominous mutterings filled the air. I began to index small items in my geographical file under 'Austria and Servia.' Servia had appealed to Russia for aid against Austria, who had sent her an ultimatum demanding certain satisfactions for the murder of the Archduke. Russia told her to accept Austria's demands with the exception of two, which she suggested be brought before the Hague Tribunal. But this did not please Austria. Her Ambassador at Belgrade declared that nothing but complete acceptance would satisfy his government, and at once left Servia for home, which, in diplomatic usage, was tantamount to a declaration of war. All this came pouring in in telegrams, notes, memoranda, of most of the countries, to my desk. All Europe was excited and afraid. Inquiries began to come as to what we should do 'if war came.' We began to hurry off communications and inquiries to the American embassies on the Continent, vaguely fearing that something might happen to prevent their safe delivery. The Ambassador instructed the secretaries to tell all American visitors very quietly and without arousing their alarm that they had better make plans to go home at once. Everybody carried out the orders, but did it so tactfully that I doubt if one single American canceled his proposed trip to the Continent or shortened by even one day his stay in England until the newspaper accounts became so alarming that they told their own story.

In the last week of July events moved fast toward war. By July 29 Austria was bombarding Belgrade, Belgium had ordered mobilization in self-defense, Germany had recalled her High Seas Fleet, and the British Navy had canceled all leave. That same day Russia began a mobilization of her troops — purely a precautionary one on her southern border, she said. But this put Germany's back up and she sent an ultimatum to Russia to demobilize and asked for her assent by August 1. The same day Germany inquired whether England intended to remain neutral. On July 31 Sir Edward Grey asked Germany and France whether they intended to respect the neutrality of Belgium according to treaty. France agreed to do so, but Germany did not reply, and on August 1 declared war with Russia. Again on August 3 the British Government inquired if Germany would respect the neutrality of Belgium, and gave her until midnight of August 4 to reply. If no answer was forthcoming by then, England would declare war.

II

Conscious as I was, therefore, that morning, of impending tragedy, I had the routine of the day to keep me from thinking. Opening my desk, I set to work to index the incoming correspondence. A request from the Foreign Office to restrict our use of the cable to messages absolutely necessary; an inquiry about one of the ships in a German harbor; a notification that a certain consul's appointment was satisfactory; a cable from Washington asking us to secure the arrest of a certain man wanted by the State of Pennsylvania for forgery, and his return to the United States; one or two replies from the Foreign Office to questions asked on behalf of certain government departments of the United States; a reply from Washington to our inquiry as to whether anything was being done by the United States to promote peace on the Continent; and several telegrams from prominent people in America asking us to look after their various friends and relatives supposed to be in London.

By the time these were all indexed, Mr. Laughlin arrived, very worried at things in general, — as the entire responsibility for the carrying on of the executive part of the Embassy was his, — and harassed by the crowds of people through which he had to pass on his way in, many of whom recognized him and wanted to know the latest news. Almost on his heels came Ambassador Page, who also with some difficulty forced his way in and into his own room. There Mr. Laughlin joined him, with the day's correspondence in his hand, but, apparently without stopping to read it, Mr. Page came out again after a few minutes, made his way into the reception room, and began to make a speech to the assembled visitors. His cheery manner at once had a profound effect on their drooping spirits, and his common-sense attitude stabilized the atmosphere. He said that if war did come there was nothing for them to be afraid of, that their interests would be safeguarded in every way, and that he would do whatever he could to get them home as soon as possible. He asked those who had not come for anything special to leave, so that the work of the Embassy — which he assured them was of grave importance — could be attended to without delay. In reply to an agitated lady who said that her passage had been canceled, and several repetitions of the same story, Mr. Page said that undoubtedly the ships would sail again in a few days, but that if it looked as though there might be any lengthy delay he would ask the American Government to send transports and money to take its people home.

Later in the morning Mr. Page repeated his cheerful words to a new crowd, many of whom had had some measure of difficulty in reaching England from the Continent, but, although some of them left, there remained a stolid group who seemed to feel safe under their own flag in their own Embassy, and could not be persuaded to go. They sat in every corner, on the tables, and even on the narrow stone staircase that led to the second floor — to the great annoyance of numbers of naval and military officers who went up and down to consult the attachés upstairs. Every time a secretary went through the hall he was surrounded and questioned, and I was even called upon from time to time when one of my own sex developed hysterical tendencies.

A telephone call from the German Embassy brought Mr. Laughlin hastily back to his room out of the clutches of a despondent gentleman who said he simply *must* sail. 'Yes, this is Laughlin. Yes, we have already promised to look after things. But are you certain that you will go? The German Government has until midnight to answer the British ultimatum.' But the members of the German Embassy seemed sure that no answer would be forthcoming, and wished to assure themselves that their people and their property would be taken care of by their American colleagues until the war was over. They informed Mr. Laughlin that Germans of military age were leaving as fast as they could, and that most of their officials and archives would go with the Ambassador as soon as war was an actual fact. The Ambassador would leave to-night, then? asked Mr. Laughlin. Oh, no. He could not cross the North Sea at night. It would be too dangerous. He must cross in the daytime, under a flag of truce; so he would not leave until to-morrow at the very earliest. They said also that there would still be many Germans left, especially women and children who might need protection, and would the Embassy take care of them? Mr. Laughlin, on behalf of Mr. Page, repeated the desired assurance, as he had also done previously when Austria asked the same assistance.

The Foreign Office had also inquired the day before if the American Embassy at Berlin would look after British people and interests in Germany, and Mr. Page consented to do so. He realized, of course, that all this would mean a great additional amount of work and responsibility, this looking after enemies in enemy countries, but he knew also, what turned out to be a fact, that the American diplomatic service would accept the situation calmly and do splendid work, helping to make this war in that particular respect more civilized than any of its predecessors. In the old days there would have been short shrift for civilian enemies caught in the meshes of war, but the twentieth century does some things more humanely.

III

Troubles with our 'adopted responsibilities' developed immediately. During the morning a hysterical Austrian lady appeared, sent by the Austrian Ambassador. It appeared that her husband, a German, had left his hotel, she had not seen him since, and she feared he might have been arrested to prevent his leaving England. It developed that this gentleman was an agent of the Krupp Company of Germany, and had waited just a little too long before making his get-away. The British Government had the gentleman safe and sound, and were not disposed to release him, although the lady promised in his behalf to leave his files behind. It reminded us of a visit which a group of Krupp agents had made to England only a few months before to see some of the military establishments. It seemed foolhardy, this showing off of new military inventions to a foreign competitor, but, with guile that Americans will understand, the programme was arranged with a full appreciation of certain little German weaknesses. The party always managed to arrive at their destination at mealtime, and before any tour of inspection could be made an exhaustive banquet had to be partaken of, with much wine and speech-making, after which the delegates, dazed with too much food and oratory, were permitted to make their observations, in the complete confidence that they would understand very little of the very little they were permitted to see.

The morning also brought in many prominent American business men, who, realizing that a crisis was upon them and that they could n't get home for the present, came to offer their services. They were splendid sports, and rallied round the Ambassador with touching docility and good humor. They volunteered to be dispatch bearers, clerks, to make out passports, do anything. The Ambassador accepted their services most thankfully, and at once suggested that they secure a place where Americans could forgather away from the Embassy, so that the regular diplomatic work could be done without further interruption. This was something they could do without any diplomatic training, and do excellently, so within a few hours the American Citizens Relief Committee was established and going strong at the Hotel Savoy, where it maintained headquarters for two or three months, issued daily bulletins of interest to Americans, later took over the whole passport department with one of the Embassy secretaries in charge, and kept us from being flooded with homesick tourists.

One or two American diplomats, who had recently arrived from America en route for their posts, and who had planned a day or two's recreation in London, made hasty arrangements to continue their journey. Among these was Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, Ambassador to Italy, who left hoping to get as far as Paris by train, after which he expected to have to cross the Alps to Rome by motor. We saw him go with many misgivings, not knowing how he would make out, for there was no certainty that on some lonely Alpine highway he would not be requested to get out of his car, and find himself watching the back of it fade from sight in the hands of a group of soldiers. He had only his diplomatic rank to protect him. A former Third Secretary at London, Mr. Sheldon Crosby, on his way from Washington to Madrid, was due to reach London any day, and Mr. Page had determined to commandeer his services, if possible, to help with the passport business, which grew from hour to hour.

By lunch time he had almost exhausted the blank passport forms and had sent an urgent telegram for more. Cables from the United States inquiring for absent friends began to come thick and fast, many saying that money would be forwarded, if needed, for specific people — usually those who did not need it. These cables piled up, for there was no one to do anything with them. We had no one to send scouting over London to find these tourists, and as we knew they were safe if they had reached England we left them to take care of themselves. If they wanted anything they would undoubtedly show up, and later the Relief Committee could find them. We also did not bother about enlisting the assistance of the police in securing the arrest of the American fugitive from justice wanted by the State of Pennsylvania, for if the British police caught him they would be under the necessity of providing him with food and lodging for an indefinite time, as no one, not even a criminal, could be transported back until the steamships sailed again, and we did not want to inflict any additional troubles upon the British authorities just then.

The afternoon wore away, with Americans still flocking in. Outside, the crowds streamed by, newspaper boys calling extras pushed their way hither and thither and did a roaring trade, buses filled with anxious-eyed people lumbered by, and little groups of reservists marched along, very conscious of their uniforms and their impending glory. A sound of martial music brought us rushing to the front window for a moment's respite. Swaggering along, in full marching equipment, was one of the most famous Irish regiments, with cheering crowds marching along beside the soldiers. The excitement was tremendous. We did not know where they were going, and neither, it turned out, did they. They had imagined, it appeared, that they were on their way to the war and were to be the first regiment sent across. But it turned out that they were only being transferred from one barracks to another. When they discovered the truth their wrath boiled over with characteristic Irish thoroughness, and another regiment had to be called out to pacify these impatient would-be heroes.

The Ambassador returned, looking stern and anxious, about four o'clock, from a brief call at the Foreign Office, and shut himself into his room to write a cable dispatch to Washington. It was very quiet and peaceful in this room, with its heavy carpet and the pictures of his predecessors staring down at him from the walls. He was tired and ill at ease, and very conscious of his responsibility for these thousands of Americans cut off from home by an ocean three thousand miles wide, whom he could n't protect. He remembered with a shudder that it was the belief of the experts that Germany's first naval move against England would be to send her ships into the Atlantic Ocean, and that this attempt could be expected immediately after war was declared. In their opinion a naval battle might well be fought during the coming night which would decide the fate of the British and German navies in a few hours. Sir Edward Grey had told Mr. Page officially that war would actually be declared at midnight if no answer was forthcoming from Germany. Mr. Page must now report this and his anxieties to the Secretary of State, and ask for the assistance and money that he would need to do the stupendous task which was just beginning. He felt conscious of failure, the failure of the diplomacy he stood for, to ward off this terrible thing that was impending, and he knew that he must try to convey in his cable some indication of the disorganization, terror, and chaos that surrounded him, and his sympathy with all those who would be victims in the cruel strife.

He sat there in his chair quite still a long time, this foreigner looking on at a tragedy that was not his, but with which he was so closely linked. He understood what unwelcome guests his fellow countrymen must be just now in a country faced with war to the death, and tried to see how he could show Washington as exactly as possible how best to get them out of the dilemma. Finally he began to write, and page after page of his beautiful, even handwriting was placed face downward in perfect order as he finished it — as orderly as the thoughts that he strove to clothe in appropriate and burning words. His rather tragic face — which always reminded me somewhat of Lincoln's — reflected his sombre thoughts, and the feeling of the reflective mood was intensified by the sacrificial spirals of smoke which rose unheeded from a cigar smouldering by his side. His secretary came and went noiselessly, glancing at him affectionately, and letting in a buzz of eager conversation every time he opened and closed the door. But Mr. Page heard nothing. He was completely absorbed, and the room itself was the only oasis of quiet in the whole turbulent Embassy.

IV

Twilight and evening came late, as they do in England in August. The staff worked on unceasingly at the official business which had been so delayed all day, callers themselves grew fewer and fewer, and the Ambassador finally left for the night after a cheerful word to his busy helpers, and a hearty 'Thank you.' By this time it was beginning to be realized by the general public that no answer was coming from Germany. The streets grew almost impassable with people all intent on being in front of the Houses of Parliament or Buckingham Palace when the great moment arrived. Poor things, how could they know, mere human atoms in the clutches of a violent emotion, what was in store for their country and their loved ones? They were filled with a clanging, rather cheap, false gayety, whistling perhaps to keep up their courage. Girls and boys with linked arms marched merrily, the boys almost unconsciously trying to pull away as the inherited instincts aroused by the thoughts of war made them long to be gone, while the girls almost as unconsciously tried to restrain them. Older men and women with anxious faces passed along, with more understanding. They were not carried away by this glamorous aspect of war. They had seen other wars. Their loved ones had come back to them before wounded and wasted. Some had never come back. But these thoughtful ones were in the minority. Every bus was loaded with sight-seers. There was some horseplay, some air of holiday because something unusual was astir, some boasting about 'poor old Fritz and what 'e 'ad comin' to 'im, pore old chap,' and a good deal of drinking. It would be a quick war, over in a very few months, and there was nothing much to worry about.

I went out for a hasty supper about ten o'clock. Every restaurant was full, bands playing bravely, to the same assortment of gay and serious people. A steady stream of others went by, flocking toward Buckingham Palace, and the light on top of Big Ben announced to the world that Parliament was still sitting, and that, probably at that very moment, while they were waiting for the final answer, a debate was going forward that might change English history forever. The scene in the streets showed that mixture of sublime and ridiculous which makes life for the interested observer so everlastingly thrilling.

The Embassy looked untidy and almost tawdry as I came in about 10.30, with papers scattered everywhere, a feeling of dead air, and a silk hat perched rakishly on the head of the sculptured Miss Liberty, giving her a ribald and unladylike appearance. The hum of typewriters clicking upstairs in the headquarters of the naval and military attachés proclaimed them still at work, and in the messengers' office cables were being prepared in cipher for dispatch to Washington. My desk was piled with new things to be done, and Mr. Laughlin sat at his absorbed in a dispatch in which he was attempting to convey some sense of the general events to a far-off government. He did not even glance up. He had a power of concentration sometimes that I envied, for in all my work that day I had been almost carried away with the drama of my position there in the midst of history in the making, and seeing it from the point of view of another country which was not concerned in it for the time being except as a spectator. I was also apprehensive, discouraged, and swamped in a sort of sloppy sentimental patriotism which was absurd and destructive. I could not command my complete attention in the way Mr. Laughlin did, for my ears were tuned to the noises outside and my spirits were sinking as the hours drew on to midnight.

Eleven o'clock, then twelve — zero hour, with no news. The streets blazed with light, most of the population seemed to be out of doors this beautiful summer night, and an air of expectancy pervaded everything. Our telephone rang a few times during that last hour, and I jumped nervously, but it was only newspaper men asking for news, or anxious wives inquiring for erring diplomatic husbands who had entirely overlooked their dinner. The pile of work grew less. We were all tired, and it was a final relief when the Ambassador's secretary let himself in just after midnight, although the news he brought was bad. He had just come from outside of Buckingham Palace, where he had heard the news of war. He had seen the King and Queen respond to the overwhelming demonstrations of faith and patriotism, and had joined with the crowd in singing 'God Save the King.' In the face of the inevitable, we decided that our slight efforts could now make very little difference, and that, as this was but the beginning of terrible days, we had better conserve our strength for the future.

As I opened the front door to let myself out, a Foreign Office special messenger handed me a note, marked 'Immediate,' addressed to the Ambassador. With it in my hand I walked quickly back and handed it to Mr. Laughlin, standing by while he read it. It was the official declaration: —

'The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs presents his compliments to the American Ambassador, and begs to inform His Excellency that a state of war exists between His Majesty's Government and that of Germany.'

War had begun.

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN

Part Three

BY HOWELL VINES

I

A DAY or two passed, and in the morning one of the memorable things of the summer happened. Upon rising, I walked to my little porch. There I stooped. This time I stooped for a katydid wing. It was a tiny thing, I know, but it was one of the little things of the summer which meant so much. I pulled my chair to the porch, propped my feet high against a pine and the hickory, and looked at the wing. My world informed by the Warriors was partly in that wing.

I opened my small black trunk and put the wing in the book with the turtle-dove wing feathers. It would probably be given to Halma, and we would look at it together, summers to come. The passion for Halma and the creative passion profited by a thing like this.

It set me to thinking how dusk wrapped with earth all along the Warriors; and how, after this was over, the night and earth wrapped for hours at a time. And the katydid song was the best voice of all this. With this voice closing with my imagination, I often walked as one hunting a golden cow horn or a golden cow hoof. The best thing I could do in such predicaments was to walk to the river.

That afternoon I drove, with Halma, from Hueytown to the river.

After touching and gazing at the great beeches, poplars, and white oaks I had the other day decided for her to see and touch with me, we walked the old wagon-road way to the top of the great bluff of Land's End, our future home place.

We sat on a rock under the oaks and elms.

Two redbirds flew over us and darted the Big Warrior into a wildness of willows on the other side.

Halma was wearing a beautiful dress the color of the female redbird with tinges of black and white. Her lips that day held a natural stain the color of the rooster redbird. When she pressed them with her teeth or when I pressed them, they changed to myrtle-red, then pink — and back again.

I said: 'Grandpa says he thinks of us and this place every time he sees or hears a redbird, a bluebird, a turtle-dove, and sometimes when he sees a catbird, a brown thrush, — or thrasher, as he says, — or a mocking bird. He says he thinks of us and this bluff whenever one of these birds crosses his mind. He says that I want to lead their kind of life with you and that I think this place will be the best in the world for it. He further says he hopes we'll be that happy here a long time, and that we're so much alike, according to all he's heard, that we ought to satisfy each other just like two of these birds. He knows what he's talking about.'

'And your kisses are as masterful and wonderful as the redbird and its dart.

They are in taste and feeling, as you say about mine, just like the redbird in looks and movements. Yes, that's it. When we kiss, the redbird's song is made flesh. How do you like that? Do I love you well enough? Ah, Hal, I want to live like that here with you. I would love it a thousand years, and then on and on. The rivers there never grow tired of fusing, of forking. That's the way I want my being to always join yours, though you did teach me the notion.'

The fine river boat *Demopolis* swung into the Big River, coming down the Little River from Birmingport, and headed downstream for Mobile, four hundred and eighteen miles away, and perhaps on to New Orleans, maybe to Galveston or Houston.

I said, 'Now, why do I stay alone in a cabin on the river? Of course I like it of itself. But really, why do I do it?'

She combed my hair with her right hand and fingers, held to an elm with her left hand, and smiled into my face.

'I know,' she said.

'Why, besides for your sake and my love for you, did I prefer the Warrior country to all England this summer? Why do I want to live where I can see the rivers any day?'

She pressed her lips to my forehead, and the cool of the day had come. She nursled me to her breasts.

'Do you think I don't know what you are doing?' she asked, as she shook my shoulders as one shakes a young fruit tree.

'Well, what?'

'You're writing.' She held me and shook my body as I have held and shaken slender young poplars, and she added, 'Now tell me how you're getting along.'

'Yes. But I'm only writing notes. I'm getting along well at that. . . .

'Halma!'

'Hal!'

'Some few among the many have in them a something that is an impulse, an urge, an inspiration, a passion, to go farther than the negative state of being, the impermanent state, that is the average human state in this Here and Now. This world is worth something, it's hard to say how much, or no one would want to go beyond the impermanence and the negative. And that little swallow of life Grandpa talks about, and we've talked about, is as sweet as the taste of a turtledove to Grandma, else no one would try to get to the source of the bubble that is a human being and its life. And it's those who have a superb taste for it, or at least an abnormal thirst for it, as I have a taste for figs and an abnormal thirst for spring water when I am sick, who try to get to the source and follow the course and destiny of the bubble that is their being and its life.

'I'm on fire with that passion, urge, impulse, inspiration, or whatever it is, and that fire will last my being throughout all the days of its impermanence Here and Now. It's mere fancy, I think, that talks of writing in heaven. And I have been that way all the time. I think I have the trace and the course of the bubble of my being, and of another being — I mean yours. And in searching existence and being and nature along the ranges of our beings I will naturally encounter much other human substance and all necessary stuff and substance of earth, of nature, of the general fund of life. In the permanence of the other and even less nebulous world of the two, or three, Warriors that we talked about here the other day, there will be no need or call for me to write. But here it is different. Now and Here the only way I can answer that pull in me is to write. And write I must, else I'd rather die. And, my being ordered and made up as it is, I am a lost soul if I am not a genius, from the way it has always been with me, a major genius.

'Now you can see why I need the right one of the other sex in such a complete and permanent way. With our beings and their ranges going together, I can realize double. And I need you that much. And I'm that proud I have you. And this territory of my being — and I here count yours mine, too — comes entirely from the Warrior world, is informed by these rivers. That's why I need to be where I can look at or go to the Warriors most any time. I must create a world of my own from the place informed by the Warriors.'

'I suspected this of you the second time I ever saw you and heard you talk, and the next time I knew it on you. And you've been this way a long time, and I'm the only one who knows now.'

'Of course you did, just as I realized what I had found in you at those early encounters. You're the only one who knows, though there are a few others who may suspect in a small way. But I've never opened my mouth definitely to anybody before this. I've been wanting something, waiting for something. I've been as hopeless and forlorn without the right girl-being as one of those birds that remind Grandpa of us would be in the same fix. Of course I've needed more maturity than I've had for prose. But that something I lacked, a girl-being I could match in my human and creative way, as the turtle-doves I'm always scaring up on the roads match each other in their way. And you are the girl-being — my woman, as Grandpa calls you. Halma, you're good to me. As for teaching — well, it's not too good to talk about, as Grandpa often says about things; it is, rather, not worth talking about as long as I can keep from it. And I never studied anything in college but some literature courses that was worth a cent.'

In a low voice she talked over me and leaned toward the river. And, though her words were, to me, somewhat muffled, I heard them distinctly: 'You do love for me to nursle your head in my lap! And there's nothing else like it on earth for me. I'm sorry for any girl who does not know such a joy with the right man. I'm now searching and getting as close to the source and knowing the range of my being, the drift of things that touch me, as, I believe, anybody can.

'I'm glad you waited no longer to tell me about this, though I did n't want to press you. It's just such an unheard-of thing in these parts, this seriousness of yours, that you're bashful. And you believe in the importance of your own genius so much that you are timid over it, being young and not having really started yet. Yet you started when your life began. Now we'll make the other start together. I want to help you more than anything else in the world. I shall give you all my strength and all that's me all the days of my life.

'There, now. You've missed the redbirds. They're down on the side of the bluff. But you don't have to see them unless you want to. I never in the world thought that you'd refuse to look at redbirds. But that refusal tells me something of how you love me. I knew at first that it was no ordinary human being I had met. I don't want to do anything or be anything but to live with you and be that girl-being you're glad you've found. I'll be glad when you can live as you wish, when you can quit teaching, — for you don't like it, — when you can do what you want to do. Now, with one eye, you can see the river, and you can talk to me.'

'Halma, my territory, my country, was once Grandpa's domain. It is his old realm, still a large part his. He was not merely its king, but its god. He did n't send the rain and the dew, the frost and the snow, the thunder and the lightning and the rainbow, but lots of his people thought he had something to do with it, or did n't know but what he did. He did n't run the rivers, change the seasons, bring on dusk and night, or produce the sunset and the sunrise, but some of them did n't know but what he did. Some of them did n't know but what he controlled solitary or nesting birds seen in the fields and woods. You know how it was, for I've told you lots.'

'What a background! What a setting! And we're going to live in your pick of this old realm. I understand what you mean when you say you want to give the place and its life and at the same time something more than that, something more than the place and its life and at the same time the place and its life. There's no other scene in your mind than your grandfather's old realm and its environs. And the rivers actually inform it in your mind as we see they do everywhere we go. The place is yours in your way as much as it has been your grandpa's in his way. And, from all accounts, it really has been his.

'I realize a little about what you owe to that tremendous old man. But he does n't know; and I hope — and I know you do more than I do — that he lives to realize it. I want your writing to be as wonderful and great as his talk, and I think it will; your books to be alive as he is alive, as beautiful and mysterious as his woods world, and informed by the Warriors he's loved a long time. I know you're going to master this little world in your own way as he did in his way. Hal, the sun is setting in a heavenly garden of morning-glory colors just across the river in the woods. Are you going to miss that too? I like to mean so much to you. I want always to mean as much to you as I do now.'

We walked down the old wagon-road way at the other end of the bluff, the end opposite the coniferous woods and at the spot where I was going to build a cabin to take her to. On one of the foothills of the bluff, in a small green old field part, I said, 'That chinaberry tree is the sign of an old house place. That was the site of one of Grandpa's houses and was used by his people.'

Walking up the Cook Hill, we reached the Ford, and then drove the old forsaken main road to the top of the Little River Bluff at Land's End. There was a katydid intensity about the place when we arrived. When we left, it was getting dark, and the whoo owls were hollering in near-by hollows. Before we reached the main road, we heard a scrootch owl, as my grandfather calls them, and some night bird brushed my face, only to escape instantly into the woods.

II

Afternoon, and August was ready to go, and I walked with the old man to his horse and mule lot. He wanted to shuck some corn for his brood sows. On the peach-orchard path to the lot he looked toward the Spring Branch Hollow, saw some white oaks, and observed that the acorn crop was a failure.

'But ain't there a fine prospect for corn?' he went on. 'It's the best I've seed in twenty years. That'll make up for the scarce mast crop. You don't know how proud I am to see the folks making good crops of corn. It pleases me, for corn means something to our class of people. Last year when we did n't make much corn I did n't mind it myself, for I've got enough for the children to squabble over when I die. Yes, I've got enough to live on the balance of my days, corn or no corn. But I study a lot about other people. You don't know how I study about other people. It hurts me all over and through and through to see the other people without corn. And some of them need a milk cow lots of times to keep life going. You don't know how many poor families I've helped out that way. I like to see people well fed in the belly and in the heart. That's the way I am about it. Yes, that's what it takes to answer the jumps that go on and on in a human being.'

We entered the lot, looked around and talked before opening the crib door. It looked like rain. The old man's small graveyard was just outside the fence from the crib, situated in an old field spot. The Lot Hollow headed in two places near by; and in these prongs a man could sink his mind as he passed on my grandfather's road.

I observed that I had been to the muscadine vines at the large pines in one of these starting places for the Lot Hollow. He let his eyes follow in another direction along the horse path to a watering spring. The Apple Orchard Hollow checked his view, and he talked. 'Yes, the muscadines seem to have failed as well as the acorns. We had a late spring. And I'm sorry, because my woman loves them so good. I don't care anything about them myself; but she's the craziest thing over them. You don't know how she does like such things. Even now she'll slip away like a girl and gather muscadines and things. When she leaves that way and I don't know where she is, I know that she's in the woods at something like that, or looking for a cow with a young calf, or at the smokehouse, or in the garden or the orchard.'

We leaned our arms against the plank fence. He said, 'I'm going to tell you something you don't know. I found her one day under a muscadine vine. She had been looking for one of her mother's cows that had a young calf. I remember it just as well. The vine was a big one and was right at the head of Black Creek at a spring, where one prong of the creek heads. And the vine got away from the ground in several ways, and was in several trees. I'm seeing the chestnut, and pine, and black gum, and white oak it made black with muscadines now. "Oh, they're as good as you ever tasted," she said. I liked them all right then. And them was the sweetest muscadines I ever put my tongue to.

'Right then and there at that spring way off in the woods we fixed up the wedding. I'd been marking wild hogs in the woods. I was getting my start in things all I could before I ever left home for my own home. Now was n't that some way to fix up a wedding? Her mother did n't want her orphan child of Valley Creek, Rock Creek, and Black Creek to see the bad boy from the river. I was a cutter.' His eyes glittered. 'Yes, I'll tell you the truth, I did kiss her a few times as we eat muscadines. But we did n't do much of that before we married. We did n't have the chance. Young folks married in a hurry in them days when they got to hugging and kissing. God A'mighty! She was sweeter than any stalk of ribbon cane a boy ever stole; and I was raving distracted till I got her off down here at the Indian Spring to our own house and our own bed and quilts and blankets.

'Ah, hush. Let's not talk any more about them days now. They're gone and they're too good to talk about. We can think of them just before we go to sleep. If I'll ask you for the truth, will you tell me?'

'Yes, I'll try to.'

'Do you ever have a last thought right before you go to sleep when that girl's not in it?'

'No, I never do.'

'Thank you for the compliment. Thank you, sir, thank you, for telling the truth. Thank you again, my young gobbler. Thank you for speaking that word. I'm mighty proud you're going to marry that girl. I'm not afraid of my breed with you and her together.'

We shucked corn and it rained, and I was kept busy with seeing how the great woods down the river way looked in the rain. I sat in the door, and there were cheer and meditation in that hard rain. 'I'll just be dogged,' he said. 'You're letting as old a man as I am shuck it all while you look at the water run in the sand bed and fall on the woods. Yes, of course it makes you have good thoughts. And a corn crib does, too. Ain't the woods fine? I live on high land, if you did n't but know it; but it's such a fine sloping of little hills from the mail box on the big road to the river at Raymond's that a man will let some of that slip him if he don't notice.

'I own the greatest heaven the Indians had. All in there where you are going to take your woman for the good life is where the Indians had a mussel-eating and fishing town. I love fish as well as they did. There's something wrong with a man who lives in these woods if he's not crazy about fish from our rivers and squirrels from our woods. The Indians kept the woods cleaned out all around where I live. They did n't want the small trees and undergrowth, for they had to live on deer meat. They could shoot deer better with nothing but large trees in the way.

'You can't see an acre of earth in all this green you see from here and at the house, and at the Old Indian Spring where my niggers live, and up at the Old School House Place, and all along this road, that I did n't use to own — lock, stock, and barrel. And it was that way on the big bluffs you go to so much, on that one where you 're going to take your woman. Back then nobody else owned a foot anywhere near Glaze Creek, from the big spring where it starts to the river. That's just a sample. You remember a lot about it, and I still own a plenty to call it the "Old Man Lat" part of the world. Yes, you know that's what it is as well as I do. But not like it used to be, not the tenth part.'

We sat and loafed at our corn shucking, and looked through the crib door, and it continued to rain.

I said, 'Yes, the answer to a thousand questions I want to know gets away from me and passes on just about as a redbird does when it darts the road ahead of my Ford. But all the answers are in my range just as the redbird is for a little while.'

'It does beat all, the way everything is. Your whole body's heart and feeling, my young gobbler. I was always like that. It's good and it's bad. I used to think so hard over the mystery of it all that I'd fall down over logs as I walked through the woods and along the rivers. I butted a big beech that way one time. And I actually like to have pondered myself to death one time on old Robin. It was one night at midnight when I crossed the river at the Double Branch Ford, and the river was full and swimming. But swimming the river was like stepping in the stable at night to my horses. They did n't mind it a bit more. I used to love to cross the river at night at any of the fords or ferries on a dozen or more of my famous saddle horses. I believe the Lord got to me that way more than any other way. I got on to the secrets of the Supreme Being at times that way, or it seemed that I did catch some of them. Well, that night I almost solved it all. But it would drop from me and leave me just as I was ready to catch it and hold it the rest of my life. I thought it might come to me and stay with me sometime at midnight out in the middle of the river on my good saddle horse. That was one reason along with others why I'd cross the river every night about midnight going from one cropper's house to another.

'I never did tell anybody about one night at the Cook Ford there close to where you're going to live with that girl. But, for that matter, I never did breathe it to anybody else about the time at the Double Branch Ford, not even to your grannie. But you've got a little sense, and you'll understand. Well, the river was up and I was on old Prince. As I let him have his way across the river that dark night, I thought I had the answer to all things. I had a thousand thoughts and they all seemed to get together like a covey of partridges. If they'd have stayed together, I'd have had the answer to everything all these years. Everything was clear as a calf's eye. I snapped my fingers all the way across the river and held it with me. I believe that if the river had been a little wider, or if I had switched the horse and made the way longer, I could have held the great thing in my mind and fixed it there root and all for good. But the river was full and that would n't have been safe, though I've wished ever since that I had done it. I ought to have done it, the way everything was.

'It was one of these things that just happen, the way I let it get away from me. I let my horse leave the swift and swimming Little River just a little way from where it got to the Big River. Then, with a few bobs and a dart like a rooster redbird's dart, everything left me and I was just ordinary. No, I was n't ordinary, for I always did live my life in such a way that all such things was forever and eternally bobbing around me like a big bass bobbing a cork or a fly, or like a rooster redbird darting around his mate when he's tending to her. I always did believe that I could have held it if old Prince had been swimming the Big River that night instead of the Little River. That has never quit worrying me.

'Now, son, that's some samples of how the rivers have always handled me. There's something in them that way.'

'Maybe I can,' I said, 'catch it and hold it when I live with Halma and the redbirds down there on the Big Bluff you're going to let me have when I build and take her there. That's about where it struck up with you.'

'You may do it. I always did believe it would come to some man on the Warrior River. And you're the best bet I know of or ever heard of. You've got more stuff like that that I've got than anybody else. And you'll be right there over both rivers and three river ways. You'll need to make this whole world in here yours in some strange way. It was actually mine. The way everything is now I would n't expect you to own it and run it as I did. But in some strange, mysterious way I believe you're going to do it. I'm mighty proud my girl had you. I'm so glad I don't know what to do. And I'm proud you've got that girl, for you'll need her, and I know you are. And I know she is, for she'll always need you. Her old granddaddy was one of my best friends — older than I was, you know, and as foolish about me as I was him. I got lots of land from him when I first started to rise, one of my tracts across the river that you look out over when you're on that Big Bluff at Land's End.'

We walked the watery peach-orchard path towards the house, and it had ceased raining. The late cold snap had killed the peaches, and I had heard that while I was in Texas. Under the walnut trees against the yard palings we had more talk as he looked to a chicken he had up to kill. As the chicken ate the corn, he went on.

'Ah, just hush, for horseback riding on the horses I had is too good to talk about. When I was in my prime, if I had had to start out in some direction and in some way find heaven, and knowed I could do it, I'd have had one of my hands catch out and saddle my horse. And I'd have started out from the front gate on old Grover, old Prince, old Governor, old Bob, old King, old Russell, old Robin, old Blackbird, or old Redbird. Them was, I reckon, my best saddle horses over the forty years or more I completely run things in here.

'Then I'd just have made the horse swim or ford the Little River at every ford. My round might not have ended till I crossed the Big River at Snow's Ferry, Taylor's Ferry, Richardson's Ferry, and Franklin's Ferry. There I'd have talked with the ferrymen and have had a drink of good whiskey or brandy with them from my saddle jug. I'd have lost my mind to the good of it all and have let drop the bad of it all on my horse and at the river. Then I'd have felt like and thought for a little while that I was riding a horse in heaven and fording and ferrying its two rivers. That was always my best relief when I had trouble or got bothered. I'd just get on my horse and head for the river. Then I'd ford it somewhere.'

III

The last Sunday, and post-oak leaves were getting brown and falling, and we drove down the Big River way. It was in the afternoon and warm, and Halma wore a myrtle-colored dress. In the time of the trip we saw the Big River at a place where early in the summer we had seen it with Berta. We saw the homes of numerous woodlanders, and several old deserted home places. At practically all of these house places of the past and the present our eyes were held by myrtle bushes in full bloom. Myrtle bushes we had associated with our summer together, noticing them often on about every trip, whether traveling a main road or a shaded forsaken road.

Once on this trip of the last Sunday we stopped at an old house place and gathered myrtle blooms sparingly. Three old myrtle bushes, two piles of chimney rocks, and an old dug well were left to tell a story of human beings who had lived on that spot. This place, I knew, had been sold to the Steel Corporation — 'to the Company,' as the natives always say. I fixed up a bunch of the pink kind for Halma, and they matched her dress at her breasts almost to exactness. I broke a few of the red kind from the broken smaller bush, and they matched her mouth splendidly. I shall never forget the way she looked with her right-sized slenderness, the lively lavender of her face, neck, and throat, her subtle hands, her dark hair, and her deep, great blue eyes — as she stood on that red chert road and held the flowers in her hands, against her dress, against the rare color of her body.

I had never broken myrtle limbs before. Somehow the human hands of the native woodlander leave these blossoms alone. It was, she said, the first bunch she had, that she remembered, held in her hands. The myrtle bloom is left to its stock much after the fashion that I let turtledoves fly away unharmed. I might, though, kill a turtledove from a gang for Halma and not mind it. In this mood I broke the small flowered limbs that day; in the same way she received them.

At this old home place one of my mother's brothers had, I knew, courted and almost married, in turn, three sisters, three of the famous beauties of the Warrior country for all time, it is said. I talked to Halma of this, and spoke of how my grandfather's famous buggy mares and saddle horses — not the old man's private saddle horse, but the best besides — had been hitched time and again at this place. Afterwards on the main road to Hueytown we passed the present homes of these three girls, all married to native woodlanders and raising normal families. Myrtles bloomed gorgeously in the three front yards of these three women, the slender, dark-haired beauties of a period earlier than mine. When they were at Halma's stage in age my grandfather was still the actual god of a green woods world. And then, as now, a myrtle bush went with old home places.

Not many, if any, courtships have taken place in these river parts without the myrtle being in them ahead of all yard flowers, as the honeysuckle, the dogwood, and the redbud were in them ahead of other wild flowers. The myrtle blooms when all other flowers have finished. When the others play out, there is the pink or red crêpe-like glory of this bush. Almost every girl in the land, four out of five of them dark-haired, has been near a myrtle bush as she gave her heart away to a lover of the green world. One of my grandmothers links the myrtle, along with her old-fashioned lily bushes, with the walnut, and together they signify her home place. The other grandmother holds them in mind with her oaks and her famous old rose bushes, and these growths together mean her home on earth. The mother or the father, or both, of any native of these necks of the woods, these shaded, retired, seemingly deserted necks of the world, may be gone and the home place may have passed into other hands, but the myrtle will not be lacking. The old dug well and the cellar may be filled up, the old fruit trees may have died and disappeared, and even the chimney rocks may have been hauled away, but the myrtle, though perhaps a mere stub fast rooted in the earth, will not be missing. . . .

In the morning I carried Halma to Birmingham, carried her to a college campus where hundreds of young men and women were registering. She enrolled and paid her fees, and would be a senior. I was, some said, helping start my little girl out. She spoke of how I drove to her school at Pleasant Grove for her the last day she taught, of how I was now helping her get started to be, not my school-teacher girl, but my college girl. She had been teaching, attending classes, and doing summer work much of the time since finishing high school at fifteen, — all this at the other Birmingham college, — and now she registered as my college senior.

That day I had a chance to see her among hundreds of other girls. I thought more of her than ever as compared with other girls, and placed her even higher above girls in general than I had done before. A casual glance was enough to cause me to do this. That day I noticed many blondes from the city. I could not then recall a single light-haired native girl of the Warrior country that I had seen or spoken to during the summer. Mabel, my aunt by marriage, was the only one I could place. Halma was changing colleges because this one was on the Hueytown side of the city and very near Fairfield, a suburban city contiguous to Hueytown. She would stay at home and ride to classes with another girl in the other girl's new Ford sedan. . . .

The next day, and poplar leaves were turning yellow, and I cleared the cabin of my things. I left some with Mabel, hauled the chair to my grandfather's house, and carried the other things to Hueytown. I even folded my calendar and did not leave it, for I had things marked down on it, and, too, I would use it in Texas. My sign which said 'Private' would be needed again. I went so far as to write down the number of my Ford license and the engine number, for I was distracted with pain and scringed from what I was having to do. My father did not need the Ford, and it would be sold. I was about to leave the rivers and my grandfather, and Halma, about to leave many good things and turn my being out as to starve during the severe months ahead in a far-away, dead, flat, monotonous country — in the heart of a great city, it is true. What I was about to do was comparable somehow to stripping the two Warriors from their long warped sinks and from between their great bent whelks. And I was forcing desolation up to Halma's mouth and under her feet. The old man's words went through me one by one, and I felt them all for all they were worth.

When I reached home, Aunt Sallie, our nigger washwoman, said she would be ready to wash that girl's dresses for me next summer. She would, too, be just as good as she had been this summer about cleaning my white shirts. Under the oaks and the silver poplar she talked to Berta of her 'baby brother,' though I was the oldest child of our parents. That is what Aunt Sallie called me to Berta or Verda.

That night, as nearly every night at this period, I saw Halma. When I drove from the red oaks and the Spanish oaks, her mother's roosters, and roosters all around, were crowing as they do at midnight and after. Before I left her they had started. When I walked under the oaks and the silver poplar at home my mother's roosters, and others around, were prolonging their midnight crowing. But many nights during the summer it had been that way. . . .

The next day I was sick, sick in bed. Only my mother was at the house with me. Verda was able to start light teaching at the high school at Oak Grove, and Berta was a senior in the Hueytown High School. My brother-in-law was driving my Ford, for he was teaching and coaching at Pleasant Hill High School. Verda was driving their new Ford coupé, and was not yet normal in strength. In a week's time they would be together, probably at Pleasant Hill; if not, at Oak Grove. Halma was attending classes, and she thought that I was at Raymond's and my grandfather's.

From the way I felt, I was afraid that a spell of sickness was upon me. I thought more intently than ever before how much loneliness it would turn from my being's range if I would only marry Halma as my grandfather had advised, and let her be a senior with me in Texas. All that day I felt her hands brushing my hair and her fingers combing it, and I did not know how I could wait until next summer to make her my wife. It would be a long time before the Christmas holidays, and a longer time still until the end of May. Along with this I saw the two Warriors and the earth near them, and felt the presence of my grandfather.

But what, I thought, if a spell of sickness has caught me? That would mean delay in starting out to make my grandfather's old realm my realm. That is what I wanted when I began as Halma's husband. And if the old man only understood my situation, and knew what was in me pawing to get out as his saddle horses used to paw at the stable doors until he had them caught out for a ride to one of his places! But the only thing to do was to write the book in exile and spring it on him. I could, when I wrote my first novel, return and feel better under native trees, in the early or the late cool of the day, everywhere in my realm and all the time, than I had felt before. . . .

I drove my brother-in-law's new Ford coupé and we drove to the Old School House Place and spent a while under the great red oak where we had paused for a long time on our first trip late in May before my cabin was built. Then we drove the Taylor's Ferry road toward the Big River, sidling off on to the old Taylor's Ferry road which took us towards Land's End over the road substantially what it was when the whole realm was owned and run by my grandfather. We did not try to go to the Bluffs this time.

We paused for a long time, sitting in the new coupé, under some old apple trees at an old house place of my grandfather's old domain. In the distance the sunset colors along the Big River line faded into dusk, and presently late dusk took over the great wooded hills and hollows below us along the Little River. Less distinct became the river itself as it took one of its great swings at the notable bend I seemed to be riding into when driving to my cabin. We were almost directly above that bend. A covey of partridges whirred the thick dusk from below the apple trees to the Little River Bluff of Land's End. A whoo owl hollered somewhere near the top of the Big River Bluff of Land's End.

Never had we meant so much to one another before. She told me that she was realizing more and more how great it would be to be my wife when I made the whole Warrior world my world in a special way, as my grandfather had made the world about him his in his way. And she went on to say that I could, with what I had in me, make my grandfather's old realm and its environs my own with all the completeness that the Indian Chief, Tuscaloosa, the great Black Warrior, for whom the river system was named, once made it his. It would be, she said, in a way taking over my grandfather's old territory and making it mine in my peculiar and original way. 'Two very great beings have in their way run things in these parts before you. What a background! What a setting! What a place!

'When I was in English class today,' she went on, 'and listened to a talk on the Wordsworth country, I thought of the great history and beauty of these rivers, of your grandfather, of the Indian Chief, Tuscaloosa, the Black Warrior, and, most of all, of you. I remembered all you had told me about your grandpa and his kingdom, what you had told me of how Tuscaloosa gave De Soto so much trouble and of how his feet touched the ground when he rode a horse, and of the monument to him at Tuscaloosa. But all these things are only points in my thoughts of you. While the professor was talking about Wordsworth and the country he contemplated and walked and made his own, I leaned over my notebook and wrote secret things and close things about you and the Warriors and the earth about them.'

'They have female qualities,' I said. 'A mere look at them is that helpful. I feel all this more intently than the others — that is the first difference. But you go with them. Without you there would have been no realization on my part, I'm afraid. But I don't have to be afraid now as long as we both live. It may be that it all comes from a deep well like Grandpa's or a fine spring like his Old Indian Spring that's in me, whereas with other lovers of the river it is from trickles all around and at times within. Certain it is that the rivers control and steady this, equally certain that in my case you even qualify the rivers.

'When a man once gets them in his being he can never be satisfied if he can't go to them and have something to do with them. Doing this gives a lot of peace. It may be no more than a look; but that look, more than anything outside of the right woman, and, indeed, in with her, and much more than any wrong woman, brings consolation, brings comfort. They, I know, have given more peace and inspiration to many white men than anything else. The Indians simply had a happy hunting and fishing ground near and on these rivers. And my ancestors and yours followed on the heels of the Indians, even closer than on their heels. As for the women in these parts, they have never had any imagery of a heaven without one or both of these rivers flowing right through it. Why, these rivers have been going with every thought of heaven and all the good thoughts of earth of thousands of woodlanders, of my people and of yours. It's necessary that they inform the one and only scene in my imagination.

'Ah, Halma, I'll quit you when the Warriors are stripped from their place and this scene is left uninformed by them. I don't think that will ever be, and I don't think I'll ever be permanently stripped from you.'

'You know what I told you at the ferry up the Little River the other day. I say again that, now that I know you and your love, I would without you be as this place had it never been glorified by the rivers. You must not expect me to equal you at being in with the rivers. No one could, much less a woman. But they suit me, and I'm glad to be mixed up in this affair with you and the rivers.'

It was night, and we took our time driving to Hueytown, for the Ford coupé was new and it would not do to drive it fast. That suited us. . . .

A day passed, and it was Saturday. In two hours I should have to leave for Bessemer and catch the train for New Orleans. Halma wore her finest black dress, and we sat on the davenport. We did not talk much that night. We were too full. She was, I saw, ready to cry at the least thing or at any moment. A few words on the summer just over and others on the one next ahead and the Christmas interlude. She was as beautiful as a girl can be to a lover. There would be two fine home places in Hueytown for us to visit next summer. It would be good to come to see our folks and to go to see my grandparents from our cabin on the Big Bluff.

I walked to the Ford ahead of time to see that all was in order. One of the fronts was flat and I should have to go home on it that way. This was no time to change, and it was not far.

When it was just about time to go, she stood by her library table, slender and beautiful to see. She had been halfway crying before this. Now she leaned her side against the table and cried silently. She could not say a word and had not for half an hour, and I said scarcely any myself. All of the lavender in her face was wet with tears. I kissed her time and again and she did not speak. She combed my hair with her fingers and brushed it back with her hands, and she kissed my lips over and over. The katydids, I told her, would be singing again next summer — singing their song of the two Warriors, and singing it to us.

My father drove me to the station, and another chapter in my life, and Halma's, had opened. And the place of that chapter was a deep hollow full of all the attar of loneliness. There no katydids sang, no rivers flowed, and no birds tended to one another. And there was no smile like the sunup and no face like the sundown, and no touch like the redbird's song and dart made flesh. Nor was there wisdom of earth and its poetry nor the heavenly that touches earth there. There was to the letter all that my grandfather had said there would be.

(*The End*)

PRELUDE

I

Beloved, let us once more praise the rain.
Let us discover some new alphabet,
For this, the often-praised; and be, ourselves,
The rain, the chickweed, and the burdock leaf,
The green-white privet flower, the spotted stone,
And all that welcomes rain; the sparrow, too, —
Who watches with a hard eye, from seclusion
Beneath the elm-tree bough, till rain is done.

II

There is an oriole who, upside down,
Hangs at his nest, and flicks an orange wing, —
Under a tree as dead and still as lead;
There is a single leaf, in all this heaven
Of leaves, which rain has loosened from its twig:
The stem breaks, and it falls, but it is caught
Upon a sister leaf, and thus she hangs;
There is an acorn cup, beside a mushroom,
Which catches three drops from the stooping cloud.

III

The timid bee goes back to hive; the fly
Under the broad leaf of the hollyhock
Perpends stupid with cold; the rain-dark snail
Surveys the wet world from a watery stone . . .
And still the syllables of water whisper:
The wheel of cloud whirs slowly: while we wait
In the dark room; and in your heart I find
One silver raindrop, — on a hawthorn leaf, —
Orion in a cobweb, and the World.

Conrad Aiken

A KNIFE FOR HER HUSBAND

BY ERNEST POOLE

In the harbor of New York, on a dark still October night, a police boat down on Erie Basin, prowling silently along through the shadows close to the wharves, suddenly threw its searchlight on a black speck out on the bay, a dory moving toward the shore. The speck slipped off into the dark, but in a moment was caught again by that long glaring arm of the law. In the chase that followed, two dark little figures were seen to dive overboard; and they must have swum ashore, for when the police came up to the boat they found only an old Italian woman with a shawl around her head. On closer view, she looked not so old. A sturdy figure, neatly dressed, with a small valise at her side, all alone out on the harbor, sitting motionless in the boat, bewildered but quite unafraid, she looked up at her inquisitors with stolidly indignant eyes — obviously respectable eyes.

What under the stars was she doing out there? An alien, being smuggled ashore? She could speak no English and answered all their questions in a deep-throated Italian which they could not understand. They took her aboard and searched her bag. Only clothes — and a small gleaming knife. Then they took her to Ellis Island, and an interpreter next day found that she had no passport, no quota number, and no ticket, nor could she give the name of the boat on which she had come from Italy. In due time she was brought up before a board of inquiry.

'Where did you come from?'

'Italy. I am a Roman,' she replied.

'What did you come to America for?'

'I have come with a knife for my husband,' she said. Her surprised examiners looked at her with interest. Such an obviously respectable dame, she faced them with unflinching eyes; and, when asked why she wanted to knife her husband, she answered in her deep, low voice: 'Because he promised to come home — and I have waited nineteen years for him to grow tired of New York.'

In response to further questioning, her answers at first were calmly brief. But her judges were keenly curious now, and the interpreter sympathetic, and their efforts soon brought out the story of her marriage over twenty years ago, and of the first years with her husband, up in the hills not far from Rome. They had a little vineyard there.

'He also was a Roman,' she said. 'He was not quite so tall as I, but such a man as a woman can love — with black mustachios, very strong, a smile that flashed, eyes very gay. I loved him. I wished to give him sons — but only a girl *bambino* came. Still, there was plenty of time, I thought, for we had been married only two years. So we were happy, working hard from the first daylight until dark. We needed money to pay for our vineyard. For what is life worth, I ask you, if you do not own your soil? So we worked hard upon our vines, fine old ones, and we made good wine and sold it — and in ten years more we should have been able to pay for our land.

'But then the people in our village began talking of New York. One had gone there and come back with plenty of money. And he talked. He talked so loud that many listened. Some went with him. Others followed. They came home, they also talked; and now my husband lost his senses and thought only of New York. While we worked, while we loved, he talked of New York and he said we must go. And I grew angry with him then. Should I take my small bambino to some cold and crowded city where all winter snow and ice lay upon the dirty streets — a place I knew nothing about at all? For this should I leave the sunshine and the vineyard which I loved? No, I answered! But in spite of all my talking, all my praying, and the candles that I burned before the Blessed Mother of Christ, my husband went away without me!

'"In a year I will come back," he said, "with the money we need to pay for our land."

'But a year went by and he wrote to me, "Come." He was working in a café in New York, where the life was fine and gay, he said. There people danced and drank and feasted all the nights of the year, he declared. But how can such people grow hungry for feasting, when they do nothing all day long, or do only such work as cities provide, in dark little rooms shut in from the sun? And what do such people know about wine? Have they made it? Have they pruned the vines, picked the grapes and treaded them down? I ask you, what do they know? To drink a little wine is good, but to drink it in abundance makes one good for nothing at all! And so it is with dancing, too. A man who dances every night is good for nothing else in life — like a Neapolitan!

'We did dance when we were young, but only on festival nights, fifteen or twenty times in a year. We danced all night until the sun came, and had strength for loving still! But now alone I did not dance, and I lay alone at night, so angry that I could not sleep — angry with my husband and still more angry with New York! I took his letter to the priest and asked him to write my reply.

'"No," I said, "I will not come. For I detest all cities and I detest all snow and ice. I want our bambino to stay in the sunshine, to work in the vineyard and grow strong. Bring back your American money now, and with what you have already sent we shall be able to pay for our land. Come home and I will give you sons!"

'He wrote again to me. He, too, was angry. He sent more money and told me to buy a ticket and come at once. For I must obey him — I was his wife. But I took his letter to the church and prayed to the Blessed Lady there: "Must a wife still obey a man who has so lost his senses that he loves such a place as New York?" And the Blessed Mother answered: "No, my daughter. Men are sometimes only children. We must manage them for the good of their souls and their bodies."

'So once more I went to the priest, and sent to my husband this reply: "Come home," I said, "and we shall see. A letter is worthless. We must talk. I shall ask you many questions about this fine New York of yours and talk it over sensibly. And then who knows? Perhaps I shall come." But he answered: "I know you. If I come home, you will not be sensible, but only try to keep me there. You will not let me sleep at night, for you will talk the whole night through. Here is more money. Come to New York. Better than ever I like it here. I have a fine job in this café."

'He was waiting on tables — he, a Roman!

'"It is no work for a man like you," I replied to him. "Two years are gone. So much of our lives and our loving is lost, and I am tired of living alone. There are lovers that come, but I send them away. Come home and I will give you sons!"

'And to show him that I was still young and such a wife as a man could love, I sent him in that letter a picture of myself and our child. But he wrote to me: "Leave those clothes behind you! People would laugh at such clothes in New York!"

'Then I became so justly angry, both with my husband and with New York, that the priest refused to write in a letter the words that poured from my lips that day, like lava from Vesuvius. So I went to the Blessed Lady and prayed. And she seemed to say to me: "Oh, what a man! Leave him alone to come to his senses — for then he will soon hunger and thirst for Italy and detest New York!"

'So I waited. Soon he wrote again, but I answered still that I would not come. Three years passed. Then came the war. But New York had so weakened the soul of this man that he, a Roman, would not fight! And when it was over, this shameless one made of it an added reason why he could not return to his wife. For he wrote to me: "Now I cannot come home, for Mussolini, that fiery one, would put me in prison as a deserter, because I did not fight in the war."

'That was more than ten years ago; but though I have written many times, all he has done is to send me money. A year would pass without any reply. In all this time I worked in our vineyard from before daylight until night. I grew older, the blood ran less warm in my veins, and now I could sleep well at night. I paid all the money we owed for our land and added to our little house another room and a verandah, which in the spring is covered with roses. I planted, too, some olive trees and others for lemons and oranges. My little daughter worked at my side; she grew tall and beautiful and strong, and she worked well and long each day. But still it was hard without a man, and I sorrowed because I had no sons. And she went to dance on festival nights, just as I had done in my youth. And I felt how all my youth was gone.

'Last year she married a fine young man, but not even to celebrate this event would her unworthy father come home. He sent only a little money for the marriage portion of his child; and though, since she left, I have lived alone, he no longer even tries to make me come to him in New York. Shall I tell you why? Because he works now in a café managed by Neapolitans! If you would know what I mean by that, ask any Roman and see him smile! For we know those men and girls of Naples who dance and sing the whole night long — the good-for-nothing shameless ones — young wantons with their slender hips! And for them I have been robbed of my sons!

'So I wrote him once more: "I am growing old. Our daughter is gone. I need help in our vineyard." And when he did not even reply, I made up my mind to come to New York and find this sinful husband and end his utterly shameless life, unless he consented to come home! So on a train I went to Naples, and there, to a man in a little bank, I gave nearly all the money I had, for a ticket both to go and to come back, and also for my passport. But in place of providing me with these things he took me at night out to a ship and left me there in a dark little place surrounded by casks of olive oil and bags of onions — a stowaway! Me, a respectable woman, who owned her land and had paid a large price to come as a passenger to New York! He gave money to a cook on the ship to hide me and feed me with some terrible food. And when we arrived they tried to take me ashore in the night — like a Neapolitan beggar or thief!'

She finished her little narrative with an angry gleam in her eyes. She had with her the address of her husband. This was given to a society which aids stranded travelers; but when one of its agents went to the place she found that it was a night club and he had left nearly a year before. In the next few weeks the agent patiently traced him from place to place, and found him at last in a humble but genial little Italian café down town. And though he was greatly perturbed at first by the news that his wife had arrived, after a good deal of argument he agreed to go out to Ellis Island. The agent went with him and found his wife up in the women's detention room, standing at a barred window staring across the bay at New York. It looked very cold that afternoon, with the first gray clouds of winter sweeping over the tall buildings.

'Your husband is here,' the agent said.

With a quick turn of her powerful head, the woman from Italy silently listened to the account of how he had been found. Then she followed the agent to a room divided in the centre by a heavy grating of steel, and in silence looking through she saw, in the place of her lover of long ago, a seedy, jaunty little old man, nearly bald and with few teeth left in his head — a man grown old before his time, the result of nineteen years of life in the night clubs of New York. Nervous and embarrassed before that steady motionless gaze, the little man valiantly did his best and in voluble Italian began pouring out the reasons why he had never come back home. He told of the wonders of New York. If she had only obeyed him and come, what a life they might have had! And all this time, without a word, his wife, erect and powerful, stood watching him. At last she spoke.

'What a Roman!' she said, in her deep low voice. Then she turned and went slowly out of the room, and to the agent later she said: 'I do not want him any more. He is of no use to my vineyard now.'

She turned to the window and fixed a long bitter look on New York, across the cold and wintry bay. 'It is just what I thought it was,' she said, 'and I am tired of waiting here.' She glanced down at her strong brown hands. 'I am still strong and I have a good life. I wish only to go home to the sunshine. My daughter will have a bambino soon. I shall burn many candles in the church and pray to the Blessed Lady to let the little one be a son.'

The next week she sailed for Italy.

A CURE FOR DOCTORS' BILLS

BY EVANS CLARK

I

Uncounted numbers of men and women in the United States are suffering from the present chaos in medical service. And not only the layman faces difficulties and problems; physicians — all but the most successful few — suffer from the same causes. Let it be understood at the start that no complaint is here brought against medical science or those that practise medicine. The medical profession deserves a tribute of respect, not only for scientific discovery, but for its application to the relief of human misery.

It is not the science of medicine from which we suffer, but rather a seriously faulty organization of medical service. Our complaint is against the system, or the lack of it, by which we are served with medical care. The organization of medicine is as far in the rear of progress as its technique is in the van.

Let us put the case in personal terms. The story is simple and easily told; it can be repeated by the hundred in every community. No doubt, if the intimate facts about all his patients were known, every doctor would find more than one example of it in his own practice. Let us assume that a typical victim speaks his mind openly:—

'I am insured against almost every contingency of modern life except the one most likely to occur. As a matter of fact that crisis has already occurred, twice, and I am no better equipped to meet it again than I was before it first happened. I lie awake at night pondering how to get out of the trouble I have already stumbled into, and I worry even more about the trouble that may be lurking just around the corner.

'I find peace of mind in knowing that if someone runs into my car and tears a fender off I can stand the expense. My insurance company will pay the bill. The same thing is true of fire. If my house burns down I am guaranteed the funds with which to rebuild. If I should come to die I should have the satisfaction of knowing that my life insurance policies will at least keep the family from the poorhouse.

'But if I or any member of my family should have another serious illness I doubt if I could ever be rid of the debts with which my life would be burdened. I cannot understand why society has not devised some method by which I and millions like me may be assured in advance that we can meet the costs of illness. After all, I am more likely to be sick than to suffer by fire or be robbed or lose my life. Why can I not be protected where protection is most likely to be needed?

'I should not speak with such feeling were I not faced with doctors' bills amounting to $3000 which I must meet out of a yearly salary of $9000, almost all of which is needed to meet the ordinary running expenses of the family. One of my children had a mastoid operation recently after a long spell of scarlet fever, and as a result of the strain my wife developed an ulcer of the stomach which required much nursing and hospital care. Before that there had been no major illness in the family for ten years. Most of my savings had been used to pay for our house. And now, in less than a year, what little money I had accumulated is gone and I am seriously in debt.

'Where can I find financial protection against future illness? I have taken out sickness insurance for myself, but at best that only affords partial protection. Policies are not issued to children, and for women they require almost prohibitive premiums. Even the policy I now hold guarantees only one half of my salary during incapacitation.

'One thing I am sure of: This question must be answered by someone. Too many people are asking it to be denied for long. If the doctors fail to find an answer themselves, someone else — or the government — will.'

Vary the income figures anywhere between $5000 and $25,000, change the doctor's charges in somewhat corresponding ratio from $500 to $5000, and shuffle the names of the diseases or accidents from which the complainant suffers, and you have the history of thousands of families of moderate means. I know I speak for a large majority of them when I say that we should much prefer that the doctors themselves undertake the solution of the problem. We doubt our own ability to do it, and most of us share the American prejudice against state socialism in any form — including state medicine. But in spite of these reservations, we, as parties of the second part to every doctor's treatment, claim the privilege of offering our advice.

II

Some of us who have observed recent developments of organization both within and without the medical profession are impressed with the possibility of piecing together into a unified programme of medical service methods which have been used with conspicuous success in several fields of modern life. The three essentials of such a programme are (1) group practice, (2) periodic medical examinations, and (3) the insurance principle of dividing the risks into charges that are fixed and regularly paid. We suggest what might be called 'medical guilds' as a possible combination of these three in a workable whole.

'Group practice,' as it is called, has recently made impressive progress. Especially in the Middle West, groups of doctors have combined to offer more or less complete medical service, and many of these groups have achieved conspicuous success, both therapeutic and financial.

The Mayo brothers' clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, is perhaps the most widely known of these group-practice units. The two famous surgeons have brought together an association of doctors who together are capable of treating all the major types of illness, and who are provided with ample facilities. Patients at the Mayo Clinic have the services of a wide range of specialists who unite in the treatment of each individual case. Each patient is the patient of the entire clinic, although he may need the services of only two or three of its staff.

According to a recent survey of group practice by C. Rufus Rorem, there are about sixty such groups now operating in the United States, each generally composed of ten to twenty physicians. Most of them are found in states west of the Mississippi, while Minnesota and Texas are credited with more than any other states. The structure and origins of the groups differ, but usually their aim is common: a single service to the patient and a joint income to the participating physicians, with consequent reduction in overhead costs. In a Southern city a well-known surgeon formed a group of associated doctors because he saw the advantage of utilizing specialists in his diagnosis before operating. In a Western city an obstetrician joined forces with a general practitioner, a gynecologist, and a nose and throat specialist, who together pooled their resources. A surgeon and several others were later incorporated in the group and a hospital was built. In another town of 30,000, sixteen doctors with their personal funds and some commercial borrowing put up a building with equipment costing $200,000 and now operate as a unit.

In some cases the associated doctors employ on salary other physicians, not formally members of the group, to supplement the services offered. Income may not be divided equally among the members, but in any case the proportion is naturally determined in advance. Often a business manager is employed to supervise, under the direction of the members, purchasing, bookkeeping and billing, collections, credit investigation, and the maintenance of the physical property. Sometimes the manager is a physician, but usually a layman with outstanding business experience and executive ability.

It is not hard to see why group practice is meeting a definite demand. Thoughtful people in general as well as unlucky patients have been distressed by some of the effects of specialization. It is a too frequent experience for a man in sickness to be sent wearily from one doctor to another for various ills the treatment of which is now highly specialized. We visit the dentist to-day, we went to the nose and throat doctor yesterday, and to-morrow we go to the specialist in gastric disorders. The dentist advises X-rays which must be taken at an office down town, the throat doctor prescribed a complicated spraying apparatus sold by a druggist on the East Side, and the stomach specialist will undoubtedly advise tests at a West Side hospital. In each case, our history and that of our families will be recorded in great detail by each doctor concerned, to be filed by three different systems in three different places — not to mention the records of the family physician who treats us for less specialized ills such as measles and pneumonia.

We have often yearned for the old family doctor who could do the whole job himself; but we know well that division of labor was as necessary in medicine as in the making of shoes or automobiles. We begin to see in well-rounded group-practice units, however, the possibility of a return of the old family doctor in a new and coöperative form. We should like our family doctor to be the general diagnostician and directing head of such a group. We should feel a comfortable sense of security in the knowledge that no matter what ills befell our families we could find expert care through such a multiple extension of his personality and skill, and at a minimum of effort on our part.

It is natural to suppose that the doctors who form these groups find a great advantage in the closeness of professional contacts that is brought about. Certainly consultations must be facilitated, and it must be no small advantage that the records of each case are accessible to all at the push of a button.

But on the economic side the advantages of group practice are even more obvious — for doctor and patient alike. Through the joint ownership of plant, equipment, and clerical forces, great savings are made in operating costs, which can be shared by the patients in reduced fees. Dr. Rorem's studies show that patients of doctors united in association pay less than 40 per cent of the amount they would have paid to independent practitioners for the same services. When the group owns its X-ray and analytical laboratories, its examination and operating rooms, its hospital facilities and its record files, the expense to each doctor is greatly reduced. At the same time, the efficiency of each of these subsidiary services is increased through direct control by the doctors who use them.

III

The second item of the medical programme we are proposing is the periodic medical examination. No doctor will deny the value of a thorough physical examination at least once a year for every man and woman. Like fire, many diseases are controllable in direct ratio to the time at which they are discovered. It is astonishing that so many people neglect to give their own bodies the kind of watchful inspection to which they subject their automobiles. It is obvious that the regular physical examination would be made much easier, and the whole cause of preventive medicine advanced, if doctors were associated in groups, each equipped with its comprehensive records and plant.

The third item has more directly to do with the cost of medical service to the patient. Why the principle of insurance has not long since been generally applied to medical care is a mystery to those laymen who have stopped to consider it. The essence of insurance is coöperative protection through small regular premium payments by a group sufficiently large so that the sum total of contributions is enough to cover the future losses of any one member. Perhaps none of us will ever suffer loss by fire or run down a pedestrian, but we are willing to drop enough money into a common insurance box every year to relieve ourselves of the necessity of meeting such a crisis with a lump-sum payment. Only in this way can we budget life — can we discount the future in terms of our present resources.

Insurance against the expenses of illness is no more difficult of application in principle than insurance against fire or burglary or flood or earthquake. Every form of insurance rests upon future expectancies reduced to a mathematical formula on the basis of past experience. Were accurate records available of the amount of medical care required per person per year by a large enough segment of human experience, it would be possible to calculate the size of the insurance pool necessary to pay for such care in the future.

A straightforward mathematical process would then reduce this amount to the dollars and cents which each individual would have to contribute each year to make up such a sum. As in the case of fire or burglary insurance, this amount would be far less than the individual would have to pay to foot the bill of a sudden illness — would be small enough, indeed, to be easily encompassed in a modest family budget.

Group practice, periodic examinations, and insurance — each is a valuable contribution to the cause of health. A whole, however, is often of greater value than the sum of all its parts. So would an institution be that fused these three elements into a complete service to the public. The medical guild which we propose would combine the efficiencies and economies gained by organizing doctors in well-staffed groups with a coöperative sharing of the costs of illness by patients and with the advantages of regular medical examinations.

Let us set down more in detail the specifications for such a guild. Its owners would be a group of doctors —

or of laymen, if the doctors do not see its possibilities. Perhaps a judicious mixture of both would produce the best results; possibly the most fruitful arrangement would be a group composed two thirds of doctors and one third of experienced business executives, with perhaps an economist or two. Or an existing institution might be converted into a guild, a medical centre or school or hospital, a pay clinic, or an already established group-practice organization.

But to be a guild the group would have to offer a representative selection of specialized professional services at fixed annual fees. Whether these services are rendered by the members or owners of the guild, or by a professional staff employed by them, is a relatively unimportant detail. Each guild would, of necessity, have two or more general diagnosticians. These doctors would form the keystone of the arch, for they would be in closest contact with the lay public, and through them cases would be referred to the specialists of the guild as their services were required. Upon the personality and professional standing of the diagnosticians would the success of the guild largely depend.

The rest of the professional staff would comprise at least one specialist in every major field of practice. In some, such as dentistry and oral surgery, the prevalence of defects would probably require two or more. The roster might include, for example, the following: four general diagnosticians, three dentists, two gynecologists, two pediatricians, two oculists, two nose and throat specialists, two psychiatrists, and one specialist each in diseases of the heart, lungs, digestive tract, bones, with possibly other fields represented.

The guild would own or rent a building to house the offices of all the professional staff. In it would be included the necessary auxiliary equipment of X-ray and other laboratories, also a hospital with a complete equipment of operating rooms and offices for the administrative and nursing staff.

The owners of the guild would employ the non-professional force, from the administrative head to the orderlies and cleaning women. Purely business matters — the purchase of supplies, the keeping of accounts and records, the management and care of the building — would be in the hands of an administrator of wide experience. They would be conducted on principles of scientific management and modern business efficiency.

Membership in the guild would be open to the general public on condition that each member agree on behalf of himself and his family to submit to a thorough physical examination at least once in every year. The guild would guarantee to provide medical care and hospital service when necessary for its members and their families for the period covered by the dues — preferably a year. As in the case of insurance premiums, the dues would have to be paid whether services were actually rendered or not, and preferably in advance.

What the dues of such a guild would be and how they might vary is an interesting speculation. Its managers would be faced at the start with several problems. Should a rate be charged for each individual covered by the service or should there be a family rate regardless of the size of the family? Should the rate be graduated according to risks in each individual case or should a flat rate be established no matter what the age and physical condition of the member? But these are all questions of policy and not of principle. Dues would necessarily have to be set at a figure sufficient to pay the costs of operation of the guild, including salaries, and to amortize the loans by which it was financed. And these costs in turn could only be determined by a thorough actuarial study of sickness and by the number of members which the guild could enroll.

It is obvious that a certain amount of flexibility of operation should be allowed. For example, the lay members should have a free choice of physicians. If they should want to call in some doctor outside the guild staff or go to some other hospital they should obviously be free to do so — at their own expense. Some flexibility might also be allowed to the professional staff in serving patients other than members — provided, of course, that such outside practice did not interfere with their obligations to the guild.

IV

While it is impossible to state just what the annual dues would be, it is certain that they would be very much lower than doctors' bills for any serious illness under present conditions. Four factors would operate to this end.

First, each member would, in effect, be paying his doctors' bills by the installment plan. Instead of being presented with a bill of $1500 in one year, he would pay, let us say, $150 a year for ten years.

Second, it would cost less for each doctor to operate as part of a medical guild than if he were practising as an individual, because of the division of the overhead. By the same token, it would cost less for the whole or any part of the guild to function than it would for all the doctors or any portion of them were they practising separately. Hence the guild could charge less for its services.

Third, the periodical medical examinations should effect a marked reduction in the amount of illness of those who would belong to the guild. It is a fair guess that the hours of medical service for guild members would be from 10 to 20 per cent less than for non-members who do not submit themselves to regular examination. In such diseases as tuberculosis and cancer, especially, the cost of cure is reduced by early discovery and treatment.

Fourth, the medical profession would be placed under new and powerful motives to keep people well. Each member of the guild would pay his dues whether in good health or bad, and the guild doctor's income would remain the same. The better the member's health, therefore, the greater the doctor's income per hour of service rendered.

It is amazing that in a profession in which the interests of the practitioner and the public seem, superficially at least, exactly opposite, so little suspicion exists that the doctor acts for his own interest rather than the patient's. Disease is the doctor's means of livelihood, yet he is always laboring to put it out of existence. This would remain true if the medical profession were organized in guilds, but the doctors would also feel new motives to encourage and practise preventive medicine, and would be in a better position to promote it.

It is to be presumed that the guild doctor, recognizing the advantage of good health among his patients, will exert himself to promote a positive health programme among them. He would naturally be more interested than the private practitioner in the correction of dangerous ways of living before they lead to actual ill health. Many preventive measures beside regular examinations would be included in the programme of a medical guild: vaccination against smallpox, immunization against diphtheria and other diseases, as well as instruction about diet, exercise, ventilation, and sanitation in the home. In other words, the guild doctor would carry on a well-organized offensive against disease and ill health rather than find himself always on the defense after their attack is well under way.

It is not at all beyond reason to suppose that the annual dues of a member of a well-run medical guild would be less than 10 per cent of the cost of any major illness in the present medical chaos. Recent studies by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company show that families of workingmen spend on an average $140 a year for medical care. A six months' study of 3000 families, including 17,000 individuals, showed that while 6 per cent reported no expenditure, a large share of the outlay fell on a small proportion of the families. Two thirds of the total was spent by one fifth of the families. One per cent spent $1000 or more for the year covered.

In applying this sample of human experience to the problem of guild rates, two reservations should be noted. First, the people concerned were wage workers, not salaried and professional folk, and hence probably demanded less in the way of comfort and attention than would middle-class members of a guild. Also, they probably did not call in the doctor at all unless it was absolutely necessary.

The figure of $140, therefore, is probably lower than the annual premium which would be required to meet the needs of the salaried and professional class.

But, even assuming that the average cost of medical care to the middle-class family is as high as $200 a year, a guild could probably guarantee complete medical and hospital services for $150 for each family or from $30 to $50 for each person.

There is every reason to believe that the general public would see the advantages of such an organization as the proposed medical guild. Who would not prefer to spend even $150 each year rather than to be faced suddenly with a bill of $1500 to $3000 for a major illness in his family? Who would not prefer to be regularly examined and advised by his doctor as part of a general service for a limited annual fee rather than to be treated only when sickness occurs and at unpredictable expense?

V

As a layman, I have stressed the advantages of the medical guild to the public. But consider now the advantages to the doctors themselves.

What is their greatest source of financial anxiety? I wager that nine out of ten will say: 'Uncertainty of income.' Not to know in advance how many patients he will have next year is undoubtedly the doctor's nightmare. What is the least agreeable part of their dealings with their patients? I wager most of them will reply: 'Adjusting my fees to my guess at the size of their incomes.' Charging 'what the traffic will bear' has long since become both immoral and foolish in the world of commerce and trade, yet the practice survives in medicine to plague both doctors and patients.

Imagine a grocer who charged his wealthy customers two dollars a box for a breakfast food, gave it away to the poor, and asked anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar of his white-collar customers according to his estimate of what they might be earning at the time. The rich customer would feel imposed upon; the poor would dislike being objects of charity — especially if their receiving a free box of cereal gave the grocer a right to expose their family finances to students of economics; and the middle class would always be in a state of dissatisfaction — either bent upon deceiving the grocer or suspecting that they were being mulcted. The fact that a more intimate and professional relationship exists between doctor and patient does not excuse the continuance of the present unethical and irritating system of fees.

The medical-guild plan offers the practical possibility of bringing the 'fixed price' principle into medicine. While some people will always have to be given medical care, as they are given food and lodging, by charity and public institutions, all but those on the poverty line could afford to pay dues to a medical guild — especially if the dues were graded in accordance with the degree of extra comforts provided to its members. The guild doctor would never have to concern himself with the income of his patients.

Nor would the guild doctor ever have to worry about the amount of his own income next year. It would be fixed and guaranteed in advance — by the dues already in the treasury. Probably the question of staff compensation could best be solved by a fixed-minimum-income plan, perhaps providing also for a division of profits should any accrue. It goes almost without saying that the cost of operation should include payment of an income that is adequate and substantially in advance of prevailing levels in private practice. The economies of operation should allow this — and still permit lower charges to the public.

Another advantage to the doctor might be noted, even though it is comparatively unimportant: more effective office administration. The doctor who practises as an individual has always the bother of running his own books, of billing and collecting, or of hiring someone to do his paper work and then keeping constant check on the purely clerical aspect of his business. He is also bothered with case records and their proper filing. In a medical guild all these matters would be done for him, and by people probably far better qualified than he.

Finally, it becomes increasingly apparent as the months go by that the guild plan would have an advantage for the medical profession as a whole. Never has there been such acute public dissatisfaction with the organization of medical service. The high costs of medical care are not only the subject of countless articles in the public prints, but are even being discussed in the inner circles of the profession. The whole problem is under a five-year survey by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care headed by the Secretary of the Interior, Dr. Wilbur, and composed of doctors, economists, and publicists.

The medical profession itself has now seen the writing on the wall. Something must be done. In Europe the drift is toward state medicine. In this country, too, there is a definite set of opinion in that direction. At the annual meeting of the American Medical Association held in Detroit in June, the retiring president of the association told the house of delegates that socialization of medicine, along lines now suggested in England, was inevitable, unless the American physicians themselves established medical centres to enable the poor and the 'white-collar classes' to cope with the mounting cost of living.

'Medicine,' he said, 'is being besieged on every side by forces that are constantly growing stronger and stronger, and unless some defensive effort is made to break the siege, the profession must eventually capitulate, become socialized, and become employees of the State.'

Most American doctors look upon

any such solution with dismay. The medical journals are full of protestations against the threatened loss of the doctor's professional independence. State medicine is their special *bête noire.* Industrial medicine is another. This danger was discussed at the annual meeting of the New Jersey Medical Society, also held in June, and the assembled physicians were called upon to resist absorption by the 'industrial machine.' The *New York Medical Week,* official organ of the New York County Medical Society, echoes the same fears and pleads for 'independence.' 'The hireling of a corporation retains his place only at the pleasure and secondarily to the financial interests of his employers.'

The final argument for the medical guild is professional independence. The medical guild avoids control of the profession by either the State or the 'industrial machine.' It makes possible a desirable reduction in the cost of medical care to the public — and under more efficient management than the State, at least, is likely to offer. And to the doctors it offers the ultimate advantage of continued control of their own destiny and the destiny of their profession.

THE CHICAGO COMPLEX

BY HERBERT D. SIMPSON

Chicago occupies more newspaper and magazine space to-day than any other city in the world. But unfortunately this generous publicity only reënforces the old maxim, 'Happy the people whose history is least interesting to read,' for much of the publicity about Chicago is hostile, critical, or sensational; much of it has to do with gangs, 'rackets,' and 'racketeers.' And yet, when a writer in a recent number of *Harper's* undertakes to chronicle the number and varied activities of Chicago's rackets, he omits what is probably the greatest of them all — the tax racket.

It has fallen to the writer to disclose some of the facts in regard to this racket, which, during the past year, has brought Chicago to the brink of receivership. In fact, it has required two special sessions of the Illinois Legislature and the heroic effort of a Citizens' Committee headed by Silas Strawn, including the raising of $74,000,000 by private subscription, to save the city from outright bankruptcy.

These untoward developments have focused an unfortunate amount of attention upon the tax system in Chicago and upon the facts disclosed with regard to its modes of operation. About the facts themselves there is no longer the shadow of a doubt. They are being presented at this moment in the Federal Court in Chicago; and altogether they present an exceedingly sombre picture of the finances and government of a great city. Those business and social leaders who attempt to dispose of them by calling them 'growing pains,' attributable to the youth and newness of the city, to its frankness in displaying its own shortcomings, and so forth, or who attempt to offset these sinister conditions by pointing merely to the phenomenal physical growth of the city, are, like the proverbial ostrich, displaying more of their tailfeathers than their heads. Indeed, it is largely because so many of the city's business leaders have retreated to this unseemly position that the city is governed so often by its tailfeathers rather than by its head.

But it should be said, likewise, that these conditions are not entirely peculiar to Chicago. They have existed in other cities in times past; most of the ingredients of the Chicago situation exist now in greater or less degree in other cities of the United States and nurture the possibilities of developing into a similar situation at any time. To those, therefore, who still believe in the potentialities of democratic government, the situation in Chicago is not a subject merely for denunciation or cynicism, but one for serious examination.

Needless to say, no serious student of political history will anticipate that this situation can be explained by any single 'cause.' The problem cannot be dismissed with a reference to 'corrupt government,' 'ignorant voters,' or any such simple explanation. Widespread conditions such as these are generally the result of a variety of forces, and the situation in Chicago is made up of ingredients common to most municipal communities in the United States but concentrated here with unusual intensity.

I

In the first place, Chicago finds itself imbedded in a legal structure most of which, like the Ark, was constructed many years ago, for special purposes. Some of these purposes were legitimate, and some were not; but they all rode the Ark till it stranded in the summer of 1928. Three elements of this legal heritage particularly affect the tax system.

The first is the great variety of independent and overlapping jurisdictions that have been created within Chicago and Cook County, including the city 'corporate,' the Board of Education, the County Board, the Sanitary District, and a confusing variety of park boards, 'towns,' villages, school districts, mosquito districts, and other special jurisdictions. Many of these jurisdictions have been created merely for the purpose of inflating the borrowing power or of transferring valuable patronage from the city to the governor or other jurisdiction. This governmental confusion does not directly affect the tax administration, since the unit of assessment is the county. But it has disastrous effects upon governmental expenditure; it fosters the growth of inefficient and corrupt administration; and it is a powerful influence in putting unscrupulous groups in control of the various local governments, who are thus enabled to extend their control over the assessment administration.

The second legal element is the uniformity clause of the Constitution, which, in addition to other ills this clause is heir to, has contributed directly to the existing situation by requiring the assessment and taxation of personal property upon the same basis as real property. In the case of most forms of intangible property and of many other kinds of personal property, this is utterly impossible, and no pretense is made of assessing such property with any approach to generality. Nevertheless the power to assess it is lodged with assessing officials and places in their hands almost unlimited autocratic power for the promotion of personal and political ends.

With real estate assessments down to a level of 35 per cent of actual value, the tax rates in Illinois have risen until they now range from 4 to 6 per cent. In Chicago they average closely around 5 per cent. What greater control over a competitive situation could any monopoly wish than to have the power to exempt the capital and investments of one group entirely from taxation and to impose a tax of 5 per cent on another? A 10 per cent tax wiped out the issue of bank notes by the state banks; a 5 per cent tax would probably have been sufficient; and that is about the tax rate that assessing bodies, under the present personal property tax, now have the practical option of levying or not levying upon capital stock and intangible property. The authority thus conferred increases enormously the autocratic powers possessed by assessing officials, makes the control of these offices the object of greater effort on the part of political organizations, and thereby contributes very materially to the conditions existing in Chicago.

But the legal element that has contributed most decisively to the present situation is the system of assessment administration, created by legislation of dubious parentage in 1898. Much superfluous moralizing may be avoided by recognizing that to a large extent the conditions disclosed in Chicago are only the logical result of an utterly impractical system of administration. This system embraces thirty local assessors, a Board of Assessors composed of five members, and a Board of Review composed of three members. These officials are all elective, possessed of overlapping powers, virtually independent of each other, and numerous enough to pass the blame for anything that occurs back and forth among themselves indefinitely. It is a system characterized by absence of scientific method, duplication of function, diffusion of responsibility, and secrecy of operation.

We may summarize the essential legal 'ingredients' in the situation, then, by saying that Chicago finds itself at the moment enmeshed in a system of decentralized, overlapping, conflicting municipal governments, which have been set up at various times since 1837; imbedded in a constitutional mandate, enacted in 1818, when Chicago's sky line was nothing but a horizon on the prairie, which injects into the tax system all of the vicious elements associated with the present personal property tax; and subjected to an assessment administration, established in 1898, which specifically fosters inefficiency and irresponsibility.

II

This governmental structure has come down from the past; but one of the chief obstacles to its alteration and improvement lies in the political conditions that have prevailed in recent years. The level of politics and government, like other things, rises and falls over long periods of time. It would not be difficult, for example, to plot a 'curve' of our national government over the past century and a half, with its long upward swings and downward dips, and with pretty general agreement at least as to the location of its 'peaks' and 'bottoms.'

In Illinois and Chicago the curves of both state and municipal government have sunk in recent years to the lowest levels since the Civil War, if not for a longer period. The scandals connected with recent state and city administrations, the record of the Sanitary District, the buffoonery associated with the Board of Education, the indictment of judges, the conviction and penal sentence of public officials, and the whole crime wave are only the more notorious episodes of the current status. They will not be discussed here; suffice it to say that under such conditions it would be a miracle if any system of taxation produced results greatly different from those that have been shown to exist.

No such miracle has occurred. On the contrary, we find, as we should expect, that the tax system has become the mere adjunct of whatever political organization is in power. Indeed, the most disheartening thing about it is not so much the fact itself but the frankness with which the fact is avowed by political representatives. Precinct captains and ward committeemen openly boast of their ability to 'take care' of their constituents; and in general the representatives of political organizations throughout the city appear to take it as a matter of course that a part of their regular duties consists in making the necessary adjustments in the assessment of property.

The result is that, in addition to a regularly constituted board of assessors and board of review, Chicago has an extra-constitutional, *ex officio* board of revision, consisting of the representatives of party organizations throughout the city, who are engaged every day of the year, without regard to constitutional requirements or quadrennial limitations, in the business of revising assessments to suit the exigencies of party organization. But the most sinister consequence of it all is not so much the baneful character of the political organizations in control of the government as the fact that these organizations are built to a considerable extent upon the present tax system, derive their revenues and resources therefrom, and are therefore vitally dependent upon its continuance. The reader will apprehend how much of an obstacle this represents in the way of any proposed change in the present system of assessment and taxation.

III

One would suppose, in view of what the city has suffered financially and otherwise from its present tax system, that the business and financial interests and property owners as a whole would be overwhelmingly in favor of substantial changes in the system. But as a matter of fact there are large economic interests that are tied up in one way or another to the present régime — interests which may be said to hold equities of various types in the present tax system.

In the first place, there are the 'vested rights' of members of the Board of Review, Board of Assessors, the thirty local township assessors, and other officials connected with the tax system, in the various offices to which they have succeeded in the regular processes of party organization. This vested interest has been advanced by some of the highest officials in the state as a serious consideration against any legislation that would deprive tax officials of the offices they now hold. The Speaker of the Assembly himself has asserted that it would be utterly unreasonable to ask a Republican legislature to abolish Republican boards and offices, the implication being that it would be unreasonable to ask the present Republican administration to act contrary to its partisan interest, however desirable or necessary it might be from the standpoint of the public.

But more ominous than the frank partisanship implied is the perfectly sincere and spontaneous assumption that a certain element of vested right inheres in these official positions. The explanation is not far to seek and, indeed, has been avowed with almost equal frankness. These offices have been conferred in the regular process of party organization, in return for services the incumbents will thereby be in position to render to the political organization. This involves on the part of the candidate the expenditure of large sums in connection with nominations and elections; and, more than this, it involves the assumption of a great variety of obligations, personal and otherwise. To deprive an incumbent of office before he has had opportunity to liquidate these obligations (some of which are continuing obligations) is worse than merely violating political understandings; it is like deliberately forcing an associate into bankruptcy. This is the nature of the vested interest which tax officials hold in the present system of assessment.

In any appraisal of the pecuniary value of this vested interest, the reader will understand that the salaries associated with the various offices are a negligible item. It is the indirect emoluments that figure, and they must amount to millions of dollars.

Outside of this close circle of vested interest, there are two wider circles of closely allied interests. The first is the zone of political 'tax-fixing,' delicately referred to in the present trial of a member of the Board of Assessors in the Federal Court, when the prosecuting attorney announced to the court that one of the defendant's sources of income would be shown to be 'what is commonly known in Chicago as *fixing taxes*.' This zone embraces precinct captains, ward committeemen, and a whole hierarchy of party representatives. Prior to the recent reassessment ordered by the State Tax Commission, one could sit in the offices of the Board of Review and the Board of Assessors and see these men come in with their pockets bulging with the crumpled tax bills of constituents to be 'fixed.'

Immediately outside of this circle is the still wider circle of allied interests made up of private and professional 'tax-fixers,' whose methods and activities are too varied to be discussed in the space of this article and probably too well known to require discussion.

Outside of these three circles of rather special interests is the great circle of property interests that benefit from the present system. This includes, in the first place, entire districts which have been favored with low rates of assessment. In this circle will be found the whole of Calumet, industrial districts in the southern and southwestern sections of the city, and many of the 'country' towns in Cook County outside of Chicago, including a number of the wealthier suburban districts along the North Shore.

This circle would include, in the second place, certain classes of property that have enjoyed low assessments. It included vacant land, particularly subdivision property, until 1926, when criticism was directed against this practice. It has apparently included certain groups of hotel and theatre properties. But the class of property most conspicuously included in this zone of interest is made up of manufacturing and industrial property.

It is difficult to secure exact data here; but all the information available appears to indicate that the manufacturing industries, particularly the larger companies, have been more successful than most groups in keeping their assessments and taxes down. This has apparently been the case to a greater extent throughout the rest of the state even than in Chicago. It has been due, in part, to the difficulties inherent in the assessment of industrial property, particularly by local assessors entirely untrained for this difficult field of appraisal; in part to the fact that industrial assets consist largely of personal property of one form or another; in part to the presence of an aggressive organization equipped to look after the interests of its members; and finally, in large measure, to the competition of cities and communities for the location of new industrial plants. Even in the case of established plants, the constant threat to move is one of the most effective means for tempering assessments. It is difficult to learn of actual removals that have been made specifically on account of taxes, and probably such cases are rare; but the threat is none the less effective.

The consequence is that manufacturing industries are apparently escaping with a minimum share of property taxes. It is this situation that unfortunately identifies the interests of the manufacturers' associations with those of the present official and political groups and other allied groups who are profiting by present methods of assessment and will lose some of this advantage under any change in the system.

In addition to districts and classes of property benefiting under the present system is the wide list of individual beneficiaries scattered among all sections and all classes of property — the most numerous list of all.

What the aggregate financial interest represented by these various groups of beneficiaries might amount to, it would be impossible to compute. But the total of taxes remitted to favored groups has been shown to amount to some $30,000,000 annually. This would represent property with a full value of approximately $1,500,000,000. And this represents only real estate taxes on forms of property that could be caught in the process of real estate transfers. It does not include taxes evaded or reduced on large industrial and other types of property not objects of real estate transfer, taxes on personal property, or any of the indirect emoluments and advantages associated in one way and another with the whole system.

In addition to the ties of positive interest among the groups that have been enumerated, there is a very different but very influential economic element. This is the fear of retaliation at the hands of assessing officials. There are millions of dollars' worth of property and thousands of property holders, particularly among the larger property holders, held in a constant state of apprehension as to what is going to happen to their assessments from year to year. In the case of large office buildings and some other properties with heavy fixed overhead and a narrow margin of profit, a material difference in assessment may mean the difference between an operating profit and a loss.

In sharp contrast with the narrow margins upon which many properties must operate is the wide range of possible assessment available to assessing officials. The combination of the two things, narrow margins of profit and wide range of assessment, provides assessing officials with as arbitrary power over the property and fortunes of wealthy citizens as any Central American dictator could desire; and one who has not been in contact with the situation cannot realize what this fear of retaliation means in Chicago. It explains many things in the attitude and conduct of business leaders which outside observers are at a loss to understand. It secures political contributions, compels silence, and deters business men from serving on committees, participating in activities, or being in any way identified with movements directed against the present system.

Fortunately there are a few oases of business interest that would benefit through more or less substantial changes in the tax system. One of these is inhabited, in the main, by the owners of large properties in the Loop and downtown district, whose properties have been heavily assessed under the present régime.

Another such oasis is peopled by certain real estate groups that have been driven in from the desert by the hard times there prevailing. The deflation of the real estate market has broadened the perspective of Chicago real estate groups; and, partly in consequence of intelligent and progressive leadership in the Chicago Board, these groups are now among the most vigorous advocates of constructive tax legislation.

A third group represents largely the owners of the newer hotels and apartment buildings on the North Side, whose properties have suffered severely from the overbuilding and excessive vacancy of the past two years. Almost any assessment on the basis of property values would have been a heavy burden upon their properties in terms of income. They have been antagonistic to the reassessment, but have, logically enough, been driven to the position of advocating an income tax.

A fourth element is represented by the banking groups, whose interests have been jeopardized by the threatened collapse of the city's credit.

But the interest of these various groups in improving the tax system has for the most part been special and temporary. The downtown building owners have been gratified with the results of the reassessment in lessening the discrimination against them — and most of them have been satisfied with this. Individual representatives of this group have been among the most conspicuous leaders in the movement for constructive reform. But as a whole the downtown property owners are more than satisfied with what has been accomplished for their own properties, and many are inclined to feel that anything more would be 'going too far.' The banking groups have raised millions of dollars and have worked with remarkable public spirit to preserve the solvency of the city's credit, supporting particularly the emergency relief legislation enacted by the recent special session of the Legislature — but are apparently satisfied with this. The real estate groups are sharply divided, and are only partially following the broader leadership now represented by the Chicago Board. And so it goes.

IV

In addition to legal, political, and economic factors, there are certain social and psychological elements that go to make up the Chicago situation. These are much less tangible and obvious, and less generally admitted, but certainly not less important than the factors already enumerated.

The first has to do with the general level of political intelligence prevailing in Chicago. Much has been said and written about Chicago's foreign population, unfamiliar with the language and ideas of America, and about its large Negro element on the South Side and in other sections of the city. The latter race particularly has been made to carry the onus of many local conditions — declining real estate values and others. Yet, so far as can be ascertained, there is nothing to indicate that these groups are, on the whole, less intelligent or capable than the general population of the country elsewhere. In business competition, in the acquisition of property, and in getting on in general, they have shown surprising capacity. Likewise, it would be ridiculous to assert that the people of Chicago are on the whole any less intelligent than the people of other American cities. Certainly their own achievements, and their own opinions, are to the contrary. And if there is any basis for the prevalent belief that the best brains have for years been drifting from the country and smaller towns to the larger cities, Chicago must have been greatly enriched by its growth of the past two decades. But while the attainments of the past decades are in every way a tribute to the brains and energy of the city, there is much to indicate that in one field, that of political intelligence, the people of Chicago are below the level of other communities.

We are speaking here not of political capacity, if that capacity were afforded adequate opportunity for development, but of political intelligence, in the sense of cognizance of political situations, relationships, and their more obvious implications. There are highly developed nuclei of group consciousness and group activities in Chicago, not merely in the form of the overrated 'gangs,' but of trade, business, professional, and neighborhood groupings; and wherever politics can be reduced to a common denominator with any of these groupings it encounters a ready comprehension. The success of the present type of political leadership in the city is based largely upon the art of reducing political issues to the small denominations of these various groups. This is a Latin-American type of political consciousness, rather than Anglo-Saxon or European.

Anyone who will take the pains, systematically and conscientiously, to converse on political subjects with a hundred Chicago people, distributed throughout territorial, social, and occupational groupings, cannot fail to be convinced of the truthfulness of the characterization above. The writer is prepared to conduct observation tours through the smaller cities and towns of Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and elsewhere, where it can be demonstrated that the average inhabitant knows surprisingly more about political situations, bearings, and relationships in the respective states and communities than does the average person in Chicago.

The existence of such contrasts will probably be conceded by students of political science generally, and certain obvious explanations will readily suggest themselves. The most obvious is the influence of the size of the city itself. A community of three and a quarter millions is not a 'community' at all. It is neither a *polis*, in the original sense of the Greek word, nor an *urbs* in the Latin sense. Chicago is a honeycomb of many cities, with many races, languages, topographies, and backgrounds. We call it a metropolis; a better word would be *polypolis*, a city of many cities; and a *polypole* cannot possibly familiarize himself with the personalities, affiliations, and relationships involved in the politics of his city, or the implications and bearings of movements, issues, and measures.

Furthermore, urban life means specialization, — occupational, social, and otherwise, — which necessarily narrows the range both of one's interests and of one's intelligence. And, finally, urban life surrounds its victims with a 'non-conducting' stratum of distractions, diversions, interruptions, and appeals to one's attention, which provide effective insulation against vital contact with many of the significant things of life. In the midst of these, it requires a mental effort to manifest an intelligent interest in or familiarity with anything other than the superficial and sensational aspects of politics; whereas in smaller communities in many sections of the United States, strange as it may seem, politics is still an absorbing topic of neighborhood talk.

But these environmental handicaps do not explain all of the differences in political interest and intelligence. Long-established political systems and 'régimes,' traditional political standards, accustomed types of political leadership, systems of education, character of the press, and the customary attitude of influential individuals and groups in the community — all either stimulate or retard the development of political intelligence; and in many of these respects the antecedents of the present generation of Chicago citizens have not been fortunate.

Whatever the number and influence of the contributing causes, the result has been the establishment of a low level of political intelligence. Plato said man is a 'political animal'; the average Chicago man is not. And the Chicago woman is apparently less so. Women's clubs and organizations have displayed a great deal of activity in civic matters, and along some lines have accomplished extremely valuable results. Politically their effect has apparently been *nil* — or worse. For they seem to have succumbed to picturesque, sensational, and misleading political devices even more readily than men; and where they have not succumbed to the devices of practical politics, they have imitated rather than sought to improve them.

Political organizations in Chicago have exploited the specialized psychology of appeal to women voters with admirable dexterity, in the organization of political campaigns, in utilizing the prestige of social leaders, and in the 'line' of eloquence handed out by campaign speakers. When Mayor Thompson, for example, in speaking before a rather select North Side women's audience in his campaign for reëlection in 1927, addressed them as dear 'fellow hoodlums,' the picturesque bravado of his salutation completely won his audience.

So far as Chicago is concerned, it may be doubted whether woman suffrage has thus far contributed any improvement to its politics. And, without intending any discourtesy to the rest of the country, the area of doubt may well be extended. This is not a reflection upon the principle of woman suffrage, in which the writer has firmly believed since the days of Frances Willard; and women will eventually contribute a distinctive and helpful influence in politics. But it has been the history of the past that every newly enfranchised class has lent itself to conspicuous types of political exploitation, and such has apparently been the history of woman suffrage thus far.

V

Upon this low level of political intelligence is set up a deflated scale of values attached to qualities of political integrity and honesty. Indeed, such qualities are not thought of as prerequisites for public office; and it may be doubted whether they would longer be reckoned among political assets at all. Public officials are convicted of graft, corruption, and outright crime; and it is accepted with a cynical smile or a gesture of indifference. So much so that after the experiences of recent years it is difficult to conceive of any form of political malfeasance that could shock the sensibilities of Chicago people. Tacitus observed nearly two thousand years ago that in Rome, contrary to the usual laws of supply and demand, 'virtue is least valued in periods when it is most rare.' His observation would be true of Chicago.

And, strangely enough, one factor that has impaired the quality of citizenship in recent years is nothing other than the high level of political welfare that has been attained by the people of the United States, and particularly by the dwellers in our large cities. The quality of citizenship has always reached its highest levels in periods of storm and stress, when there were critical issues at stake or large objectives to be won. When civil and religious liberty, the right of suffrage, representation, national independence, freedom from oppressive restrictions, or fundamental constitutional rights were the things to be attained through political agencies, the political sphere was overwhelmingly important and political interest was intense.

Now, with the people of the United States in full possession of civil liberties and political rights, with a highly developed scale of social legislation, with universal public-school education and with various forms of higher and technical education made available to practically everyone at government expense, with universal postal service, rural free delivery, and air mail, with concrete highways stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific that everyone may travel freely except for the cost of gasoline, with modern systems of sanitation and protection of health, with parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches, and what not, one might almost inquire what more there is for the citizen to ask through the agency of government. It is true he has the right to demand more honesty, economy, and efficiency in the performance of these services; but after all, these are rather abstract ideals in comparison with the concrete and pressing things he has needed for hundreds of years and is now getting. In terms of political economy, the very abundance with which our political wants have been satisfied through the progress of the past century has greatly reduced the 'marginal utility' of further action through political agencies.

Now this situation, abstract and theoretical as it may seem, has contributed enormously toward perpetuating conditions existing in Chicago in this way. Many a business man and representative of large property interests has been shown the injustice of assessments, including his own, and has expressed sincere and vociferous resentment. That is as far as his protest goes. He cannot take the time to attend conferences, serve on committees, or participate in any organized movement to improve conditions. And, unhappily, the truth is that in most cases it probably would not pay him to do so. He might save thereby a few thousand dollars a year in taxes or in the process of having his taxes taken care of; but in the position he occupies and the general scale of living he has reached, the same amount of time devoted to business, recreation, or almost anything else would yield more than an equivalent return. 'It is n't worth the trouble,' is the way it is generally put, and probably nine times out of ten it is perfectly true — from the standpoint of the individual.

The writer has conferred from time to time with a considerable number of men of means, who have sat in their offices and talked — in some cases as long as two hours at a time — about the evils of the tax system; but who do not take occasion to do anything about it because it simply is n't worth the trouble. He has talked with a large number of small property owners and home owners, many of whom are in the habit of making cynical observations about the graft and corruption of the tax system. In a surprising number of cases, they do not know what their homes are assessed for. The taxes generally run around $300, $450, or $500, as the case may be. When assured that their particular properties are clearly over-assessed (if that is the case), and that they ought to look into the assessment — 'Oh, well, it is n't worth the trouble.'

And so in practically all walks of life our political amenities are so great, compared with anything the world has known before, that additional effort in this field will no longer bring as large returns to the individual as the same amount of effort directed toward business and professional pursuits, or toward automobiles, radios, sports, and vacations, where our shortages are more acute. The result is a mass of indifference that is the more dangerous because it is a fairly enlightened indifference. But it has probably contributed more than any other single influence toward bringing about the tax conditions now existing in Chicago; and at the present time it is the one greatest obstacle to their removal. If diminished prosperity would change this attitude, as it has already brought the real estate and other groups to the 'mourner's bench,' there is probably no city in the United States to which a period of 'hard times' would come as a greater blessing than to Chicago.

Finally, organization, standardization, and 'patternization' have probably been carried as far in Chicago as anywhere in the United States. Everybody is 'organized' in one way or another, and one is fortunate if he has not been organized in half a dozen different ways by as many different organizations and organizers. Everyone's conduct is standardized or in process of being standardized by some code of business or professional 'ethics' or some committee on standardization. The gangs and rackets are only pathological variants of what is in Chicago the 'normal type.'

The consequence is that one rarely travels outside the intellectual orbit of his own organization or affiliations, whatever these may be. He moves when the caravan moves and would be unaffectedly surprised at anyone who expected him to move differently. 'Footprints on the sands of time' do not interest him. The typical Chicagoan prefers to stay on the concrete and follow the traffic. The real estate man must wait to see what his 'Board' is going to do about it. The building owner thinks he is meeting the issue squarely when he tells you 'they' have a committee on the subject, 'they' being either the Chicago Building Managers Association or the National Association of Building Owners and Managers. The banker is waiting till the State Bankers Association meets at Rockford or elsewhere. The manufacturer tells you with naïve finality that that issue was settled by the report of the Illinois Manufacturers Association last year. Individual independence is not so much condemned as simply unknown.

On purely business and technical matters, or matters of direct pecuniary interest to their members, these organizations of course function with a high degree of efficiency. But on broader questions of public interest they tend to a large extent to displace individual conviction and action and to substitute nothing in its place. The result is organized inertia.

Now, when we have a citizenship which, however spectacular its achievements otherwise may be, is nevertheless characterized by a low level of political intelligence, a citizenship which habitually places a low valuation upon political honesty and integrity, a citizenship steeped in the chronic indifference that comes with prosperity and a high level of general well-being, and a citizenship which habitually evades intellectual conviction and independence of action by the easy alibi of a committee or an organization, we have the soil from which no other political growth could be expected than the present government and governmental conditions in Chicago. And it is unlikely that these conditions will be greatly or permanently changed until the soil from which they grow is changed.

ZIONISM IN PALESTINE

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

Palestine has a special pigeonhole in the memories of the great majority of us; all of us know something — some more, some less — of one or other phase of its history. The Canaanites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, the Perizzites, the Philistines, the Children of Israel, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Phœnicians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Crusaders, the Turks, the French, and lastly the Allies in the Great War — all have passed their Palestinian way, a kaleidoscope of actions and reactions, which were not merely local, through over three thousand years of well-edited history.

It is a country which repays study and which reveals itself according to the effort made to appreciate it and its problems; and at no time was effort more necessary than to-day. Events have succeeded events with such rapidity, in an atmosphere so fogged with clouds of *ex parte* propaganda, that it needs far more than a superficial inquiry to reduce the present situation to a proper perspective.

Historically, the study of Palestine to-day is not unduly difficult. The war gave to both Arab and Jew fresh titles and fresh claims. In 1915, the Arabs obtained Allied recognition of the independence of all Arab Provinces within the then Ottoman Empire. Again, after the final overthrow of the Turks in 1918, the Allied victory was proclaimed not as a conquest, but as the liberation of peoples which would be free to choose for themselves the form of government which they desired. Jewish titles and claims are based on the Balfour Declaration and its confirmation in the terms of the Mandate: 'The Allies viewed with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people.' The tragedy of Palestine is that up to the present all attempts to blend these various promises into a Palestinian policy, acceptable to Arab and Jew alike, have failed. It would have been marvelous had they succeeded. For the war, in fact, made Palestine bi-national, in the sense that two National Homes were set up in one house. Both tenants had what they considered and claimed to be impeccable title to possession; and for the past twelve years they have lived together in a house of discord, each going his own way regardless of the feelings of the other. Incompatibility of temper has been proved, but the situation cannot be eased by divorce.

Last New Year's Eve, I met a very old French priest in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. 'I am neither pro-Arab nor pro-Jew,' he said sadly; 'I worship here. This is my shrine in this tormented land of three faiths. But this much I know. No house that is divided against itself will ever be a home for anyone.'

Historical events created the present *impasse;* but the clashing psychology of the two parties has been the fuel for the political fire. The Arab and Jew are both Semites, but Christianity and

Islam were born in the days of Jewish decadence and dispersal; and to the pre-war Arabs, whether Christian or Moslem, the Jew was an inferior person belonging to a servile and non-cohesive race, who was only tolerated in their midst either because he was studiously inoffensive or because he was useful as an agent of commerce among the lower strata of society. Up to 1917, the idea would never have entered the head of any Arab that he had anything to fear from the Jew. After the war, however, Palestine was suddenly swamped by a new type of Jew who proceeded to establish himself, not on sufferance, but by right. He was backed by enormous funds; he was a political rather than a religious Jew; he was openly disdainful of the Orientalism of his new Arab neighbors; and he observed standards of living so unfamiliar to the East that they appeared almost immoral. The Balfour Declaration had stirred the Arab to faint apprehension which had quickened into fear when it was confirmed in the Mandate; but when he saw Zionist penetration biting ever deeper into the country, a deep and at times a violent hostility arose against this newcomer who was forever talking in Hebrew of a Jewish State in Palestine, and whose so-called civilization — whatever its merits might be in Eastern Europe — was utterly antipathetic in Palestine.

The pre-war Jew in Palestine was a deeply religious man, living with, but not among, his Arab neighbors, and making both ends meet through the practice of petty trade and through the generosity of charity. He eschewed politics; he never dreamed of days when 'not only for his own benefit, but for that of civilization and the world at large, his people would one day reoccupy Palestine as their State' (the *Jewish World*, March 6, 1930); and despite his social and civic subordination, he was happy in the knowledge that he was living in the land of his forefathers and that he could worship at the cradle of Judaism. He still lives in Palestine and may even have become a Zionist after the model of the old Psalmist: 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.' But he is quite as much out of his element as is the Arab with the Jewish immigrants who have arrived since the war. They differ from him as sharply as do the villa owners of the Champs Élysées from the inhabitants of an Eastern Ghetto.

These newcomers, on their arrival, — mainly from Russia, Poland, and Galicia, — reacted immediately to an unwonted atmosphere of freedom. They had the exuberance of pioneers of a successful political movement; and not only had they all the thrust of pioneers, but they were mainly educated far beyond Oriental standards. Life in their Eastern European homes may have been precarious and squalid, but it was modern as compared with their new Palestinian surroundings, which struck them as being either barbaric or disgusting. There could be no halfway house between their ideal of a Jewish Palestine and the Arab standards which they found. So they proceeded to establish themselves according to their Eastern European lights and made no secret of their superiority complex vis-à-vis the ignorance and the primitiveness of local Arab life.

II

Palestine to-day may be more civilized and efficient, but it is far from happy in its changed appearance. According to the terms of the Mandate, which were announced in 1920 and promulgated in 1922, a Jewish agency was to be formed to 'take steps in consultation with his Britannic Majesty's Government to advise and coöperate with the administration of Palestine in such economic, social, and other matters as might affect the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the interests of the Jewish population in Palestine, and, subject always to the control of the administration, to take part in the development of the country.' The Mandate further recognized the Zionist organization as being a body appropriate to fulfill the functions of this Jewish agency. These two clauses are the Mandate for the Zionist leaders for the cultural, agricultural, commercial, and educational penetration of Palestine, and they have prosecuted their plans with extraordinary if at times incautious energy.

The Balfour Declaration was a first-class asset for world-wide propaganda in Jewry. It was the 'bond'; and all Jewry was told that if this 'bond' was to produce its fullest results, Zionism, to which had been entrusted the regeneration of Jewry in Palestine, must be supported to the last shekel. But the same incaution which inspired the Zionists' programme of development marked their programme of propaganda. There are admittedly anomalies in the mandatory policy for Palestine, but its terms nowhere convey the promise of a Jewish State. Nevertheless, throughout the propaganda which the Zionists have organized during the last twelve years for the collection of funds in Jewry, not only has there always been an undercurrent hinting that Zionism would, if supported, ultimately achieve the creation of a Jewish State, but the more enthusiastic of the Zionist publicists have consistently and openly complained that the conduct of the Mandatory was illegally thwarting the rights of the Jews in Palestine to establish themselves as an independent Jewish State.

The earliest response of Jewry to Zionist appeals for financial support was nobly enthusiastic. Millions flowed into the Zionist coffers, and a programme 'to take part in the development of the country' was drawn up on the most ambitious lines. Immigration, controlled not by the Mandatory but by the Zionist Executive itself, started on a huge scale, and the Zionists negotiated the purchase of vast tracts of land in the country. They bought partly from Arabs, in whom it is a national failing never to be able to resist the sight of money (and the Zionists offered extremely generous prices), partly from Christian Syrians, who in the past had been exile landlords much after the analogy of the British aristocracy in Ireland, and partly from local money lenders, who were easily induced by Jewish money to foreclose on mortgages from Arabs who were always in a chronic state of indebtedness. On these newly purchased tracts were settled groups of immigrants with the full support of Zionist finance behind them. In many cases the land on which they were settled was unhealthy and unfriendly; few of the settlers had agricultural instincts, and manual labor was to most of them foreign. But they were — and all honor to them — persevering and courageous, and since the Armistice over a hundred colonies have been created.

These colonies were of two types — Kevuzah and Moshav settlements. The former are group systems on communal principles of common service for a common good and an impartial distribution of the hardships of pioneer life among all without discrimination. These principles involved the breaking-down of the ordinarily accepted standards of family life. A Kevuzah colony may contain twenty to twenty-five families to whom belong, in a general ownership, the whole assets of the settlement. Any member of the community may be detailed to any work regardless of personal inclination or capacity or private considerations. Married couples have their own quarters, and the unmarried sleep in dormitories by sexes. Children do not live with their parents, but are looked after on communal lines in separate nurseries and educated on the mass-production system in schools of various grades. The newly born child remains only six weeks with its mother, who then returns to her communal duties, and although the parents have daily access to their children, the problem of the nursing and the upbringing of youth is a communal and not a family charge. The theory of this system is that by eliminating the strain of family responsibility the parents develop as better servants of the community, while the education of the children from infancy along organized standards is claimed to foster a higher state of general efficiency. But a still more unnatural feature of many of these Kevuzah colonies is the fact that, though they are nationally Jewish, they are, from the religious standpoint, free-thinking in practice. They present the anomaly in Judaism of Jewish agnosticism financed by Zionist funds.

The other type of colony, the Moshav, preserves the family unit and is, to all intents and purposes, a small-holder community. Each family has its own stake and its own prospect of gain, but all are bound together by a system of coöperation which embraces the sharing of agricultural machinery and collaboration in the marketing of produce. The Moshav colonies stand for a social state which is normal and attractive, and, into the bargain, the preservation of the family unit has preserved a religious atmosphere which is Jewish.

The rôle of the Zionist Executive toward all these post-war colonies is that of a fairy godmother, the Headquarters in Jerusalem supervising education, engineering, agriculture, sanitation, and public health, and providing finance to sustain development and to maintain public services. As was inevitable, the zealous but at the same time amateur efforts of these new colonists lacked economic efficiency; furthermore, many colonies were established in places so unsuitable as to invite economic disaster. The colonists themselves were responsible neither for their amateurishness nor for the selection of unsuitable sites for colonizing experiments, and had perfect justification to claim that their economic failure was their misfortune and somebody else's fault. Few of the new settlements even now pay their way; none will ever repay the capital spent on their establishment; and the majority are still drawing from the much-tried Zionist treasury.

These rural and purely agricultural colonies absorbed only a small minority of the immigrants. The majority drifted into the larger towns and suburban settlements, which was, after all, natural, as 90 per cent of the newcomers had been bred and trained to town life. To cope with this urban influx, the Zionist Executive, which had organized immigration on this scale, made great efforts on the one hand to absorb the newcomers into the normal trades, — building, motor engineering, haberdashery, butchery, and the like, — and n the other to create new industries where they could find a living — paper, cement, and match factories; musical instrument, false teeth, button, and artificial silk factories.

But there was an artificiality in the movement which had its inevitable consequences. The purchasing capacity of Palestine, even in the normal trades, is limited; and although the general raising of standards of living in Palestine since the war has influenced the Arab population toward a scale of purchasing undreamed of in pre-war days, the supply, especially in the more eccentric luxury trades, greatly exceeded the demand. In a year or two an ever-increasing proportion of the new tradesmen were making urgent calls on further Zionist support. Stagnation lapsed into inanition and then bankruptcy; rents of shops built by the Zionists themselves fell into arrears; and there arose a state of penury, unemployment, and discontent among the failures, who comprised not only those who had been entirely financed by Zionist charity, but also many who had brought and lost their life's savings in Palestine under Zionist ægis. I have a poignant memory of a scene I witnessed near Jaffa at the time of the height of this crisis. Girl typists, milliners, and dressmakers from Cracow and Lemberg were breaking stones, in cotton dresses, by the roadside.

The Zionist leaders who had inspired this overdevelopment of immigration, and its inevitable consequences among both the rural and the suburban and urban Jewish communities, have been deeply concerned to extricate themselves from a double dilemma. They had to face criticism and reproach, not only from the immigrants themselves, but from Jewry at large, whose charity had been largely influenced by the extravagance of the earliest Zionist propaganda. It was not long before news of the unsatisfactory results of the Zionist programme 'to take part in the development of the country' became public property throughout the world, and subscriptions to Zionist funds began to show signs of dwindling. The Zionist organization in Palestine had constituted itself to all intents and purposes as a state organization; but with one notable difference: it derived its income, not from normal taxation, but from charity. Charity-fed organizations have — justly and unjustly — a general reputation for amateur extravagance; and Jews throughout the world, both Zionists and non-Zionists, — and it must not be forgotten that Zionism embraces only a small minority among the Jews of the world, — began to question both the efficiency and the policy of the movement which they were so lavishly financing.

III

The work of Jewish consolidation in Palestine depends on three factors: the attitude of the Mandatory, the strong world-wide financial support of Jewry, and the economic success of the new Jewish colonization. It was some three years ago that Jewry first became uneasy about Zionist control. There were criticisms of extravagance and inefficiency; it was said that solid ordered development was being subordinated to the prospects of shadowy political advantages; there must be a severe stocktaking before further funds both to continue development and to extricate the movement from its present dilemmas would be forthcoming. It was a move toward the reorganization of Zionism as a practical and more economically sound proposition.

The control of the movement was at the outset in purely Zionist hands, though it drew its support largely from non-Zionist Jewry, especially in America. The pioneers of the movement, quickly and correctly reading the signs of the times, invited non-Zionist Jewry to take a share of active control. Non-Zionist Jewry responded — but on terms; and the Jewish agency was reformed on the basis of equality of representation of Zionist and non-Zionist interests alike. It was a wise and statesmanlike move; its results were encouraging; and subscriptions to the Zionist funds were well on the road to recovery, when the events of last year took place which, in their sequel, have prejudiced the whole future of Zionism as it was conceived after the Balfour Declaration.

The grievances of the Arabs are concerned directly and indirectly with the overdevelopment of the Zionist immigration and colonization policy. From the standpoint of population, the absorption capacity of Palestine is low; a saturation point is quickly reached; and persistence in the influx of immigration and in the necessary land purchases for immigrant settlement will squeeze out the Arabs, thousands of whom are already landless and destitute as a result either of their own foolish sales to the Zionists or of callous eviction by money lenders. For a long time the Arabs had drifted helplessly in the face of Zionist penetration, reacting spasmodically, now by exaggerated protests, now by violent physical reprisals. But eventually such negative tactics made way for wiser councils and a constructive policy; and out of this evolution there emerged a phenomenon hitherto undreamed of in Arab Palestine — a vaguely united body of Arab opinion concentrating on a common object, the assertion of their majority rights as against the claims of the Zionist minority. Their newspapers developed, and are now almost as light-heartedly venomous as are those of the Zionists, and a propaganda organization abroad was tardily organized; but the most remarkable success of these counter-activities was in the sphere of commerce.

The Jewish traders, great and small, were not by any means uniformly successful; but, backed by Zionist finance, they had, one way or another, concentrated in their hands the bulk of the wholesale and retail trade of the country. After the tragic events of the summer of 1929, the Arabs suddenly realized the extent of this Jewish strangle hold on their national and even domestic life. They organized a boycott of Jewish shops, and proceeded themselves to establish an Arab commercial organization in the country which would supply their normal needs without the assistance of the Jews. They worked thoroughly and systematically and to good purpose; Arabs suddenly began to buy only from Arabs; and the Jewish trading community was reduced to rely only on the custom of coreligionists. Jewish commercial interests have been hard hit. The episode was the first indication which the Arabs in Palestine had given of an ability for purposeful and constructive organization.

IV

In any attempt to describe the local state of Palestine to-day, it would be most ungenerous to fail to emphasize that Jewish penetration, while it has far from realized the earliest Zionist hopes, has in many senses benefited the Arab inhabitants of the country. Pre-war Arab standards of life in Palestine were extremely low, even for the East. Arab ideas of agriculture were primeval; education was practically non-existent; the sciences were neglected, and trade was conducted on parochial and primitive lines. Zionism has undoubtedly changed the exterior of Arab life. It gave the Arabs new and more hygienic conceptions of well-being and comfort in their daily existence; it introduced competition which induced a more modern outlook both in agriculture and in politics; and it moved them to bestir themselves educationally and commercially.

The agricultural colonist, whatever his outlook or his mode of living in

Palestine, was only a minor provocative factor in Arab circles. He lived his exclusive village life within limited rural spheres. It has been first and foremost the Arab reaction toward the social standards set up by the suburban and urban Jewish colonists which has provoked the psychological tension of the present time. The new Jewish townsman — naturally, perhaps — advertised Zionism in every possible way. His lingua franca was the revived but foreign Hebrew language, which was exclusively and copiously used for all Jewish advertisements, shop signs, and notices. Incidentally, though this has nothing to do with Zionism, it was adopted with Arabic and English as a language of state, and appeared not only on the official papers but on the stamps and coinage.

Again, there was an exotic supermodernity in all new Zionist enterprise which, though in many ways commendable, could not appeal to the Arab. The rules of life in the new settlements were highly advanced and conspicuously foreign to Palestinian tradition. New styles of dress were introduced, particularly among the women, who, to demonstrate their equality with men, often wore trousers. The architecture of the new Zionist buildings and colonies did not tone in with the Palestine landscape; and the arts were highly and at times aggressively cultivated on Eastern European lines. This modernity of outlook found its supreme expression in the creation of Tel-Aviv, the suburb of Jaffa and the great Zionist centre of the country, which settled down to a life of its own according to social standards the like of which had never been seen before in Palestine. In exterior, the town is vulgarly Levantine after the commonplace fashion of Beirut and Alexandria; in comportment, the place might be a seaside resort on the Black Sea.

In an attempt to illustrate its incongruity from a Palestinian standpoint, I may be permitted to quote from my diary of last winter. I had assisted at a performance by a Tel-Aviv workingmen's theatrical troupe of a Biblical play called *Jacob*.

> The actors were all grotesque, — symbolic, maybe, but grotesque and looking more like idols than men, — their skin painted brilliant terra cotta, their faces raddled with black, their dress scanty, garish, and *farouche*. Instead of wigs they wore *papier-mâché* shapes looking like architects' models of cubist buildings, and their individual movements were stiff, angular, and exaggerated, working like machinery toward some dramatic grouping to emphasize some dramatic context of the book. It was a spoken ballet, — the long springs of the hunter, the overemphasized processional stride, the plastic portrayal of emotion by conventional gesture, — and all to the accompaniment of oddly pitched melodramatic declamation. The lighting was now fierce, now dim.
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> It was a mediæval mystery play produced by a Reinhardt. Of course it was in Hebrew. But the plot I knew, and anyhow the actors told it superbly — so superbly, indeed, that I was frightened. Frightened of what? That I was in Palestine and that this was in Palestine. The story was common to Jew and Arab alike; but the production was primitive Slavonic, and in Palestine so exotic as to be terrifying — something ominous, something defiant, a challenge. I was afraid as one is when one sees a black thundercloud rushing across a summer sky. And the audience! Not only as unoriental, but as unwestern as you could imagine. Two thousand Slavs reveling almost hysterically in this demonstration of independence of thought.

I had written my diary when my impressions were still vivid and, perhaps, highly colored. But they were genuine, and in retrospection appear to be in fair perspective. What I had seen in that theatre was only unnatural in Palestine; otherwise it was natural as the urgent self-expression of the real feelings of these new Zionist immigrants. There is tragedy in the bare statement of these facts. Zionist immigration is out to establish itself in Palestine on lines of its own choosing. On the other hand, those lines are foreign, unintelligible, and antipathetic to the mentalities of the Arab communities that represent the large majority in the country. If no bridge is built, how can these two existing, and mutually repellent, social states grow side by side without endless friction?

And between Jew and Arab stands the Mandatory Power, heavily committed to both parties and hitherto unable to liquidate its liabilities — the future prejudiced by those variously interpreted British statements of policy, the present tensely embarrassed by racial, if not religious, animosities. The word 'Palestine' is hardly ever heard in Jewish and Arab circles. To the Arab, Palestine is, for purposes of propaganda, 'Suria el Genubia' (Southern Syria); to the Jew, also for purposes of propaganda, it is 'Eretz Israel' (the Land of Israel). For each the word 'Palestine' has an unwelcome circumscribing sense, damping the ambitions. The Arab promotes Southern Syria as one of the Federated States of Arabdom, and the Jew casts his eye across the Jordan toward the Land of Gilead. Nevertheless, the Mandatory, as trustee of Palestine, can only regard its inhabitants, whether they be Arabs or Jews, as Palestinians; and equally the British High Commissioner must, as the Mandatory executor, think and act to the best of his ability 'Palestinianly' (if the coining of such a word is permitted). His task is no enviable one. Not only is he called upon to implement as a policy a legacy of apparently irreconcilable promises, capable of an indefinite variety of *ex parte* interpretations; but the last thing that both Arab and Jew wish the British High Commissioner to do is to think 'Palestinianly.' He must be either pro-Arab or pro-Jew. The result is that whatever he does is certain to call down upon his head a load of invective from either Arab or Jew as being anti- one or the other.

V

The tragic events of 1929, and the report which has just been issued by the Commission of Inquiry which sat in Jerusalem last fall, have undoubtedly moved British public opinion and the British Government deeply. And in one direction particularly. Palestine has drifted into such a state of nervous tension that, in all but name, it is under martial law. Until that tension relaxes, the British troops must remain. These are unpleasant but true reflections, and as unpalatable to the British taste as to that of those Jews whose traditional idealism is above politics, and whose conception of 'the Return' can hardly be in agreement with 'a Return' sheltered and maintained by sole virtue of British military power.

The British Government has already initiated a course of action designed to ease matters. A commission has been formed to inquire into the respective rights of Jew and Arab alike at the Wailing Wall, and to draw up regulations which will establish for all time what can and what cannot be done on this site, the counter-claims to which lit the conflagration of August 1929. Again they have just dispatched to Palestine a further commission to explore the whole question of Zionist immigration and colonization, and to suggest a form of official control which will reassure Arab opinion. These decisions are, however, doubtless only preliminaries to some more general declaration on the part of the British Government as to the Mandatory policy for Palestine. A highly representative Arab delegation is at present in London and discussing the Arab case with the competent British authorities. These authorities are also in touch with Zionist leading opinion throughout the world. What the result of their deliberations will be is still unknown. But it is an open secret that all parties are investigating the possibilities of 'the development of self-governing institutions' in Palestine, which, according to the terms of the Mandate, the British Government is bound to foster. All would welcome an agreement which would put an end to the storm and stress which has persisted over the last twelve years; but understanding will be difficult to achieve. For both Arabs and Jews in their present frame of mind are definitely intransigent and reluctant to commit themselves to any form of collaboration which may substitute a coldly Palestinian for an Arab or Jewish outlook.

If an agreement is to be reached, it is devoutly to be hoped that the new policy will be framed in unequivocal terms which are not unduly susceptible to rival interpretations. It is high time that the much-harried administration of Palestine should be given a policy which it can understand and implement quickly, without being forever subjected to charges of bias one way or another. When I was in Beirut, I met a Frenchman who had just completed a tour of Palestine. 'It is possible,' he said, 'that one day I might, who knows, become a French official in Syria; but God forbid that I should ever be a British official in Palestine under the present Mandate.'

He knew many but by no means all the difficulties of officialdom in Palestine. My host on my last evening in the country was a leading Zionist who told me proudly, and not at all confidentially, of the thoroughness of the Zionist organization, which, he boasted, extended even within the government. 'You mean,' I asked, 'that Zionist officials in the public services are your agents of information?' 'Of course,' he said. 'They have equal duties toward the movement. When the inquiry was opened into the Haifa riots of last September, Zionist telephone operators in the Post Office reported to us conversations between Arabs and government officials which gave us valuable evidence for use before the Commission of Inquiry.'

Comment is superfluous. Zionism has lost the idealism which attended the birth of the movement.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FIRST AID TO THE ILLITERATE

It was once remarked of Lord Northcliffe's inauguration of the tabloid press that, whereas he had formerly published newspapers for those who could not think, he had now begun to publish them for those who could not read. Attention deserves to be called to a similar service now being performed in our own land. This amounts to nothing less than making the art of correspondence possible for those who cannot write.

I refer, of course, to the institution known as the greeting card. Its development is rapidly reaching the point where one no longer need take pen in hand, whether the message to be sent be one of congratulation, condolence, gratitude, or what not. Almost every conceivable contingency is covered by the appropriate card. Have you been on a week-end visit, and do you desire to express the pleasure that you feel sure your visit was intended to give you? Nothing easier. No need of head-scratching and searching for something fresh among the well-worn bread-and-butter formulæ. Just ask your stationer. He will furnish you with something like this: —

To my Kind Hostess

Wherever I may chance to roam,
There's *one* place where I feel at home.
That is n't hard to guess; now, is it?
— My thanks for a most lovely visit.

Now all that remains is (1) to have a public stenographer typewrite your signature, or (2) to make your mark in the presence of two witnesses — and the thing is done.

The occasion just alluded to is, of course, comparatively simple and uncomplicated. The ingenuity of the greeting-card manufacturers actually extends far beyond this. A not very diligent search will reveal such niceties as these: 'To my Daughter-in-Law on her Twenty-Seventh Birthday,' or 'To my Neighbor, with Congratulations on the Successful Removal of his Tonsils — With (or Without) Ether,' or 'To my Great-Niece on her Graduation from Finishing School with Honors (or, if you prefer, — as you probably will, — Honours) in French and Dietetics.' However, much as has been accomplished already, something still remains to be done before the greeting card shall have completely superseded the handwritten or typewritten letter.

Why, for example, should it not be used in the business as well as the social world? Might not a clerk, instead of essaying the difficult task orally, send the following to his employer?

To my Honored Employer

I wonder if it really pays
To work so long without a raise,
While you make money like a mint.
— Will you not take this gentle hint?

And would it not rejoice the heart of the employer to turn to his greeting-card file and dispatch this reply?

To a Former Employee

To do this makes us very sad,
But times are hard, and business bad.
Your services we'll really miss —
Two weeks' wages go with this.

Another suggestion, for business use, is that of a series of cards for collecting bad debts. After the bill has remained unpaid for some little time, the series might begin thus: —

To a Valued Customer

Although we hate to bother you,
May we suggest this bill is due?
It has been due, in fact, since May.
We shall be grateful if you'll pay.

The rest of the series may be left to the imagination. Dr. Johnson once remarked of bill collectors, 'They grow daily more importunate and clamorous, and raise their voices in time from mournful murmurs to raging vociferations.' The greeting card is admirably adapted to keep pace with these nuances of tone.

A brave start, by the way, has been made in the use of greeting cards for still another purpose — a message such as many people feel impelled to send to public personages. Thus, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh recently received thousands of copies of one and the same greeting card, thoughtfully prepared in advance, to congratulate them on the birth of their son. We Americans, it has been noted, are more and more giving up any foolish notion of allowing a public person to have any private life. Apart from this, there are endless possibilities of addressing conspicuous figures in our national life in terms of congratulation or otherwise, without the bother of actually composing those terms. For instance: 'To President Hoover, on Signing the Tariff Bill.' (An excellent illustration for this, incidentally, would be the President, as visualized in the *Times* editorial, signing the bill with one hand while holding his nose with the other.) Or there is this suggestion: 'To Mr. Grundy, on his Retirement from the Senate.' Finally, from an enthusiastic minority looking forward to an event that now seems impossibly distant: 'To Amos 'n' Andy, on their Last Appearance on the Air.'

ON NOT CALLING A SPADE A SPADE

IF it is one's fate to die in America one may hope to enjoy the privilege of being buried by a mortician. Not for nothing will one's mortal coils have been shuffled off; death will have brought its own consolations. For however unnoticed one was in life, however ill attended, one may feel sure at least of being ushered to oblivion with fine words. And fine words of a satisfyingly up-to-date appearance: not the musty suggestiveness of an antique terminology, but the brisk and efficient language of the specialist — not *pompes funèbres*, but, as I have said, the mortician. I confess that, not being philologically squeamish, I rather like this modernity of expression. It reminds me of Jean Cocteau's version of the Orpheus legend, in which the Angel of Death comes to Eurydice in the guise of a hospital nurse, capped, aproned, and rubber-gloved.

And one will certainly be lowered into American soil, not in a vulgar coffin, but in a casket. This adaptation of the word is no doubt an improvement on the part of some progressive and ingratiating mortician. He may even have referred to my own particular dictionary, which says of the word 'casket': 'small box, often of costly make, for valuables.'

What is the cause of this liking that we all have for euphemism? Must we dismiss it as mere word-snobbishness? Must we accuse the poor undertaker — or rather, the rich undertaker — of choosing another name because he, too, wants his share of nominal importance? Must we confess that we do not care to call a spade a spade because something else sounds grander? Or is this tendency to call things by fine names no more than a symbol of man's willingness not only to be reconciled to his fate but to make a virtue of necessity? Or, again, is it something in even the most matter-of-fact and unsuperstitious of us that would have us be on the safe side of things, that would have us, whenever possible, placate the hostile powers?

Perhaps it is all three. None of us is so strong and so wise but he harbors in him a patch of soil fertile for the sprouts of foolishness. Ever since the Black Sea was called Euxine, or 'kind to the stranger,' on account of its extreme inhospitality, ever since the Cape of Good Hope was so named, apparently because there was so little hope of rounding it, ever since Good Friday was called Good Friday, because it commemorates the worst of Fridays — ever since *homo sapiens* has existed and called himself sapient, he has fortified himself with the Dutch courage of palliative expressions, approached danger and unpleasantness with a diplomatic language, and sought to flatter that heartless Moloch who waits impatiently but knows that at last he will swallow up each of us.

It is common in Egypt for wise men to enchant cobras by uttering the melodious names of Allah; but it is still commoner for hard-headed men of the West to bemuse themselves and each other with verbal incantations. Politicians and publicists, to cast their spells, continue to rely on the force of vacuous words; and the day is not long past, in Europe at least, when doctors were witch doctors who baffled and amazed their innocent patients with great words ill digested from the Greek. Indeed, if doctors no longer practise this facile art of verbosity, at least the maker of patent foods and medicines has clung to his ancient tradition, for he well knows that almost anything can be sold for almost any purpose as long as he affirms that it is hygienic, prophylactic, antiseptic, vitaminous, or rich in hormones.

Why, then, say that things are what they are? Why call them by their least complicated names? Why not acknowledge the infinite riches of language and its power to make life more acceptable? In this vale of tears we all have need of charms, mysteries, symbols, poetry. Let us therefore continue to tickle Destiny and ourselves with all the sweetness of speech.

Home is best

For months I had planned my trip. In fancy I had many times traversed the romantic European lands so long and so happily dreamed of. On the Italian shore I meant to begin my pilgrimage, through Germany I was to continue it, and in France I thought to bring it to a climax of delight. And then illness brought my high hopes down. Instead of rushing through active days in ancient cities, I must compose myself to long rest in the summer woods of home. This seemed at first a sad exchange indeed, but my mourning has been turned to great relief, for in a startling way the truth about Europe has been revealed to me. Out of my abandoned steamer luggage I extracted, as melancholy solace for my empty days, a little *Book of Travel Talk*. In four languages it is, — in English, in French, in German, and in Italian, — and it leaves few emergencies unattended to.

Life, I find, is stern in Europe. Unrest, suspicion, and strife seem to be everywhere. Disillusion sets in on the very first page of 'Short Phrases in Common Use.' In four tongues I learn at once to say, 'Don't be impertinent!' (This admonition is never necessary in the Adirondacks.) Things get rapidly worse, 'He is following me at a distance!' being instantly succeeded by 'Coward!' and 'Do not push me!' True, an apology is forthcoming, — 'I did not do it on purpose,' — but the roughness was evidently there, and fear is not allayed, for next we read, 'Where is the British Consulate?' After this, 'What are you staring at?' seems merely silly.

Affairs are no better in the hotel. 'This room is stuffy.' 'These sheets have certainly been used already.' 'Shut the window tight before you light the candle, for fear of the mosquitoes.' 'The mice kept me awake all night. Please set a trap in my room.' 'The fire will not burn.' 'The chimney smokes, the wood is quite damp.' 'The chimney is on fire!' The proper retort to this comes at once: 'I am going out.' How wise! It is only a slight comfort to find next, 'Give the lady a little wine.'

Consider, too, the discomfort of the holiday. 'I like plenty of fresh air, but I can't and I won't sit in a draft.' (In German!) 'I positively have no room to eat. Why do you crush people in this way?' (In hysteric Italian!) 'Have you no better ink? This is too thick (thin), full of dust, and covered with mould.' And the actual perils of the way: 'One of the wheels is off!' 'The coachman has been thrown down!' 'Run for a surgeon!' And again the voice of wisdom: 'Stop a moment; I want to get out.' 'I shall demand reparation from the Company.'

Even the hazards of walking seem unduly great. 'Has anyone been up the mountain this year already?' 'All traces of the path have disappeared.' 'Tell me the honest truth, have you ever been this way before?' 'How deep is the abyss?' And (fearing the worst?): 'Where does the curé live?' It is not in agitation such as this that one takes a stroll where I live.

But worst of all is the prevailing spirit of querulousness that seems to characterize life in four languages. 'Please don't talk. Don't stand behind my chair.' 'I don't think it is fair for that gentleman to sit here with a lighted cigar in his hand; it is just the same as smoking.' 'At what hour shall I find the least number of people here? I hate a crowd.'

And who shall describe the horrors of a toothache in French? Or the exhaustion attendant upon hiring a grand piano for a month in Italian? Not even a study of the proper form in which to write to the Pope in German can restore serenity to a mind disordered by so great a strain.

My camp is not ancient, and there are no cathedrals in the neighborhood. But no one is impertinent to me there except the chipmunks, I am rarely jostled by a deer, and I can sit in all the drafts that please me.

Another summer perhaps, when I am much, much stronger, I may decide to travel in Spain.

Ode to Commemorate the Invention of the Telegraph

The man who first sped thought along a wire
Knew all, or nothing, ever, of desire.
If nothing, only he could ever see
Unmixed advantage in quick certainty;
If all, of only his omniscient scorn
Could dash and dot and dot and dash be born;
And surely only such a nonpareil
Could paste on yellow paper heaven — or hell.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1930

A CONVERSATION IN PEKING

BY EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

I

'ARE you sure,' asked the Chinese professor, 'that your Christian religion makes all this difference between the Western world and the Orient? I admire many things that I have seen in America,' he added; 'your schools and motor cars for everyone, and your bathtubs and canned meat.'

The eyes of the old philosopher brightened as he recalled the conveniences and the plenty of the West.

'Most of all,' he went on, 'I marvel at the magic by which you keep away disease; that thin, mysteriously powerful line — "public health," I believe you call it — which wards off the evil spirits of typhoid fever and malaria and smallpox and leprosy. Some other things in your Western countries I do not admire at all, but I don't see that any of them have much to do with Christianity.'

The discussion had started in the living room of an ancient Chinese temple transformed into a modern residence. A group typical of what one sees in present-day Peking — or Peiping, as they are now calling it — included many races: three or four Americans and Englishmen, a Japanese diplomat, and several Chinese scholars and officials.

The conversation of these men who had lived all over the world had turned to racial differences and to religious influences. The prosperous son of a missionary, who was expounding the transforming power of Christianity, had been pushed further and further into a corner by his Chinese and American friends.

'This difference between America and China I admit,' said Wu Ting, professor at Peking National University. 'It is a difference that is explained by racial inheritance, by social and physical surroundings, and by modes of living, not by religion.'

'But religion is just that part of the mode of living which has most greatly influenced Western development,' said the American.

'I think,' replied Wu Ting, 'that that statement cannot be proved. If Christianity has a transforming power, it should show itself in Chinese, or Armenian, or Siamese converts, as well as in church members in America and England. So far as China is concerned, no such change seems to occur. I know many Chinese who live flawless lives filled with love and kindness, but they are not Christians; I know also a few Chinese Christians, but I do not seem to find them any more interested in brotherly love or the Golden Rule than

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their neighbors who follow the ancient teachings of Confucius.'

This declaration was met by general protests.

'Very well,' said the Chinese philosopher, 'I shall be satisfied if any of you can name a single Chinese convert whose way of life over a period of years can in any essential be attributed to the influence of this new religion.'

There was an astonishing absence of examples. One or two suggested recent converts whose enthusiasm was still apparent. When it came to naming persons who had accepted the new religion years ago and had reshaped their lives because of it, one after another of the examples offered had to be abandoned under the fire of Chinese cross-examination and analysis. Finally the original advocate eagerly offered the name of a general, then conspicuous, whose adherence to the new doctrines was so well known as to earn for him the title of 'the Christian General.'

'That example would have been more convincing two days ago,' replied one of the Chinese. 'Unfortunately this general has just yesterday committed one of the most atrocious massacres of defenseless prisoners known in recent Chinese history. While he still remains a conspicuous figure of war, and while he is likely to achieve high place among the generals, those considerations of love and mercy which are supposed to be the characteristic features of the Christian doctrine have unfortunately failed to affect his conduct.'

Further conversation brought into relief the Western theory that, regardless of specific, unfortunate instances, religion *must* influence a man's way of life, and that very deeply.

Again said Dr. Wu: 'I think that cannot be proved. As a matter of fact, I believe that religious creeds, oftener than not, represent the very opposite of the characteristics of the people who adopt them. They are in this sense what your psychologists would call "compensations."'

The Chinese philosopher then proceeded to outline a theory of religion quite unfamiliar to his hearers. 'It is not,' said he, 'a positive influence realizing its principles in the lives of its adherents; it is rather a kind of counter-satisfaction, a means of expression which may make possible the more complete adherence by a people to practices the very opposite of the doctrines concerned.'

In order to illustrate this theory, he suggested that we consider two religions, both of which started in the same section of the world and only a few centuries apart in time, and see if the nations to which Christianity and Mohammedanism have spread are today marked by the principles of the respective teachers, or whether, as a matter of fact, just the opposite is not the case.

'What are the characteristic tenets of Christian teaching?' the philosopher asked. 'Are they not brotherly love, the avoidance of force, the lack of thought for the morrow, the disregard of capitalistic treasure, emphasis upon the spiritual rather than the material?' And to drive home his point he recited some typical quotations from the Founder of Christianity taken from the several Gospel reports: —

'God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. — John iv. 24

'Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other. — Luke vi. 27–29

'Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. — Luke vi. 36

'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. — Matthew v. 5

'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. — Matthew vi. 19

'Judge not, that ye be not judged. — Matthew vii. 1

'Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. — Matthew xix. 21

'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. — John xiii. 34

'And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. — Luke vi. 31

'Now what are the countries which have most completely adopted Christianity?' the professor went on. 'Are they not the countries of Europe and of the Americas, and are not these countries of all the world the most warlike, the most capitalistic, the most devoted to careful planning for the morrow, to efficient preparedness, and to careful execution of well-laid plans? Are they not the nations which have created the amplest stores of worldly treasure, having made acquisitiveness a principle not only in regard to physical goods, but in regard to stocks and bonds, which are but tokens of goods stored the world over? Are not the "Nordics" leaders alike in Christianity and in race prejudice?

'These characteristics,' said Dr. Wu, 'of taking thought for the morrow, of laying up treasure, of methodical preparation for war, of looking down upon other human races and exploiting them — these characteristics may not be evil in themselves. I am not prepared to criticize them, for they have carried the Western nations to domination of the world. But certainly they are the very opposite of the teachings of the religion which these nations profess.'

At this point an Englishman interrupted the orderly development of the thesis to point out that it was unfair to judge so-called Christian nations by the acts of men who themselves were admittedly not followers of Christ or even members of a church.

'But it works out just the same, even if you take only professing Christians!' shouted one of the Americans. 'The most famous parish in New York is a typical capitalistic corporation. It has made marvelous profits from stocks and bonds, and in the past, at least, from its ownership of abominable tenements. And did n't preachers in England and America and Germany whoop it up for the war quite as eagerly as anyone, and with just as inflaming distortions of fact?

'Furthermore,' said the man, showing signs of prejudice as he warmed to the argument, 'some of the missionaries are themselves among the worst offenders against the principles of brotherly love. I often wonder how men and women who devote their lives to "saving" the natives of foreign countries can at the same time be so arrogant and so race-proud in their actual personal relations with them.'

II

The critic held the floor for several minutes elaborating his theme of the un-Christlike actions of the very emissaries of Christianity. His statements, denuded of excessive emphasis and a good deal of extraneous matter, were in substance as follows: —

'Everyone in China knows Kuling, the mountain summer resort standing, clear and beautiful, three thousand feet above the Yangtze River. Kuling is striking in setting and daring in conception; it is a triumph of Western imagination and Western skill over material obstacles. One feature, however, is most amazing of all: the resort was established and is controlled in large part by Christian missionaries to China, and the inexorable law is that no Chinese may live there!

'One grows calloused to the arrogance of business people of the Christian nations toward the Chinese off whom they are making their fortunes and whose territory they have occupied by force: the ownership by foreigners of the valuable sections of a city like Shanghai; their control there of the municipal government of all but the poor old section within the wall; the policing of the city with Indian Sikhs, feared and hated by the Chinese; the proprietorship of the Bund along the beautiful river front in Hankow, on which, until the Nationalist armies forced a change, no Chinese was allowed to walk unless he was carrying a white man's bag or pushing a white baby in a perambulator. You all remember the supreme example — the sign that used to stand in the charming park in Shanghai which declared, in staring letters, DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED.[1]

'One comes to recognize such abuses as the spoils taken by the strong from the exploited weak; but there still remains, to me at least, a different kind of shock whenever one sees this same attitude of superiority taken by Christian missionaries.'

Another American, recently returned from 'God's country,' suddenly joined the conversation. 'While I was visiting Kentucky last winter I met a Southerner whom I had known years before. He was the kind who would have starved rather than eat with a Negro, who would to this day kill his sister before he would see her dancing with a mulatto.

'"Where have you been all these years?" I asked him.

'"Oh, did n't you know?" he answered. "I am just home on a furlough; my sister and I are foreign missionaries."

'"Splendid," said I. "Where is your field?"

'And he replied: "Central Africa."

'Can anyone explain this to me? Why does a man of this stripe choose Africa as a place to carry the gospel of brotherly love — and when he gets there why does he treat the natives as a race apart while he frantically tries to bring them into Heaven so that he can live with them forever?

'Do you suppose this fervor for black and yellow souls on the part of the "honorable white master" comes from a desire to make sure of a supply of coolie labor for whatever menial tasks may turn up in Heaven? To polish the golden streets, to carry the spiritual burdens, to mind the troublesome little angels? Or can these superior whites be looking forward to a color line in Heaven? Can they be expecting that there will be segregated districts for Chinese and Negro and Indian souls, while special mountains of pearl are reserved for the white ghosts? What will that Kentucky missionary to Africa do if a Negro angel steps up to welcome his sister into Heaven?'

We all exclaimed in protest against these unjust and frivolous questions. But the speaker declared very earnestly that he did n't mean to be frivolous, that he was seriously confused by the contradictions in the lives and aims of these missionaries. And he went on to explain that he was not straining the point in his references to human life in Heaven. Missionaries, he bade us remember, are the very people who believe in such a community of the saved. Professing Christians in reciting the Apostles' Creed still declare, 'I believe in . . . the Resurrection of the body,' and 'the Communion of Saints' has with them a tangible basis of fact. Orthodox evangelists in China as elsewhere accept with absolute literalness the Old Testament Heaven, with the continuance of a very human sort of existence for the elect.

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[1] Listeners should not interrupt a conversation, but anyone who has lived in the East can readily conjure up a few of the difficulties which would follow the withdrawal of every artificial barrier between the races. The barriers may be difficult to defend on theoretical grounds, but they undoubtedly do have their practical uses. — THE EDITORS

'Just so,' said the American who had first put in his oar. 'The attitude of white church people toward Chinese and Indians and Filipinos has been to me a never-ending source of wonder. Human nature is a strange and inconsistent thing at best. But of all the spectacles I have seen in the East the most bizarre is that of Christians holding their noses, as it were, while between outstretched thumb and finger they piously lift Chinese coolies and Malay natives into their own Heaven.'

'Maybe' — a new member of the group was speaking — 'Dr. Wu's theory would explain it. Many of these missionaries are just plain, small-minded people, full of Nordic prejudice. They proclaim the Golden Rule and equality before the Lord, and many of them devote their careers to the spread of this and similar Christian precepts. But they don't give up their prejudices. Like the business man, the missionary draws the bar of race against social intercourse. I don't want to run down men who have abandoned comfortable lives in the West for the sake of an ideal. I don't mean to say that missionaries have not worked hard and done very great good, especially with their hospitals and schools. It's just that so many of them lack that instinct of brotherhood which was the central teaching of their Messiah. Take this Southern missionary to Africa — it's not unnatural he was prejudiced. Despising blacks more than all others, in some queer mental or emotional throw-over he devotes his life to saving their souls. But watch him when one of his black brothers in Kentucky invites him to dinner!'

At this point one of the Chinese officials called attention to the recent tragic results in China of this arrogant attitude. 'What our friends have just commented upon,' he said, 'has been felt and resented in China for many years. Of course, missionaries are not all alike. I have known some who have lived right among the poorest of the people they have come to teach, who have shared their meagre homes and food and have helped in all their daily tasks. But the general impression of Westerners, missionaries as well as civilians, throughout China is that from a race-proud eminence they look down upon the "natives" and are interested only in converting them to the new religion.

'You can imagine,' the official continued, 'the resentment against this attitude which has been seething in China and which has now flared up in riots and wars. You must remember that bitterness when you read of attacks on missionaries, the burning of churches, and the pillaging of homes. These bands of angry Chinese have nothing in particular against Christianity. Of course the marauding armies are interested in loot for themselves, but they remember besides that foreign missionaries came to their country, took the choicest property for their comfortable homes, treated native servants none too kindly, and made it very evident that they despised China and everything Chinese. These uprisings against foreigners, and in certain instances directly against missionaries, are the answer of the Chinese masses to decades of foreign exploitation and arrogance.'

III

During this discussion Dr. Wu Ting had remained immobile.

'If you are finished,' he said when a pause occurred, 'let me go on with the general argument.' And he proceeded to do so.

'Take another religion by way of comparison — that of Islam. This religion started in the same part of the world as Christianity did. Its Prophet, Mohammed, traveled paths near those where the Founder of Christianity had walked a few centuries before. Yet, while the Christian religion spread westward to the efficient, capitalistic, warlike nations, Mohammedanism, for the most part, spread east and south.

'Mohammedanism, as contrasted with Christianity, emphasizes efficiency, materialism, and war. It dictates in detail the tasks which must be performed by the devotee. The times of prayer practically control the Mohammedan's rising and retiring; careful directions as to the washing of hands and body and as to foods to be eaten and avoided regulate such material items as sanitation and diet. Islam exalts the principle of private property. From the beginning it was built about warfare. The army is a regular part of Mohammedan organization — an institution for the conquering of unbelievers and for the suppression of internal rebellion. The Koran gives minute directions as to the distribution of booty and the handling of conquered peoples. Consider such typical sayings of Mohammed as these: —

> 'Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.
>
> 'The practice of religion is founded upon cleanliness, which is one half of faith and the key to prayer.
>
> 'And give full measure when you measure out and weigh with a true balance.
>
> 'The sword is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God or a night spent in arms is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer.

'Yet Islam, this efficient, warlike religion, full of detailed instructions for the handling of worldly goods, for personal hygiene, and for conquest by arms, has spread during the centuries to the southern and eastern peoples, to Africa, the Near East, and Asia, to people who were and are unhygienic, inefficient, and dishonest in the Western sense, unorganized in preparedness and war as compared with Europeans, uninterested in treasure houses of goods and chattels as contrasted with Westerners.

'Except for the first military successes of the Arab horsemen, Islam, with all its warlike trappings and efficient régime, has not much affected, below superficial observance, the life of the people to whom it has spread. It has not raised its followers in North Africa and Western Asia from sloth, dirt, disease, and inefficiency. And Christianity has had equally little success in making European and American nations peaceful, philosophic, or unworldly.

'The directions of the spread of Christianity and Mohammedanism are to be explained not by any willingness of the peoples who adopted them to follow their teachings, but rather by the tendencies of these peoples to use the principles as a compensation for their own recognized shortcomings in these respects.

'The Easterners realized perhaps subconsciously the lacks which come with inefficiency and with a happy-go-lucky socialism. They therefore accepted a simple mechanism of religion which would care for their habits in eating and bathing, in fighting and in holding property, without too much anxious concern on their part, and which would enable them, by expressing a theoretic interest in all these matters, then to go about their lives free to pursue the exact opposites.

'The nations of Europe and America on the other hand, failing to find complete satisfaction in their jealousies and wars and in their capitalism and busy planning for the future, have welcomed an opportunity to declare loudly their belief in the very opposite of those things to which in reality they devote their lives.'

'Well, anyway,' the son of a missionary interposed, 'all you say goes to show that people turn to religion because they want something they do not find in the rest of their lives. You call it compensation: I should prefer to call it aspiration or idealism. To me it is gratifying to see successful business men turning to the meek and patient Messiah, to see army colonels and other race-conscious Nordics attending the Christian church.'

'Call it what you please,' said Dr. Wu, 'so long as you don't pretend that it transforms life,' and went on to make some pointed comments upon the World War and the treatment of Negroes by Christian mobs in America.

'By the way,' said one of the Englishmen who had not previously spoken, 'when I last visited the United States I heard a good deal about a man who was doing a lot to help the Negroes — building schools for them and helping them get decent living quarters and medical care. Yet this man was not a Christian. Queer, is n't it, that with all the Christian teaching of the Golden Rule and brotherly love it should be a Jew who conspicuously exemplifies these doctrines in his service to Negroes. No doubt a great many Christians also have helped the Negroes, with loving-kindness as well as with money, but as many Christians, I'll venture to say, have been in mobs that lynched them. Anyway, this Jewish philanthropist stands out as one of the great American benefactors of the Negro.'

'Fascinating,' murmured Wu Ting, and began to discuss Judaism. He said that, while he did n't pretend to know much about Jews or the Jewish religion, one thing that had always struck him was that they spoke of themselves as 'the chosen people,' and their prophets emphasized their essential separateness from all other groups.

The Jews, he went on to explain, still proclaim themselves followers of their ancient prophets, and they have never accepted Jesus as a teacher or Messiah. Yet Jews are really the most charitable of peoples. In western Europe and America they are among the liberal contributors to general causes as well as to their own charities and hospitals. And as a matter of fact they probably do not really wish to be separated from other people. In Europe for centuries they have been forcibly isolated and segregated. Therefore, by way of compensation, they keep declaring that they are a separate, chosen people of God. Thus in a social evil they try to find a religious good.

'Right!' cried one of the Americans. 'I don't believe Jews want to be segregated any more than any other group does. They probably use their old religious slogan of a select people simply to compensate themselves for a situation which has been forced on them. I don't see Jews avoiding other groups when they get a chance to mingle. They go to schools and colleges wherever they can. They are keen enough to move into Christian or gentile neighborhoods. They intermarry quickly enough. Why, they even change their names, so they won't be thought to be Jews. I can't believe they hold to this "chosen people" idea very sincerely — whenever they can get a chance to drop it. But so long as they are segregated, this is a comforting doctrine to chant by way of defense and compensation.'

At this point the Japanese diplomat arose and, apropos of nothing in particular, announced with a polite bow: 'There has been a great revival of Buddhism in Japan in recent years.'

'Just so,' answered Dr. Wu; and, sitting with half-closed eyes, he went on. 'Buddhism — a great religion. We cannot now take the time of the schedule-worshiping Westerners to elaborate its doctrines and philosophy. All of you who have lived in the East or who have studied at all know it anyway. It is essentially the religion of calm detachment from the world, of the "way of life" which looks toward peaceful contemplation and poise.

'And, as our friend has indicated, Buddhism to-day is in a state of active renaissance, of conscious energetic promulgation nothing short of a crusade in just one country — Japan. Interesting, is n't it? For Japan, I need scarcely add, is the one country of the entire East which has become notoriously bustling, feverish, materialistic, efficient, and successful. The Japanese army is as efficient as that of Germany at the beginning of the century. Japanese railways are among the best-managed in the world; you can safely set your watch by trains as they come and go through the stations. The national currency exchanges throughout the world at par even with sterling. Tokyo rivals New York and London in active business, clattering trains, trade in all commodities, and in stocks and bonds. The stop watch to-day rules the country.

'Millions of Japanese people, as they turn their backs upon centuries of the simple way of life, of calm and contemplation, seek compensation in shouting their adherence to the quiet, eternal Buddha.'

No one volunteered any further comments, and there was silence for a time.

'Creeds,' said Wu Ting, evidently by way of summing up his thesis, 'creeds do not represent the expression of the real beliefs and desires of the people who adopt them. Nor do religious precepts affect very much the lives of the worshipers. Oftener than not religious tenets are the exact opposite of the characteristics of those who profess them. They are not a positive expression of belief or emotion, but a compensation for recognized or unconscious contraries in life and ideals.'

Such was the doctrine of the Chinese philosopher. But as he rose to go to his home a smile played about his features

MISREPRESENTED INDIA

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

As all the world knows, a Round Table Conference will meet in London, sometime this autumn, to consider the situation in India, and the detailed proposals which should be placed before Parliament to deal with that situation. At present the position is strained and delicate; discussion — and more especially ill-formed discussion — may easily aggravate it. Indians are sensitive to criticism; Englishmen whose interests are linked with those of India have often clean-cut and tenaciously held opinions as to the most suitable course to adopt; and at such a moment, with the gravest issues calling imperatively for decision, and with much depending upon the 'atmosphere' in which the discussions of the Conference will take place, the general feeling in England is that a truce should be called to discussion until the Conference has met and reported.

There have been no general debates in Parliament, for this reason; and such examination as the subject has received in the press has been characterized by an objectivity and a restraint unusual in similar circumstances. It is felt that the issues are so grave, the decisions to be taken so far-reaching in their consequences, and the material upon which these decisions must be based so complicated and so vast, that any examination which the press can make will probably fail to elucidate points of major importance, and may on the other hand occasion resentment in this quarter or in that prejudicial to that just, reasoned, impartial, and equitable treatment of the subject which all political parties in England unite in desiring. The writer has 'eaten the salt' of India; in common with all who have worked there he has, throughout his official life, placed the interests of India first; and he feels that any examination of the general political situation at the moment — even though that examination would be based upon long personal experience — would be inopportune, for the reasons stated above.

It may be, however, that a minor and subordinate rôle might still usefully be played. The *Economist*, in reviewing on August 3 of this year the performances of the first session of the second Labor Government in England, commented as follows, after referring to the signing of the Naval Treaty: 'Certainly not less important is the fact that, after several years of increasing and dangerous estrangement, Anglo-American relations have been reëstablished on a basis of harmony and coöperation which, we hope, will not be prejudiced by the recent misrepresentations of British action and policy in India which have been widespread in the United States.' The *Times* has, within the last few weeks, published a series of special articles dealing with these misrepresentations, and refuting them. But they persist; they are widely believed in the United States; they have created a strong opinion adverse to England there, and the mere existence of that opinion prejudices

America's attitude toward any solution which may be adopted by the Round Table Conference, and eventually by Parliament. It would perhaps be useful, therefore, to set out some of the salient facts as regards British administration in India, and to pass briefly in review some of the more striking results achieved there, as a corrective, and in order to enable Americans to judge, with some accuracy and fairness, as to the rights and wrongs of the general situation.

All the statements made in the following paragraphs have been carefully verified. All are readily verifiable. Where opinions are expressed, they are the opinions of the writer. In order that some estimate may be formed of the weight of experience behind these opinions, it may be stated that he spent twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service. During that period he was for about two years in the Secretariat of the local Government, for several years in the Secretariat of the Government of India, for roughly two years at the India Office, and the remainder of the time he was occupied with work in the districts, was in charge of one of the larger cities of India, and served on various provincial and imperial commissions which gave him an opportunity to travel practically throughout the Indian Empire. While in the districts, he spent many months each year camping among the people, and he spoke their language fluently. His official work brought him into contact with all classes of the people — from princes to peasants, from criminals to philanthropists, from Brahmans to Sansiyahs.

In the writer's view, administration in India is conditioned by, and subject to, four major disabilities — the prevalence of the 'caste' system, acute communal differences, a geographical and political situation which renders heavy expenditure upon defense unescapable, and the existence of natural conditions which determine that the vast bulk of the population must live in scattered villages and earn their living by the practice of agriculture. It will be well to examine each of these disabilities in turn.

II

Caste, in the form in which it exists in India, has no analogue elsewhere. It is a system which is so alien to European thought that it is most difficult to comprehend it, or — more important still — to appreciate its actual working. The origin of the system has been discussed for very many years, but there is still no general agreement on the point. The probability is that it originated in the desire of the Aryan invaders of India to preserve their racial purity and their predominant social and political position as against the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula; if that is so — and it is the view to which the weight of authority leans — it is one of the subtle ironies of history that one of the main forces behind the political movements in India today should be resentment against the alleged social exclusiveness of the European.

Under the caste system, the status of every Hindu is determined by his birth. He is born into a caste; there is — save for extremely rare and wholly unimportant exceptions — no other method by which he can enter it. Throughout his life he remains a member of that caste, subject to his compliance with the major rules of conduct which govern it. He may be outcasted for failure to comply with these rules; in that event, the structure of social life in India is in general such that he probably attempts to enter some other association of individuals which calls itself a caste, and which does in time assume all the characteristics of a caste. The writer was at one time in contact with a criminal tribe which claimed to be a caste, had a caste name and caste rules, caste inhibitions and prohibitions, but which was prepared to welcome outcasted men (with suitable professional qualifications!) from all sources.

Caste is largely, though not always, associated with occupation; the degree of association depends upon the caste; and there are some occupations which no member of a certain caste could possibly undertake. A Brahman may be a cultivator, a policeman, a cook, or a lawyer, for example: he could not conceivably be a leather worker or a laundryman, or a dustman. Rich or poor, literate or illiterate, he is still a Brahman, and as such an object of respect — even of veneration. A Chamar could not be a water carrier, for no man of superior caste could take water from him. He might be very wealthy, — some of them are, — but all the social disabilities attaching to his low caste remain unimpaired.

It is almost inconceivable that a Hindu should marry outside his caste; he would forfeit his caste by doing so. Caste is something fixed, immutable, governing the great majority of the ordinary acts of life, determining the range of possible occupations to a large extent, fixing the social status, determining in advance the orbit in which the individual must move. It cuts him off, to a very large degree, from free social intercourse with his fellow men. It is restrictive, conservative, rigid, exclusive. Men are divided into exclusive groups; they are born to compliance with a set of meticulous rules; their life has to be fitted into a cast-iron framework; and, through the agency of the 2300 or so castes which have been recognized, Hindu society is rigidly controlled and organized upon intensely conservative lines. Ability, intellect, wealth, all alike beat in vain against the iron bars of caste.

Caste, then, is the negation of equality; it is frequently the denial of opportunity. It has divided and segmented Hindu society — and the term 'Hindu' has in practice the very widest signification — into separate, water-tight compartments. It has produced an intense conservatism which impedes advance. It hampers administration and progress in a thousand ways, direct and indirect, subtle and obvious. It limits the choice of officials, for example — for a man of low caste cannot possibly exercise any wide authority. It complicates all communal life, for its network of restrictions upon conduct spreads across the normal lines of social and economic activity. It affects most seriously the administration of justice, for the man of lower caste feels diffident about inflicting punishment upon the high-caste man, and the witness often considers that the claims of caste are superior to the claims of truth. It is obvious that the problem of education is greatly complicated by the existence of 'untouchability,' and that the task of the administration in providing sanitation and adequate water supplies is rendered much more difficult by the rigid limit which the caste system places upon the numbers available for the former purpose, and upon the utilization of water supplies by the various sections of the community.

It is, in short, a tyranny which, though universally accepted, hampers progress and impedes administration at every turn. To give a concrete idea of the field of its influence, it may be stated that there are roughly 216¾ million 'Hindus' in India, over 163 million in British India; and that the 'untouchables' in British India (excluding Burma) are estimated at approximately 43½ millions.

III

With regard to the second major disability mentioned above — the existence of acute communal differences — the basic fact is that, in British India, there are over 59 million Muhammadans, living side by side with over 163 million Hindus. These groups are, to a large extent, different in their racial origins; they differ in their outlook upon this life and upon the future life; they have different social customs, different habits, different dress, different diet to a large extent; naturally they differ as regards religion, and they have different mental and physical characteristics. The Muhammadan religion is not in general tolerant of 'the idolater'; and the use of beef by Muhammadans raises problems of great complexity in a society which regards the cow as an object of veneration.

Fanaticism, on both sides, is a commonplace of administration; it has to be taken into account on all occasions and at all times, but particularly when religious festivals and religious processions occur.

The Muhammadans see all around them the memorials of their past greatness and their recent empire; some of them, at least, still dream of domination; the glories of their race, and the propagation of their religion, are heady thoughts in a primitive country; they still take pride in their former military prowess; and they resent the increased power which numbers, and superior mental ability, confer upon the Hindu. They are neither so quick mentally, nor so capable of rapid adaptation to a new situation, as the Hindu; on the other hand, they think — and with considerable reason — that they possess superior virility, that they are more suited to executive work, and that their racial origin and their social habits and religion make for a stronger individuality.

The two communities live, as a consequence, in a continual state of watchfulness and tension; and this tension breaks, not infrequently, into serious disturbances and distressing conflicts. The administration has to be constantly on its guard against such occurrences; no one who has not lived in India, and who has not had personal experience of the infinity of patience and the complexity of the organization necessary, as a matter of day-to-day administration, in order to deal with recurring problems of the kind, can form an accurate idea of how much the existence of this perennial if often latent hostility hampers progress, imposes what ought to be regarded as useless expenditure, and retards the advancement of the country. It means troops — and, from the nature of the problem, mainly European troops; it necessitates a larger police force; it implies in the aggregate an enormous waste of administrative power and energy; it forces the administration, in respect of many of its activities, to do the expedient thing rather than the right thing.

IV

The third of the major disabilities alluded to above is the fact that the geographical and political situation in India, and beyond its borders, renders heavy expenditure upon defense unavoidable. This expenditure amounts to just a shade over one quarter of the total expenditure, central and provincial. The percentage is formidable; everyone is agreed that it is regrettably high; but the Government of India is faced with a situation in which it finds it impossible to reduce it. The first duty of any government is to provide adequately for the security of its territories. On the northwest frontier of

India, where the great natural barrier protecting the continent breaks down, stands the gate through which, during the centuries, wave after wave of invasion has poured into India. India has never offered effective resistance. It is imperative that that gate should be firmly closed; and, since the British occupation, it has been effectively closed.

The border is inhabited by wild and lawless tribes, who delight in swift, ruthless raids into the fat lands of India. For them the temptation is constant and great. From 1850 to 1922 there were seventy-two expeditions against these tribes — an average of one a year. Every possible device has been tried to ameliorate the situation, but without much effect. The necessity — the proved necessity — for military force is still there; and it has to be met. Behind this fringe stands Afghanistan, which is not a member of the League of Nations, and which is occupied by a notoriously turbulent and warlike people. There again every effort has been made to deal on satisfactory lines with the situation; and there again the Government has been slowly and unwillingly forced back to the conclusion that the safety of India requires the presence of an adequate armed force. Behind Afghanistan there is Russia. Russia is not a member of the League of Nations; and Russia has, as a matter of common knowledge, been pursuing a policy which does not suggest that safety for India would lie in the direction of a reduction in the numbers, or a diminution in the efficiency, of her armed forces. Under the Tsarist régime, Russia pushed on, steadily and rapidly, from the Urals to the Sea of Japan; she extended to the far north, she dominated northern Persia, and she acquired Central Turkestan. She was, clearly, a somewhat difficult neighbor; the threat to India was freely spoken of, and plans for invasion were openly discussed. Under the Soviet régime, attempts have been made to foment rebellion in India.

The difficulties are clear enough; what is the force with which to meet them? There are 60,000 British troops in India, and 150,000 Indian troops, with 34,000 reservists. This force constitutes the sole military weapon, on the spot, with which to defend an area of 1,805,000 square miles and a population of approximately 319 millions, to protect a vast continent against external aggression and internal disturbance. There is one British soldier to each thirty square miles of territory, and to each group of 5315 Indians.

It will be recollected that, as stated above, it is necessary, for reasons connected with the communal tension in India, to rely to a considerable extent upon the British forces in case of internal disturbance. There is no other body which cannot be suspected, or which will not be accused, of partiality. As will be seen later, the exiguousness of the police force also throws an additional and heavy burden, as regards internal disturbance, upon the army. The Government of India has always been fully conscious that the necessity for a relatively high expenditure upon the army diminishes the amount available for ordinary administrative services, and thereby retards the more rapid development of the country. But, while keenly appreciating the disadvantages inherent in their decision, they have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the military forces now at their command are the minimum with which they can adequately discharge their primary duty of protecting the country against external attack and internal disturbance.

It may assist in giving a more concrete idea of the position if it is pointed out that the figures quoted above represent — assuming an even distribution — one unit of a thousand British troops for each 30,000 square miles of territory, and one unit of a thousand Indian troops for each 12,000 square miles. In many cases, the district officer is hundreds of miles from the nearest troops; he may easily spend his whole service in India without seeing a British soldier, except when he visits a garrison town, probably well over a hundred miles away, for official or social purposes. We have often been told that 'India is held by the sword'; the statistics given above lend no support to that dictum, and it is hotly denied by all who know the real facts of the situation.

V

The last of the major disabilities mentioned above is the fact that the natural conditions in India are such that the bulk of the population must necessarily reside in scattered villages, and earn their living by the practice of agriculture. Distances in India are very great; communications are still imperfect; natural resources — in the form of coal, minerals, water power, and so on — are concentrated at relatively few points; railway freights (even at the extremely low rates ruling in India) cut deeply into possible profits from industrial activity except in a few specially favored localities; and, though India is now one of the eight largest industrial states in the world, physical and geographical conditions are such that the great majority of the population must necessarily turn to agriculture for their livelihood.

Roughly, 92 per cent of the population live in villages, or in towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Agriculture, and allied occupations, occupy over 70 per cent of the whole population, scattered among half a million villages. They speak over 220 vernaculars. When the last census was taken, 90 per cent of the 319 millions then counted were found to be living in the district in which they had been born; and, of the balance, two out of every three were living in a contiguous district.

These figures 'give furiously to think.'

Here we have about one fifth of the whole population of the world, isolated by great distances from the centres of thought and activity, strongly disinclined to move from the villages where they were born, speaking over two hundred tongues, many engaged in what is traditionally one of the most unchanging of occupations, almost wholly illiterate, certainly not at all anxious to become literate, conservative to a degree, and governed by custom to an extent which is almost unbelievable to the American or the Englishman without Oriental experience. The village bounds their horizon; their ways are the ways of their fathers; they passively but strongly resent change. And this vast mass of population, scattered over nearly two million square miles, apathetic and largely inert, held in the grip of the deadening caste system, presents a problem of appalling magnitude to the administrator.

The most powerful efforts are readily absorbed with little more than a tremor in the huge mass; to lever up this colossal dead-weight by the most infinitesimal fraction demands a tremendous expenditure of time, energy, and money. Yet the problem of the British in India is now, as it has always been, to improve the standard of life of these hundreds of millions, to give them a new and wider outlook, to increase their material prosperity, to awaken them to political consciousness, to fit them eventually to govern themselves.

VI

The foregoing paragraphs will, it is hoped, give a basis, however slight, for an appreciation of some of the graver disabilities under which British administration works in India. Before proceeding to deal, in the broadest outline, with the results which have hitherto been achieved, it may be well to refer to some of the more serious charges which are frequently brought against that administration by its critics.

One of the commonest assertions is that Indians are 'dragooned' by the British army, and by a venal police force. Statistics have already been given concerning the British forces in India. For the area of British India under governors (an area of 1,011,000 square miles, with a population of 242,945,000) there is a total police force of 187,000 men, with approximately one thousand officers. Of these, under six hundred are Europeans! The area per policeman is five times as great, and the population twice as great, as in England, which is one of the most law-abiding countries in the world, where communal tension is hardly existent, where the population is homogeneous, and where the people have always assisted, actively and energetically, their police force. In India there is in general no such assistance or coöperation; crimes are usually more violent and more subtle; false charges are unquestionably very much more prevalent; organized robbery is much more common; and evidence is for a variety of reasons much less reliable.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that here also, as in the case of the army, the desire to economize, to obtain funds for much-needed development, has led the Government to reduce expenditure on the police to the absolute minimum. No one with district experience in India will, the writer considers, be disposed to contest this statement; the general opinion would probably be that an increase in the police force, and a substantial addition to their pay, were eminently desirable or even essential in the best interests of the country.

Another allegation frequently made is that England has governed India in her own interests. It is, of course, peculiarly difficult to reply to a charge of this kind; to prove a negative is not easy. During the long course of England's relations with India, there have been cases where British officers working in India felt — and felt strongly — that Indian interests were being subordinated to those of England. Such cases were very few in number; and only one could reasonably be regarded as of major importance — the cotton excise duties.

In the course of the writer's service, although he occupied for years positions in which cases of this kind would necessarily have come before him, he cannot recollect more than three instances where he personally felt — and stated as strongly as official decorum permitted — that India's legitimate interests were being inadequately considered. His opinion may have been incorrect, of course; looking back on these crowded years, he is rather inclined to think that the English officer in India had a perfervid loyalty to India which, on occasion, possibly did more credit to his heart than to his head. The Government of India and the British officer in India tended, in the nature of things, to see the special strength of the Indian case in all such matters; they were probably, also in the nature of things, less appreciative of the more general considerations which affected the issue, but with which they were necessarily less familiar. On one point — and it is the major point — the writer's personal experience admits of no doubt. He is convinced that India has always found, and will probably continue to find, its keenest and ablest defenders from among the ranks of British officers serving or who have served in India.

However this may be, there are two acid tests which may be applied in judging whether England governs India in her own interests or not. Although he possesses the power, as a matter of law, the Secretary of State for India does not interfere with the enactment of any tariff measure upon which the Government of India and the Indian Legislature are agreed. There was a recent and crucial instance, where, despite the insistence of Lancashire, the Government of the day refused to disallow, or to bring any pressure upon India to alter, a measure which Lancashire strongly objected to. Unemployment was then widespread in England, and particularly in Lancashire; it was felt that the measure in contemplation would seriously aggravate an already most difficult situation; but, despite that, the Government in England confined itself to a brief statement of the position, and to the expression of a hope that modification might be found possible. Its views were not accepted by India; but no attempt was made to disallow the legislation passed by the Indian authorities.

Again, the Secretary of State has relinquished his control of policy in the matter of the purchase of government stores for India, other than military stores. The governments in India, in agreement with the legislatures there, are now free to buy stores in India or in England or abroad, as may seem best to them; and the Secretary of State, although he is by statute responsible to Parliament, has undertaken not to intervene. So we have the spectacle of India raising loans — which have the special character of trustee investments, and can as such be issued on favorable terms — in England, and spending the money in buying locomotives for her railways in Germany or in Belgium, and that at a time when unemployment in England has increased to an unheard-of degree, and when the English electorate is fully aware alike of the extent and of the gravity of the unemployment problem.

In passing, and in view of the widespread credence given to the statement, it may be mentioned that England has never administered her colonies or possessions on the basis of receiving tribute. The revenues of India, for example, are declared by statute to be applicable solely to the purposes of the government of India; and there is a further statutory provision that, except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of His Majesty's Indian possessions, Indian revenues cannot be expended on military operations carried on beyond the external frontiers of India, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament. England does not receive one penny of tribute from India — or, for that matter, from any of her colonies or possessions; she has not infrequently to aid them financially; but the ideal has always been that each unit of the Empire should be financially independent and self-contained. The revenues of each unit are attributed solely to that unit; if loans can be raised locally, so much the better; if capital has to be obtained in England, it is readily placed at the disposal of the constituent parts of the Empire; if grants in aid have to be given, they are accorded, their amount being limited as narrowly as may be; and they have, if possible, to be repaid.

In any attempt to balance the account as between India and England, it should not be forgotten that India is, in the ultimate analysis, protected by the British navy, of which the whole cost falls on the British taxpayer. It is believed that India has in recent years made a small contribution on this account; but that contribution is of importance chiefly as constituting a recognition of the benefits received, and is so small that it cannot be regarded as in any sense a payment for them.

Before leaving this point — the assertion that England has governed India in her own interests, and not in the interests of India — it is well to remember that the policy of the English in India has always been that of the 'open door.' The citizens of any state, Americans or Swiss, Germans or Austrians, Japanese or Chinese, are free to enter India, to settle there, to found businesses, to trade, to engage in industry. They are subject to no special discrimination or disqualification; they stand upon the same footing as the Indian or the Englishman. This — as most people are aware — is certainly not the policy of the colonizing Powers generally. Further, trade and shipping are entirely free — again a notable departure from the normal procedure. Shipping traffic between India and England, or between India and any part of the British Empire, is not regarded as 'coasting traffic,' reserved for national bottoms; it is open to all. To summarize, the assertion that England is mindful of her own interests, and neglectful of those of India, finds, in the view of the writer, no justification either in history or in fact.

VII

Another charge which one frequently hears is that India is exploited in the interests of the upper classes — the so-called 'governing classes' — of England. Here again indisputable figures cast a flood of light on the position, particularly for those who are unfamiliar with Indian conditions.

In the whole civil administration of India, from the highest to the lowest grade, there are about 12,000 Europeans, out of a total approximating to a million and a half — eight tenths of one per cent only. If the superior grades of the Civil Service only are taken into account — and the 12,000 mentioned above includes a large number of engine drivers, and others of the same class — the total is about 3500. The proportion to the number of government servants as a whole is 0.23 per cent. Expressed in another fashion, it means one European to each 70,600 of the population.

If the statistics of the individual services be examined, the figures are even more striking.

The Indian Civil Service governs India; in that service, on January 1, 1929, there were 894 Europeans and 367 Indians; by January 1, 1939, the present programme provides for 715 Europeans and 643 Indians. In other words, there is at present one member of the Indian Civil Service for each 195,000 of the population of British India. The proportion is certainly not extravagant; and it will be observed that, even at present, over 29 per cent of the personnel of the Indian Civil Service is Indian. By January 1939 the proportion will be over 47 per cent. At the moment, there is one European member of the Civil Service for each 276,250 of the population of British India.

Similar, and equally illuminating, figures could be quoted for other services. The Irrigation Service, for example, has at present 255 Europeans and 240 Indians in its superior branch; by 1939 it will have 229 Europeans and 270 Indians. To turn to the judicial side, the detailed figures show that, in the higher courts in the Presidency of Madras, there are, out of a total of 177 officers, 50 Europeans and 127 Indians.

In the High Court — the supreme court for the Presidency — there are 8 Europeans and 6 Indians.

The writer thinks it will be agreed that these statistics — and many others of a similar character which could be produced — do not lend any support to the suggestion that India is overstaffed with Europeans, or that the Government has been slow to accord to Indians a fair proportion of the higher appointments, as soon as men with the requisite qualifications for these appointments became available. The writer is not aware of any colonial administration, British or foreign, where the proportion of Europeans is so small as in India, where the total staff is so restricted relative to area and population, or where so large a percentage of that staff is composed of residents of the country.

Criticism of the Government of India's opium and excise policy has probably been more envenomed, more unfair, less well informed, and more widely accepted than in respect of any other branch of the administration. Such criticism has originated chiefly in America; and it is, almost uniformly, based upon a plenteous lack of knowledge.

The broad facts are clear enough, and the figures which will shortly be quoted are undisputed and indisputable. India — accompanied in this by regrettably few of the nations of the world — has not allowed her policy as regards opium to be determined by financial considerations. After the so-called 'opium wars,' England did not, as is almost invariably asserted, force China to admit Indian opium; no such demand was made. The matter was left entirely to the Chinese. When China, in the early years of the present century, expressed the desire to prohibit the cultivation and consumption of opium in China, and as a necessary step to that end to secure the gradual extinction of the imports of opium from India, the Government of India readily acceded to the request. An arrangement was quickly come to; and the heavy loss of revenue which that arrangement entailed was cheerfully accepted by India, although opinion there strongly inclined to the view that China had set herself an impossible task, and that the object aimed at could not and would not be attained. It is difficult to estimate with accuracy the loss of revenue involved; the figure currently accepted was in the region of £4,000,000 a year.

This arrangement was scrupulously observed by India; and exports to China did, in fact, cease some years before there was any obligation upon India to prohibit them. At that time there were also no international obligations of any kind binding India in the matter; it was before the days of the Hague Convention. Exports of opium from India to China ceased as long ago as 1913. Events have proved that the skepticism felt in India as to China's power to carry through her projected reform was amply justified; the situation in China at the moment, and during recent years, is now a matter of common knowledge.

The only consideration which India received for her heavy loss of revenue was the hope that it might be found possible to prohibit, or rigidly control, the use of opium in China; that hope has been disappointed by the march of events, but India does not complain. She is, frankly, glad to be quit of the traffic. India did not, however, content herself with a mere rigid compliance with the terms of the convention arranged with China. She took various steps, which it would take too long to enumerate here, to secure, as far as that was possible, that there should be no floating surplus of opium in the Far

East available for smuggling into China. In recent years she has taken a further and most important step. Again disregarding all financial considerations, — the loss involved is in the region of £2,000,000 per annum, — India decided, for a variety of reasons which need not be explained in detail, that the export of opium from India, other than for purely medical and scientific purposes, should cease by the end of 1935. Here again she was under no international obligation of any kind; her action was purely voluntary. It may safely be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no other government has incurred such heavy financial sacrifices in the interests of the repression of the drug traffic.

VIII

Despite these and other cogent facts, however, it is still repeatedly asserted that India's policy is governed solely by financial considerations; and that England still reaps, from an infamous traffic, vast revenues. It has already been explained that England reaps nothing, in any event; whatever revenue there may be is Indian revenue, utilizable solely by India in the interests of India. Let us see what this net revenue is. For the latest year for which data are available, it was, as near as may be, £2,300,000. This includes the revenue from the export of opium to 'smoking' countries, from the export of opium for medical purposes, and from the sale, at something near cost price, of opium to the provincial governments for excise purposes. This net revenue is less than 4½ cents per head of the population of British India; it is less per head than it would cost an Indian to send a letter to China. And, as pointed out above, it is a revenue which India will, by the end of 1935, have voluntarily abandoned.

As regards the consumption of opium in India itself, the position is complicated by various considerations which it would be out of place to discuss here in detail. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that the consumption in India was till quite recently, and for many years, at a considerably lower rate than the consumption in the United States. This is a little-known but highly significant fact. Very rapid advance has been made in America during recent years in controlling and limiting the consumption of opium products; and the rigid control now exercised has naturally led to a much lower consumption. The consumption per capita in India has also fallen, steadily and fairly rapidly; it now stands at approximately one half higher than the consumption in the United States. Evidently there is no basis here for the assertion — which has frequently been made — that the Government of India deliberately encourages the opium traffic, in order that it may be easier to rule over the drugged and helpless subjects. At the time when that monstrous assertion was first made — by an American — the consumption per capita in the United States was in fact higher, and considerably higher, than the consumption per capita in India! The consumption of opium at the present time in India is just under sixteen grains per head per annum.

The excise revenue from opium — that is, the revenue derived from sales of the drug in India — works out at just a shade under five cents a head a year. The rate at which the opium is issued to vendors varies; but it ranges about eleven dollars a pound. The price paid by the consumer, purchasing in very small quantities, is naturally much higher.

We have, then, in India an average consumption of opium per head per annum of just under sixteen grains, and an average incidence of taxation per capita upon the consumption of opium of just under five cents a year. The former figure is all the consumer takes; the latter is all the Government gets. And neither points to abuse.

The matter may be looked at from another standpoint. There is on an average one shop for the sale of drugs to each seventy-three square miles of territory in British India. On the same scale, this would correspond to something like 1290 shops for the whole of the United Kingdom. There are, in fact, over 100,000 shops for the sale of intoxicating liquors in that area — a figure which is not of course comparable, but which nevertheless serves to give some aid in visualizing what one shop to each seventy-three square miles really means. It clearly cannot be contended that the Government of India places temptation in the way of the opium eater, or that it makes much money out of him.

The liquor problem may be briefly disposed of. Muhammadans, speaking generally, do not consume liquor; its consumption is forbidden by their religion. Nor do the higher-caste Hindus drink, except in rare individual cases. The consumption of liquor is, in practice, confined to the lower-caste Hindus; and it is the lowest castes of all which provide the heaviest drinkers. But steady drinking is unusual. There are riotous orgies on feast days, during marriage ceremonies, and on other similar occasions; but for weeks or months at a time the average Indian, even of the lowest caste, probably abstains from drink. The operative reason, in most cases, is doubtless that he cannot afford it. As in the case of opium, the price is always kept at the maximum point, consistently with the fundamental condition that it must not be so high as to lead to smuggling or illicit distillation on any material scale. The revenue from liquor is, as near as may be, £10,300,000 a year; the incidence is almost exactly twenty cents per head per annum. There is, on an average, one shop for each twenty-four square miles of territory; this would correspond to approximately 3900 shops for the whole of the United Kingdom, as against the 100,000 which actually exist there. There is in India one shop for each group of 5620 inhabitants; in England the shop density is about twelve times greater. The total excise revenue, from all sources, — opium, liquor, other drugs, and miscellaneous, — works out at something under twenty-nine cents a head a year.

OVER THE WIRE

A Drama

BY JEAN COCTEAU

[The scene of the action, framed in a drop painted to imitate red draperies, shows the corner of a woman's bedroom — a sombre room, in bluish tones. To the left, a bed in disorder; to the right, a door opening into a white bathroom ablaze with light; in the centre, leaning forward from a panel, the photographic enlargement of some great picture, or possibly a family portrait — in a word, a disheartening room. In front of the prompter's box stand an easy-chair and a table with telephone, books, and a lamp throwing out merciless light.

The curtain rises on what seems to be a room where a murder has been committed. On the floor by the bed lies a woman in a long negligee, stretched out as if assassinated. Dead silence. The woman sits up, and becomes motionless again. Finally she makes up her mind, gets to her feet, takes a cloak from the bed, and moves toward the door, after stopping a moment by the telephone. Just as she reaches the door, the telephone bell rings. She drops the cloak and hastens to answer the call, kicking the cloak out of her way as she goes. She takes down the receiver.

From now on she talks — standing, sitting, facing the audience, turning away from it, kneeling behind the easy-chair, leaning over its back, pacing up and down the room with the cord trailing after her — until the very end, when she falls face-down across the bed. Then her head drops dead over the edge, and the receiver falls like a stone.

Each pose the woman takes serves some particular phase of the monologue-dialogue (the dog phase, the lie phase, and so forth). Her nervousness is not revealed by haste, but by this succession of poses, each seeming to embody the very climax of distress.

The woman's negligee, the ceiling, door, easy-chair, furniture covers, lamp shade — all are white. By some device a shadow must be projected from the prompter's box high above the woman, in order to emphasize the light streaming from the lamp.

As the style of this play excludes everything resembling cleverness, the author advises any actress attempting to play it without his guidance to put into the rôle none of the sarcasm of a wounded woman — no bitterness. The character is merely a commonplace victim, in love from head to heels; she attempts only a single ruse, when she gives the man a chance to admit he has lied to her, in order that she shall not be left with this tawdry memory of him. The actress should give the impression of bleeding — of losing her blood like a wounded animal — of bringing the act to a close in a room full of blood.]

Hello! hello! hello! . . . No, no, this is a party line; will you please hang up? . . . Hello! . . . This is my call. . . . Oh! . . . Hello. . . . Hang up yourself. . . . Hello, operator, hello! . . . Kindly let us talk. . . . No, this is *not* Dr. Schmidt's. . . . 18 J, not 18 W. . . . Hello! . . . This is absurd. . . . Someone was trying to get me, I don't know who. (*She hangs up, with her hand still on the receiver. The bell rings.*) Hello! . . . Hello, what can I do about it? . . . You are very rude. . . . What, *my* fault? . . . Certainly not . . . certainly not. . . . Hello! . . . Hello, operator! . . . Someone is trying to get me and I can't hear them. Another person is trying to cut in. Please ask that lady to hang up. (*She hangs up.*

The bell rings.) Hello! Is that you? . . . Is that you? . . . Yes. . . . I can hardly hear you. You sound far away, very far. . . . Hello! . . . This is too much! . . . Somebody is trying to cut in. . . . Ask for my number again. Hello! *Ask-for-my-num-ber-a-gain!* . . . I said, ask for my number again! . . . Will you *please* get off the line? I told you that I am not Dr. Schmidt. . . . Hello! (*She hangs up the receiver. The bell rings.*)

Ah, at last! . . . At last it's you. . . . Yes . . . I'm all right. . . . . . Hello! . . . Yes. . . . It was maddening to hear you trying to talk against all those other people . . . yes . . . yes. . . . No. . . . How lucky! . . . I only came in ten minutes ago. . . . You did n't call me up before? . . . Ah! . . . No, no. . . . I was dining out. . . . At Marthe's. . . . It must be about quarter past eleven. . . . Are n't you at home? . . . Well, then, look at your electric clock. . . . That's what I thought. . . . Yes, yes, dearest. . . . Last night? Last night I went right to bed, and when I found I could n't sleep I took a powder . . . No . . . only one . . . about nine o'clock. . . . I did have a little headache, but I soon shook that off. Then Marthe came in. She had lunch with me. I did some errands, then I came home. I've put all the letters in the yellow bag. I have . . . What? . . . Oh, very strong! . . . I give you my word . . . I have lots and lots of courage. . . . After that? After that I got dressed, Marthe called for me, and that's that! . . . I've just come back from her house. She was perfect — simply perfect. . . . Very, very sweet. . . . She looks that way, but she is n't! You were right; you always are. . . . My pink dress, with the fur. . . . My black hat . . . I still have my hat on. . . . No, no, I'm not smoking. I've only smoked three cigarettes. . . . Yes, honor bright! . . . Yes, it is. . . . You're very dear. . . . And have you just come in? . . . You stayed home? . . . Which trial? . . . Oh, of course! . . . You must n't get too tired . . . Hello, hello! Don't cut me off. Hello! . . . Hello, dearest . . . Hello! . . . If they cut off, call me back right away . . . of course. . . . Hello! No, here I am. . . . The bag? . . . Your letters and mine. You can send for them whenever you like. . . . It's a little hard. . . . I understand. . . . Oh, my darling, don't make any excuses; it's perfectly natural; I was the stupid one. . . . You are a dear . . . you're a perfect dear. . . . I did n't, either; I did n't think I was strong enough. . . . No, I'm nothing so wonderful. I go around like a woman walking in her sleep. I dress, I go out, I come in again like a piece of machinery. Perhaps to-morrow I won't be so brave. . . . . You? . . . of course not! . . . Why, dearest, I don't blame you the least bit in the world. . . . I . . . I . . . Don't say that! . . . What? . . . Perfectly natural. . . . On the contrary. . . . It was . . . it was always understood we'd be frank with each other, and it would have been wicked if you'd let me go without telling me anything till the last minute. That would have been too much to bear. As it was, I had time to get used to it, to understand. . . . Acting? . . . Hello! You say that I'm acting? Me? . . . You know perfectly well I'm not that sort of person. . . . Not at all, not at all! . . . Certainly not! . . . Perfectly calm. . . . You'd hear it if I did. . . . I say you'd hear it if I did. I don't sound like a person trying to hide something. . . . No, I made up my mind to be brave, and I'm going to be . . . no, please! . . . That was n't the same. . . . That's possible; but it does n't matter how much you think you're prepared for the bad news, it knocks you out just the same. . . . Don't exaggerate. . . . Yes, but all the same I had time to get used to it. You *tried* to make it painless for me. . . . Our love never had a chance. I either had to resist it and refuse five years of happiness or take the risk. I never thought it would come out right. I'm paying dear now; but what I had was worth it. . . . Hello! . . . I say, was worth it and I don't regret. . . . I don't regret . . . I don't regret anything, anything, anything! . . . You . . . you're mistaken! . . . You're . . . you're mistaken. I've got . . . Hello! . . . I've got what I deserve. I wanted to throw everything to the winds and have the happiness of madness . . . darling . . . listen . . . Hello! . . . darling . . . please! . . . Hello! . . . let me speak. Don't blame yourself. It's all my fault. Yes, it is. . . . Do you remember that Sunday at Versailles and the telegram? . . . Ah! . . . Well, then . . . It was *I* who wanted to come, it was I who would n't listen to you, it was I who said I did n't care what happened. . . . No . . . no . . . no. . . . Now you're being unfair. . . . I . . . I was the first to telephone. . . . No, Tuesday . . . Tuesday, I'm sure of it. Tuesday the twenty-seventh. Your telegram came Monday evening, the twenty-sixth. Don't you suppose I know those dates by heart? . . . Your mother? Why? . . . It's hardly worth while. . . . I don't know yet. . . . Yes . . . perhaps. . . . Oh no, certainly not right away. And you? . . . *To-morrow?* . . . I did n't know it was so soon. . . . Well, then, wait . . . it's perfectly simple . . . to-morrow morning the concierge will have the bag. Just let Joseph come and get it. . . . Oh, as for me, it's just possible I may stay here, or else I may spend a few days in the country with Marthe. . . . He's here. He's acting like a lost soul. All yesterday he was walking back and forth between the vestibule and the bedroom. He kept looking at me. He kept pricking up his ears and listening. He was looking for you everywhere. He seemed to think I ought to get up and help him find you. . . . I think it would be better if you took him. . . . If that poor animal has to suffer . . . Me? Oh, well! . . . He's not a woman's dog. I would n't know what to do with him. I could n't exercise him. Much better if he goes with you. . . . He'll soon forget me. . . . We'll see . . . very well, we'll see. . . . That's not difficult. Just say he belongs to a friend. He's fond of Joseph. Send Joseph for him. . . . I'll put his red collar on; there's no name plate on that. . . . We'll see . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes, dearest. . . . Certainly . . . why, of course, dear. . . . What gloves? . . . The fur-lined gloves, the ones you drove in? . . . I don't know. I have n't seen them. Perhaps. I'll look . . . wait a minute. Don't ring off.

(*On the table, behind the lamp, she picks up a pair of fur-lined gloves, which she kisses passionately. She goes on talking with the gloves pressed to her cheek.*)

Hello . . . hello. . . . No . . . I've looked on the table, the armchair, in the vestibule, everywhere. They're not here. . . . Listen . . . I'll look again, but I'm sure . . . If I find them to-morrow morning, I'll have them put with the bag. . . . What did you say, dearest? . . . The letters . . . yes . . . you'll burn them, of course. . . . I wonder if you'd do something foolish for me. . . . No, no; I was going to say, if you burn them I wish you'd keep the ashes in that little tortoise-shell box I gave you for cigarettes and . . . hello! . . . No

. . . Oh, I am so stupid! Yes, I was strong then! There, forgive me! (*She weeps.*) . . . There, that's over, and I'm blowing my nose. But still I would love to have those ashes . . . What a dear you are! . . . Ah!

(*The actress will then say, in the foreign language with which she is most familiar, the following passage in quotation marks.*)

'As for those papers of your sister's, I burned them all in the kitchen stove. I was going to take out the drawing you spoke about, but you told me to burn everything, and I did. . . . Oh, good! . . . Good . . . yes.'

Of course you're in your dressing gown, are n't you? . . . You're going to bed? . . . You ought n't to work so late. You must go to bed if you're getting up early to-morrow morning. Hello! . . . Hello! . . . How is that? . . . But I'm speaking very loud as it is. . . . Now do you hear me? . . . I said, do you hear me? . . . That's strange. I hear you as plainly as if you were here in the room. . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Now I can't hear *you!* . . . Yes, but far away, very far away. . . . Do you hear me? First it's one and then the other. . . . Oh no, don't ring off! . . . Hello! . . . Operator, I'm still talking. . . . Ah! Now I hear you! I hear you plainly. It was horrible — like being dead — hearing and not being able to be heard. . . . No, very well. It's strange they've let us talk so long. Usually they cut off, after three minutes, and then give you back the wrong number. . . . Yes, yes indeed. . . . I hear better than before, but there's a humming in your telephone. It almost seems as if it were n't yours. . . . You know, I can see you. . . . (*He makes her guess.*) Which dressing gown? The red one! . . . Ah! . . . . You're leaning on your left elbow . . . your sleeves are rolled up. . . . In your left hand? The receiver, of course. . . . And in your right hand? Why, your fountain pen! You're drawing faces and stars and hearts on the blotter. Now you're laughing! I've got eyes in place of ears. . . . (*Hiding her face with a mechanical gesture*) Oh no, darling! Whatever you do, don't look at me! . . . Afraid? . . . No, I shan't be afraid. . . . No, that's worse. . . . Well, I've got out of the habit of sleeping alone. . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Yes, yes . . . I promise you. . . . I . . . I . . . I promise. . . . . . You *are* a dear. . . . I don't know. I try not to look at myself. I don't dare turn on the light by my mirror. Yesterday I found myself face to face with an old woman. . . . No, no! A thin old woman with white hair and a lot of wrinkles. . . . It's nice of you to say so, but, darling, a pretty face is the worst of all; that's for the artists. . . . I liked it better when you used to say, 'Just look at that ugly little mug!' . . . Yes, indeed! . . . . Oh, I was only joking! . . . Don't be stupid. . . . How glad I am that you're clumsy, and that you love me! If you did n't love me, and you were clever, what a terrible weapon the telephone would be! A weapon that does its work without leaving a trace, without making a sound! . . . I, unkind? . . . Hello! . . . Hello, hello! . . . Darling . . . where are you? . . . Hello! Hello! Operator, you've cut me off! Hello! (*The telephone rings.*) Hello, is that you? . . . No, no, operator! You cut me off! . . . I don't know the number! . . . I mean . . . yes, I do . . . wait a minute. . . . . . Auteuil 047. . . . Hello! . . . . The line is busy? . . . Hello! Operator, they're trying to get me again. . . . Very well. (*She hangs up the receiver; the bell rings.*) Hello, hello — 047. No, not 6 — 7*!* Oh, dear! Hello! . . . Operator, you gave me the wrong number. I want 047. (*She waits.*) Hello! Auteuil 047? Yes! Oh, is that you, Joseph? . . . Yes, it's I. . . . I was talking with him a minute ago. . . . He's not there? . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Not coming home to-night? . . . Of course; it was stupid of me. He called me up from a restaurant. They cut us off, and I asked for his own number. . . . I'm sorry, Joseph. . . . Thanks . . . thanks . . . . Good night, Joseph.

(*She hangs up the receiver; she is on the verge of nausea. The telephone rings.*)

Hello! Ah, there you are, dearest! They cut us off. . . . No, no! I was waiting. The bell rang, I took down the receiver, but no one was there. . . . I suppose so. . . . Yes, certainly . . . you're sleepy. . . . It was nice of you to telephone . . . sweet of you. (*She weeps.*) . . . No, I'm still here. . . . What? . . . . . Forgive me, please! It *is* absurd! . . . Nothing, nothing! There's nothing the matter . . . I tell you there's nothing the matter. . . . Nothing at all. You're mistaken. . . . Just the same as a little while ago. . . . You see, one talks on and on; one does n't realize the time is bound to come when one will have to stop, and hang up the receiver, and fall back again into the emptiness — the dark. . . . . . . Well . . . (*She weeps.*) . . . Listen, love: I've never lied to you. . . . Yes, I know, I know; I believe you; of course. . . . No, I don't mean that. . . . You see, *I* just lied to *you*. . . . Just now . . . over the telephone, a little while ago, I lied! . . . I know perfectly well that there's no such thing as luck for me any more, but lying never brings luck, and besides, I don't like to lie to you. I can't do it, I won't do it, even for your good. . . . Oh, nothing serious, dear; don't be alarmed. Only I did tell a lie when I told you what dress I had on and that I had dinner with Marthe. . . . I have n't had any dinner; I'm not wearing the pink dress. I have a cloak on over my negligee simply because this waiting for the telephone, looking at the telephone, getting up, sitting down, walking up and down the room, was driving me crazy, stark crazy! So I put on the coat and was just going to take a taxi and drive past your windows and wait. . . . Well, I don't know what I was going to wait for. . . . You're right . . . yes. . . . Yes, I *am* listening. . . . I'll behave myself. . . . I'll do everything you say. . . . Here . . . I have n't eaten a thing . . . I could n't. . . . . I've been very sick. . . . Yesterday evening I took a powder to put me to sleep; I thought if I took more than one I'd sleep better, and that if I took all of them I'd sleep without dreaming, without waking up — I'd never wake up, I'd be dead. (*She weeps.*) . . . . I took twelve of them . . . in hot water . . . all at once. And I had a dream. I dreamed what was the truth. I woke up with a start, so glad because it was only a dream, and when I realized it was true, that you were n't there, so close that we seemed almost one person, then I felt I could n't — I just *could n't* go on living. . . . . Very light — light and cold. I could n't feel my heart beating any more, and death was so slow in coming! Then I got terribly frightened, and at last I telephoned Marthe. I was n't brave enough to die alone. . . . Dearest . . . dearest. . . . It was four o'clock in the morning. She came at once with that doctor who lives in her apartment house. I had a high fever. It seems it's hard to poison one's self; one always takes too much or too little. The doctor made out a prescription and Marthe stayed with me till to-night. I begged her to leave because you said you'd telephone once more and I was afraid something would prevent my talking to you. . . . Yes, very well. . . . No more. . . . I'm telling the truth . . . only a little fever. . . . . Don't worry about me. . . . How stupid I am! I promised not to worry you, to let you go quickly, to say good-bye to you as if we were to meet again to-morrow. . . . I'm stupid — yes, stupid. . . . . But it's hard to hang up the receiver and have everything go black again. . . . (*She weeps.*) . . . . Hello! . . . I thought they had cut us off. . . . You *are* good, dearest! . . . My poor, dear boy that I've hurt so badly! . . . Yes, go on! Go on! Say something, no matter what! . . . I was suffering terribly, and now as soon as you speak to me I feel well again and soothed and sleepy. You know, sometimes just before we went to sleep, when my head lay in its special little place with my ear against your chest, you'd speak to me and your voice would sound just as it does this evening in the receiver. . . . Coward? . . . No, *I'm* the coward. I had promised . . . I . . . How ridiculous! You . . . you who have never given me anything but happiness. . . . But, dearest, I tell you that is n't true. I knew, I *knew*, and so I was expecting what happened. Most women go on living with the man they love as if it could last forever, and when the break comes it takes them unawares. *I knew.* . . . I never told you about it, but it was at the dressmaker's in a magazine — I saw her picture. It was there, lying open on the table before me. . . . It was only human, or at any rate it was what any woman would do. . . . Because I did n't want to ruin our last weeks together. . . . No, perfectly natural. . . . Don't make me out better than I am. . . . . Hello! I hear music. . . . . Well, you ought to pound on the wall and stop your neighbors from playing the phonograph at such an hour. They've formed bad habits because you were never home. . . . . It would n't do any good. Besides, Marthe's doctor comes to-morrow. . . . No, darling. He's a good doctor, and there's no reason for hurting his feelings by calling in another . . . don't worry. . . . Certainly . . . certainly. . . . She'll tell you how I am getting along. . . . . I understand. . . . Yes, I understand. . . . Besides, this time I'm going to be brave, very brave. . . . What? . . . Oh, yes, a hundred times better! If you had n't called me, I'd be dead now. . . . No . . . wait a minute . . . wait! Let us see if we can find some way. . . . (*She walks up and down, moaning aloud in her agony.*) Forgive me; I know this is an intolerable scene, and you are very patient, but you understand how I'm suffering, don't you? This wire is the only thing that holds you to me now. . . . Night before last? I was able to sleep. I took the telephone to bed with me. . . . No, no, in the bed. . . . Yes, I know. I'm foolish, but I had the telephone with me in bed because, in spite of everything, the telephone does join people together. It goes into your house, and besides, you had promised to call me. You can't guess what a lot of strange dreams I had. I dreamed that somehow you were striking me over the telephone, and I was falling; I dreamed that I was a neck that was being strangled, or I dreamed that I was at the bottom of a sea that was like your Auteuil apartment, and I was joined to you like a diver by an air pipe, and kept begging you not to cut the pipe. They sound stupid when you tell them, but when I was dreaming them they were real, and it was terrible. . . . . . . Because you're talking to me. For five years now I've been living through you; it's as if you were the only air I had to breathe! For five years I've spent my time waiting for you — thinking you were dead when you were late, dying myself at the mere thought *you* were dead, coming to life again when you came into the room, dying of fear when you went away. Now that you're talking, it's as if the air still came through. You see, my dream was n't so stupid, after all. When you hang up the receiver, it's as if you cut the pipe. . . . . Certainly, love; I did sleep. I slept because that was the first time. It's what the doctor said — a sort of intoxication. One sleeps the first night. You see, the suffering itself makes you forget; it's something new, and you stand it. It's the second night you can't stand — that was last night — and the third night — that's to-night; it's almost here now — and to-morrow and the next day and then days and days — Oh, God, what is one to do with them? . . . . . I have n't any fever, not a bit of it; I can see just as clearly . . . There's nothing to do about it; that's why it would have been better for me to be brave and lie to you . . . . and . . . Well, suppose I *do* get to sleep; then the dreams come, and waking, and eating, and getting up and bathing and going out — yes, and where am I to go? . . . . My poor darling, I've never had anything to do but just you. . . . . . Marthe has her own life to lead. . . . . . That's like asking a fish to live without water. . . . . . But I keep telling you I don't need anybody. . . . Something to interest me? Let me tell you something; it may not be poetic, but it's true. Since that Sunday night I've been interested just once: that was at the dentist's, when he touched a nerve. . . . . Alone. . . . All alone. . . . . . He has n't left the dressing room for two days. . . . I tried to call him and pet him. He won't let anybody touch him. Once he almost bit me. . . . Yes, me! Me! He shows his teeth and growls. He's like a different dog. He frightens me. . . . To Marthe? I tell you you can't come near him. Marthe had the hardest time in the world getting out. He would n't let her open the door. . . . Really he's not safe. I give you my word he frightens me. He won't eat. He lies in one place. And when he looks at me it makes my blood run cold. . . . . How should I know? Perhaps he thinks I've done something to you. . . . Poor creature . . . I have no reason for holding it against him. I know myself what it is. He loves you. He never sees you any more, and he thinks it's my fault. . . . Try to send Joseph. . . . I think he'd follow Joseph. . . . Who, me? . . . A little more, a little less. . . . He did n't care for me a bit! . . . He may have seemed to, but I tell you I would n't dare touch him now. . . . If you won't take him I'll have to send him away. There's no need to let the dog get sick and vicious. . . . He won't bite anybody if he's with you. He'll love the people you love. . . . Yes, darling; I know; but after all, he's only a dog. No matter how clever he is, *that's* something he can't take in! . . . I never cared what I did when he was around. God knows what he's seen! . . . No, no; what I mean is, perhaps he does n't recognize me, perhaps I've frightened him. . . . You never can tell. . . . No, on the contrary. . . . Think of Aunt Jeanne that night I gave her the news her son had been killed. You know she's a pale little thing . . . well, she suddenly became a red-faced giantess. A giantess with a red face; her head reached up to the ceiling, and her hands seemed to be everywhere at once, and her shadow filled the room. It was terrifying — terrifying! . . . . No, no, forgive me! It's just that I was thinking of her dog. Her dog crept under the bureau and howled like a wild beast. . . . Why, I don't know, darling! How could you expect me to know! One simply is n't one's self. I've had to do terrible things. Think of it: I tore up my bundle of photographs and the envelope they were in all at one time, without thinking what I was doing. That would be hard even for a strong man to do. . . . The ones for the passport. . . . What? . . . No, not if I don't need a passport any more. . . . It was no loss. They made me look hideous. . . . No, no, not ever again. I had the good luck to meet you while I was traveling. Now if I were to travel I might have the bad luck to meet you. . . . Don't say any more about it . . . please . . . Hello! Hello! Please get off the line. . . . Certainly not; we are not trying to be interesting. All you have to do is hang up the receiver. . . . If you find us absurd, why waste your time instead of hanging up? . . . Oh! . . . Dearest! Dearest, don't get angry! . . . There! . . . No, no! I'm on the line now. I touched the receiver. She has rung off. She rang off quickly after she said that disgusting thing. . . . Hello! . . . You are annoyed. . . . Yes, you're annoyed because you heard that. I know by your voice. . . . You are annoyed . . . I . . . But, dearest, that woman is a terrible creature, and besides, she does n't know you. She thinks you're like all other men. . . . Why, no, dearest! It's not at all like that. . . . What regrets? . . . Hello! . . . Stop it, stop it! Don't think anything more about it. It's all over. . . . How foolish you are! . . . Who? No matter who. Day before yesterday I met the person whose name begins with S. . . . Yes, the one on Avenue Henri Martin. . . . She asked me if you had a brother and it was his engagement that had been announced. . . . . . What difference would that make to me? . . . It's the truth. . . . She looked sympathetic . . . I did n't waste much time with her. I said some friends were waiting for me at home. . . . There's no mystery about it. People dislike being dropped, and little by little I've dropped everybody . . . I did n't want to lose a minute of us two together. . . . Absolutely no difference to me. People can say what they like. . . . One must be fair. People could n't understand our situation. . . . People . . . people either like you or hate you. Break with them and it's all over. They don't take time to look. You can never make them understand . . . you . . . you can never make them understand certain things. . . . . The best thing is to do as I did and ignore them . . . . . completely. (*She gives a cry of dumb agony.*) Oh! . . . . Nothing. I'm chattering on and on; I begin to think we're talking together just as we used to, and then all of a sudden I remember the truth. . . . (*Tears*) Why try to fool one's self? . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . No! In those days one was face to face; one could do foolish things, forget one's promises, try the impossible, and then make everything right with a kiss and a hug. . . . One look could change everything. But with *this* thing, what's finished is finished. . . . Don't worry, nobody tries suicide twice. . . . Perhaps, to help me go to sleep. . . . *I* buy a revolver? Can you see me trying a revolver? . . . Where would I get strength to concoct a lie, my poor dear? . . . Not at all. . . . I ought to have had strength for it. There are times when lying is useful. If you were to lie to me to make the separation hurt less . . . I did n't say you had lied to me. I said: if you were lying and I knew you were. For instance, if you were n't at home and you told me . . . No, no, darling! Listen . . . Of course I believe you . . . I did n't mean to say I did n't believe you. . . .

Why get angry? . . . Yes, your voice sounded cross. I only said that if you were deceiving me out of the goodness of your heart, and I knew what you were doing, I should only love you all the more. . . . Hello! Hello! . . . Hello! . . .

(*She hangs up the receiver, saying quickly, in a low tone*) Oh, God, make him call me! God, make him call me again! God, make him call me again. God, make him . . .

(*The bell rings. She takes down the receiver.*)

They cut us off. I was just saying that if you lied to me out of kindness and I understood what you were doing, I'd only love you the more for it. . . . Of course. . . . You're crazy. . . . My darling! . . . My dearest dear! . . . (*She twines the telephone cord about her neck.*) . . . I know it's got to be done, but it's terrible . . . I'll never have the courage. . . . Yes, I get to feeling as if we were close together, and suddenly there are cellars and houses and sewers — there's a whole city between us! . . . You remember how Yvonne used to ask how the voice could get through the twists in the wire? The wire is around my neck now. Your voice is around my neck. . . . Perhaps the operator will cut us off. . . . Oh, my darling, how could you imagine I'd think anything so mean? I know you'll hate doing it even more than I will. . . . No . . . no, no! . . . . At Marseilles? . . . Listen, dearest. You'll be in Marseilles to-morrow night; well, I wish . . . I wish . . . at least I'd like if you would n't go to the hotel where we used to stop. You're not angry? . . . Because the things I can't picture to myself won't seem to be happening, or at any rate they'll seem to be happening in some sort of far-away place where they can't hurt so much. . . . You understand? . . . . Thanks . . . Thanks, you *are* good! I love you. (*She rises and moves toward the bed with the telephone in her hand.*) There now! I was just going to say, 'I'll see you soon.' . . . I don't think so . . . one can never tell. . . . Oh! . . . That's better! . . . Much better! . . . (*She throws herself on the bed and presses the telephone to her breast.*) My darling! . . . . . My own dearest! . . . . I'm not afraid. Hurry! Go ahead! Ring off! Ring off! I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you . . . . .

(*The receiver falls to the floor.*)

THE DILEMMA OF THE EDUCATED WOMAN

BY MABEL BARBEE LEE

I

The innumerable books which man has written about woman are evidence of the fact that she has been an age-long problem to him. No other creature in life, perhaps, has been so persistently baffling as this female paradox who is at once his inspiration and despair, the joy and bane of his existence. And just at those times when he has thought that he had her nicely subdued, she has suddenly upset his plans, and shattered his nerves by undertaking some absurd adventure like going to college, or getting a job, or running for office. It then became necessary to begin all over with his original thesis, showing that she is first and last a biological phenomenon, that her duties lie plainly within the home, and that her greatest service can be found only in ministering to the needs of men and their children.

His perplexity is, indeed, as old as civilization. Xenophon, at about the fourth century before Christ, tells of a young Athenian named Ischomachos who, possibly in self-defense, decided to educate his wife according to his own ideas. The purpose of their marriage, he said, was to produce children and keep house. Because he was strong he would go out and struggle with nature and earn the living for the family; and because she was physically weak she should stay home and occupy herself by organizing the slaves, taking charge of storing supplies, clothing the members of the household, and caring for the sick. But even Ischomachos was destined for disillusionment, for, as he confided to Socrates, his wife became restless, and one day he found her 'with a lot of powder on her face to make her look whiter, and a lot of rouge to make her look redder, and high-heeled shoes to make her look taller.' And when he reprimanded her for trying to deceive him, she asked naïvely how she might really be beautiful without just appearing so, and he replied in his charmingly masculine manner that she should 'look on at the bread-making and stand by while the housekeeper dealt out the supplies, and go about inspecting everything.' Thus, he declared, she could 'practise her profession and take a walk at the same time,' and so get excellent exercise — a first aid to beauty.

Several centuries later when the fine ladies of Rome had become socially and economically emancipated, and were flocking to lectures on history, philosophy, and literature, Juvenal, the poet, expressed what was, and still is without doubt, the rather general sentiment among men. 'I hate the woman,' he said, 'who is always turning back to the grammatical rules of Palaemon and consulting them: the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me and corrects the words of an unpolished friend which even a man would not observe.' He then exclaimed with a note of exasperation: 'Let a husband make a solecism in peace!' The Juvenalian protest became socialized, and was handed down in the unwritten code of men, until to-day a Bachelor's degree in the possession of a woman, instead of adding to her matrimonial assets, is likely to set up a series of flight reactions in the male which send him forthwith to the club and her in search of a job!

College deans and counselors who are fortunate in having the confidence of undergraduate women can testify to the fact that it is a rare senior who declares herself against matrimony. On the contrary, women students, in spite of their creditable scholarship, are often the despair of educators because of their evident distraction with romantic subjects which are not listed in the curriculum. Few of them are impelled by a singleness of purpose in the pursuit of intellectual aims. While their eyes are traveling with Chaucer and the Canterbury pilgrims, their minds are likely to be strolling in the moonlight with some real or imaginary lad. The so-called career upon which the average college graduate embarks is usually a compromise; and it is frequently undertaken as a temporary expediency to tide over the period between Commencement and the hoped-for wedding day. At best it may be only an experiment to test the strength of the fledgling's wings or to prove that in case of necessity she may fly from the nest some day and forage for herself and family.

This attitude of transitoriness toward so-called careers is general among younger women to such an extent that it is considered frequently as one of their greatest handicaps in achieving business and professional success. They are likely to become individuals divided against themselves, feigning interest in jobs which may offer self-support or relief from the boredom of home or society; and which they seldom hesitate to cast off on short notice, if they secure, by chance, a fairly attractive proposal of marriage. The tragic part of it is that what was regarded in the beginning as a kind of casual occupation, tinged with the color of adventure, is apt to become, after a few years, a destiny to be endured or sublimated.

Recently much has been made of the theory of sublimation, especially in connection with the emotional maladjustments of women. In the chemical laboratory the term means 'to purify, to free from dross'; and in its psychological application to human beings it is generally understood as the refining of the mating instinct by turning it from its natural channel of expression into other outlets which will absorb the individual's attention and interest to some constructive purpose. There has never been, perhaps, a greater burden placed upon woman by civilization than that of trying to reconcile herself to a way of life that is contrary to her primary instincts; and the sublimation which promises to be a solution to her problem becomes too often merely another term for self-deception. The result is likely to be a restlessness that drives her from one place to another, in fancy if not in reality, and ends frequently in a state of nerves that unfits her for useful work.

II

On the other hand, many women with vital interests and confidence in their own individual worth have succeeded in adjusting themselves to the scheme of life in which they seem to be a sort of third party. But few know of the labor of the spirit through which even they have passed in order to attain that emotional poise which is so essential to their mental peace. A young teacher in high school, for instance, may have visions of marrying before long and settling down in a home expressive of her taste and intelligence, and mothering two or three children.

But because she has no inclination toward domesticity as an end in itself, she may be unwilling to give up her position in order to marry a man who has not yet been able to establish himself in a business or profession. She is not sure, perhaps, that love can bear the strain of excessive worry and sacrifice; and her attitude is not altogether unreasonable. She has had opportunity to observe the struggles of some of her friends who married, as she thought, too hastily and found themselves unprepared for the illnesses and responsibilities which soon overtook them. Her education had taught her to weigh values and to make considered choices; and the question of postponing marriage for a few years in order to be assured of a certain measure of financial security with which to build a home and rear a family may seem merely a matter of sound judgment.

And when the point is reached where, in order to secure a higher salary, she must study for a Master's degree, she may realize with sudden anguish that her chances of marriage are growing remote and that the pattern of her life is more and more following the lines of spinsterhood. If she happens to discuss the matrimonial plight of the educated woman with other members of her sex, she will probably discover that, to a large extent, their feelings are similar to her own. Some of them are frankly not concerned about marriage; they find complete satisfaction in their work, and the companionship of women is more congenial to them than that of men. If the right man should propose, they assert, well and good; but in the meantime they will not bother about it. But there are many others who confess that their failure to marry has filled them with a sense of inferiority, and they feel that their experience of life has been fruitless and incomplete.

If the hypothetical high-school teacher happens to be a woman of virile intellectual initiative, she will probably not be willing to make a compromise with what she cherishes as her self-respect. And when she sees the promise of romance waning, she is likely to turn the full force of her mind and heart upon the vocation which she believes to be an adequate substitute for a husband and family. She may work for her doctorate and become the kind of teacher who adorns and enriches the life of a college; or she may write novels and find vicarious companionship with the characters she creates; or she may organize institutions and so utilize her administrative abilities. In fact, she may become, if she concentrates her energies, the embodiment of the highest ideal of feminism — self-reliant, successful, and distinguished. There will be some in society, however, who will note the distressing fact that a woman of this calibre has remained unmarried, and they will ask what sort of education it was that unfitted her for marriage and motherhood. But it was not so much a matter of her education as it was a combination of individual qualities and social conditions over which she, apparently, had no control. And being healthy and resourceful, she worked out her salvation in the best way possible, under the law of spiritual compensation.

The single woman in business has not quite the same problems to meet in trying to find emotional balance for her life. As a rule, she comes very naturally into daily contact with men — many women take this circumstance into account in choosing their vocations — and she enjoys certain advantages of normal fellowship. She becomes acquainted with the masculine point of view, and it invigorates her own thinking. Because she works with or for men, she is apt to be stimulated to excel and to adorn herself attractively so that she may have their respect and admiration. She may even cherish a kind of secret romantic or maternal feeling for a certain member of the firm who seems to depend occasionally upon her business judgment. Other women, of course, may become somewhat disillusioned by such close association with men, but even so, they are not usually willing to give up their work and seek positions in those professions made up entirely of members of their own sex. It may be true, as some maintain, that the educated woman who goes into business runs the risk of losing a measure of her charm by contact with the grim material realities, but perhaps her chances of escaping those personality ailments which are often the result of sex isolation are proportionately greater. And the opportunity to marry is an ever-present possibility for a woman whose associates are mostly men.

A great deal has been said and written about the varied achievements of modern women, and they deserve even more praise than they have received. A woman who succeeds in winning business or professional eminence in this competitive age has done so under tremendous handicaps. Nothing less than sheer ability, industry, and persistence has brought her to the top. And her tribe is comparatively small. We know the names almost by heart. But outside of this brilliant circle there are masses of women who have not yet discovered what emancipation means. They are baffled and discontented, in spite of their college training, and they have never been able to adjust themselves to the barren, 'economically independent' existence to which they seem committed. One sees them as wage earners, gamely pretending that they are leading the kind of life which they chose deliberately, and which is giving them all of the satisfactions and opportunities promised by their new freedom. But to what extent have they been able to attain financial self-determination? In comparatively rare instances can women earn enough to enable them to establish homes of their own. More often they find it necessary to share an apartment with one or two other women. What luxuries they have are usually bought at the sacrifice of future security. The small automobile, the trip to Europe, the cabin in the mountains, are often paid for with last winter's savings, or, what is worse, with the anticipated and uncertain savings of the year to come.

III

The matter of economic security, however, while fundamental, is not half so vital to the happiness of most women as a feeling of security in love. It is a characteristic which is so marked that it is sometimes regarded as a biological feature. No matter what may be said about single and double moral standards, the female of the species is conspicuously monogamous. There is little evidence even in this modern day that any considerable number of women of the educated classes are leading lives of which society would not approve. What records and confessions we have had to the contrary have come, usually, from the psychiatric clinic, and they are too limited in their application to enable us to draw reliable general conclusions. As a rule, women are intuitive enough to know that, aside from the moral aspect, casual liaisons not only would fail to offer them a degree of permanent happiness, but would go far toward disintegrating the ideal of loyalty and tenderness in sex relationships which is the very fabric of a fine woman's character.

With doubtful material security, and without the anchoring satisfactions which come with home and love, it is not surprising that women themselves frequently question the value of a freedom which seems to have taken away so much and given so little in return. They are mindful of the traditional attitude of the male toward 'feminine antiquaries' with aggressive minds, but that cannot explain the whole situation. All women who are graduated from college are not educated, and all educated women are not intellectual paragons. Besides, their grandmothers, some of whom were the fiery crusaders who helped to bring about their emancipation, seemed to have had little trouble in securing husbands.

There is a conviction current among specialists in the study of human nature that anyone who really desires it can marry. But to a woman of fine feelings marriage is not merely a matter of physical mating. Even though it may not have the blessing of a church, it is still, in the highest sense, a sacrament. She could not find spiritual completion of herself in a man whose chief characteristics were crudity and ignorance. Her marital comrade, regardless of his financial rating, must be a person of congenial tastes. And if her education has made her more discriminating than she might have been otherwise, it is to the discredit of educated men that she must pay for it at the price of undesired spinsterhood.

The difficulty, it is said, rests with the men of to-day. They are too self-sufficient. A generation or so ago they needed wives to make them comfortable, and to 'look on at the bread-making.' But modern man has his club or private apartment which offers many more conveniences and better food than most wayside bungalows. The club, especially, affords advantageous business or professional contacts; and as for recreation, there is always a vigorous game of bridge at hand. Now and then when the mood is upon him, he may accept some one of the frequent invitations which he receives to dance or dine, or to spend the week-end golfing in the country. If he is a recent university graduate and must observe economy, he may live at his fraternity house and from that vantage survey the field of matrimony.

Even at this early period he is likely to regard a young woman as a menace not only to his peace of mind but also to his bank account. Furthermore, his former gallant desire to shield and protect helpless maidens has been moderated by the spectacle of their energetic prototypes swimming channels, flying over land and sea, and exploring the jungles of the pygmies. He sees no place for himself in a marital plan that apparently promises so little in the way of self-enhancement, and so much in the way of practical complications!

It would seem that with both men and women holding aloof, something must be critically wrong with marriage. In the last decade, certainly, it has had a considerable amount of unfavorable publicity. Some writers have been on the verge of abolishing it altogether; others have attempted to modify it in such a way as to leave only the pleasures and none of the obligations. Occasionally propagandists have gone about the country lecturing on their own marital innovations. They have advocated many things, from the removal of those perennial irritants known as children to community nurseries, to the establishment of separate domiciles for husband and wife in order to break down the notion that each belonged to the other. Groups of earnest feminists have urged mothers to pursue careers so that they may avoid the danger of becoming prisoners to domesticity. Women are individuals, they say, who have definite talents to bring to civilization; and they should not be limited in their activities to the four walls of a home.

There is, without doubt, a degree of value in all of these various ideas. One of the best educational developments in recent years is the rise of nursery schools where very young children are studied intelligently and trained in the formation of wholesome habits. But because the plan is in part excellent, it does not follow that infants should be removed entirely from parental influence. And again, husbands and wives may appreciate each other more if they separate occasionally and thereby gain a sort of loving perspective on the idiosyncrasies of one another, but this should not be used as an argument for setting up two divergent households! Also, it would be folly in this modern age to decry the subject of 'marriage and a career.' In our complex society and even more complex family life, it may be expedient for certain women to continue in their professions after marriage. It would seem, especially if there are no children, as if it were a moral and social obligation for them to be self-supporting and to contribute their portion to the common budget. At present, however, there are not enough witnesses to prove generally that mothers with young children can serve either the family or the community better by working at occupations which take them away from home for a large part of the day.

The sincerity of matrimonial experimenters should not, perhaps, be questioned; but it is not unlikely that many of their ideas are rooted in their own personal difficulties. If, because it seemed the only solution to their problem, they have rebelled against the established order, it is very natural for them to rationalize and attempt to win social support for their conduct. And while we should be attentive to authentic news, many of the suggestions in regard to marital reforms should be evaluated in this light.

It must be admitted that the entangled motives of modern life have put a tremendous strain on the marriage relationship, and the facility with which one or the other may 'pick up his bed and walk' often lets down the bars of inhibition and self-control. Instead of mutual respect for individuality the marital state may promote, by the raw and primitive exhibition of human nature, only mutual disillusionment and despair. There is no greater test of character than daily intimate association with another person. It offers a supreme opportunity for a man and woman, by their very differences, either to wreck each other or to make of their union something far more beautiful and significant than either could have achieved alone. We need to hear more of those individuals who have succeeded not so much in the cult of self-expression as in the capacity to pool their abilities and intellectual gifts in the sublime venture of creating a home and caring for a family.

The educated woman of to-day may not fit exactly into the old ideas of wedded life. She is a new design in human material, and the lines of her marital garment will have to conform to the modern trend. She would not be man's enemy, however, but his friend and fellow comrade in a marriage where 'independence is equal, dependence mutual, and obligations reciprocal.' She may appear for the moment to be taking her self-determination a bit seriously, but it is certain that she has no intention of turning her heart from those things which from time immemorial have meant her greatest happiness — love, children, and the little domain of her home.

FORETASTE

The sky stood up around me, blue,
Farther than sight, and then I knew
The river was a blue track curled
Through the pale centre of my world;
The mountains leaned against the sky,
Blue piled on blue, immensely high;
And in the sky a slant-winged bird
Moved slowly like a singing word.

Then as I drove I saw the road
Unwind blue miles; the river flowed
Implacable and strong and wide;
Lifting pale waves, a hurrying tide;
And trees grew up along its brim,
And higher towered the mesa's rim,
Drawing a black, unbroken line
Across blue sky, as clear as wine —
So clear I almost saw a star
Bright as infinity and far.

I was not body-bound this day.
The mountains pulled me clear away.
Upward I burned like their blue flame;
Then turned my eyes and quickly came
In one sharp flight to colored hills
Where no leaf grows. The black rain spills
Out of fierce clouds on silver days
And carves steep earth in curious ways;
And then I lay, a sage-swept plain
Slanting to riverward again.

I held low houses on my breast,
And wide church doors that opened west;
With simple folk I knelt and prayed,
And in their bodies long I stayed.

With their own hands I shaped warm earth
To bricks; and in swept rooms gave birth
To many a child, and saw some die;
I felt my breasts grow old and dry;
My tear-spent eyes were deep and wise
And sorrowless as star-edged skies;
At last I died and became earth
Close to the house that saw my birth.

And suddenly this curious thing,
Like spinning earth I seemed to sing;
A spinning earth I then became
And whirled through space like a blue flame.
Mountains were part of me and then
Made of the same flame I knew men.
Oh, then I saw what death might be,
What keen, unfettered ecstasy,
To be the earth, not just to see
Blue light spilled over hill and tree;
To feel the rain tread on my heart,
Not watch it shine, a thing apart,
And in all men to be the fire
Of grief and joy and quick desire.

My car moved slow. I felt the road
Weigh down upon me like a load.
I saw a woman, brown of face,
Hoeing hard earth with strong, sure grace;
I looked at her as at my friend;
I saw her turn from me and bend
Over her work. She did not know
I'd worn her flesh a while ago.
She did not even hear my cry.
Prisoned in body now was I.
I looked out on the gathering stars
As though my eyes were prison bars.

MARGARET POND

THE CHURCH AND BIRTH CONTROL

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

MINISTERIAL telephones buzzed busily for weeks after the close of the Lambeth Conference. Reporters were keen to track to his study any clergyman who was at home in August, and to ask his opinions on the findings of the conference. And on no subject were they so anxious for an interview as on the pronouncements of the council on birth control. It was a task demanding such skill to avoid reporters that inevitably one came to ask why the chase need continue. If there is so widespread an interest in any moral problem, however difficult, ought not the brave teacher of morals see his duty to declare his mind on the subject? If the conference was courageous enough to deal with so controversial a subject, why should any Christian leader decline an honest call for moral guidance?

The resolutions of the conference, it should be understood, are in no way binding save as they are generally accepted by the constituent churches. They are simply an expression of the reasoned convictions of the leaders of the Anglican Communion, with its colonial bishops as well as those of the mother Church of England, the Anglican Churches in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Church of England in Canada, and the affiliated Episcopal Church in America. Indeed, the resolutions have no actual legal or canonical authority, even should they be generally accepted. The conclusions are simply expressions of the moral convictions of the leaders of the churches and are in no way legislative enactments.

The Lambeth Conference, held once every decade, is a consultative body which brings together bishops from every part of the world to discuss their problems, counsel with their brethren, and in a series of statements set forth policies approved by a majority, usually so phrased as to meet unanimous acceptance, although the resolutions on birth control showed about one fifth of the whole membership of the conference voting against the statement. Apparently this was the only summary of committee reports which brought out a division. There were 67 negative votes, about one fifth of the membership although one fourth of those actually voting at that session, since many of the bishops from other lands had departed for home.

Because the resolutions of the conference are carefully framed to secure general approval, the conclusions often call forth impatient criticism. They are alleged to be mere *via media* statements designed to be harmlessly inclusive in character. The encyclical letter issued by this year's conference dealt with vexed questions, such as those of Christianity and war and of religion and science, or with questions of ecclesiastical order, church unity, the social gospel, and so on. Hardly had it been issued before its critics called it a 'timid approach to more modern thinking.'

Such criticism is unjust. The truth usually lies between two extremes.

Surely when men of many minds can unite in a statement with which all, or most of them, are content, some progress has been made, not toward compromise, but toward an inclusiveness of divergent views which fairly well expresses sound, sane thought on the subject.

To call such statements timid is manifestly unfair. The remarkable thing about them is the fact that they were issued at all, and, being issued, could have been framed with satisfactoriness and meet with almost unanimous acceptance. For those who are anxious that the Christian churches should face the problems of the age, it is tremendously encouraging to find the leaders of the Anglican Churches — naturally conservative because of their great responsibilities — not afraid to deal with questions bristling with difficulties, and everywhere, for the most part, actual centres of controversy. The Christian Church has been denounced again and again for conservative timidity. Repeatedly it has been accused of following with wary footsteps paths which others have broken, rather than assuming intellectual leadership and marching in the vanguard of truth. It has been called an institution for the preservation of a spiritual soporific. Men have said that at every new apprehension of truth it has first denounced, then trembled, then half-accepted, finally timidly sought to readjust old ideas to new ones which the rest of the world had already accepted and to which it was at last obliged to give embarrassed adherence.

As plain matter of fact, Christian leaders have often, if not usually, been ahead of their generation. The mass of church people may be overconservative. The masses at first are always conservative. On occasion, it is true, those who should lead have held back. One can never forget Galileo and the Roman Church. One may read with shame Wilberforce's foolish attack on Darwin. One may react in mingled amusement and despair on reading the denunciations of modern science by extreme Fundamentalists such as William Jennings Bryan and his ministerial supporters. But, one cannot forget the attitude of many Christian leaders — among them, in the English Church, such men as the present Archbishop of Canterbury — in their prophetic utterances during the World War. One cannot be ignorant of the fact that the present movement for world peace has been due to the aroused conscience of professing Christians, or of the further fact that their war against war has been a spiritual combat, not a last desperate defense of Western civilization. One cannot be indifferent to the brave efforts of Christian prophets — such men as Bishop Gore, for example, and many of the leaders not only in the Church of England but in most Christian communions in America — in preaching the social gospel. One cannot but be proud of their courage in radical thinking — thinking which goes to the roots of the problems of the present social, economic, and industrial order, and is not content with merely superficial remedies for the maladjustments of modern life instead of seeking a thorough reformation of social injustice. One may remember that Christian teachers have done much more toward reconciling the truths of religion and science than have the one-track-minded scientists. One may rejoice in the knowledge that the assured results of Biblical criticism have not been accepted by, but actually been secured through, the frank and fearless study of honest Christian scholars.

To one who, for personal reasons, was unable to attend the Lambeth Conference, it has been inspiring, therefore, to find that its deliberations dealt with great questions which men all around us are debating to-day, instead of following the safer course of dealing only with problems of internal policies in the churches. It is refreshing to know that some subjects were even talked about aloud. One feels the same breath of relief which follows the decision of an American candidate for public office who determines to brave the denunciation and well-organized political opposition of the Anti-Saloon League by declaring his real convictions about the tragedy of attempting to reform the habits of its neighbors through statutory enactments, and to bolster up the attempt by intemperate denunciations of all who cannot accept its particular moral standards or support its efforts to impose such standards on those who honestly reject them.

The Lambeth Conference was not timid; it was daring. Its statements are not compromises; they are generously and sympathetically comprehensive.

II

In dealing with the subject of birth control, about which the newspapers have been specially anxious for further discussion, the conference certainly showed a courageous spirit. It is a problem which has been taboo in religious gatherings, although everybody knows, or ought to know, that it is under general discussion, more or less open, in other gatherings. Of course it is a difficult and delicate question to discuss publicly. But it *is* discussed by some who are overfond of frank speech; why should it not be open for less violent discussion by those who approach it from the side of morals and (being trained casuists) have a reasonable calmness of approach? Too often the mere suggestion of the subject leads to hysterical advocacy or stern denunciation, the only result being a casting of pearls before swine.

We all know that birth control is practised — and practised quite generally by those who profess and call themselves Christians. We know that the question of its rightfulness has so many angles that any effort to think it through is bound to thrust us against some sharp points. We know, for example, that teaching of contraceptive methods is apt to lend encouragement to certain practices which will be used by those who need them least. Physicians tell us, moreover, that some of these methods are harmful, and that these are most likely to be used by those for whom birth control may be necessary. We know, on the other hand, that lack of clear guidance works endless misery upon others who most need careful warning. We know that where guidance is necessary it ought naturally to come from competent physicians.

The literature on this practical side of the question is voluminous. It attacks the problem from every approach. It tells us of women made 'martyrs to married lust.' It points to earlier days when women died worn out with over-childbearing and gravestones told the tale of babies born but to die. It points to present social and economic conditions and demands that children shall not be brought into the world without some reasonable certainty of useful education and training for life and decent home care and neighborhood surroundings. It gives us tragic pictures of struggling mothers and hopelessly burdened wage-earning fathers. It paints the horrors of moronic, criminal, or low-type fecundity. It raises questions of sterilization for some such types.

On the other hand, advocacy of birth

control involves serious problems such as the disappearance of cultured families and the choking off of American family life and leadership through foreign fertility; it tells of the threatening of 'Nordic supremacy.' It has its dark side in wild social experiments such as companionate marriage. It matches the tragic stories of overburdened and dying mothers with the equally tragic stories of childless (and often, therefore, loveless) homes. These discussions have been the despair of courts of justice, state legislatures, welfare organizations, public officials in general. Legislation is threatened against birth control; implored in favor of it. Some states have laws for the sterilization of the criminal and the insane; some have laws forbidding the teaching of contraceptive methods; some permit physicians to impart knowledge only when they believe that further childbearing for a woman will endanger her life. Female agitators demand the right to teach with all the fervor which the suffrage movement or women's rights formerly engendered. Some teach with so little sanity and sense as to subject themselves to legal prosecution. Some write with reckless freedom and are arrested. When they write, they do so in forgetfulness of the fact that their writings fall most frequently into the hands of those who do not need their help and sympathy.

Meanwhile, if the religious teacher touches upon the subject, he hears a hissing injunction to hush. All this, despite the fact that the problem of birth control is at bottom a problem of morals in the broadest sense of the word, not merely a problem of social well-being or economic adjustment.

The Lambeth Conference dealt solely with the question as a moral question. Naturally, therefore, it condemned and recorded its horror of the sinful practice of abortion. Abortion is murder. Naturally, also, it strongly condemned the use of any method of birth control for reasons of selfishness, luxury, or convenience. When this had been said, the sphere of debate contracted.

Here are the further pertinent pronouncements against which there are 67 contrary votes: —

'Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood the method must be decided on Christian principles. . . . The primary and obvious method is complete abstinence. Nevertheless in those cases where there is such clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence, the conference agrees that *other methods may be used provided this is done in the light of the same Christian principles.*'

While the conference admits that economic conditions are a serious factor in the situation, it 'condemns propaganda which treats birth control as a way of meeting those unsatisfactory social and economic conditions which ought to be changed by the influence of Christian public opinion.'

The conference calls for church councils to study the problems of sex and to see that boys and girls are properly instructed in their homes to prepare them for the responsibilities of adult life. It condemns irregular unions 'in that they offend against the true nature of love, compromise the future happiness of married life, are antagonistic to the welfare of the community, and, above all, are contrary to the revealed will of God.'

In connection with rescue work on behalf of young people in sex matters, the conference 'records its appreciation of the services of social workers throughout the world and of the women police of Great Britain and the United States.'

On the general subject of sex the conference 'believes that conditions of modern life call for a fresh statement from the Christian Church.' 'It declares,' this resolution runs, 'that the functions of sex are a God-given factor in human life and are essentially noble and creative.'

The conference 'believes that in the exalted view of marriage taught by our Lord is to be found the solution of the problems with which we are faced. His teaching was reënforced by certain elements which have found new emphasis in modern life, particularly the sacredness of personality, the more equal partnership of men and women, and the biological importance of monogamy.'

III

Admittedly, some of these statements are vague. What, for example, does the conference mean by declaring that methods of birth control must be 'decided on Christian principles'? To interpret the language, one must have been not only a member of the conference, but a member of the particular committee which dealt with this special report, in whose meetings the discussion was fullest and the wording of the report most carefully considered.

In Jesus Christ's teaching, emphasis is always placed upon the motive of an action, not on the action itself. Here the question is, Why, if ever, may birth control be permissible? Certainly not out of the motive which so largely calls for it — a selfish desire for ease, convenience, freedom; not because of an unwillingness to bear burdens and accept reasonable obligations; not that the desire of sex may be satisfied where there is continued unwillingness to pay the cost of sexual excitation; not for a thousand and one variations of these reasons. What is the motive of control — a selfish motive, or the driving power of necessity? Is it a question of health, and even life, or only a question of luxury? What is your real idea of marriage? Is it a form of legalized lust? Or is it for the propagation of life? Or is the latter a partial, not the exclusive, explanation of the marital relation? Is the sexual excitation, apart from propagation, sinful? If it is desirable for competent reasons to avoid or limit parentage, does that of moral necessity call for complete sexual abstinence? Apparently the conference says, 'No'; but the real importance of what it says is that the whole question should be settled as a matter of Christian principle, carefully, prayerfully, unselfishly, sincerely, honestly; the real plea of the report is for deliberate, earnest, conscientious thought on the marital relation — all that it involves, all it demands, all it forbids, all it permits.

The report urges, further, that only in the ideal of Christ, a monogamous marriage, can the purity of the sexual relation be preserved and the safety of society secured. There are hundreds of thousands, both men and women, who do not accept this view. They will regard the report as absurdly idealistic. They will not be eagerly engaged in settling any of the problems of marriage on 'Christian principles.' They will, however, triumph in the implied admissions which they may twist into a defense of their own practice.

There are hundreds of thousands of others who will be grieved at the suggestion of marriage relationship as anything other than a union of love, the one purpose of which is the propagation of new life. The facts and practices of the past are against them. In recognizing the 'romantic' side of sex, the conference has accepted what Christians of all ages have tacitly acknowledged. In frankly meeting a modern problem, it has accepted the romanticist's view of marriage. To him marriage has other reasons for being than parentage. Usually he exalts these reasons at the expense of the one great reason for the marriage relationship; but even the English Prayer Book (which so plainly and bluntly emphasizes the duty of childbearing in marriage and so emphatically declares that marriage is not for the satisfaction of 'carnal lusts and appetites') speaks of 'the mutual society, help and comfort that the one ought to have of the other' in the relationship of husband and wife; and sex attraction may be a part of this tender and close union. To forbid it, save when there is the deliberate purpose of parentage, may be to forbid the very relationship through which marital love is sustained and the union of personalities strengthened. If that be true, much else follows. If that be true, abstention is not even a 'counsel of perfection'; a forbidding of other methods is a demand carrying no moral compulsion for the most conscientious Christian husbands and wives should wisdom call for limitation of parentage.

That wisdom does call for such limitation, in many cases, cannot be denied. And not merely for those who are economically unable to bear an increased financial burden, or for those whose health is threatened by continued childbirth, but for others whose problem may be social or intellectual. Often unlimited parentage means so great a change of personality in the wife as seriously to threaten family happiness. Her attractiveness and charm are lost, her whole character wrecked. On the other hand, in avoiding such a tragedy by refusal, she may wreck her husband's moral life. She may even ruin his intellectual life and cripple him in work for which he may be singularly gifted. Those who have read the recent novel of Mr. Norris, *Seed*, will find such a problem pictured and will recognize its parallels in their own immediate acquaintance and experience.

In such cases, it is for the individual to look diligently into her own, or his own, motives, and to ask what course must be pursued if the married companion is not to be alienated, if intimacy of affection is to be preserved and nourished, if both husband and wife are to live together happily and accomplish in full measure the work in life for which they are fitted. More children may mean more tragedy. Refusal may lead to alienation and the complete wreckage of the home. May not 'deciding the problem on Christian principles' justify what so many Christian moralists have long forbidden? The conference report seems to say so, though speaking cautiously where more direct precept might lead to abuse, and declaring that principle must be the guide and control, not moral injunction or law.

IV

The conference, in fact, emphatically calls us away from precepts to principles. It does not lay down rules as to the wisdom of natural birth control, or the necessity of reasonable restraint, or the woman's right to demand self-control on the part of the man, or the man's contrary rights. It does not deal specifically with 'other methods' than natural ones for control. It apparently makes a reasonable allowance for the claims of sex, while yet regarding marriage as providing the richest possible satisfaction for the parental instinct — which, 'so far as its conscious realization is concerned, is much less urgent than that of sex, but biologically is deeply rooted and much less spasmodic in its operation.'

The plain 'man in the street' may perhaps feel that in asking adherence to principle, and not laying down definite precepts for action, the conference is 'sidestepping' the real issue. Is it? Is it not, rather, following the method of Christ, who never gave laws or laid down fixed rules, but always declared principles?

Opponents of the conference resolutions will declare that the bishops have 'given the whole case away' by an implied permission for other than natural control. Supporters of the resolutions will say that the conference recognized the facts of sex in marriage apart from parentage, while lifting it out of the realm of sordid desire by summoning marital companions to a realization of the spiritual side of their companionship in the development of attuned personality through the reasonably controlled exercise of marital relationship whether with or without parentage. Nothing is definitely enjoined or forbidden. Everything is left to the individual conscience under the guidance of spiritual motivation. Mosaic regulations are disregarded as aimed at specific evils and superseded by Christian principles. The mystery of sex is unexplained, though tacitly recognized. Conscience is to be the guide, but conscience quickened by Christian perception, alert to dangers, while endeavoring to lift the ordered sex impulse out of the realm of the carnal into the realm of a spiritual relationship in which, under reasonable control, the sex impulse is a permissible contributing element. Whether it is, or may be, such a contributing force is a problem for religion, psychology, and science to consider; though as plain matter of fact it has been so regarded by the great majority of people ever since the days when Saint Paul discussed the problem with a frankness which may excuse the boldness of present-day speech.

The whole subject is a delicate one to open up for public discussion; but why leave it as a subject for unhealthy, morbid introspection, or secret, furtive consideration? The spirit of the age demands frankness. It is impatient of lack of openness and boldness. So outspoken are most of us to-day that youthful or radical critics regard even the Lambeth pronouncements as an example of cautious timidity. On the contrary, is not the mere fact that judgment has been given a clear evidence of brave determination to bring to the light problems and questions which have been ignored by religious leaders and talked of only in whispers by the mass of folk? The judgment may, indeed, seem vague, as has been charged, and leave the individual conscience with slight guidance. In fact, however, moral decisions must always rest with the individual conscience; moral development comes through moral wrestling; it is strength acquired through one's own exercise of his spiritual powers. I cannot always demand authoritative decisions from without; I must reach some decisions through my own hard thinking. Only so do I learn to 'do always such things as are right.'

If it could be impressed upon men's minds that Christ always taught by principle rather than by precept, it would save America from much moral confusion, give all of us surcease of sorrow by discouraging the pernicious activity of overactive moral reformers, lead to a discontinuance of the legislating and lobbying activities of some who would regulate by law the manners and morals of the community — or a nation of many communities of multiplied variety in life and habit. It would also solve many difficulties in adjusting the teachings of Jesus to conditions of modern life.

The average person, probably, thinks of the Sermon on the Mount, if in this age of religious ignorance he ever thinks about it at all, as a collection of precepts — definite, specific, precise. If it were, who could hope to obey its injunctions? 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth'; 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away'; 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also'; 'If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Accept these as literal precepts, and they and similar teachings would discourage thrift, condemn all business and industry, do away with commerce, put a premium on idleness and beggary, encourage lawlessness and oppression, provoke further violence rather than subdue an angry assailant.

The truth is, these sayings were never intended as precepts; they state principles. They do not lay down regulations for individual conduct; they invite search for the truth imbedded in them. That is the reason they are so epigrammatic, vivid, paradoxical. Of course truth, when found, must be counterbalanced by other truth. Thus, if we are following principle, we endeavor to adjust duty to duty, right to right, truth to truth. Our own proverbs are like this — contradictory, yet each true; requiring keen thought to discover where one line of duty ends and another begins. For instance, 'Look before you leap'; yet, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' 'Penny wise, pound foolish'; yet, 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Life's problems are usually concerned with a conflict of motives and duties. What the Great Teacher sought to do was to lay down principles upon which we must learn to act. When action arises, the simple problem may grow into the complex. Then the individual must learn to examine and analyze his own basic motives. When the single motives have been purified, the task of combining motives will call for further anxious, earnest effort; but for the various combinations there can be no rigid rules.

There are occasions when most people would like to have somebody tell them exactly what to do. It is not best that they should be told. It was not in this fashion that Christ taught His first followers. To have given precepts and regulations would have made of us moral automatons, not men and women of free will. In the teaching of Jesus there are no set lines, no clearly defined duties, no fixed prohibitions, no command that cannot be misinterpreted. His way is to make us think things out for ourselves. Only so does our sense of obligation increase, our moral insight become keener; only so do our bounds of service enlarge; only this method makes for spiritual strength, leads to enrichment of life, allows for moral growth.

So, the problems of sex present conflicts of duty which we must decide for ourselves. The question for each of us is: Are you honestly trying to 'do that which is right in the sight of the Lord'?

Would that in other matters those who are anxious to uplift and purify us would allow a little personal freedom and permit some of us to pattern our own lives after standards we have for ourselves earnestly endeavored to frame and fashion, and, if possible, justify in the minds of others.

PROUST HIMSELF

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

ONLY the outer picture of Marcel Proust's life is here drawn. The representation of his work and his accomplishment would require more space and more time. But I take this opportunity to urge you to refer to the extraordinary biography of Léon Pierre Quints, which with unusual clearness and objectivity, and at the same time with the most intimate knowledge, treats of the work of Marcel Proust. From it the main facts of this sketch are taken.

I

Proust was born at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, on July 10, 1871, in Paris, the son of a celebrated doctor, of a rich, very rich, middle-class family. But neither the skill of his father nor the fortune of his mother was able to save his childhood. At nine years of age the boy ceased forever to have good health. Returning from a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, he was overcome by an asthmatic spasm, and these dreadful attacks stifled him all his life until he drew his last breath.

Nearly everything is forbidden the child after his ninth year — travel, lively games, exercise, high spirits, everything that means childhood. At an early age he becomes an observer, delicate, high-strung, easily irritated, a being of unheard-of sensitiveness of nerves and perceptions.

He loves the country, but only seldom can he see it, and never in spring, for the fine dust pollen, the sultriness and fertility of nature, affect too painfully his sensitive organism. He loves flowers passionately, but cannot go near them. Even when a friend with a carnation in his buttonhole comes into the room, he is compelled to ask him to remove it, and a visit to a drawing-room where flowers are on a table sends him to bed for days. Sometimes he goes driving in a closed carriage, in order to see from behind glass windows the colors and living blossoms he loves; and always he takes with him books, books, books, so that he may read about travel, about the unattainable countries. Once he gets as far as Venice, a few times he reaches the ocean; but each of the trips takes too great a toll of his strength, and finally he confines himself almost exclusively to Paris.

All the more keen becomes his perception of everything human — the inflection of voices in a conversation, the ornaments in a woman's hair, the manner in which someone sits down at a table and gets up from it. All the tinsel ornaments of social life fasten themselves firmly in his memory. His ever-watchful eye catches between flickers of the lid the most minute details; all restraints, variations, meanderings, and hesitations in a conversation — every vibration reaches his ears unchanged. Therefore he is able in his novel to remember for one hundred and fifty pages the conversation of Count Norpois — no breath is lacking, no casual motion, no hesitation, no period. His eye is awake and active to make up for his bodily weakness.

Originally his parents intended that he should devote himself to study and diplomacy, but all plans are upset by his poor health. After all, there is no hurry. His parents are rich; his mother idolizes him. And so he wastes his time at parties and in drawing-rooms, and until his thirty-fifth year leads the most ridiculous, useless, senseless existence ever led by a great artist. He snobbishly takes part in the pastimes of the idle rich, — called society, — goes everywhere and is received everywhere. For fifteen years, night after night, one can find in any drawing-room, even the most inaccessible, this delicate, shy young man, always overawed by society leaders, always chatting, always courteous, amused or bored. Everywhere one sees him standing in a corner, breaking into a conversation; and, strange to relate, the high aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain tolerates this nameless intruder.

This is really his greatest triumph, for outwardly young Marcel Proust has no special attractions. He is not particularly good-looking, not especially elegant; he is not of noble birth, and is even the son of a Jewess. Also his literary work does not identify him, for this, a little volume entitled *Les Plaisirs et les jours*, in spite of a polite preface by Anatole France, has neither weight nor success. What makes him beloved is his generosity alone. He showers all women with rare flowers, overwhelms everybody with unexpected gifts, entertains everybody, racks his brain thinking how to be polite and sympathetic to the most insignificant society fool. At the Ritz Hotel he is famous for his parties and his fantastic tips. He gives ten times as much as American millionaires, and he needs only to enter the hall for all caps to fly off. His entertainments are fantastically extravagant and epicurean; from the different shops of the city he secures all delicacies — grapes from a store on the Rive Gauche, capons from the Carlton, rare wines from Nice. And so he continually binds and obligates *tout Paris* by good behavior and courtesies, without ever asking anything in return.

But what identifies him still more than his willing and extravagant expenditure of money in this kind of society is his almost morbid reverence for its ritual, his slavish worship of etiquette, the exaggerated importance which he attaches to society and all the absurdities of fashion. As holy writ he worships the unwritten *Cortegiano* of aristocratic manners. The problem of the order of seating guests at a dinner table occupies him for days — why Princess X places Count L at the foot of the table and Baron R at the head. Every bit of gossip, every passing scandal, excites him as if it were an event of world-wide importance; he questions fifteen people in turn to discover the secret order of the Princess M's invitations, or why the Baroness B has asked Mr. F to her box. And through this passion, this serious regard for mere nothings, which later also dominates his books, he himself acquires a reputation as master of ceremonies in the midst of this trifling, fantastic world.

For fifteen years this great mind, one of the strongest figures of our time, leads a perfectly futile existence between idleness and ambition. During the day, exhausted and feverish, he lies in bed. At night he rushes from function to function in evening clothes, wasting his time with invitations and letters and social engagements — the most superfluous person in this daily round of vanities, everywhere gladly seen, nowhere really noticed, actually only a dress suit and white tie in the midst of other dress suits and white ties.

Only one little trait differentiates him from the others. Every evening when he gets home and goes to bed, unable to sleep, he writes page after page of notes on what he has observed, seen, and heard. Gradually they become piles which he preserves in portfolios. And like Saint-Simon, apparently a mere courtier of the King, who became in secret the representative and judge of a whole epoch, so every night Marcel Proust catalogues everything futile and passing in *tout Paris* in notes, records, and sketches, in order perhaps eventually to transform the ephemeral into something lasting.

II

Now a question for the psychologist: What is the real motive? Does Marcel Proust, sick, and incapable of a normal existence, lead this foolish, senseless life of a snob for fifteen years simply for his own satisfaction, and are these notes merely an incident similar to the afterglow of the too quickly passing society game? Or does he enter a drawing-room as a chemist enters a laboratory or a botanist crosses a field, so that he may collect material unobtrusively for a projected great work? Does he disguise himself, or is he genuine? Is he a fellow combatant in the army of time-killers, or only a spy from another, higher realm? Does he loaf from pleasure or from premeditation? Is this almost insane passion for the psychology of etiquette a necessity of life to him, or only the disguise of a passionate analyst?

Probably both elements were so ingeniously and magically blended in him that the pure nature of the artist would never have found expression had not the hard hand of Fate suddenly torn him from the lazy, make-believe world of conversation and placed him in the sphere of his own world, which was darkly hung and only occasionally illumined by an inner light.

Suddenly the scene changes. In 1903 his mother dies; and, shortly after, the doctors declare his disease, which is continually growing worse, incurable. With one jerk Marcel Proust changes his whole life. He locks himself up hermetically in his cell on the Boulevard Haussmann; overnight this bored, lazy loafer becomes one of the most relentless, tireless workers that this century has to admire in the literary world; overnight he turns from the most distracting sociability to the most undisturbed solitude.

A tragic picture of this great writer: he is always in bed, all day long; he is always cold — his thin, cough-racked body, shaken by spasms, is continually shivering. He wears three shirts in bed, one pulled on over the other. Wadded pads are on his chest, thick gloves on his hands, and still he freezes. A fire burns on the hearth; the window is never opened, for even the few miserable chestnut trees in the centre of the street torment him with their faint odor, which affects no other human chest in Paris but his. Like a corpse he lies always in bed, breathing painfully the heavy, surcharged air, poisoned with medicines. Only late in the evening does he pull himself together in order to see a little light, a little brightness, his beloved sphere of elegance, a few aristocratic faces. His servant forces him into his evening clothes, wraps him in shawls, and even in spring envelops him in three thicknesses of fur. Then he drives to the Ritz to talk to a few people and see his idolized sphere, Luxury. His cab waits at the door all night to drive the dead-tired man back to bed.

Marcel Proust never goes into society again — but yes, just once! He needs for his novel the details of the behavior of an aristocrat. And so, to the amazement of all, he drags himself to a salon in order to see how the Duke von Sagen manages his monocle. Again, once at night he drives to the house of a famous prostitute, to ask whether she still has a hat which she wore twenty years ago in the Bois de Boulogne, for he needs it in his portrayal of Odette; and he is terribly disappointed to hear, as she makes fun of him, that she gave it to her servant long ago.

The cab brings the mortally tired man home. His night clothes always hang before the warm stove. For a long time he has been unable to bear the cold linen against his body. The servant wraps him up, leads him to bed. And there, his tablet resting flat in front of him, he writes his novel, *À la recherche du temps perdu.* Twenty dossiers are already tightly packed with drafts. The chairs and tables beside his bed, even the bed itself, are white with slips and pages of paper.

And so he writes, day and night he writes; every waking hour, with fever in his blood, his gloved hands trembling with cold, he writes on and on. Sometimes a friend visits him. Proust questions him eagerly about all the particulars of society; dying, he gropes still with all the antennæ of curiosity into the lost, the fashionable, world. He urges his friends on like hounds that they may acquaint him with this and that scandal, inform him of the most intimate details of this and that personality. And everything that is brought to him he notes with nervous eagerness.

His sickness increases. This poor, fever-racked piece of humanity, Marcel Proust, fails and grows weaker and weaker; and ever more the great conception, his novel, — or, rather, series of novels, — *À la recherche du temps perdu*, broadens and grows.

III

The work was begun in 1905; in 1912 Proust considered it completed. In extent it seemed to be three volumes, but, owing to expansion during the printing, it became no less than ten.

Now he is bothered by the question of its reception on publication. Marcel Proust, the forty-year-old man, is absolutely unknown; no, worse than unknown — that is, in a literary sense, he has a bad reputation. Marcel Proust? Why, he is that society snob, that fashionable 'writerette' who here and there in the *Figaro* spreads social gossip! The evil-minded public refuses to read anything but Marcel Prevost for Marcel Proust. Nothing good can come from him.

He can expect nothing by direct means. And so friends try to sponsor the publication of his work socially. A true aristocrat invites André Gide, the manager of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, to call on him and hands him the manuscript, but the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (the same publication that later made hundreds of thousands of francs out of the work) refuses it outright; likewise the *Mercure de France* and Ollendorf. Finally a new and courageous publisher is found who is willing to take the risk, but even so two years more pass and it is 1913 before the first volume of the great work appears. And, just as success is about to spread its wings, the war comes and beats them down.

After the war, when nearly five of the volumes have already appeared, France, then Europe, begins to notice this unique epic work of our time. But what fame loudly acclaims as Marcel Proust has been for a long time only a worn, feverish, restless fragment of humanity, a twitching shadow, a poor sick man, who gathers his whole strength together only that he may live long enough to see the publication of his work. In the evening he still drags himself to the Ritz, and there at a dining table or in the porter's lodge he corrects the last proofs; for at home, in bed, he already feels himself in his grave. Only here where he again sees his beloved fashionable world shining before his eyes does he feel a last little strength, while at home he drops down exhausted, at times quieting himself with narcotics, at others stimulating himself with caffeine for a short talk with friends or for more work.

His disease grows rapidly worse. Ever faster, ever more eagerly works the man who has dawdled too long, trying now to outstrip death. He no longer wishes to see doctors. They have tortured him too long and have never helped him. So he defends himself alone, and finally dies on November 18, 1922.

Even in his last days, already dying, he faces the inevitable with the only weapon of the artist — observation. Heroically conscious to the last hour, he analyzes his own condition, so that these notes may serve to make the death of his hero, Bergotte, yet more plastic, more realistic; he attempts to add some of the most intimate details, those last which the mere writer could not know, which only the dying man knows. Even his last moment is observation. On the bedside table of the dead, stained with medicine, were found on a scarcely legible slip of paper the last words which he had written with his half-chilled hand — notes for a new volume which would have taken years, while to him only minutes belonged. And so he slaps Death in the face — the last, most splendid gesture of the artist, who conquers the fear of death while observing.

'KINDA LONESOME'

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

Miss Percival, the nurse at the Riverview Government Indian School, walked into the hospital sitting room and found Titus Big Hawk still drawing 'cartoons.' He never seemed to do anything else.

She asked him how he felt, and he said he felt fine. Was he feeling well enough to go back to the boys' building? The traveling physician, Dr. Leslie, was going to remove three more pairs of tonsils that day, and she needed all the beds.

'Sure,' said Titus, without looking up from his drawing.

'I'll give you a note for the matron in your building,' Miss Percival said, 'and if you get tired or feel in any way uncomfortable you can go to bed there and the matron will have your meals brought in from the dining room. Let me look at your throat.'

She examined him thoroughly, took his temperature 'just in case,' — Titus was not a very strong boy, — gave him a note for the matron, admonished him to eat well, to go to bed early, to be careful and not catch cold. 'And you don't have to go to school to-morrow if you don't want to,' she concluded, and sent him back to his building. Then she went to gather up the litter of paper, crayons, water colors, and cartoons he had left behind him.

'Superintendent Burleson cranking the government Ford,' she read at the bottom of a drawing in black and white; 'Father Harrington when Winona Kills the Enemy told him she did not believe in God,' she read at the bottom of another; 'Miss Percival when Anna Big Thunder bit the thermometer in two,' 'Dr. Leslie looking for John Red Cloud's tonsils.'

Miss Percival laid the last one on the table and took the others to show to Dr. Leslie.

'They're funny, are n't they?' Dr. Leslie said, peering at the pictures through the lower half of his glasses.

'Father Harrington's nose can't possibly be that long, and yet it looks just like him,' said Miss Percival, puzzled as well as amused by the odd assortment of crude angular lines which Titus seemed to have thrown together almost at random.

Dr. Leslie snickered. 'Look at Burleson!'

Miss Percival was tempted to bring in the one of the doctor, but decided she had better not; Titus Big Hawk might have occasion to come back to the hospital before the traveling physician had done his work and gone.

A week later she was in the dispensary giving the daily treatments when the door opened and a boy with red hair and freckles entered.

'Hello!' she said, looking up from the pair of eyes into which she was dropping a greenish-brown liquid. 'What can I do for you?'

'Nothing,' said the red-haired boy.

The nurse looked at him again. His hair was flaming red, but he wore government corduroy trousers held up by a rattlesnake skin stitched to a strip of leather, a blue chambray shirt, and a government sweater. He was an Indian! 'What is your name?' she asked.

'Dinty Moore,' said the boy. 'Is your name Miss Percival?'

'It is.'

'Titus Big Hawk wants you.'

Miss Percival laid a piece of cotton over the eye nearest to her and held it there. 'What's the matter with Titus?'

'He's sick.'

Miss Percival, still clinging to the wad of cotton, turned around as far as she could and searched the room with her eyes. 'But where is he?'

'He's in the boys' building,' Dinty said. 'I's takin' care o' him there, but the disciplinarian come in 'n' kicked me out. Then the matron *she* come in 'n' kicked Titus out too, because, y' see, she won't let any of us lie down in the daytime; she says it messes up the dormitory. See? Titus told me to sneak over here 'n' tell you to get up there quick before she comes in 'n' kicks him out again.'

Miss Percival stood and held her breath for several moments. Then she threw the wad of cotton into a basket. 'Tell Titus I'll be right over,' she said.

'Is he pretty sick?' the matron asked Miss Percival with gentle concern a few minutes later.

'Don't worry, son,' said Miss Percival to the gasping, wheezing, frightened Titus, 'I'm going to take care of you.'

In the hall she turned on the matron: 'Mrs. Wesaw, that boy was well when I sent him back here, but you knew he'd had his tonsils taken out, and I explained to you that he was n't very strong and needed special care. And you went and put him to work! And in the power house of all places! Then when he got sick and wanted to lie down, you — He has pneumonia! If he dies, and I don't see how he can do anything else under the circumstances, I hope you get all the comfort out of it that you deserve!'

Then she got a car, took Titus to the hospital, and called the doctor.

Later she sent for Superintendent Burleson, and raved for five minutes. Then Superintendent Burleson went in to look at Titus.

'It's awful!' he said when he came out. 'He must n't die, Miss Percival. It's bad enough when one of them dies after we've done all we could, but a case like this! Shall I send for another nurse?'

Miss Percival said that she wanted to take care of Titus herself, because she knew him and understood his weaknesses.

'Well, get anything you want,' Mr. Burleson said desperately, 'and don't wait to get authority from the office. I'll O.K. anything you order. And if you need another doctor, get him.'

Back in his office he sat down behind his desk and called the office boy. 'Go tell Mr. and Mrs. Wesaw I want to see them right away,' he said, and, folding his hands over his vest, waited with an ominous gleam in his eyes.

On the fifth day a second nurse was engaged for the other children in the hospital, a cot was set up beside Titus's bed, and Miss Percival, after taking care of Titus all day, waited upon him all night, getting what rest she could on the cot.

'You've got your face turned away,' Titus would complain, and Miss Percival would turn wearily on her cot and look at him. 'He's just lonely,' she would say to herself.

'I want Mr. Burleson,' Titus would pant at one o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Burleson would come and sit beside Titus's bed until six. 'He's lonely,' Miss Percival would apologize.

'I want Father Harrington,' Titus would request feebly at the most inconvenient hours of the day and night, and Father Harrington would come from town and sit with Titus for hours on end. 'He's lonely,' Miss Percival would recite.

'When you get well,' Mr. Burleson said to Titus, 'I'll teach you to drive my car. The weather will be nice by the time you're strong enough to go out, and it will be good for you. You can drive me to town, or sometimes to the city on business, and perhaps on trips to some of the reservations. How will you like that?'

'Gee!' said Titus.

'When you get well,' Father Harrington promised, 'I'll teach you the Latin responses for Mass, and you can serve at the altar on Sunday. I'll have a fine black cassock made for you, and a surplice.'

'Could I have a red cassock?' Titus whispered.

'Certainly. A red cassock, then, and wide lace on the surplice.'

'Gee!' Titus said.

'You won't have to live in the boys' building when you get better, Titus,' Miss Percival assured him. 'You'll stay here in the hospital with me, and I'll take care of you until you are strong and well again. You'll have everything you like to eat, and you can sleep as late as you want to in the morning, and I won't let them send you to school for a long time. How will that be?'

'Gee!' said Titus.

One night he asked for Father Harrington. It was three o'clock, and storming. Father Harrington came. Titus lay perfectly still and said nothing.

'Father Harrington is here, Titus. And Mr. Burleson,' said the nurse.

Titus looked at them, in his eyes the distances that border eternity, and the loneliness that only an Indian may know. Miss Percival bent over him impulsively and touched his face. 'We won't leave you, Titus,' she said.

Mr. Burleson put his arm around Titus's shoulders. 'I've wired to your mother every day, Titus; she'll surely come to-morrow,' he said, but without conviction. Where would Mrs. Big Hawk get enough money to come all that way?

Father Harrington could think of nothing to say. At one time he had been a missionary among the Indians. He had lived with them forty-two years, sharing their tepees and their food and all the problems of their lives. He had nursed their sick and buried their dead, rejoiced and sorrowed with them, listened to their plaints, chided and commended them, and he had mastered their ancient lore. Above all he spoke their language, with the proper crisp incisiveness and all the flexible eloquence of inflection of the old-time thoroughbred Sioux.

Father Harrington knew that Titus did not want him, any more than he wanted Mr. Burleson or Miss Percival. In his loneliness and apprehension Titus turned to them, but only because his own were unattainable. His cry was all for the solace of a kindred spirit, for the soul-quickening fellowship of his race. Father Harrington leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees, made a fluid gesture. '*Omaka hehan terika* . . .'

It was the classic prelude of the old Sioux raconteur, and Titus had heard it a thousand times. '*How, koda!*' he cried, and held out his hand.

'*How!*' said Father Harrington. He shook Titus's hand solemnly. But when he went to release the hand he found that it clung to his. Like a good Indian he noticed nothing, merely forgot to withdraw his own, and went on in imperturbable Sioux: 'And there was much snow, and our children were hungry. And the Great Spirit had mercy on our people, and sent many buffaloes. . . .'

II

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Titus Big Hawk recovered, thereby becoming Miss Percival's proudest boast and her most cherished possession. She plied him with tonics, coaxed and cajoled and bribed him into absorbing enormous quantities of milk, cream, and raw eggs; read to him, talked to him, sat with him at night when he could not sleep.

After a while he was allowed to sit up in a wheel chair, and one day Mr. Burleson, making his daily visit, asked him when he was going to begin driving the car. Then Father Harrington came, bringing a cassock — of silk! And a surplice that was nearly all lace! Titus became excited and wanted to get up and 'walk around awhile.' But the slightest exertion brought on a temperature, and he had to be content with his outing on the sun porch in the wheel chair.

'Gee whiz!' the hospital girls complained to one another. 'You'd think that Titus Big Hawk was the Prince of Wales or something, the way we all have to wait on him.'

'Yeh, just because he had that old ammonia.'

'Who is that saying "ammonia"?' Miss Percival called from the next room.

'Winona Kills the Enemy,' they chorused.

Winona appeared in the doorway, a fat, very dark girl who was letting her black bobbed hair grow, so that it looked like an oil mop turned upside down on her head.

'I know how to say "pneumonia,"' she explained, 'but I just forget.'

Titus Big Hawk was weighed; triumphantly Miss Percival announced to the world that he had gained six pounds! And then his mother arrived.

Miss Percival, feeling quite sick, took Mrs. Big Hawk into Titus's room. There were no greetings. Miss Percival decided she was in the way and went out.

She called Mr. Burleson. 'Titus Big Hawk is going to die after all. His mother is here, and no doubt she will want to take him with her.'

Mr. Burleson said he would be right over.

Miss Percival went into the kitchen, and presently Mrs. Big Hawk came in and sat down near the stove — a thin woman in a black kerchief and a shawl like a wide rainbow. The edge of a red plaid flannelette petticoat extended below the hem of her calico dress on the right and the edge of a gray flannelette petticoat on the left; both gray and red petticoats showed below her dress at the front and back. Her moccasins were of canvas and soaked with the early spring slush and mud.

Miss Percival told her Titus was getting along splendidly, but that he was still weak, and his lungs were bad. For a long time yet he would need a great deal of care. 'But don't you think he is looking well, considering what he went through?' she asked, complacently.

But Mrs. Big Hawk did not speak English. Miss Percival called Winona Kills the Enemy, the only girl in her class who spoke Sioux. Winona came in, carrying her broom and with all her hair in her eyes. Miss Percival took a hairpin and fastened the most conspicuously offending section into a knot on the top of the girl's head. Winona immediately became painfully conscious that her appearance had not been improved, and put one foot on her broom and tried to climb it.

Miss Percival told her to tell Mrs. Big Hawk that Titus had been very sick, and that though he now was much better, he still was far from well, and he would need care and lots of good food.

Winona spoke in Sioux to no one in particular, and Mrs. Big Hawk answered in like manner.

'She wants him home when he's sick,' Winona informed Miss Percival.

'Did you tell her he is still very sick, and that he will need lots of milk and cream and eggs, and all kinds of good nourishing food?'

Winona said she had.

'Well, tell her again,' Miss Percival said, desperately.

Winona told Mrs. Big Hawk about it for the second time. 'She wants him home when he's sick,' she repeated when Mrs. Big Hawk had had her say.

'She'll have to see Mr. Burleson about it, then. Tell her that.'

Winona told her. 'She wants him home when he's sick,' she recited.

Mr. Burleson came in. Miss Percival went into the hall and closed the door behind her. 'She wants to take him home,' she whispered.

'I've seen his home,' Mr. Burleson said, 'and he not only will not have any milk or eggs or fruit, but most of the time he won't have anything at all to eat. But if his mother wants him, what can we do? We've got to let him go, you know.'

Mr. Burleson went into the kitchen, and Winona quickly took the pin from her hair. Miss Percival went into Titus's room. He lay on his side, plucking at a small piece of thread in the sheet.

'Titus, your mother says she wants to take you home,' Miss Percival said, tentatively. Titus said nothing. 'Of course you don't *have* to go. You can stay here if you like, you know, and I'll be glad to take care of you. You're not very strong yet, and you're going to need a lot of care before you really are well. However, if you want to go with your mother, Mr. Burleson says it's all right, and that you can go.' She waited, but Titus continued to pluck at his bit of thread, and did n't answer. She went back to the kitchen.

'She wants him home when he's sick,' Mr. Burleson told her.

Mrs. Big Hawk got up and went again into Titus's room. Mr. Burleson and Miss Percival discussed plans for getting Titus home as comfortably as possible.

When Mr. Burleson had gone, Miss Percival started for Titus's room, but at the door she paused. Titus was lying with his back to his mother, intent upon another piece of thread he had found in the sheet. Mrs. Big Hawk was talking in a low monotone. Now and then she stopped and waited for Titus to say something. Sometimes, after a prolonged pause, Titus would mumble an unintelligible syllable, but more often he remained silent. Suddenly his mother bent over him and, with a palpably unaccustomed hand, began to pat his knee awkwardly. Miss Percival turned away quickly and fled to the kitchen.

III

Soon afterward Mrs. Big Hawk came in and sat down near the stove. She said nothing.

Miss Percival went into Titus's room. 'Titus,' she said, 'do you want to go home with your mother?' Titus said nothing. 'You have to tell me, you know,' Miss Percival said; 'I'll have to get you ready. Do you want to go home with your mother?'

'No,' said Titus, finally.

Miss Percival stood by the bed wondering why she was n't as glad as she should have been. Then she went back to the kitchen. 'You must have something to eat before you go,' she told Mrs. Big Hawk, brightly. Mrs. Big Hawk crossed her knees and swung one sodden foot, but said nothing. Miss Percival called Winona Kills the Enemy.

'Winona, go upstairs, please, and bring down my tan oxfords and those heavy woolen stockings I wear when I go skating, and a pair of rubbers.'

Miss Percival made coffee in the electric percolator, sliced some cold meat, set bread and butter and jam and cake on a corner of the kitchen table. Winona came in with the shoes, stockings, and rubbers.

'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk to put them on, Winona; she'll catch her death of cold in those wet things she's wearing.'

Winona repeated Miss Percival's speech in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk continued to swing her foot. Miss Percival and Winona waited uncomfortably.

Then Mrs. Big Hawk's foot slowed down, stopped; her eyes fastened themselves on a spot on the floor between the stove and the door; she began to talk, slowly, apathetically.

When at last she stopped, Miss Percival looked at Winona. 'What does she say?' Winona shuffled, became absorbed in a flaw in the handle of her broom. 'What does she say?' Miss Percival persisted.

Winona drew a long breath, brushed a few straggling hairs from her perspiring brow, looked about her hopelessly. But Miss Percival waited relentlessly, and at last she was forced to speak.

'She says he's a bird,' she said sheepishly.

Miss Percival looked with interest at Mrs. Big Hawk, then doubtfully at Winona. 'Did you say a bird, Winona?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'But, Winona, whatever on earth do you mean?' Winona twined herself intricately about her broom. 'Ask Mrs. Big Hawk what she means, will you?'

Winona said something in Sioux.

Mrs. Big Hawk spoke. Miss Percival waited. 'Well?'

'She says he's a bird,' said Winona. The tormented broom sprang from her grasp, hit her in the face. Miss Percival winced. 'Who is a bird?' she asked.

Winona wiped her brow on her sleeve. 'Titus,' she confessed guiltily.

'For heaven's sake!' Miss Percival exclaimed in utter stupefaction, and waited for more. But Winona apparently had nothing more to tell. 'Well, what else did she say? Surely there was more than that, Winona; Mrs. Big Hawk spoke for almost five minutes.'

Winona spoke in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk spoke in Sioux. Winona literally curled herself about the handle of her broom.

'Well, what did she say?'

'She says he fell out of the nest.'

Miss Percival looked at Winona coldly. 'Winona,' she said, 'have you completely lost your mind?'

'No, ma'am,' said Winona.

'In heaven's name, then, what nest could Titus possibly have fallen out of?'

Winona spoke in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk, her eyes still on the spot on the floor between the stove and the door, spoke in Sioux.

'Hers,' said Winona, indicating Mrs. Big Hawk with her chin and her lower lip.

Miss Percival looked at Winona in despair. 'Is there anyone else here who speaks Sioux?'

Winona executed a unique convulsion. Miss Percival took the broom from her firmly. 'You're going to kill yourself with this thing,' she said, standing it up against the wall. 'Now, then, Winona, you tell me in plain English what Mrs. Big Hawk means by all that, about Titus being a bird!'

But with the loss of her broom Winona had become totally incapacitated. She twisted her hands, stood on one foot, stood on the other, stood on the sides of both until they looked as if they might start to clap any moment.

'She could n't have said that Titus was a bird, or that he'd fallen out of a nest, now, could she, Winona?' Miss Percival argued reasonably.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Winona.

Miss Percival gave her another cold look and went to turn the current off the percolator, which placed her with her back to Winona.

With no one looking at her, Winona was able to muster quite a speech, all her own: 'It sounds different in Indian.'

Miss Percival looked thoughtful. 'Suppose you tell me just what it means in Indian, Winona, will you?' she said more kindly.

'It means — ' began Winona glibly, but now Miss Percival was looking at her again. Why could n't she be polite like Mrs. Big Hawk and look at the floor? Winona put her hand over her mouth, turned her feet still farther in so that she stood very nearly on her ankles, took her hand from her mouth, and again pointed to Mrs. Big Hawk with her chin and lip. 'She means he won't never come back.'

'Who won't come back where?'

'Titus.'

'But where? Titus won't come back where, Winona?'

Winona wiped her forehead on her sleeve. 'To her nest,' she mumbled.

'Oh,' said Miss Percival. 'I — I see.'

Miss Percival had not laughed! Winona was encouraged to the point of recklessness. 'He flied away,' she volunteered.

'Titus?' Winona nodded. 'Where? He flied where, Winona?' Miss Percival asked earnestly.

At this Winona was plunged into a very nightmare of embarrassment and went through another series of contortions, more complicated than anything she had yet exhibited. 'To a better nest,' she blurted finally.

Miss Percival looked at Mrs. Big Hawk without seeming to see her, then went and stood in front of the window and looked at the thawing ice, the dirty snow, the drizzly sky outside. After a while she turned back to Winona: 'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk — ' She shrugged. 'But what's the use? What is there to say?'

But she had to say something, sometime, so she recited her platitude: 'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk that Titus will go back to her some day.'

Winona told Mrs. Big Hawk. Mrs. Big Hawk spoke a few words. Miss Percival being again absorbed in the contemplation of the mud outside the window, Winona was able to speak with comparative ease. 'She says by that time Titus will not be *her* boy.'

Miss Percival nodded to herself. Exactly! It was unfortunate, but Titus's mother was human, and she had a brain. 'What a mess!' Miss Percival confided to the world beyond the window. 'What a mess it is all around!'

Mrs. Big Hawk changed her moccasins for Miss Percival's shoes and stockings, and put on the rubbers. Then she drank some coffee, but did n't eat anything. Miss Percival put the food in a box and gave it to her.

Having thanked Miss Percival, through Winona, for the shoes and food, and for being 'kind to my boy,' she went into her son's room for the last time, touched him on the shoulder, murmured a word or two. Titus said nothing, and she went out.

Miss Percival held her throat and watched Mrs. Big Hawk walking away toward town. She glided along with an effect of stillness, as if having movement only because of the greater stillness about her. Soon the wet dusk enfolded her, the colors in her bright shawl grew dull, and she disappeared.

Miss Percival was crying.

IV

A month later Titus was having his afternoon lunch in the hospital dining room, and Miss Percival, as usual, was trying to convince him of the necessity of education. 'When you come back next year,' she began.

'Aw, Miss Percival, I'm not coming back,' Titus remonstrated.

'But, Titus — listen. You *have* to. They say those drawings of yours are good. You have talent, Titus; you can't waste it, you know. Besides — Well, now, Titus, would n't you like to be a great artist?'

Titus finished his glass of milk, wiped his mouth on his napkin, and shook his head. 'You can't be an artist when you're an Indian,' he announced with finality.

Miss Percival said she would like to know why.

'You can't be anything like that when you're an Indian. Did n't you know that? Now, maybe if my hair was lighter or something! Could you make it lighter?'

Miss Percival said she could bleach it with peroxide, of course, but —

'You do that, huh?' said Titus, looking excited.

'I certainly will not,' Miss Percival answered firmly.

'Then I can't be an artist,' Titus told her, and went out on the sun porch.

Miss Percival went to the kitchen to see about the menu for supper.

'Front!' Titus called from the porch. Miss Percival told Anna Big Thunder to go and find out what he wanted.

'I don't like for him to call me "Front,"' Anna complained.

'He just got that from the movies

and he thinks it's cute,' Miss Percival soothed her.

Titus waved a lordly gesture when Anna came out, and cleared his throat 'like a banker.' 'A little service, please,' he rumbled. 'A little service.'

'What do you want?' Anna growled unamiably.

'I want two oranges. And step on it, please. You may be a Big Thunder, but I notice you're pretty slow lightning.'

'Yeah? Well, you may be a Big Hawk, but you're a mighty poor fish,' Anna retorted, and laughed in delighted surprise at herself, then hurried out to tell the other girls how smart she had been.

'School ain't so bad,' Titus told Miss Percival before going home for vacation. 'Well, *is n't*, then.'

As a matter of fact, what with Miss Percival, — who he thought was the kindest person in the world, and the nicest, and with whom he now could talk about anything that entered his head, — and driving Mr. Burleson's 'big car,' and 'showing off' every Sunday in his red silk cassock, he was having the time of his life.

V

Miss Percival, coming back from town late on the afternoon of the first of September, found Titus installed in the hospital. He grinned at her a bit askance, but she pretended she thought it the most natural thing in the world that he should make his quarters in the hospital rather than in the boys' building where he belonged.

He remained in the hospital throughout the entire year. He went to school, but was given no industrial detail. Instead, he drove Mr. Burleson to town, went after the mail, and to the station to meet visitors and traveling officials. On Sundays he served Father Harrington regally in red silk and lace and fine linen.

'I don't speak to those Wesaws when I meet them,' he told Miss Percival with satisfaction. 'I'm coming back next year just for that.' Which meant that he was about the happiest boy in the world and would n't have stayed away for anything.

'That will be your last year here, won't it?'

'Yes'm. I'll know everything everybody here knows. Just think, I'll be as smart as all of 'em put together!'

'Mr. Burleson wants you to go to another government school when you leave here, Titus.'

'Yeh, he told me.'

'And when you're through there you must try to go to college.'

'Yeh. Gee, I'd sure like to go to college,' said Titus, and immediately looked discouraged. 'But what's the use? I look so darn Injun!'

He left for his summer vacation on the third of June. On July 15 Miss Percival was transferred to the position of traveling nurse to accompany Dr. Leslie. The first of August Mr. Burleson was promoted to the position of supervisor, and on August 15 Father Harrington left for Rome and the Holy Land.

The night before he left, Father Harrington folded Titus's cassock and surplice into a box, laid a note on top of them, wrapped and tied the box. With the package in his lap he sat for a long time thinking of Titus Big Hawk — an unusual boy, with a good mind, exceptionally talented. A beautiful boy. He must go to school. At all cost he must go to school. And then — then what? Poor Titus Big Hawk, who knew life only as something that was as effortless as breathing, and as simple and natural! For incomputable centuries his people had been governed by their instincts and their senses, their few laws, as old as their race, immutable, marking a definite and unmistakable path. And Titus never had had to walk alone; with him always had been the tribe, and the aim of the tribe but the fulfillment of the desires of its members. As one had believed and aspired, so all had believed and aspired. Titus had never known the necessity for individual effort, either mental or physical.

Now he was to be thrown into a world that was all effort, all bitter competition; a world where the natural seemed gross, where instinct must cede to guile, and the senses betrayed and disgraced; a world of inhibitions that did not inhibit, of rules that did not govern, of laws that no one obeyed. And he was to travel alone, as only an Indian in a white world can be alone. Titus Big Hawk, bashfully looking for the right way — or any way, for that matter — in this maze of contradictions!

Moreover, Titus was to adapt himself to what would be to him an artificial existence, and to assimilate a culture intrinsically foreign to his own and to all his instincts and diametrically opposed to all the time-inured concepts of his class for the prosecution of happiness. Would his education ever be anything but a superficial veneer, a sort of bizarre excrescence to the grafting of which his sick and hungry body and supine will had submitted, but in which his soul never had participated?

One thing was certain. No matter where they took him, how much they taught him, and what he forgot, eternally he would remain an Indian, not fashioned for striving, but born to ease and the simple things that come easily. And nothing he could acquire would ever be as strong as this call of his blood, for his blood was the blood of his race, its call but the echo of his own voice — himself calling to himself.

Ties of blood, of family, of home; tradition, memories, legends, ancient rites; simple honor, even simpler joys and griefs; tears shared by all, a country lost to all, a bit of the melancholy that is born of resignation — an immortal essence, intangible, inexpressible, mystic, insuperable. That was the great common soul of the Sioux nation. Its roots lay deep within the soil that had been watered with the blood of warriors, and each tendril, strong with a timeless heritage of uncontaminated Sioux culture, was irrevocably ingrafted in it, inextricably interwoven with the bone, the sinew, and the spirit of those who had died there.

It was only logical to expect that in a crisis Titus would revert to his own. He would tire, of course, — how could he escape weariness who had never known exertion? — and would seek surcease from what had come to appear as pointless struggles in the tranquilizing inertia of the reservation. He would go 'home,' each time finding the way longer and more difficult; more and more hampered by the fears and inhibitions of fresh knowledge; more and more a stranger to his own race, and, through his recurrent defections, less and less understood by his white monitors. It was unavoidable. And his white world would wag its foolish head and grumble: 'What's the use? They all go back to the blanket!'

If, on the other hand, Titus never went to school, but remained where he belonged, on his reservation . . .

But there was nothing to speculate about there; it was merely the other half of the vicious circle. Why had they all wanted so much that Titus Big Hawk should live? Father Harrington just then could have found it in his heart to be thankful if Titus Big Hawk had been at rest in the security of a grave.

VI

Titus came back to the school on the first of September. 'What you doing in here?' the new nurse queried when she found him to all appearances permanently settled in the room which she had been preparing for 'special' cases.

Titus looked stricken. 'Where is Miss Percival?' he asked.

'Miss Percival is n't here any more. Are you sick?'

'No, ma'am. I — I just came to get my things,' he stammered. And, gathering up the clothes he had just put away in the dresser and closet, he folded them back into his suitcase and went out under her scornful eyes.

The garage was open and he went in. There was a new car in the place where Mr. Burleson's had stood.

'Here!' a strange man admonished from the doorway. 'You boys are not allowed to come into this garage. You ought to know that.'

'I wanted to see Mr. Burleson.'

'Oh! Well, Mr. Burleson is n't here any more. I'm the new superintendent.'

Titus went to the boys' building, and upstairs to Dinty Moore's room. 'Sure,' said Dinty, 'Miss Percival and Mr. Burleson ain't here any more. Did n't you know? Gee! They've been transferred.'

Titus sat down on the edge of a bed and looked at his suitcase. 'And that priest that used to be here,' he said, very casually. 'You know — What's-his-name, Father Harrington. Is he here yet? I mean in town.'

'Well, he ain't really gone, but just now he's in Europe, or something. He won't be back for six months, they say. Or maybe a year, or three months, or something.'

Titus studied his suitcase closely. 'I guess I'll beat it,' he said after a while. 'I ain't goin' to stick around here waiting on that new nurse. I did n't mind doing it for Miss Percival because — well, I knew her, see, and she was all right. But this one — nothin' doin'. And that new superintendent — does he think I'm goin' to drive his car, an' everything? Gee! It was different with Mr. Burleson. I knew Mr. Burleson, and he was a pretty good guy. But I'm not going to bother with a new man I've never seen. I'm goin' to beat it, that's all.'

He had gone about half a mile when Dinty Moore hailed him. 'Here,' Dinty panted, handing him two letters and a package. 'Them's been in the disciplinarian's office a long time. They come during vacation.'

Titus set his suitcase down and read the letters. They were from Mr. Burleson and Miss Percival. Both said they were to remain in the district that included the Riverview school, and so they would see him often. They said he must go to school, and some day — he must never forget that! — he must be an artist. They were kind, thoughtful, affectionate — said the right thing in the right way.

Titus sat down on the ground to open the package, and found his cassock and surplice and a note. Father Harrington said he could not bear to think of anyone else serving him in that particular cassock and surplice, and he was sending them to Titus as a precaution against any usurpation of his right to them; Titus must be there and ready to serve Mass the very first Sunday after Father Harrington's return. And, of course, Titus must go to school. He must be an artist. The letter was kind, thoughtful, affectionate — said the right thing in the right way.

Titus put the cassock and surplice back in the box and set the box on top of his suitcase. Dinty hung around, whistling, picking up pebbles and rocks and pretending to be interested in them. A bell rang, and he told Titus it was the supper bell. Titus paid no attention, and Dinty went back to the school alone.

The sun fell lower and lower; dusk came. Titus lay down on the ground with his cheek on his arm. They had not forgotten him! They liked him! He had a moment of vanity, quickly lost in a surge of pain, as if his friends' hands held his heart, pressing it. He shut his eyes tight, slipped his arm from under his cheek and curled it about his head, hugging it to the ground until the intolerable emotion had subsided and he could breathe again.

He had been so happy! Ah, but why had he promised to come back? Now he had to begin all over, repeat that torture of new faces, of strangers who must speak to him when they had nothing to say, and whom he must answer whether or not an answer was necessary. He could n't go through that again! And next year a new school — the same agony multiplied by strange surroundings plus an unpredictable number of new faces!

Why should he? He could n't be an artist — he was an Indian! He did n't want to be an artist! He wanted . . . But he did n't know what he wanted. He could n't think, or plan, or reason; he could only feel. The prairie, the river between the hills, trees like pale shafts lost in tremulous sun-shot green, the cabins in that murmurous arbor, pointed white tepees, the eternal saddled pony drowsing with drooping head; men full length on the ground, their faces propped up on their hands; women weaving baskets of willows; heartbreaking sunset, twilight hours beside a camp fire, the smoke from the burning wood, the tang of buckskin, kinnikinnic, quiet voices, laughter. 'Home!' The call to ease, to rest, to somnolent peace!

The first star spread on his wet lashes into a shining cross. . . . In winter the cabin was often cold. There never was enough food. His mother — he never had heard the word 'inadequate' and he did n't know she was patient — pitiful, he sensed her, in a home he was learning to be ashamed of. 'Stolid, stupid, ignorant, dirty,' white people wrote against her in their books. She was nearly always hungry. He pressed his face hard against the rough earth. If only they had food enough, if only they had clothes when it was cold, if only he might go home and yet not die! Himself, his mother, his people — why must they be hungry, poor, despised? Why must they know shame, be shameful?

At the school a bugle sounded taps. He looked again for the first star, but it had become lost among many stars, and the released tears rolled over the bridge of his nose, dripped coldly into his other eye, ran into the grass. His cheek bone smarted with them, the harsh grass cut into it, and it was sweet because of that other pain.

Dinty Moore came up panting. 'Gee, there's just fifteen minutes before the last call,' he said. 'You comin' back?' Titus did not stir. Dinty came closer. 'What's matter — you sick?'

He was a full-blooded Sioux, and the night hid his tears. . . . 'Oh, just kinda lonesome,' said Titus, casually.

FRAU SACHER OF SACHER'S

BY RALPH BUTLER

I

'Dismayed and exhausted,' writes Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz in his *Memoirs*, 'I went to the Hotel Sacher to dine.'

It was the beginning of October 1918, a fortnight before the final collapse of the Austro-Hungarian armies on the Italian front. The Monarchy of the Hapsburgs had already entered on its agony; and Prince Windischgrätz, whose grandfather had saved the Monarchy seventy years before, was just returned from the imperial and royal hunting box at Reichenau, where he had refused the Emperor's request to form a Hungarian Government.

It was dinner time and all the rooms at Sacher's were full. I had arranged to meet a General and a mutual relation, and was looking for both. I met Frau Sacher in the passage between the two dining rooms.

'It is dreadful!' she said with a flushed face.

My mind was full of the Hungarian crisis, and I replied: 'Yes indeed! It is dreadful.'

'Even the waiters won't obey any longer,' said Frau Sacher comfortably. 'I've given one of them a good box on the ears.'

I found my friends at supper in one of the *séparées*. They greeted me with the words: 'People here are saying you are to be Prime Minister.'

'Foolish rumors!' said I.

'As you don't give the Viennese enough to eat,' said my guest dryly [Prince Windischgrätz was the Food Minister at the time], 'they must live on rumors.'

'What did the War Office want with you?' I asked.

'I am to go to Poland to collect information as to the conditions there. The Polacks are getting out of hand.'

'Who is not getting out of hand? Ask Frau Sacher! Even the waiters are refusing to obey any longer. Perhaps the head waiters will also refuse to obey soon,' I said, looking at old Wagner, who was just filling my glass.

'How will all this end, Highness?' said the old man, bowing. 'How will it end?'

'Who is here?'

'Exzellenz Tarnowsky is dining next door,' said Wagner.

'Good! I will speak to him.'

I found Tarnowsky with a few Polish gentlemen. He told me he had just been recalled from Warsaw, and that His Majesty thought of appointing him Foreign Minister, which I already knew. Between ourselves, he said, with the passive attitude we had maintained and the perpetual postponement of the Polish solution, the Polish distrust of the Monarchy and the dynasty had become pretty general, and naturally the radical elements were gaining the upper hand.

D. and fat K. came down the corridor arm in arm. When they saw me, they made me come with them and took me into the large tapestried room, where I found a number of old comrades from the front. This was a cheerful party. Kutschera, the Vienna star, was at the piano playing *Ich möchte noch einmal in Grinzing sein, beim Wein, beim Wein, beim Wein!* The women were singing, and wine and champagne were flowing. I think no one was sober but Kutschera. I only stayed a few minutes to take leave of my comrades, who had to go back to the front. As I was going along the corridor, a waiter opened the door of one of the *séparées*, and in it I saw my friend Michael Karolyi sitting with the Hungarian journalist Diner-Denes and some other men unknown to me.

I asked old Wagner whether Count Karolyi often dined there with these gentlemen.

'Oh yes, Your Highness! Often.'

Vienna society was at supper in the public rooms. Financiers, bankers, successful profiteers, military men, the Chief of Police, the oldest families of Europe and the newest Barons, sat side by side. Here a Polish Minister conferred with fellow countrymen how best to increase and uphold the power of the Throne. There a Hungarian magnate conspired with leaders of the most radical Labor elements to overthrow throne and dynasty. Here *jeunesse dorée* feasted and made merry before going back to the war. There ministerial posts were being told off, or the rate of exchange was being discussed. News and history were being made by word of mouth in these public and private rooms. Here Austrian policy took birth and shape, served in characteristically Austrian fashion between the *Beinfleisch* and the *Apfelstrudel.*

II

There has been more than one pen picture of the end of the Hapsburgs. Novak, Emil Ludwig, and Prince Windischgrätz himself have all given the world vivid presentations of the last days of Karl and Zita at Schönbrunn. But the above description of the Hotel Sacher on the eve of the Collapse is to the writer's thinking the most dramatic of them all. The *séparées* at Sacher's form a screen against which the march of events toward the catastrophe is projected and magnified, just as the best literary description of a battle is Thackeray's famous narrative of the twenty-four hours in Brussels on the eve and day of Waterloo. The tragedy is viewed from the indirect angle — most effective of all angles of approach. If only scenario writers would learn that lesson!

When Frau Sacher died on March 1 last, one of the obituary notices in the Vienna papers said that her hotel should have been called the Hotel Oesterreich — the Hotel Austria. It was so essentially a product of the old Austria, one of the intangibly fine things that the old Austria produced, nowhere else possible, and, now that Frau Sacher is no more, impossible ever to reproduce. Happy those who knew it in the eleven years by which Frau Sacher, to her sorrow, survived the collapse of the old régime! While she lived, it was possible to recapture the atmosphere of a lost age, lingering like perfume round an empty perfume jar.

The most popular portrait of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, which every Viennese bourgeois still has hanging in his dining room, shows him as he could be seen any summer evening driving back from Vienna after the day's work to Schönbrunn. He is sitting alone, as he used to sit, in a two-horsed open barouche with a coachman in plain livery and a Court servant in a plumed hat on the box. The carriage is just turning out of the Hofburg into the Michaeler Platz. A policeman salutes. Only one member of the public is shown in the picture — an old lady in a tight-fitting bodice and long skirt of the 1880 period with a couple of pug dogs at her heels, who curtseys to the carriage as it passes. That is Frau Sacher. The artist has taken her as an epitome of the old Vienna; and that is what she was — nothing else is needed to complete the portrait.

One said, as one says of all charming old ladies, that she was a beauty in her time. She conserved the habit and custom of that time. Besides the tight-fitting 1880 bodices and the pug dogs, she affected big Havana cigars, for which there used to be a vogue among the Viennese ladies in the 'nineties of the last century.

She had a small den, about eight feet

square, opening off the celebrated Buffet. The walls of the den were completely covered with signed photographs like Guy's famous hairdressing shop in Piccadilly — archdukes and archduchesses, Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats, and successive generations of the pugs. I can see her now emerging from this den into the Buffet with a fat cigar in her mouth. The Buffet was really a shop where you could buy fruit from her farms, *Delikatessen*, and such things. There were three or four girls to serve the shop, good-looking, sharp-tongued, Viennese as Frau Sacher herself, and rigidly disciplined; all the servants at Sacher's had an unmistakable *cachet*. Between 12.30 and 2.30 the Buffet would be transformed into a replica of the Jockey Club. Young aristocrats of eighteen or nineteen with historic names would crowd in and stand round the counter, or sit on the uncomfortable chairs, tease the dogs, chaff the girls, and chatter till it was time to go in to lunch. The famous 'society of cousins'! Outsiders called them the *Sacherbuben;* but outsiders did not as a rule venture inside the Buffet.

Beggars did. There were half a dozen regular callers, whom everyone knew and chaffed. They were not allowed to beg from the customers, but the old lady used to give them loaves of bread or cigars. They fitted into the ensemble — they were not bourgeois.

Last year the old lady turned the largest of the private dining rooms, or *séparées*, as they are called in Vienna, — in how many of Schnitzler's plays is the scene 'A *séparée* at Sacher's'! — into a modern bar. It was very skillfully done; the decoration was a happy blend between the old and the new, and so on. But the *Sacherbuben* would not migrate from the Buffet. The bar, as someone said, 'made excellent cocktails, but . . . no longer made history!' It was indeed in this particular *séparée* that Koerber and Széll negotiated one New Year's Eve over the *Ausgleich;* and it has other and more recent memories. In 1926 representatives of Hungary and Rumania all but reached a settlement here over the question of the Optants. It is a room full of history.

The two public dining rooms, of which Prince Windischgrätz writes, are not less celebrated. But there is, or was till the day of the old lady's death, a dividing line between the two as unpassable as a color bar and not less intangible. The first dining room is a small old-fashioned room, furnished in the style of an English country hotel of the worst type, a pure museum specimen of its period, which must be about 1880. Only the chairs are comfortable, and the food the best in Central Europe. When it had any comfort at all, 1880 was much more comfortable than 1930; and to a discerning eye Sacher's is really the most luxurious hotel in Europe. But it does not look it.

The second dining room is a much better room than the first, but the 'best people' do not dine in it. They love the old and ugly Teddy Bear better than the new, good-looking one. So they crowd into the first dining room; and no one else is allowed in. 'Paul,' the head waiter in charge of it, assures the observance of the protocol, as the French say; and it is an education in diplomacy to watch how he separates the sheep from the goats. Jews, with a very few exceptions, such as the Rothschild family, are relegated to the second room. Similarly with the *demi-monde*. The old lady had an unerring eye, and so has Paul, for the subtle boundary that in Europe divides the distinguished *demi-monde* from the rest. Count ——, who is or was so well-known in America for his athletics and his matrimonial adventures, once brought in a lady who was not the right side of the boundary. That was bad form on ——'s part, like so many things that —— does; but it passed. Later the lady came in alone. Frau Sacher glared, but said nothing. A third time the lady brought in a lady friend. This was too much; and Frau Sacher made her an intimation to that effect in the following sentence of characteristic, untranslatable Viennese: '*Eine meinethalben; aber zwei kann i net brauchen.*'

This last is a good example of the old lady's causticity. But much of the savor of the innumerable Frau Sacher stories lies in the Viennese dialect. Her comments were her own, unmistakably her own; but they took on some of their color from the language in which they were couched. The charm of the Viennese dialect is subtle as the charm of Vienna itself. Its raciness is due to the fact that it is at once the language of the common people and of what used to be the governing class. The Jewish bourgeoisie, who now rule in the latter's place, have never been able to get their tongues properly round it. But the *Schönbrunner deutsch*, which Francis Joseph and the Imperial Family spoke, was only the language of the cab driver *in bocca toscana*. Frau Sacher's own diction oscillated between *Schönbrunner deutsch* and the purest cab-driver dialect. She also spoke French well, — the Austrian upper class in her youth used to speak French, — but not much English.

She was more entirely sure of her position than anyone the writer has ever met; and that was no doubt the secret of her success with her aristocratic clientèle. Frau Sacher was the hotel, and the hotel was Frau Sacher. She had no life outside the hotel, and no wish for any. She was without pretensions and without pose.

I first came to her hotel with introductions from English friends who had lived there for a long time. I presented them with timidity, but they were graciously received. I said I was glad the *gnädige Frau* remembered my friends.

'I remember them very well,' said Frau Sacher with a kindly smile, 'though it's a good while since they left Vienna. I hope they'll come back soon. The wife's clever; he's a fool. (*Die Frau is' g'scheit; der is' a Narr.*)'

These pungent remarks were even more disconcerting when made, as they sometimes were, to one's face. One of the stories is of a newly married archduchess, very much in love with her husband, who brought him to the hotel to introduce him to Frau Sacher.

'Well! How do you like him?'

'*Halten S'ihn ein bisserl gerader, Kaiserliche Hoheit!* (You want a tighter rein with that one, Your Imperial Highness!)'

At lunch or dinner time the old lady would drift into the dining room and stand watching her guests. There was a screen at one end behind which she could stand without being seen, and watch who was there. If there was too much noise, she would make a peculiar hissing sound from behind the screen, at which everyone would look up and laugh; they knew what that meant. When she saw someone she liked or a member of the Imperial Family, she would go over to that table, and then all the men at the table would spring up and kiss her hand.

From time to time she would box the waiters' ears. Toward the end of her life in particular this became a ritual which had to be gone through once at least at every meal. Everyone expected it, and laughed when it came. But the younger waiters did not like it; and eventually one of them complained to the *Betriebsrat* (Works Council), and the *Betriebsrat* brought an action against Frau Sacher for assault. Frau Sacher made a characteristic appearance — with the pugs — in court, paid her fine, and was of course photographed by the moving-picture men on entering and leaving the court. The same evening, when she came along to the dining room, the waiter who had been responsible for the action dropped a plate. Without a moment's hesitation the old lady caught him a box on the ears. He sprang round furious; but all the other waiters and all the guests were rocking with Homeric laughter, and he saw no one was on his side. There were no more actions for assault, though Frau Sacher went on boxing ears up to the last.

Not long after this episode the Republic made amends for its interference with her patriarchal jurisdiction. It became known that for years she had been providing anonymously a *mensa academica* or free table daily for a number of students at the Vienna University. The volume of her charities indeed was unbounded, and many of them are only beginning to become known since her death. One day the students appeared without any warning at the hotel, put the old lady into a carriage, and drew her to the Kunstakademie, where the Minister of Education, who was in the plot, was waiting to present her with the *Verdienstkreuz*, a decoration awarded by the Austrian Republic 'for distinguished services rendered.' The old lady did not quite know what to make of this, and was with difficulty persuaded that it was not a hoax.

Fearless of people, she was equally fearless of crowds. On December 1, 1921, when the hungry mob broke into the big hotels on the Ring and sacked them, they left Sacher's untouched. Frau Sacher came to the door as they passed, and called out to them in her broad Viennese that they were 'a pack of lumps.' They laughed and passed on. Half an hour later every room in the Grand, the Bristol, and the Imperial had been wrecked.

III

One is glad to have known that lost world. It seems infinitely remote now. The gulf between England before and England after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, or Lancashire before and after the Industrial Revolution, is not greater than that between the Vienna of 1914 and the Vienna of the present day. In retrospect, when one endeavors to recapture the atmosphere of that old civilization, it is the sense of continuity which dominates one's impressions of the picture. In England the Reformation and the Industrial Revolution both cut across the life and character of the Anglo-Saxon race and left cleavages which the imagination unaided can hardly bridge. But the history of the Austrian peoples was never so broken — until 1918. No one who ever saw the Corpus Christi procession pass through the streets of Vienna with the Emperor walking bareheaded behind the Host could fail to feel that Francis Joseph's Austria was the Austria of Joseph II, of Maria Theresa, and of yet remoter Hapsburgs in ages when 'Austria' was only a geographical term and the Holy Roman title, which was also the pagan Roman title, of 'Cæsar semper Augustus' was the reality.

It was this atmosphere of unbroken continuity that pervaded the old Austria and made all other European countries seem parvenus.

The Hapsburg dynasty not only bound the present with the past. It also bound together the disparate and frequently disjunctive elements of the present; and for this reason its disappearance was a very different matter from the disappearance of the dynasties in Northern Europe. The changes after the war in Germany, though they gave rise to social readjustments which involved great misery for certain classes, cannot be said to have made any cleavage in the life and character of the German race. The elimination of the Hohenzollerns in particular made scarcely any change in the system under which Germany was governed. The German Emperor was only the First Bureaucrat of his country; the bureaucracy did not cease to function when he was removed. But the Hapsburg Emperor was very much more than the head of his bureaucracy. He was the symbol of an idea, and the pivot of a system, on which the lives and activities of ten distinct and different races from the Alps to the Carpathians and from the Danube to the Mediterranean were built up.

What idea? It was the idea which is struggling for emergence in this first half of the twentieth century — the idea that the nation is not the be-all and the end-all of political thought, that it is possible and on many grounds desirable to transcend the limits of nationality, and that political units can exist and prosper on a non-national or international basis. The idea, and the dynasty which symbolized and incorporated it, dated back indeed to the Middle and Dark Ages and the internationalism of the Catholic Church; but they had shown such power of adaptation and had survived so many vicissitudes, including the epidemic of nationalism in the nineteenth century, that many believed they were destined to bear new fruits in the twentieth century. The strain of five years of 'world war' was too much. Nationalism won its last victory. The dynasty collapsed, and the ten peoples — German, Hungarian, Czech, Polish, Ruthene, Croat, Slovene, Serb, Italian, and Rumanian — who had lived together under its ægis were regrouped in six separate and competing States.

Foreign supporters of the Jugoslav Nationalist idea before the war were for the most part inclined to believe in the mission of the Hapsburgs. The chief book of Professor Seton-Watson, whom the world then knew as 'Scotus Viator,' was dedicated 'to that Austrian statesman who shall possess the genius and the courage necessary to solve the Southern Slav Question.' Wickham Steed, on the other hand, the author of the most brilliant book that ever was written about the old Austria, was always expecting the Hapsburg Monarchy to collapse from its own rottenness. It is no longer of interest to speculate whether this was in fact what ultimately happened. The system of government of the Monarchy was no doubt in many directions incredibly inefficient; but in other directions, and notably in the handling of new problems like the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, where it was not fettered by past precedents, it was surprisingly efficient.

Efficiency in any case is not the last word in political science. It is of more interest to forecast the future of the new nationalist States by which the Monarchy has been replaced. In this connection there are two things to be said. No forecast is likely to be of value which does not take as its starting point the fundamental distinction between those States which were the product of the Peace Conference (Poland and Czechoslovakia) and those which made themselves and were in being before that macabre assembly met (Jugoslavia and Rumania). The second distinction that has to be drawn — and it is perhaps even more fundamental than the first — is between those States that have solved their agrarian problem (Austria, Jugoslavia, Rumania) and those that have not (Hungary, Poland). Both these considerations cut across the statistical evidences of prosperity on which bankers' forecasts are sometimes too readily based.

When one has witnessed the submergence of an old civilization and the emergence of new factors which to all appearance represent a setback to the point at which the old civilization began to evolve, one is tempted to feel
as men must have felt when R
finally succumbed and what the hi
torians have called the Dark A
settled down on Europe. Of what u
one asks, is political achievem
What survives? Well! There is so
thing that survives even Dark Age
'The romance of *Tom Jones,'*
Gibbon, 'that exquisite picture
humor and manners, will outlive t
palace of the Escurial and the imper
Eagle of Austria.'

Yes! It has outlived the imper
Eagle of Austria; and the occupant
the Escurial seems none too firm u
his throne.

NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NEILSON C. HANNAY

THESE letters I came upon quite by accident in the summer of 1928 while carrying forward research for manuscript material for a Life of the poet Cowper and a collected edition of his letters, upon which I have been engaged for many years. The original autographs are now in the possession of Mrs. Catharine Bodham Johnson, of Norwich, who inherited them from her grandfather, to whom they are addressed. Through her interested coöperation and the courteous consent of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, successor to Mr. Aldis Wright, FitzGerald's literary executor, I am now able to offer these letters verbatim and literatim to the literary world.

FitzGerald letters are of more than casual interest: they belong to the corpus of nineteenth-century literature. These new letters contain
ing in the way of startling revela
nothing to alter the accepted est
of their author's fame; but the
furnish fresh glimpses of the fac
his charming personality, and
help to qualify our estimate of
genius for friendship.

The friendship here exhibited
one of the most precious FitzG
ever knew — one which began
and was terminated only by d
William Bodham Donne, grandson
an eminent Norwich surgeon a
kinsman of the poet Cowper's, was
like John M. Kemble and Ja
Spedding — a schoolboy friend at
noted Bury St. Edmunds gramm
school, under Dr. Heath Malkin, a
like Kemble and Spedding, a conte
porary at Cambridge and one of
famous 'Apostles.' As life advanc

this friendship deepened and increased in beauty and fragrance, not in any ecstatic manner, but calmly, by virtue of the rare qualities of fine old-fashioned gentlemen.

There was much in Donne's personality to appeal to a man of FitzGerald's highly individualized type and literary taste. Well versed in classical history as he was and keenly interested in the drama, he led an all too busy life preparing innumerable contributions to serious magazines like the *Edinburgh* (the editorship of which he refused), the *Quarterly*, and *Fraser's*, editing several of the classical authors, writing essays, serving as librarian of the London Library (1852-57), and in later life (1857–74) as successor to John M. Kemble, distinguishing himself as Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office. But in all this worthy activity the man himself, more than anything he did, was bound to appeal to such a connoisseur of human values as FitzGerald. In 'dear Donne' he found a combination of qualities after his own heart, a man of refined taste, delicate humor, sweetness of temper, liberality and soundness of judgment, and fine critical faculty. And so for him his frank appraisal, expressed at his friend's deathbed, was one of complete assent: 'Ah, there is a man without a fault — the least selfish man I ever knew.'

To William Bodham Donne

GELDESTONE. *October* 6. [1830?]

DEAR DONNE,

I have been intending to write to you for some days past: & now I am vexed that I have not, seeing that the days slip away so, and that I am so soon about to leave this place. For I wanted to ask you to come over here & see me for a day or two: and I do heartily ask you to do so now. We don't leave here till the 14th of this month: surely you can come for a day. I should be sorry to leave the country without seeing you again, as I dont know when I may be back. Present my compliments to Mrs. Donne [Donne's mother] & beg her in my name, and I hope with your own desire to back it, to spare you for a very little time. I know you are somewhat shy of strangers: but you need be in no fear here: for we are homely people; and don't put ourselves out of the way: and so if you can put up with dining off a joint of meat at $^1/_2$ past one with us & the Children [FitzGerald's nieces and nephews], and can stand an occasional din of the same Children romping in the passage, I think you have no excuse at all. I dont speak of entertaining you, or shewing you sights, which I think is a poor compliment to a man: here are books, & you may do as you please. There are however one or two things that I wish very much to shew you, & to talk to you about — I want to go to Norwich; & will meet you on any day there & bring you here: there is a Coach every day, that starts from Norwich at about 4 in the Afternoon. I have not, you see, hinted at any chance of my coming over to you, because you are distracted with carpenters, bricklayers &c, & I beg that you will not think of it. But please do come here, if it is only for a day: as much more as you can: my sister heartily begs that you will —

I should have been gone some time before, but that my sister wished me to remain till she herself was going away. It is chiefly this that has kept me from writing to you about this: I was not aware that I was going to be here so long. I have enjoyed myself much this summer, & the weather is now most beautiful. Your letter was most welcome to me, as your letters always are:

this latter hint I hope you will attend to. I have not heard of Spedding: but I have written to him. Pray do you happen to know who are the new fellows of Trinity? I think the Election is about this time: I am interested for one or two: especially for a man that you have heard Spedding talk of, named Thompson. I believe, however that he is pretty certain of one.

After leaving this place, I believe I shall be in Suffolk for a month: & then probably in London. You must come up to London this winter, Donne: we will get abroad in that sinful place, & be very profane indeed. But it is the first part of my letter which you are now to think of: and yet I wish you would think but once, & slap your thigh, & say 'Damme, if I wont' —

And so I remain your affectionate friend

E. FitzGerald.

London. *Oct:* 23: 1836.

What have you been doing, and where have you been? To the sea side yet? And did Blakesley find you? — Pray when you have a spare half hour, and are not disinclined, let me know of your doings — I conclude that you are safe at Mattishall by this time — I have been to Ireland: and after that in Northamptonshire, till last Wednesday when I came to London. Tomorrow I go into Suffolk: where I shall be for a fortnight: in which space of time if you can manage to write to me I shall be glad. My abode, Boulge Hall, Woodbridge —

Spedding is coming back to London this dientical [*sic*] night, so that I shall just miss him — which is a bore.

I have been to the play nearly every night since I have been here: and they have really mustered all the strength of England at Covent Garden, even at the present low prices — I have seen King John, and Othello, there — Charles Kemble has lost all his lightness in Falconbridge & Cassio: and is become very burdensome on the stage, I think. Vandenhoff really plays Iago very well: not so well as Young, to my taste: I don't think he has made up his mind so clearly as to Iago's real character — But he plays with great ease, and point — Macready's Othello is fine: in parts, very fine: but not so good as some of his other parts — Miss Helen Faucit is a very considerable bore: and M^rs W. West persists in softening whore into *whoore;* an old item of stage delicacy — Liston is delicious at the Olympic: he should always be seen at the beginning of a season: for he becomes fagged and careless towards the end of it — He and M^rs Orger played last night as well as I could wish to see. So now you have heard all that I have seen. When will you come up and see some of these things according to your promise? My movements are not quite certain just now: but I shall be in town again in the middle of November, for I have to go to the Isle of Wight at that time — I should like hugely to sit with you before the green curtain again — I have also got Blake's book of Job for you to see: terrible, awful, and wonderful — and Retsch's Romeo & Juliet, and no end of Epicureanisms in store — I am ashamed of living in such Epicurean ease: and really think I ought to marry, or open a book at a Banker's, that I may not be more happy than my fellows — Seriously, I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of marriage &c but I only mean that it must bring some cares, and anxieties — However, don't divulge what I say: for it sounds pert and awkward — Edgeworth [stepbrother of Maria Edgeworth] is still at Eltham with one pupil, I hear: I am sorry that I have not had time to go and see him — Thackeray is married and happy as the day is long — John Kemble is in town, I believe: but I have not seen him. Now you have heard about men you do know, and about men you know no more of than Alexander the Coppersmith —

BOULGE. WOODBRIDGE.
*Oct*r. 10/44.

I spent a few days in London, & saw no one but Carlyle, & Thompson who had just landed from Germany — In the last Frazer (for this October) you will find an article called 'An Election for the Long Parliament' — headed and tailed by Carlyle, in his peculiar tasty way — Is it true that Kemble & Beaumont[1] have split? — so I heard in London —

Spedding is yet up in the mountains — I went one night to the Haymarket to see Vanbrugh's Confederacy — but it was Vanbrugh castrated within an inch of his life; and all the obsolete intrigue story left. Farren looked admirable, & sipped coffee from a little cup just as you see one of the quality doing in one of Marriage a la Mode pictures —

[Postmark: *Feb.* 28, 1845.]

If one could have good Lyrics, I think the World wants them as much as ever. Tennyson's are good: but not of the *kind* wanted. We have surely had enough of men reporting their sorrows: especially when one is aware all the time that the poet wilfully protracts what he complains of, magnifies it in the Imagination, puts it into all the shapes of Fancy: and yet we are to condole with him, and be taught to ruminate our losses & sorrows in the same way. I felt that if Tennyson had got on a horse & ridden 20 miles, instead of moaning over his pipe, he would have been cured of his sorrows in half the time. As it is, it is about 3 years before the Poetic Soul walks itself out of darkness & Despair into Common Sense — Plato w$^{d.}$ not have allowed such querulousness to be published in his Republic, to be sure: and when we think of the Miss Barretts, Brownes, Jewsburys &c who will set to work to feel friends' losses in melodious tears, in imitation of A.T's — one must allow Plato was no such prig as some say he was.

I saw Antigone: but, as Vipan says, the music [by Mendelssohn] &c which was what I went to hear, was execrable. The Audience seemed pleased with the plot & dialogue; I can only say it would have been fine if properly done. It should be done in the Senate House at Cambridge.

60. LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
Septr: 20/48

You see where I date from; inhabiting Spedding's room while he is absent — For I have been obliged, & am still obliged, to be much in London to lend a hand to save a little out of the wreck of my Father's affairs — I have also to assist in the pleasing office of raising money for myself — the best offer I can at present hear of being that I must pay £3000 in order to enjoy £2000 — In all this matter however I do not desire, nor need, sympathy — many are my defects — but solicitude for money & luxury is not among them: — & as I & all my family shall have *enough*, independent of this smash, when my Mother dies, we should be *base* to fret ourselves now.

I have scarce seen Tennyson this year: have not the least idea where he is. Frederic T. [Tennyson's eldest brother] was over here a fortnight ago: as usual giving me no information of his presence till it was too late. I believe we were in London together without knowing it. I have no doubt whatsoever that Alfred knew nothing at all of this eagle business: — only you know a man of genius does hit upon the right thing instinctively & prophetically — If the wedded eagle clasp were fitted for an ornament of dress for those days, as we somehow feel it was, so it was fitted for some allegory of Church or State — So the Cross is now worn — at balls as well as in Churches — I think your friend may cease his anxiety on this subject —

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[1] Wentworth Beaumont was owner of the *British and Foreign Review*, of which John Mitchell Kemble was editor (1836–1844), and to which W. B. Donne was a frequent contributor. — N. C. H.

How long I shall be here I scarce know. All the goods & chattels at Boulge are going to be sold, I believe: including my Cottage furniture. And I know not if all these troubles will not drive me from that neighbourhood. I could remain very quietly there but for the solicitation of my Father's creditors whom I *cannot* satisfy, & whom my presence yet keeps in hope.

Farewell for the present.

Boulge. *Jan$^{ry.}$* 21/49.

I *was* obliged to be in town on Wednesday last, to be badgered by a lawyer in the Court of Bankruptcy. But I got back the same day: & sh$^{d.}$ have been glad to see you here. But it appears that Captain Brooke's house was not in fine trim enough —

Barton seems to me ill: labours with great difficulty of breath: and I think the Doctor suspects disease in the heart. Certainly B. B. is greatly altered in strength, appetite, spirits, and personal favour this last winter. Sic transit —

I manage to keep on the windy side of care — Crabbe has lost his youngest son of consumption: but I am going to-night to console him with an account of M$^{r.}$ Layards Assyrians, which will make snap [*sic*] his fingers at Moses.

Terrace House. Richmond.
Nov$^{r.}$ 2/49.

Your letter found me here, where I came a fortnight ago to visit my Mother. I have had much to thank you for about this Book: & you yet continue y$^{r.}$ kind exertions in it's behalf. I shall read your Paper with pleasure — As to the Edinburgh, it is almost too great an exaltation to be dreamed of: you must decide on all that for yourself: but do not bore yourself, or employ upon me room you want to fill with other matter —

As to my Memoir, you over-rate it & me; but you & old Spedding (I have long known) will monster the nothings of your friends. Don't complain of the much you have written: nor desire me to write: — it is easy enough to write an agreeable account of an agreeable man one has known so long — You have had to do with Emperors &c whom you never knew — dead 2000 years ago — you have given much useful information about them: when you get to your Norfolk Worthies, you shall be pleasant, picturesque, & humorous, & write as if you were talking as you often talk to me —

My dear old Crabbe [son of Crabbe the poet] has published a volume on God &c — he has sent it me — has he to you? I am more vext than I can tell you about it; for I am sure he will be disappointed in all ways — It seems to me a sad mistake — the dotage of logic — terms misapplied, inconsequent arguments &c. Crabbe had not the advantage of good logical training & he scarce knows how the world has got on of late — He, you see, wrote a very delightful Biography of his Father; then he should have stopped —

I have been once to the play at $^1/_2$ price, and saw 2 stupid farces acted by the Keeleys, Buckstone &c I am sure the farces were at least as dull as I was — Why won't you, or can't you, come up to London while I am hereabout, and go with me to see Macbeth — & Carlyle! The latter I have once seen; he was very mild to me, who do not antagonize with him: he only *smouldered* about Ireland; but I am told he blazes up generally. I thought what he said of it true.

Thompson is still very ill at Cambridge — unable to do tutorial duties. S. Rice [the Honorable Stephen Spring Rice] goes to see him tomorrow; & I shall go & visit him ere long, I hope — Thackeray has been dangerously ill of a bilious fever; I found him just able to creep upstairs, but beginning (he told me) to eat enormously. He is now at Brighton —

Kind remembrances to all — Again take my thanks for all yr. kind offices — &

believe me ever yrs.

[Late 1851.]

I was not surprised at your kind and partial letter — for I have long known your feeling toward me — I have so often said that you over-estimate my talents, and under-rate your own, that it only looks like scratching for a return to say so again — And yet this is very clear to myself, and others — I have what Goethe calls the 'Barber's talent' of easy narrative of easy things — can tell of Barton, & Chesterton Inn, but not of Atreus, and the Alps — Nor do I pretend to do so — You have a far stronger head — a better Understanding — more *active* Humour — and a Memory that supplies your Understanding with unfailing stuff to grind. I have come to a time of life, or perhaps (as I hope) a time of philosophy, which enables me to see these things pretty clearly, undimmed by much Ambition or (I fondly hope again) Vanity — And what I say of us both I say with at least as much Sincerity as I am capable of saying anything.

The little Book [*Euphranor*, a dialogue of youth] is no sudden push at Authordom: it was written some years ago: but with-held because Puseyism & Catholicism were ascendant. When they got into disgrace here by the Pope's late advance, I brushed up my Dialogue — & printed it — Except a letter to the Ipswich Journal, or a few words of Preface to some Book of Extracts, I do really not meddle with Print — and, *I believe*, never shall. For it really is more *labour* to me to put anything together than you who write so much can imagine — And I know that others will do and can do much better with pleasure, ease, and profit, to themselves.

Enough of this. As I believe you honestly like much of my Book, & think it may be useful, I shall be undoubtedly glad to have you say so in print — so as I may stick 'a plum of praise' in an advertisement. For certainly if I do not want, or expect, to *gain* much, I also do not want to lose; & at least I hope I shall do no harm — If you cannot give me a whole Review, you can give me *a glance* in a Review on some one else, may be. All this I leave to yr. discretion & opportunities. Only do not *bore* yourself in my small service.

Pickering publishes — and I suppose the Book will be to be had at his Shop in a Week. I leave it to Childs & him to fix a price — 2s ought to be the utmost — It is to be done up in plain green cloth: which is all ready, I believe, waiting only the title-page to be made up at once.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.
April 9/61

I had a kind Note from Thackeray some ten days ago: — but the *Author* is in his Letters now — He says he has often to write when only just able to do so after one of his Illnesses: and that his Age for Novel-writing is past. It is a pity he was not convinced of this before, I think —

Love to all. Ever yrs

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE
Jan: 3/64

Thank you for your very kind Letter, & take back in full all Good Wishes for this same /64 —

It is very good of you (but only as usual) to offer all Entertainment &c. However, I am better: whether owing to Mr. Gissing's Pills & Draughts; or to giving up Alcohol in it's many Shapes; or to tearing about out of doors till knocked up: or to the change of Weather; or all these Things together — So here I am again a Candidate for /64, & may perhaps, smoke a Cigar & drink some Dilution of Alc-h-l this very night with Manby, should he look in after Evening Church: whither he goes punctually as Churchwarden as well as Christian — He is very proud of a Porch he has had re-fronted at the expense of refractory Dissenters.

I wrote to Charles about Thackeray. I have been reading his Books, as well as Letters, and can scarce believe the Great Spirit is quite quench'd — *Now* I wish he were alive that I might write & tell him how the Newcomes were illuminating my long Evenings. But, if he were alive, I don't think he'd care to be told so by me now; I think he had ceased to remember me; and I'm sure I can't wonder, nor (least of all) blame him.

Last night I wrote to Mrs. Kemble (taking the Hampshire Address you gave me) & told her how sincerely well I liked her Play. As to her Stage Criticism, perhaps I don't *understand* her Definitions; I should have thought that '*intuitive*' and '*intellectual*' would have served well enough to distinguish the Styles

[Remainder of letter wanting]

To Mowbray, Donne's son

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.
Febr: 29 [!] 64

I do believe you would almost think it humbug if I were to tell you how much I feel your kindness in remembering, & writing to me — You do all of you come of a Good Stock, that's certain —

I have been thinking of your Father for two or three Days past; and should have written to him but that in that case he must answer; & I think the less pen-work he has the better. His last note said he was not very well; but I judge by your Letter he is not much out of sorts. Do keep him from work (*head*-work) as much as you can; you may apprentice him to any Handy-craft save of the Pen —

Only (by the bye) do you, or he, tell me one Day what is a good *Tacitus* for an Ignoramus — I mean with short, easy, & perhaps, *English* Notes; also (it being for an Elderly Ignoramus) with *good Type* — When I get to my Ship again I reckon on Tacitus for a Ship mate; he will last me a long while —

Having got to the end of Loder's Stock of Mudie, I have been quite happy again with some of Scott's Novels, & Boswell's Johnson; both as fresh as Dew. It is a great comfort to be able to return to such Books. I have also read Thackeray's Pendennis & Newcomes again — wonderful too — but not so comfortable — I think some of the Panegyrics in the Papers & Reviews throw some light on what I had been told of his later years; he must have got surrounded with a set of Praise-plasterers, so as scarce to be able to breathe without it. — Twenty years ago he used to let out against the Authors be-praising one another — But he remains something of a *Great Man* after all. I feel how he, Scott, &

Johnson, would have cogged well together —

Laurence is to paint me a Head of him; but he is so dilatory, I don't know when he'll do it. I only have begged of him to paint — not his best — but his *worst* & quickest; & then I shall stand more chance of being pleased.

Your Father wrote to me of Miss Bateman as a promising Actress. I like better to read of Garrick than to see & hear others at the cost of being screwed into a hot Theatre — What do you think of *Faust?* I have an instinct it's dull; I doubt if so good as the Mozart & Rossini always humming in my head. The second Vol: of Mendelssohn's Letters is a truly charming Book: though I can't set him up with his Elders, as some do.

Now, my dear Mowbray, if a quick Return is any Proof of a well laid-out Capital, you see your yesterday's kind Letter has not missed — Make my Compliments to Mrs. M; perhaps it may please her if I say sincerely that I think she is a lucky Woman, as much as if I were to say you were a lucky man — which further Acquaintance would, I dare say, enable me to say as sincerely —

To Donne

[1865?]

Thank me one day for the Verses I enclose; surely among some of Byron's best, — and justest — I dare not send Spedding a Copy; for he liked the old humbug.

What a pretty Book is the Tennyson Selection; only, could they have found no one to design better ornaments than the meagre & vulgar things they have put? — I think the Sleeping Palace, & Palace of Art shd. have been in: & Somewhat too much of Prince Albert & Co.

I was going to build, with great energy, when some Steward of a manor claims my Building Bit for Copyhold, though sold to me as Freehold. I see Property has it's Sorrows as well as it's Rights & Duties. By the bye, I must n't forget to answer the main Question of your Letter — about the *Busk*[2] — you see I can't have it yet, as I have no house for it. I think the Bearded Portraits of A T. make him look like Dickens. There is a nice paper in the Cornhill about Thackeray's School Days — by a Mr. Boyce (if I read Annie Thackeray's words aright) I wonder I never heard W M T speak of it. The Paper made me very sad, coming so close on my own College Recollections. I told Annie T. if there were to be any Memoir of her Father, to get *Tom Taylor* to do it — perhaps *Lewes* might do pretty well; but I think Taylor is a more reverent & Scholarly man. But I have never heard if the thing is about doing at all.

To Mowbray Donne

LOWESTOFT: *Decr.* 31/67

Your Letter only came to hand here this morning. But I am just in time to wish you both a Good 1868. So be it!

I came here a week ago to wind up accounts for the Lugger — all on the wrong side at present — but we look to 1868. *Posh*[3] has fretted at his unsuccess: though in fact he has done better than half the Boats. It has been a bad Season: spoilt by the strong Winds in the last month. Yesterday we had a grand Bill paying: I told him there was *less* to pay than I expected: &, if he were what I thought, I would rather lose money with him than win it with many others. The dear old Boy got happy: and of course made me angry by coming home *rather unsteady* after settling the Bills. So I look glum Today: & all the while know I'm not worthy to grease his Boots —

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[2] The cast of the bust of Alfred Tennyson ('Busk,' Thackeray called it) was by Thomas Woolner, R.A.; the original is in Trinity College, Cambridge.

[3] Joseph Fletcher, captain of the herring lugger *Meum and Tuum.* FitzGerald was so devoted to this man that he could not speak highly enough of him. The partnership in the herring business did not prove very satisfactory, and was dissolved after some three years, whereupon Fletcher became sole owner of the *Meum and Tuum* (1870). FitzGerald addressed many letters to 'Posh.' — N. C. H.

What is all this to you! — I should like to see a Westminster Play: but I never could care for Terence — Very easy, elegant, & sensible: but no Devil. I have a Virgil with me here; he has no Devil neither: but then what an Angel! Talking of Devil, I am really reprinting that old Persian: all the copies of which have gone off, at a steady sale of 2 per annum: the greater portion having, I believe, been lost by Quaritch when he changed house. It is the only one of all my Great Works that ever has been asked for: — I am persuaded, *because* of the Wickedness, which is now at the heart of so much — Goodness! Not that the Persian has anything at all new: but he has dared to *say* it, as Lucretius did: and now it is put into tolerable English Music — That is all —

To Donne

[Early 1870.]

I am not sure but Laurence will be coming down here before long. I had to write to him about some of my poor pictures which have got damaged by the damp of my d——d House; & I enclosed him a Photo, just done, of my Captain. With this he was so well pleased, that I thought it w$^{d.}$ be good to have him do an Oil-sketch — like that of Thackeray — as I have not put a penny in his pocket these 5 or 6 years, & he has, poor fellow, but one sitter, he tells me. He is busy with his one Sitter now; & the Captain is busy with a second Lugger he has bought; but what is to be done had better be done before the London Season begins — if that signifies to poor Laurence! —

I have positively been striking in an Oar with the Dean of Ely in behalf of a Curate of a neighbouring Parish, whom all the Parish wish to be Rector in place of him whose hearse I saw travelling along in the Sun Today. The Appointment, we are told, lies with Professor Selwyn, subject to the approval of Dean & Chapter — and I have written to M$^{rs.}$ Thompson too. Wish we may get it, say I! — I know no more of this Curate as a personal Acquaintance than to shake hands as we meet, & exchange 'How dye do?' but I see he is a wholesome, active, unpretending, useful fellow.

Since I began this letter (three days ago — mislaying it meanwhile) I have one from M$^{rs.}$ Kemble, which I make bold to enclose to you, though I doubt that her Nostril would inflate at such a Breach of Confidence. It is better than anything I can write, however, and has no dangerous secrets in it — unless *icicles* at Venice be one.

LOWESTOFT: *March* 6/75

Yes, this has been a Year indeed for Death & Sickness: Doctors & Chemists hereabout say they never had such demand. I saw in yesterdays Telegraph that *Helps* Sir A. was seriously ill — with Pleurisy — one form of Cold, I believe. I got on pretty well till last week: when Cold came which began to *wheeze:* but went about till yesterday, when the Doctor, meeting me at my niece's Door, ordered me in, & sent Pill, Draught, & Embrocation after me. I think the East Wind, *plus* Sun, is worse than *minus:* I suppose one fries & freezes on different sides at the same time.

I have not seen Greville: only a few extracts in Athenæum when first the Book came out. There was something sharp about M^rs.^ K's American Journal. I wondered if Greville were he whom I once — one evening — met at her house in Savile Row; a man who brought some *knitting* to do while talking — à la Chorley [the music critic]. Dear Chorley! I write it in earnest, for his Memoir sufficiently proves to me that he was a brave, good, fellow: though as M^rs.^ K. says '*ludicrous.*' I love him for his Love of Dickens & of Dickens Regard for him.

I always wish I was *thoroughly* up in Virgil: so as to read him with accuracy & ease, which I cannot. He is my Love among the Romans, spite of Niebuhrs (I forget his name) and I was thinking the other day I would begin on Conington [editor of Virgil] directly I got home. I have been once more trying La Fontaine, & Gil Blas; but cannot get on with either. I believe I see the naiveté & finesse of the first, Frenchman though I am not: but Birds & Birds should talk in rougher terms. Montaigne or Rabelais or any one *before* Louis XIV w^d.^ have done them better. I think I understand too something of the Spirit of Gil Blas; all so easy going &c. But there seems to me no *Colour,* nor *Body,* in it, nor with any of the *Beauty* of my dear Don Q. Oh, the two Books can't be named together.

I bought a dirty Copy of Blackwood from it's Beginning to 1830; and have the first 6 Vols in reading here. There is capital Fun even so early: and one knows the Fun will become faster as Wilson ['Christopher North'] gets ahead. *He* is the only one of the Critics, I think, who can be read *after:* having Genius of his own as well as Discernment of others. Indeed, I suppose he had more of the First than of the last. I find 'Timothy Tickler' very good too.

I am writing against Time: for our early Post closes at 10 $^1/_2$ and I was not down till past 9, I believe. But I want you to have my Letter, such as it is, this same Day. You will know, without my saying, that I wish Blanche & Valentia to be well. I have not touched on poor *Fred* [Donne's youngest son, who died in February 1875]: for I think you know what my Feelings are about him also. And now I shall 'shut up' to make sure, if I can — You may know how glad I am to hear from you: but never *wish* you to write unless quite easy to you. Believe all this; and believe me your's ever & always

E. FG.

OLD STONE CHURCH

(VIRGINIA, 1754)

HERE where three valleys meet,
Lord's chosen stood and built
Room for the Paraclete
Under the rafters' tilt;

Split from the virgin tree
Gothic and straitly hewn
Thrones for divinity
Present, intense, triune.

Might of the Psalmist's own
Mortised these shaggy blocks
Into a single stone,
Ageless, the Rock of Rocks.

Where the lithe arrow bit
Hard on the window ledge,
Eyes at the stony slit
Winnowed the shadow's edge,

Sent to its destiny
Fire from the rifle-pan,
Lightning for heresy,
Gospeled the Indian.

Time came and made for Him
Moss-green mosaic:
Lord God and cherubim,
Lethal, Hebraic,

Tight in their belfry nook,
Slept after labor,
Seeing how people took
Peace for a neighbor.

Now that new gods decree
Orchards and winter wheat,
Drowses the Trinity,
Slumbers the Paraclete.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

PACIFIC 4-6-2

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

> LET us now praise famous men, even the artificer and the work-master, who passeth his time by night as by day.
>
> So is the smith, that sitteth by the anvil and considereth the unwrought iron; the vapour of the fire visiteth his flesh, and in the heat of the furnace doth he wrestle with his work.
>
> The noise of the hammer is ever in his ear, and his eyes are on the pattern of his vessel.
>
> He setteth his heart upon perfecting his works, and is wakeful to adorn them perfectly.
>
> All these trust to their hands, and everyone is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein.
>
> For these maintain the fabric of the world, and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.
>
> Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.
>
> ECCLESIASTICUS

I

BY the end of October in New England you are aware that the sun is doing more for South America than for North. Night comes early. Winter is blowing through the crack of those adamantine doors which Blake begged him to keep shut.

> 'O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:
> The north is thine!'

he calls out, as he feels the same wind and swirling rain I felt as I went through the crooked streets of Boston on my way to the South Station.

And on a novel errand for a man who was heretofore only one of the thousands who go there to take trains in accordance with the convention by which you buy a ticket and get on a car. For I bought a ticket and got on a locomotive.

Locomotives have been a stirring part of the scenery since our prehistoric youth, at which time they were so small and so highly decorated and had such exaggerated smokestacks and cowcatchers, and were so much more friendly than they are now. Yet nobody ever asked us to ride on one. We did not know railroad people. We knew schoolteachers, we knew the milkman. We did not even know the driver of the horse car.

It was the same with ships. South Street, New York, used to be a colonnade under the bowsprits and figureheads of great square-riggers whose masts and spars made a network of wood and ropes for blocks. It never occurred to us to arrange for a passage somewhere, anywhere, as cabin boy, as apprentice — as young Dana did, and Melville, and Bone and Masefield. It never occurred to our parents or their friends to discuss such things. They did n't approve of Melville or Dana. We were engaged in preparing for life. And there was the 'next life,' too — we were required to prepare for that. Two futures to prepare for!

Once you get caught in these deadly routines of 'preparation' you begin to miss too much. You make yourself as much as possible like the people who are missing most of the significance of being alive and well on a planet like this. How shall we sufficiently acknowledge and celebrate this stupendous privilege of being alive and well and not too poor or not too rich?

The thing to do, of course, is to live to the brim of every day, in youth as in age, and not think, as the school people do and as people in suburban houses and city flats do, that preparation for life — as they call it — consists in filling your little receptacle with a kind of clockwork which will strike the hours and point off the minutes of innumerable duplicate days, slightly colored by marriage, until you run down and stop, and case and works are put away forever.

And preparation for living on this planet must therefore include more than knowing a little group of people who occupy only a very small area. The most exhilarating and fertilizing thing a person can do who has been born into one of these restricted areas and who is expected to spend his life there is to break out and thenceforth go and come and be a pollen carrier. Without this cross-fertilization the mind poisons itself with its secretions.

II

The steam locomotive is, when all is said that can be said for other devices, about the most dramatic expression of hand and mind coöperation. It is a magnificent piece of craftsmanship. It is the noblest of articulated tools. It fills the whole demand of the imagination as a thing to ride on across the country. A horse is a great and mysterious thing and Job did not overdraw the picture of him, his neck clothed with thunder, pawing in the valley, the glory of his nostrils terrible. But this beast which stands here in the rain-streaked night on its 4-6-2 chassis, weighing 360,000 pounds, this amazing simulacrum of life, breathing gently with its duplex air pumps, humming slightly at the safety valve, gleaming faintly on its polished sinews, a huge demonic figure condensed from the darkness, a djinni of the Arabian Nights tied to a string of fourteen cars which it is prepared to drag in a furious rush to New Haven en route to New York and Washington — this beast, I say, is the most impressive symbol of the courage and craftsmanship of man since the clipper-ship era.

And it will presently be gone, — as the clipper ship went, — and the expressionless electric and Diesel locomotives, efficient and cold, will change poetry into prose on the railroads of the country.

It is a symbol also of the faith man has in the stability of Nature. He will ride on anything he makes and die doing it, until he has found out what runs parallel with her laws, what she will support. Thereafter he is happy in their mutual confidence.

He forgets that the same rule holds in the metaphysical as in the physical, and invites fearful personal and national catastrophes as the cosmic mechanism — which no invention or solicitation ever modified a hair's breadth — rolls along and grinds him to pieces, as in the war.

It is also an expression of that mysterious inscrutable mind, a burning-glass which brings to a focus the rays of elemental creativeness; and, in the intense light and heat of that focus, raw material, as we call it, is cooked, and things are 'manu-factured,' by that magic of hand and brain coöperation.

When you pile up on the stage of human history the things men have made with their hands, from the time they squatted outside a cave and hit two pieces of flint together to the time of the two-hundred-inch telescope just emerging, and then set a man in front of that pile, you will understand better than by any other demonstration, perhaps, in song or story, the divinity resident in that portentous figure. And when you add both song and story it is just possible to believe that the universe has come to its final flowering and to realize that the only important thing in the universe is personality, as Professor Whitehead says.

III

In the cold wind and rain out beyond the train shed this gaunt monster disclosed very little evidence that there was any 'go' in it. A little gleam from an occasional cinder falling into the ash pan, a small wisp of steam blown sharply away from a cylinder cock — the only signs that the original sun and sea were there.

But there they were, those ancient conspirators, and around them had been assembled a very intricate and ponderous pattern of steel and iron which they must stir when the time comes, the little cell they made in Eozoic time having grown up and woven this net which they can't escape from without doing some work, the cell having developed into what is called 'homo sapiens.' Water, stimulated by a hot enough fire, transforms itself into a vapor and seeks every crack and cranny to escape, to get back to the easy life of the atmosphere and the grand cycles of rain, river, and sea. But before it can resume that game, this man whom it and fire created, whose blood is still the ancient sea, makes it turn his wheel and roll him to his destination.

The locomotive of 1930 has added no basic idea to Stephenson's 'Rocket' of 1829 or Peter Cooper's 'Tom Thumb' of 1830. It is still a boiler on a wagon with provision for turning the wheels through the mechanism of cylinders, pistons, and rods, and reversing the motion when desired. As the demands increased for more power and speed it has added weight and durability, strength, safety, and economy, and taken on the beauty which perfected tools invariably display.

Starting as a pile of red dirt in the back yard of some blast furnace, the elements which have been finally assembled here have been the object of the utmost care and devotion all the way up. The chemical composition and physical structure have been subjected to unremitting scrutiny and only the quality suitable for these exacting requirements retained.

It is interesting to note that one of the most debilitating elements in steel — the yellow streak — is phosphorus, a poison introduced from the organic world, from the bones of prehistoric animals. When the animal kingdom invades the mineral you can't trust mineral to hold together under severe strain, especially in cold weather. A little too much phosphorus and, on some bitter night as the Transcontinental is roaring across the states, a piece of poisoned steel lets go and the whole organism crashes fearfully.

Tensile strength and elastic limit are subjects for much consideration, and therefore there are physical as well as chemical tests.

It is necessary to have hardness enough to wear well and yet avoid brittleness. It must take a prodigious pull to stretch this stuff, say 100,000 pounds per square inch, but it must stretch, it must bend, before it breaks. Hardness combined with toughness is the idea. Boiler plate gets this toughness — its chemical composition being suitable — by rolling, driving and side rods by forging, and driving wheels by annealing. When you roll or forge steel you produce a structure somewhat analogous to hickory — fibrous, dense, resilient, durable. When you anneal driving wheels you give these steel castings, which had to cool from a liquid condition and temperature of more than 2000 degrees Fahrenheit in a hard sand mould, a chance to adjust their molecules where they were strained by the shrinkage of one quarter inch per foot and by the nature of the design. This rapid adjustment to atmospheric temperature produces lines of weakness here and there, and driving wheels are given a chance to adjust these by a period of calm detachment in an annealing furnace which gently and slowly reduces internal tensions until you have an integrated wheel — a wheel not divided against itself.

Certain elements such as nickel, vanadium, chromium, are introduced into steel where great strains are to be withstood, and copper to secure immunity to rust.

For it is a characteristic of refined steel, of what you might call high-bred steel, to greet the companion of its humbler days — namely, oxygen — with enthusiasm and hasten back to where it came from, the pit out of which it was digged. A small dose of copper or nickel spoils the taste for this reunion which promises nothing but disaster, and all oxygen can do thereafter is stand outside and gaze at its old associate engaged in its distinguished career.

The shop where this locomotive was created piece by piece is an austere place filled with very purposeful apparatus and people. Each building has its special contribution to make and all conspire to get those contributions moving in an orderly manner toward the last building of all — the erecting shop.

Boiler plate, in immense thunderous sheets an inch thick, is marked by people who spend their lives marking boiler plate in accordance with drawings, so that when that plate is cut and drilled and bent into shape it will fit exactly to itself and to its neighbor. Very calm and deliberate and silent hydraulic hands — thumb and finger — pinch red-hot rivets and gradually sew this thick fabric together.

Presses mould certain heavy shapes as if they were pasteboard. Men climb over, under, and inside these resounding creations with pneumatic caulking hammers and destroy their hearing with apparent complacency. One is sure that this indifference to so vital a channel to the mind as hearing is due to the sad fact that these people never had a chance to realize the values that come that way, and feel that at twenty or thirty they have heard enough.

Cylinders are cast in moulds made by men who are specialists in mould making and who are served by pattern makers who take the intricate productions of the drafting room and turn them into wood in such a way that the moulder can lift them out of the sand, which he has packed around them with much care, and leave a perfect negative.

Frames are cast in the same way, also driving-wheel centres and many other things.

In the intense white light of molten steel and the gold of cast iron, with bursts of scintillating sparks and curtains of acrid smoke rolling up into the blackness of the roof, the scene is right for the Wagnerian orchestra and the music of the Nibelungen, the underground people, the submerged, illuminated and dramatic enough — and exploited enough. Strange how young that old saga keeps. There seems to be no outliving it.

You are even more conscious of this in the forge shop where the hammers are shaking the earth with the crashing clamor of their blows, rained on red-hot steel, often weighing tons, held in tongs and twisted and turned by groups of sweating men who make a living by satisfying the demands of steam hammers for something worth pounding to pound on.

A cool and clean person, — a so-called 'educated' person, — who does not make his living by any kind of handwork, may easily feel very uncomfortable in the presence of these men of the forge shop in their leather aprons, especially in May, June, July, August, September, any day of those glorious months of the precious summer, spent in prodigious physical effort and profuse perspiration. And at the end of such a career — what? What do you contribute in your department that will balance this account, and is there any danger that the balance may one day be so far 'in the red' that the social structure will turn over and the cool people be horrified — as the bugs are when you turn over the flat stone and the light floods in? The centre of gravity may get outside the base.

Machine tools of every variety, with a human accessory attached to each, plane and bore and mill and drill until each casting is an exact copy in three dimensions of a detailed blue print which is part of a general drawing which follows in every particular the specification of the purchasing railroad, which knows exactly what it wants in the way of motive power out of this particular engine. For it knows its own geographical problems, its fuel, its water, and the weight of its cars loaded and empty, its grades, its curves, and its time-tables.

The general drawing is a picture of a locomotive which will combine the competencies required. And the general drawing is consummated in the assembly shop.

Tires have been shrunk on to wheel centres, axles pressed into hubs, bushings into cylinders, frames, wheels, and boilers put together. Everything flows toward the assembly shop. Nothing once started that way turns back, and in an incredibly short time that huge fabrication stands there in cold passivity, swarmed over by men attaching the smaller things.

Until, on a certain day, water in the boiler, fire in the fire box, a smell of hot oil, a slight sizzle somewhere, and a slow turning of that lean finger past figures on the dial, 5 pounds, 10 pounds, as the intestine in that gauge straightens out with growing emotion, up to 250 pounds.

A man in the cab looks out to see that everybody is clear, pulls a lever a half inch; there is a slight rushing sound at the cylinders, a deep groan, and the giant rolls out in the dew of its metallic youth — unconscious, competent, tireless, with a raging appetite for coal.

IV

Such, in a few words, is the Genesis and Exodus of the machine which now stands ready to make one of its headlong passages to New Haven, where its burden will be assumed by a machine of a different species whose fire and water are miles away in some power house, and which has no emotions of its own, but must keep hold of a string and be pulled before it can pull anything at all.

Pacific 4-6-2 stands boring out into the rain-streaked night with its Cyclopean eye. It has before it the familiar pattern of tracks and colored lights, low and high. Behind stretch the long heavy cars, four baggage and express and ten Pullman, diminishing in perspective and dotted with yellow lights from warm interiors steadily populated by insectean humans such as fill train after train without knowing or caring to know what is involved in getting them to their destination. Certainly it costs a great deal more than the price of their tickets. What things cost is not measured so simply. There is a more exacting bill against our perception of values which we don't pay, but which stands against us and is eventually paid.

Redcaps and porters are completing the loading of Pullmans and scurrying electric trucks of baggage and express cars. The fireman has finished his preliminary tasks and lights a cigarette. The engineer is still poking the long nose of his oil can among the ribs of his mountainous steed. There is an intimacy between these two. The man has a great feeling for its comfort and knows just where the shoe may pinch.

Metallic joints which move must not touch. Whenever they do, particularly under heavy loads, the temperature rises and, with a shriek, paralysis strikes in with its knotted rigidity. A film of oil of infinitesimal thinness between moving surfaces keeps these coöperative. Touching is fatal, and anointing with oil still remains an important ceremony in the machinery kingdom.

This is a very deliberate figure, this in overalls, that finally puts out his torch, climbs four vertical steps to the engine deck, wipes and deposits the can on its shelf, and, rubbing his hands on a bunch of waste, sits down with the air of an artist who is entirely competent to perform. The complex pattern of the boiler head is on his left, slightly illuminated by the gauge lamps. He is like an organist with his keys and stops, and it is a great music that will come out of his organ, too.

Four short small blasts on the air whistle indicate that the air brakes should be set to see if all are working properly. He turns the little brass handle of the train-brake control. There is a sharp hiss, and under every car Mr. George Westinghouse's triple valve makes its acknowledgment and the brake shoes come up against the wheels with slight sighs and whispers, to be released later when the inspector signals the cab that all are in order. Westinghouse has been dead for fifteen years, but these metallic children of his brain — these ideas hardened into iron and bronze — are unfailing in their responses and lay their cool curved hands upon the feverish racing tires that irresponsible gravitation invites to desperate adventures in speed — and inevitable destruction. The air brake is a device which unlocked the future of railroad travel rather more definitely than any other single thing, and was a timely mercy to trainmen.

One can imagine the early days, — if not old enough to have seen them, — when brakemen, at a whistle summons from the cab, came out on to swaying platforms in rain or snow, night and day, and twisted wheels until the rattling antiquities somehow got stopped. And consider the men on freight trains, running along narrow footboards, and having, in addition to this deadly hazard, to couple all cars with the link and pin, the hand jerked away so frequently just too late to avoid the terrible mutilation. The master car builder's automatic coupler banished this atrocious menace long since.

George Westinghouse and the automatic-coupler people did their jobs and went their way, their ideas so much more durable than they, but every time you hear the 'whissss-pered' song of the obscure and faithful mechanism of the air brake under your car, or the jar of coupling, you may take it as a symbol of the praise of millions of men devoted to handling trains. Let them content themselves, these dead, though no choir ever sang for them, 'For all the Saints, who from their labours rest.'

V

I hand my permit to the gentleman on the right, whose name is Clifford Bray, engineer of the Federal Express on this particular night. I am introduced to the fireman, by name N. S. Buckley.

Here are two people entrusted with the most exacting and nicely balanced responsibility, which can only be successfully discharged after years of training in a school where mistakes are intolerable. And their own responsibilities dovetail into those of a great many other people. The failure of one breaks up the design, and the whole thing falls apart.

Therefore it is that devices are steadily replacing human senses, having, when fully developed, a smaller percentage of error, so that we have even got to the mechanical man in the power station who can hear you when you give him correct orders, but is deaf to every entreaty to do the wrong thing.

Mr. Bray and his assistant are most friendly and anxious that the trip shall be comfortable as well as educational. You are proud to have their distinguished consideration. It is this sort of people, as I said before, whom you should be able to count among the friends of your family in the interest of your boys and girls, who may thereby be saved from the sterility of the caste mind and grow in grace as well as in stature.

We talked of various things before it was time to go: of the financial troubles of the Brotherhood, of automatic stokers and of feed water heaters, and finally of the new train-control device whereby the outdoor signals — the signals of the block system — are reproduced in the cab. Not only that, but a Klaxon horn blows beside the engineer's ear if he runs past a red light, and if he does not acknowledge these cab warnings by turning a little handle within four seconds, the train stops itself.

I had a feeling that it was something of an indignity to take things out of an engineer's hands in this way, but was assured that he welcomed anything which relieved the strain of running in very bad weather, and especially in fog.

It is eight o'clock. Mr. Bray looks down the line of cars and sees the conductor's hand raised. A slight pull of the lever in front of him and at last steam at 250 pounds, and superheated, finds a way out and rushes along the passages, only to be confronted by two pistons which must be moved first. After that, freedom again; the whole envelope of the earth to play about in, but first push those pistons! Two hundred and fifty pounds against two areas twenty-four inches in diameter. Work that out, you prep-school boys, and also take into consideration the leverage on the drivers and get the torsion, and make mathematics mean something more than it usually does.

You will find it is enough to turn those six drivers and start that ponderous procession rolling in a most suave and dignified manner and without a slip, such is the weight with which those six arcs press upon the rails, a weight equalized between them so that each gets exactly its sixth — no more, no less.

If only old James Watt, released from his monument in Westminster Abbey, the man who, 'by the improvement of the steam engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world,' could see this, and Richard Trevithick, George Stephenson, Oliver Evans, and Peter Cooper.

What convincing proof of the indestructibility of a good idea! The whole universe conspires to promote a good idea and to destroy a bad one. It is impossible to make a bad idea succeed. If the idea of Prohibition, as we call it, is a good idea, nothing can stop it, and its goodness consists in its kinship with other unstoppable ideas such as this locomotive illustrates, for alcohol in the brain and rapid transit for the body are mutually exclusive unless you are heading for the cemetery.

VI

Getting out of the yard is a matter of understanding the pattern of reds and greens spread over the ground or suspended in the night sky. Swerving right and left, the front wheels of the locomotive, like the antennæ of a beetle, feel their way with their one and one-eighth inch flanges through the intricacies of frogs and switches and conduct all the following wheels out on to the main line.

Men in various towers along the way have dotted out the pattern which this shuttle shall weave. Once out, the pattern changes. The electric interlocking-switch system, with its provision for prevention of confusion in a situation that invites confusion every minute of the day and night, is another device whose stars of green and red sing quite the same song as Haydn's and Addison's in acclaiming 'the hand that made us.'

The man in the tower cannot, by any manipulation or by any precipitation, make the mechanism which he operates by pushing buttons produce a collision. A train persisting on a wrong track and passing red lights 'comes to earth' — that is, forfeits the track and gets down on its knees in humble apology — before it can collide with any other train. One can imagine the humiliation of the engineer who has put his engine on the ground.

Therefore we go cautiously, with a subdued expression from the stack and a quiet pulse throughout.

But once outside the yard the tempo changes rapidly from *andante* to *allegro*, and in a short time it is evident to the visitor in the cab that nothing but the most merciless scrutiny of the fitness of every element of this thunderbolt — non-human and human — makes such an exhibition other than desperate recklessness.

The track looks like nothing, and the strains put upon it by this headlong monster as it crashes through switches over crossings and around curves seem utterly disproportionate.

The machine has reached a great pitch in its rhythm. All the vibrations merge into one terrific note, a kind of music, a song — the hallelujah of Pacific 4-6-2 in full flight! Behind, the long lethargic tail has been fully awakened from its apathy, and every truck is getting that heady expression of the runaway, forgetting those curved hands hanging beside each wheel, and one other hand — in the cab.

It is quite incredible that people in those cars should be engaged in the occupations suited to houses and hotels with equal confidence that nothing to interrupt those occupations will occur. It looks as though a shrieking catastrophe, an unspeakable horror of blood and bones mixed with steel and steam, could happen momentarily, as though we were skirting the extreme edge of the world of reason and order.

Everything is shadowy, vibrating, and filled with a great clamor and a great purpose. The gauges are plain enough, with figures and pointers and the water gauge with that wavering line in the glass tube to show how far the crown sheet is covered.

The engineer is a striking figure, also the fireman. You can't adequately describe them because there is too much emotion in the picture. It is life on the stretch illuminated vaguely or by intermittent floods of gold light as the fire door opens. Mr. Bray is seen engaged in locomotive running. That is his profession, practised for forty-three years. At the peak of the speed he calmly takes off his glasses and wipes them with a clean white handkerchief and with the somewhat weary expression of a grandfather reading in a bad light.

Buckley's stalwart arms gleam as they swing the great spoon between the coal pile and those vertically split lips which open and emit a fierce burst of sunlight from the carboniferous age as he presses a treadle with his left foot. It is a giant's job. The automatic stoker, not yet on this engine, is saving firemen from premature disability and death as they slowly work their way toward the engineer's seat through the uncertainties of seniority.

Signals flash by: green — green — green. Stations are leaped over and lines of freight cars roar back at us.

Everything is just out of the way by inches. Crossings are illuminated for a few seconds by the headlight before we are on the other side. The whole thing seems uncontrollable in its frenzied desire to reach a destination somewhere, anywhere, — in the ditch or at New Haven, — on time. (At the other end of the scale see Lewis Carroll's white rabbit looking at its watch.)

The air streams with horizontal arrows of rain which beat like stones upon the little storm window projecting enough to produce a slight shield.

'Yellow board!' says Buckley behind me, and Mr. Bray repeats, 'Yellow board,' as, instead of the procession of greens, a yellow eye emerges in the darkness. 'Too bad,' says Buckley; 'just when we were going a little.' The engineer has shut off steam, and presently Buckley speaks again. 'Red eye!' he says, and 'Red eye' comes from the other side, as the distant spark enlarges with its peremptory demand to stop.

There is the dainty operation with the air which shall reduce speed gradually, and the whole enormous fabrication with its unseeing and unknowing inhabitants comes to a softly graduated stand by a signal tower, its shattering impetuosity reduced to perfect silence except for the panting air pumps, exactly like an animal slightly out of wind.

Mr. Bray — lantern in hand — climbs down and walks in the rain and swaying shadows, a slow, deliberate figure like a farmer going about chores, to the tower, returning presently with instructions to wait for an East-bound train to get off the West-bound track to which it had to be switched in order to avoid an obstruction down the line. Presently here comes the intruder, headlight increasing in intensity until, with a sudden lurch, it bends to the left and sweeps by on its own rails — a stream of yellow lights, and, at the end, two diminishing reds.

Red goes to green. Four whistles to call in the flag, and again the procession begins to roll, and Mr. Bray wishes to make up time, for with four minutes' delay at Back Bay we are now fifteen minutes late.

The sharp high-pressure snorts from the stack change to *legato* as the engineer sets the valves from starting to running position, — that is, from using steam at boiler pressure to using steam expansively, — thereby saving coal and, incidentally, firemen.

I again have the sensation of extreme hazard as we get into our stride, and the pounds of the driving and connecting rods flinging their tons of weight back and forth five times a second merge into a deep and even vibration, the whole machine humming like a top.

The strains involved in transmitting steam pressure to cranks on the drivers are multiplied thirty-five to forty times by the strains due to centrifugal forces at this speed.

One can understand why locomotive people must be without streaks of phosphorus in their characters. The little men who rise up each day, as Kipling says, to buy and sell again cannot be trusted in the making of these things.

At nine we get the yard signal at Providence, red and green, indicating, 'Look out for switching to track 3.' We reach the switch under control, swing across, curve through narrow passages as though we were ashamed to be seen, and finally emerge and roll in solemn grandeur into the lighted hall and stop, with a slight shiver from the brake shoes — on time.

You say good-bye to two people you have been privileged to associate with for a stirring hour and go your way conscious of having been part of an ensemble as full of elemental harmony as a Bach fugue.

VII

Now all this calls for appraisal in something other than mechanical terms. It will not do to dismiss the subject as related only to the externalities of life.

The thing that has been done is significant of the perfection to which integration — team play — can be brought, so that it is not only possible but safe to do these things every day. It is also significant, as I said at the beginning, as a symbol — as a picture of the way the mind of man works toward fulfillment of desire.

These fulfillments in machinery — do they release the human spirit in proportion as they release the body? They certainly should, but all the indications are that they do not. It remains to be seen what they will do. 'What has been concluded,' said William James, 'that we may conclude anything?' The Pyramids concluded nothing, the Cathedrals concluded nothing, the Apostles' Creed concluded nothing. And applied science and the 'machine age' will conclude nothing unless, by fostering the idea that men can, in return for tribute to Cæsar, get nutriment for their souls, society blows up in some enormous disaster.

One might say that all this machinery belongs on the horizontal plane, and on that plane the spirit of man cannot live. It starves without a vertical dimension. Mechanical horizontalism may easily be a net woven with prodigious labor, skill, and devotion, — with perfect single-mindedness, — 'the fabric of the world.' But it is possible, and it is also a very general practice, for the makers of this web to stick in it, to become hopelessly entangled in it, and for them and us together to perish there unless we can also spin upward, and therefore mount upward and get a different view of things.

That view of things will reveal one positive fact — namely, that, though nothing has been concluded, the spirit has lived exclusively on beauty, and that of all the aspects of beauty the beauty of human relationships is the most important.

Meantime the prayer that we offer in our work of whatever sort, hand or brain, has to come back to something like Cardinal Newman's 'Lux Benigna,' and this is a light which does not shine from forge, foundry, or fire box.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EXPERT

BY FELIX FRANKFURTER

I

Epitaphs for democracy are the fashion of the day. Both Left and Right acclaim the failure of democracy. Those who chafe at governmental intervention are as distrustful of popular institutions as are the romantics who expect from government heaven upon earth. Dictatorships are dramatic and *coups d'état* feed the imagination, while democratic régimes have about them the humdrum qualities of John Bull, who, first in the modern world, devised talk as the chief instrument of government. Sensational and violent rule in Russia and Italy throws out of perspective more plodding popular institutions. But it is simply not true that the area of democratic government has contracted. Barring Italy, no country has abandoned democratic institutions, whereas democratic government has extensively replaced oligarchy, and the democratic idea is steadily corroding ancient autocratic traditions. The replacement of Romanoffs by Bolsheviks was certainly not a democratic loss. Nor did the short-lived Spanish dictatorship supplant a virile democracy. For the democrat, only Fascist Italy is a retrogression. But, on the other hand, a stable German Republic has displaced the Germany of the Kaiser. In succession to the feudalism of the Hapsburgs, Hungary and Jugoslavia have reigns at least not more autocratic than they were in pre-war days, while Czechoslovakia has the heartening rule of President Masaryk, and Austria is a stout though poverty-stricken little republic. The ferment of democracy is active in modern Turkey, and is leavening the ancient fabrics of India and China with hope and danger. Nor should the most summary account of recent democratic trends omit the steady invigoration of the mentality as well as the processes of democracy in Latin-American countries, particularly Mexico.

The ultimate justification for democracy still remains the lack, in the long run, of a decent and workable substitute. The case for democracy has just been vindicated by General Smuts, the philosopher-statesman, in the full perspective of recent history and his great experience in war and peace: —

> The end of government is not merely good government, but the education of the people in good government, its self-education in running its own affairs. . . . The short cuts do not really bring us much farther, except to the next turn of the wheel of revolution. Liberty as a form of political government is a difficult experiment, and it is not without its dangers. . . . But it is at any rate less dangerous than its alternatives, and under modern conditions it is probably the only political system that promises to endure. . . . Bolshevism and Fascism, which are the current alternatives to democratic liberty, may be defended as a way out of intolerable situations, but they are temporary expedients, often tried and discarded before, and they will be discarded again after the present trials. . . . No enduring system can be established on the ne-

gation of liberty, even if it comes with the temporary gift of good government.

This is a firm expression of allegiance to democracy, but one misses the lyric note which characterized the democratic faith a hundred years ago. The tasks and conditions that confront democracy leave no true friend without concern. Over-simplification is a great deceiver of reason, and nineteenth-century democracy suffered from the illusions of simplicity.

This early democratic faith was sustained by a gracious and civilized conception of society. But the difficulties in the way of its attainment were grossly undervalued. The tenacity of old habits, the fragility of human material, the conflicting forces within the individual no less than the clash of interests within society — all these and more were much too lightly weighed. The appeal of a generous society subordinated the question of means by which it was to be attained. Vast hopes were founded on simple devices. Popular rule was expected to work miracles almost automatically. Abolish autocratic rule; remove tyranny, and the innate goodness of mankind will prevail! It was indeed largely a negative faith.

The day of such comfortable thoughts is over. We now know that democracy is dependent on knowledge and wisdom beyond all other forms of government. The grandeur of its aims is matched by the difficulties of their achievement. For democracy is the reign of reason on the most extensive scale. It seeks to prevail when the complexities of life make a demand upon knowledge and understanding never made before, and when the forces inimical to the play of reason have power and subtlety unknown in the past. We have seen the intricate range of problems thrown up by our industrial civilization; the vast body of technical knowledge, more and more beyond the comprehension even of the cultivated, which is required for an analysis of the issues underlying these problems and an exploration of possible remedies. We have also noted the opportunities for arousing passions, confusing judgment, and regimenting opinion that are furnished by chain newspapers, cheap magazines, the movies, and radio. And we now know how slender a reed is reason — how recent its emergence in man, how deep the countervailing instincts and passions, how treacherous the whole rational process. Moreover, the whole tempo of our society is hurried; its atmosphere and appurtenances hostile to reflection. Thus reason is asked to flourish when the conditions for it are least favorable.

Little wonder that, for many, democracy seems ripe for the museum of political institutions. They assess its results as bankruptcy and find its inherent difficulties fatal. The naïve champions of democracy at least built on hope; these latter-day assailants are moved by fear. Both present foes and early friends disregard time and history. The apostles of democracy expected quick results. Those who despair of democracy also lack patience. The former thought they were writing on a clean slate; they forgot the obduracy of the past. Those who concentrate on the defects of democracy are blind to what history discloses of the weaknesses of alternative forms of government.

The answer to the defects of democracy is not denial of the democratic idea. Judged by the most pragmatic tests, democracy has weathered the cataclysm of the World War and extended its rule. It is the worse for wear, but at least it wears. We need not fly from one romantic absolute to another. If we focus attention on the human origin of all government, we shall have a more scientific temper for dealing with its frailties. We shall equally avoid blind attachment and romantic impatience only if we recognize the essentially provisional nature of all political arrangements. Such an attitude will treat government not only as a mechanism for day-to-day adjustments, but also as an hypothesis in action, to be modified by the experience which it adduces.

II

Democracy has now been submitted to tests of time and stress that call for a reconsideration of its processes and assumptions. Such an examination must build on the new gains of knowledge since modern forms of democracy were evolved, and more especially upon the insight into the dark recesses of man's nature, which pioneers like Freud and Jung are slowly making possible. Acceptance of the democratic idea by no means implies the exhaustion of the forms in which the idea has been clothed. Indeed, we may be sure that the implements and inventions of government have not sufficiently responded to the overwhelming transformation of the external arrangements of society.

If the continuance of our civilization is to be based upon democracy, obviously knowledge and the capacity for judgment must permeate the whole community. But about education, and how to attain it, we are also far less naïve and hopeful than we used to be. The aims and methods of education are to-day as much under fire as are those of government. For its underpinnings, too, have been shaken by new knowledge, and we are far more humble in assuming that wisdom and a conception of the public weal attend learning. Though we are doubtful as to the true nature of education and uncertain how to pursue it, there is no paradox in assuming that effective democracy presupposes a continuous process of adult education. 'We must educate our masters,' said a British statesman after the Second Reform Bill gave workingmen the vote. Time has only reënforced the deep wisdom of Robert Lowe's dictum. But he overlooked the complementary truth that the people must educate their rulers. At least they must see to it that rulers are educated for the tasks of government.

I am the last person to undervalue the extent to which devotion, intelligence, and technical equipment are enlisted in government. Not political philosophy, not farsighted planning, but the same pressure of circumstances which has made government penetrate into such a wide range of affairs has compelled resort to skill and training in its work. The all too common depreciation of men in public service is at once shallow and cruel. It mocks where it should praise; it debilitates where it should encourage. Publicity headlines the occasional egregious blunder, but the detailed day-by-day achievement is unchronicled. The clash of politics, the friction between executive and legislature, the scrutiny of the press and taste for scandal, tend to make us know when things go wrong in government. It is right that it should be so. The critics of government cannot be too Argus-eyed. But no such conjunction of forces educates the public to a knowledge of the good in government. Virtue is proverbially not news, and an appreciation of achievement in government, except when attained on the colossal scale of a Panama Canal or in the dramatized conflict of foreign relations, is dependent on dull, technical details. The public is therefore surprisingly ignorant of the extent to which its servants contribute to the public good.

A very acute student of affairs thus characterizes the quiet work of public administration: —

> Most tax payers, including many who ought to be better informed, have a wholly inadequate idea of what they are getting for their money. The tendency is to regard taxes as a debit without any offsetting credit. They know what they pay out, but they fail to realize what they receive in return. The direct contact, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, is apt to be with the tax collector or the prohibition agent, men performing tasks which are extraordinarily difficult, but which, it may be, are not popular in all quarters. Now my observation of the public service . . . is that with all the defects of that service, and there are many of them and some scandals just as there are in private business, the true story of its accomplishments would disclose an astonishing and magnificent net balance on the credit side.

These are the observations of Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, who has watched government closely all his life, and now is himself one of the ornaments of the public service. He furnishes striking proof of the extraordinary gifts which government does attract. That Mr. Eastman's reappointment as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission should have been strongly urged by railroads whose views on vital issues he has rejected also proves that, so far as the public opinion which asserts itself is sufficiently informed regarding the quality of public work, disinterested capacity in government will find support.

III

That talent should find its way into public administration is the more striking since our public service enjoys so little public esteem. The rewards neither of money nor of prestige go with it. It is right that government should not even pretend to compete with the enormous salaries by which private enterprise tempts. The satisfactions of government service lie on a different level. But it is wholly wrong to expect civilized standards of public service from officials whose salaries are too low to enable them to meet the minimum standards of cultivated life. The public cannot expect the professional training, the detached judgment and moral courage, necessary for the conduct of such intricate public affairs as, for instance, the administration of public-service laws, from officials who are under financial pressure to meet the cost of decent education for their children. It is grotesque to put the solution of public-utility problems in the hands of commissioners who are paid $1600 a year. The average for all commissioners in the country is about $5000 — an average which includes exceptionally high salaries in two states. Public officials should set an example of simplicity, but they ought not to be subjected to penury. Economy in public service means a wise expenditure of money. It does not mean salaries so low that only the unfit and the transient are attracted.

But that the public service, except in the highest offices, is so largely without prestige is even more disastrous than that its material rewards are unduly meagre. The whole tide of opinion is against public administration as a career for talent. The enormous rewards which industry offers to able young lawyers, engineers, economists, serve as a powerful attraction to ambitious youth. As against that, there are some, and more than we suspect, who find real satisfaction in work whose aim is the public good. But they have to contend against the whole mental and moral climate of our times — the impalpable but terrific pressure of current standards of achievement. These are overwhelmingly on the side of private gain.

In Great Britain the traditions of public service are as yet powerful enough to enlist the best brains of the country. In its Civil Service is found probably the largest concentration of distinguished talent. Nor is it conceivable that Great Britain would have come through its storms and stresses since the Crimean War without the very high quality of its public administration. The accession of the Labor Party to power in 1924 marked a political revolution in British history. Yet the break with the past involved in a government committed to the principles of socialism was accomplished with a shift in personnel of less than one hundred persons. In large matters of foreign policy one can hardly conceive of more contrasting types than Lord Curzon and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Yet, when Mr. MacDonald succeeded Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office, the official who had served Lord Curzon continued as Mr. MacDonald's private secretary. Perhaps nothing could more pithily reveal how ingrained is the Civil Service in the stuff of English life. Yet the transition from the days when public office was bartered as though it were the private property of politicians to the present system of professional public administration is a surprisingly recent development. It was introduced within the memory of men still living.

Experience in India had made it abundantly clear that the government of a great empire required special training, and disinterested selection. Therefore, as early as 1833, the government bill introduced by Macaulay for the renewal of the charter of the East India Company provided that 'East India cadetships should be thrown open to competition.' This radical change as to Indian administration did not become effective until 1855.

In the meantime, however, Sir Charles Trevelyan, a former Indian Civil Servant and Macaulay's brother-in-law, began to occupy his mind with problems of Civil Service reform at home. 'The revolutionary period of 1848,' he explained years later, 'gave us a shake, and created a disposition to put our house in order, and one of the consequences was a remarkable series of investigations into Public Offices which lasted for five years and culminated in the Organization Report.' Of that report, issued in 1854, Sir Charles Trevelyan himself, in collaboration with Sir Stafford Northcote, was the author. 'It was based throughout upon the positive idea of Government, upon the idea that Government must be carried on by men who think as to what ought to be done, instead of merely doing that which must be done. The idea frightened some of the ablest of the existing heads of departments.' Even the famous Undersecretary for the Colonies, Sir James Stephen, father of James Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen and grandfather of Virginia Woolf, found the innovation too drastic. 'The world we live in is not, I think, half moralized enough for the acceptance of such a scheme of stern morality as this.'

Sir James underestimated, as the worldly-wise often do, the tough fibre of the world he lived in. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that the painful experience of the Crimean War helped immensely to educate British opinion to an acceptance of Trevelyan's proposal. The conduct of that war exposed the terrible mischief of an administrative system based on patronage. So hard-headed a politician as Lord Palmerston, by an order in council, carried into effect the recommendations of the Trevelyan-Northcote report. 'In consequence, in 1855, the first Civil Service Commissioners were appointed, with the duty of carrying on an independent examination of the nominees of Members of Parliament. They had their difficulties: the idea was new that the nominees of Members of Parliament should be subject to criticism by a commission, and on one occasion Lord Palmerston sent to Somerset House, where the Civil Service Commissioners used to sit, ordering them to come to him and bring the answers of a certain candidate and the papers which they had set, in order that they might be carpeted by the Prime Minister.' The Civil Service Commissioners, writes Graham Wallas with pride, 'replied that unfortunately their regulations prevented them from doing anything of the kind, the papers could not go out of their possession, but if the Prime Minister would come to their office they would be only too happy to show them. Lord Palmerston saw the writing and arithmetic of his nominee and ceased to interfere.' By 1870 the system had so thoroughly proved itself that Gladstone established open competition throughout the English Civil Service, by an order in council, 'which was practically uncriticized and unopposed.'

Students of public opinion will find it illuminating to explore the influences which made possible such a profound change in political institutions. Here, as elsewhere, working-class enfranchisement introduced powerful solvents into politics and government. But Mr. Wallas finds a deeper cause of change than the mere transference of voting power. 'The fifteen years from the Crimean War to 1870 were in England a period of wide mental activity, during which the conclusions of a few penetrating thinkers like Darwin or Newman were discussed and popularized by a crowd of magazine writers and preachers and poets. The conception was gaining ground that it was upon serious and continued thought and not upon opinion that the power to carry out our purposes, whether in politics or elsewhere, must ultimately depend.' 'Serious and continued thought' requires systematic training. And the foundation of the British Civil Service is laid upon the British universities — until latterly the two ancient universities. The system is based upon the conviction of John Stuart Mill that 'mediocrity ought not to be engaged in managing the affairs of State.'

I do not mean to claim perfection for the British Civil Service, nor even the attainment of its own ideals. In the current stocktaking of English institutions, the Civil Service has not escaped. It is urged that the system has become too wooden, is not attuned to modern needs, and in some instances, particularly in the Colonial Office, defeats national policies in administrative action.

New educational developments, profound social changes, the new share of women in politics, call for a reconsideration of the assumptions and performances of the British Civil Service. With these vexing problems of statecraft and education a Royal Commission is now engaged. But the basis of political thinking by all the parties is the pervasive responsibility of a highly trained and disinterested permanent service, charged with the task of administering the broad policies formulated by Parliament and of putting at the disposal of government that ascertainable body of knowledge on which the choice of policies must be based.

The revolutionary movements of 1848 touched the United States only by bringing to our shores liberty-loving rebels from the Continent. While, in England, 1848 led to a searching inquiry into the defects of her government, it renewed America's assurance of the virtues of our system. Moreover, America had no Crimean War, and perhaps no Charles Trevelyan. Besides, we were young and had an abundance of resources. Standards come late, and where there is plenty the temptations to waste are usually not resisted. The key to our history of public administration, as to much else in history, is found in Emerson's quiet observation, 'Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be.'

IV

In any event, while England was making the beginnings of a change from patronage to public service, the United States was justifying patronage by a political philosophy and establishing it as a public policy. The naked defense of the spoils system was expressed in the classic remarks of Senator Marcy in the debate on Jackson's nomination of Martin Van Buren to be Minister to England: —

> It may be, sir, that the politicians of the United States are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are as to disclosing the principles on which they act. They boldly preach what they practice. When they are contending for victory they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they are defeated, they expect to retire from office. If they are successful, they claim, as a matter of right, the advantages of success. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy.

A hundred years have elapsed since Marcy's engaging candor. But his sentiments are still acted upon and occasionally they survive even in avowal. Woodrow Wilson is the only political scientist who ever occupied the Presidency. Yet it was his Secretary of State who naïvely thought that technical posts requiring high skill and training should be filled by 'deserving Democrats.' No President has had better reason to know than Mr. Hoover the irrelevance of purely party politics in the discharge of professional duties. And yet in the appointment of judges to the lower Federal courts he has apparently, in some instances, for political reasons departed from the professional standards set by his Attorney General.

Behind the spoils system and all its survivals there is a crude logic of democracy and the versatile energy of the pioneer. Both combined to indoctrinate Americans with a distorted belief in the simplicity of government. Someone has called the British Civil Service the skill department of government. But if public administration can be improvised, if it requires no particular skill, there is no need of special training, no need of the permanence of professionalism, no need of a skill department. That is precisely what Andrew Jackson thought. He practised rotation in office because he thought permanence makes for 'corruption in some and in others a perversion of correct feelings and principles.' 'The duties of all public officers,' Jackson wrote in his first message to Congress, 'are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. I submit, therefore, to your consideration whether the efficiency of the Government would not be promoted and official industry and integrity better secured by a general extension of the law which limits appointments to four years.'

There is this much to be said for Jackson's rustic view. Government then was operating within a relatively limited scope. In large measure, it was forbidding conduct; it was not itself an extensive participant in devising complicated arrangements of society and composing the conflict of its manifold interests. But Harding, nearly a hundred years after Jackson, had not even Jackson's excuse. The growing complexity of social organization had compelled a steady extension of legal control over economic and social interests. At first this intervention was largely through specific legislative directions, depending for enforcement generally upon the cumbersome and ineffective machinery of the criminal law. By the pressure of experience, legislative regulation of economic and social activities turned to administrative instruments. The extent and range of governmental participation in affairs, the complexity of its administrative devices, and the intricacy of the technical problems with which they were dealing had never been greater than when Harding came to the Presidency. There never was a more pathetic misapprehension of responsibility than Harding's touching statement, 'Government after all is a very simple thing.'

I recall the sentence, and it deserves to be remembered, because Harding expressed the traditional American conception of government still deeply inured in American opinion. Until these notions of deluding simplicity are completely rooted out, we shall never truly face our problems of government.

The theoretical defense of the spoils system could hardly withstand its practical results. It was with the moral aspects of political jobbery that the promoters of early civil-service reform, Carl Schurz, George W. Curtis, E. L. Godkin, were mostly concerned. Corruption, not only of individuals, but of the whole democratic process, was involved. 'The allurements of an immense number of offices and places exhibited to the voters of the land,' wrote Cleveland, 'and the promise of their bestowal in recognition of partisan activity, debauched the suffrage and robbed political action of its thoughtful and deliberative character.'

But the problem, as we now see, is much more complicated. No doubt democracy is peculiarly dependent on clean and disinterested government. By the very fact of numbers, a corrupt and jaundiced democracy can be most blind and oppressive. But in the modern world the simple virtues of honesty and public devotion are not enough. Indeed, honesty and public zeal without training and a sophisticated judgment may very readily become the unwitting tool of half-truths and misrepresentation. Compelled to grapple with a world more and more dominated by technological forces, government must have at its disposal the resources of training and capacity equipped to understand and to deal with the complicated issues to which these technological forces give rise.

There is a good deal of loose talk about science in politics. If by 'science in politics' is meant the availability of an irrefragable fund of knowledge in the possession of a few wise people who could, out of hand, solve the conundrums of government, it is merely another romantic delusion. But if by science we mean an intellectual procedure and a temper of mind, there must be science in government, because science dominates society. It then becomes a question of how much science government employs and how good it is.

The great political issues of the nineteenth century thrived, in the main, on the levels of feeling and rhetoric. The extension of the franchise, popular elections, the abolition of slavery (apart from its economic aspect), are not matters that yield to statistics or economic learning. But feeling and rhetoric are blind guides for the understanding of contemporary political issues. For the staples of contemporary politics — the organization of industry, the control of public utilities, the well-being of agriculture, the mastery of crime and disease — are deeply enmeshed in intricate and technical facts, and must be extricated from presupposition and partisanship. Such matters require systematic effort to contract the area of conflict and passion and to widen the area of accredited knowledge as the basis of action.

The history of reparations since the Versailles Treaty illustrates the extremely technical basis of political controversies which affect the economic balance of a good part of the world, and the social standards of millions of people. It would not be true to say that reparations presented questions merely for economists. But certainly the political judgments which were involved could only be taken blindly and in passion without an appreciation of those intricate economic factors which Maynard Keynes was the first to elucidate courageously at the bar of public opinion. Similarly, any solid judgment upon public-utility controversies presupposes the capacity to see the meaning of complicated technical data. In both these fields of politics, agitation and advocacy have their place. They are instruments of education, means for making effective the findings of knowledge and the lessons of experience. But the quiet, detached, laborious task of disentangling facts from fiction, of extracting reliable information from interested parties, of agreeing on what is proof and what surmise, must precede, if agitation is to feed on knowledge and reality, and be equipped to reach the mind rather than to exploit feeling.

'It is difficult to realize' — I quote from Graham Wallas — 'how short a time it is since questions for which we now rely entirely on official statistics were discussed by the ordinary political methods of agitation and advocacy.' But in the United States many of these questions are still anybody's guess — are still the football of political debate. In 1830, the House of Commons wrangled as to the existence of economic distress and its extent. In England these facts — the condition of trade and the state of unemployment — are now as dependably revealed as the barometer registers atmospheric pressure. Debate continues to be anxious and even bitter about modes for relieving unemployment. But at all events search for remedies is not confused and diverted by doubt and denial that anything needs to be remedied. We are still where England was in 1830. Congress still debates whether unemployment really exists, and, if so, where and how much. And we have the extraordinary spectacle of the Secretary of Labor of the United States issuing unemployment estimates which the Commissioner of Labor of the State of New York denies.

V

Let me take another illustration of the limited application of scientific standards in public administration. Just as in eighteenth-century England it was matter for political controversy whether the population was rising or falling, so in twentieth-century America the homicide or burglary rate in our great cities is a recurring subject for political debate. And this is a very fair index of our whole attitude toward problems of crime. That the level of professionalism, of trained capacity, in our administration of criminal justice is very low, compared with that prevailing in Great Britain and on the Continent, is one of the most patent facts about our system. In saying this I hope I can avoid the appearance of being too simple about crime. I share the conviction of all who have been long immersed in these problems that crime is a true measure of the standards of our civilization. One cannot worry much about these questions without realizing that they touch the motives and purposes and directions of contemporary society. But that our lack of professionalism affects the whole situation hardly admits of doubt. Crime is age-old and ubiquitous, but by common consent it assails in greatest measure the most prosperous country in the world.

No one will deny that problems of crime are at least as difficult as problems of public health and hydraulic engineering. But public health and hydraulic engineering are now as a matter of course made the concern of specialists who give to their problems the devotion of a lifetime. That is the essence of professionalism — men adapted by nature for inquiries for which they are elaborately trained and which they pursue as a permanent career. In regard to crime, this condition on the whole does not obtain. Knowledge of the causes of crime, the ways for its prevention and detection, the modes of its treatment, are widely deemed the common possession of the man in the street. Even where professional training is exacted, namely, from lawyers and judges who at present play such an undue rôle in the administration of criminal justice, merely a general and not a specialized training is required. But even these professionally educated functionaries play their parts for only short terms or discontinuously. In the United States there is no body of highly trained, capable men who are drawn to the enigmas of crime as problems to be solved, who are adequately disciplined for their exploration, and who give the preoccupation of a lifetime to their solution. Broadly speaking, the directing officials are not technically trained for their work before they attain office, and the want of permanent careers through office deprives the community of capitalizing office itself as a school of training. There is thus no professionalism in administration. Partly cause and partly effect, there is equally no professionalism (always broadly speaking) of research into crime, as there is research in medicine and research in the natural sciences. The two indispensable interacting forces in the promotion of knowledge and the control of natural phenomena — to wit, professionalism in inquiry and professionalism in control — are thus lacking as to crime.

There can hardly be room for difference of opinion that indispensable to any effective or candid dealing with crime is the continuous, disinterested, scientific study of its problems. Just as disease has been withdrawn from the realm of quackery and magic, so crime must be subjected to that systematic, disciplined, continuous attack of reason which we call scientific procedure. Neither crime commissions nor presidential pronouncements will make a lasting dent upon crime unless we can secure acceptance of the standards of professionalism as a postulate of our government, similar to the acceptance by the British of the ideas which underlie their Civil Service.

I am far from suggesting that the conquest of science calls for a new type of oligarchy — namely, government by experts. I mean no such thing. To call the administrative régime of the British Civil Service 'the new despotism,' as does Lord Hewart, is to use the language of lurid journalism. But the power which must more and more be lodged in administrative experts, like all power, is prone to abuse unless its exercise is properly circumscribed and zealously scrutinized. For we have greatly widened the field of administrative discretion and thus opened the door to arbitrariness. The dangers and difficulties have been acutely analyzed by General Smuts: —

> Beneficent if kept under proper control, it [the power of the Civil Service] becomes an unmitigated bureaucracy if it assumes control itself, as it tends to do under weak and rapidly changing governments. . . . An ideal public service would go far to supply the deficiencies of democratic government, with its vacillation and inexpertness. But in the complicated organism of the state, any organ which becomes independent of the rest becomes a danger, and nothing is so dangerous to the state as a public service which does not march with the people, and becomes a drag on well-ordered progress; it may even have to be dynamited out of its fixed position.

Undoubtedly ultimate protection is to be found in ourselves, our zeal for liberty, our respect for one another and for the common good — a truth so obviously accepted that its demands in practice are usually overlooked. But safeguards must also be institutionalized through machinery and processes. These safeguards largely depend on very high standards of professional service, an effective procedure (always remembering that 'in the development of our liberty insistence upon procedural regularity has been a large factor'), easy access to public scrutiny, and a constant play of alert public criticism, especially by an informed and spirited bar. Moreover, while expert administrators may sift out issues, elucidate them, bring the light of fact and experience to bear upon them, the final determinations of large policy must be made by the direct representatives of the public and not by the experts. Whether, for instance, the government should itself operate Muscle Shoals or lease its water power raises questions beyond the authority of engineer or economist. In the final analysis, we are in the realm of judgment regarding values as to which there is as yet no voice of science. The very notion of democracy implies the right of the public to decide these matters on its own choice.

VI

Government is itself an art, one of the subtlest of arts. It is neither business nor technology, nor applied science. It is the art of making men live together in peace and with reasonable happiness. Among the instruments for governing are organization, technological skill, and scientific methods. But they are all instruments, not ends. And that is why the art of governing has been achieved best by men to whom governing is itself a profession. One of the shallowest disdains is the sneer against the professional politician. The invidious implication of the phrase is, of course, against those who pursue self-interest through politics. But too prevalently the baby is thrown out with the bath. We forget that the most successful statesmen have been professionals. Walpole, Pitt, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Asquith were professional politicians. Beveridge's recent life of Lincoln serves as a reminder that Lincoln was a professional politician. Politics was Roosevelt's profession, Wilson was, all his life, at least preoccupied with politics, and Calvin Coolidge, though nominally a lawyer, has had no profession except politics. Canada emphasizes the professionalism of politics by making the Leader of the Opposition a paid officer of state.

In a democracy, politics is a process

of popular education — the task of adjusting the conflicting interests of diverse groups in the community, and bending the hostility and suspicion and ignorance engendered by group interests toward a comprehension of mutual understanding. For these ends, *expertise* is indispensable. But politicians must enlist popular support for the technical means by which alone social policies can be realized. Æ summed it all up when he said, 'The expert should be on tap, but not on top.' In this country we have been so anxious to avoid the dangers of having the expert on top that we suffer from a strong reluctance to have him on tap.

We must also develop much more than we have another device for attaining knowledge for the guidance of public judgment. The permanent process of public administration must be reënforced from time to time by special commissions of inquiry. The history of British democracy might in considerable measure be written in terms of the history of successive Royal Commissions. We too have had notable commissions of inquiry, but, in the by and large, the experience and tradition of the British Royal Commissions are lacking in the United States. We have no standards to guide the technique of inquiry, the mode of procedure, the relations to public and executive. Yet such commissions of investigation ought more and more to be called into use to deflate feeling, define issues, sift evidence, formulate alternative remedies. If guided with imagination and courage, such commissions are admirable means for taking the nation to school. They should aim to ascertain facts, pose problems, and seek to enlighten the public mind. To be effective, such inquiries into political problems must be pursued in a scientific temper. Therefore ample time for thorough study is essential. There must be a total lack of the urgencies of the immediate, indifference to the compromises that may become pertinent after the problems are duly analyzed and alternative proposals for action suggested. Like all scientific work, this must be pursued with complete indifference to politics. It must be dedicated to the search for fact and be as free from dependence on the actual or supposed wishes or needs even of the President as is the Supreme Court of the United States.

The difficulties of our social-economic problems will not abate with time. One may be confident that they will become more complicated. They will make increasing demands upon trained intelligence. If government is to be equal to its responsibilities, it must draw more and more on men of skill and wisdom for public administration. As Oxford and Cambridge of old, our institutions of higher learning must be training schools for public service, not through utilitarian courses, but by the whole sweep of their culture and discipline. Above all, the universities must be reservoirs of disinterestedness. For the more contentious issues of politics lie not in the domain of the natural sciences. They depend on the wisdom of the social sciences. But in our generation at least, the social sciences still rest ultimately not upon verifiable and controlled experiments, but, in large measure, upon tentative conclusions and judgments. It is therefore absolutely vital that judgment be as disinterested as possible, that it be not exposed to the undertow of unconscious influences other than those which inhere in our present limited understanding of the workings of the mind. Thinking and reflection in the universities ought not to be guided along the smooth path of material interest or any of its derivatives, in all their subtle forms.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

When we were living in Chicago there was a brick flat building across the street from us the second story of which was occupied by an Italian family. For the three children of the family there was no other playground than the long wooden platform of a porch that was attached to the rear end of the building; and on this airy stage the two girls and the little boy spent their days in a variety of make-believe. As the street between us was a narrow one, and the windows of our living room gave us a fine view of the lofty porch, we could not but be interested in the children. The mother, too, made an occasional appearance upon the scene; and on summer evenings, when the youngsters had been put to bed, both parents could be seen sitting out the evening together.

During the five years we lived in that locality we did not meet these people as neighbors or have occasion to speak to them. We did not even learn the names of the children whose doings were almost a daily feature of our conversation. We referred to them as the biggest girl, the little boy, and the other one. Our long observation of them through the window was like a continued story of which they were the mere illustrations — a study of the human family under glass. By a knowledge that gradually filtered across the chasm between us my wife discovered that they were people of refinement and good breeding. They were 'nice people' — a mere abstract observation upon our part. In Chicago one hardly takes more than a casual interest in the occupants of the same building; still less would one expect to bridge a gap in nature as wide as this.

When we were leaving Chicago there was little to do in the way of leave-taking so far as the immediate neighborhood was concerned. It was simply a matter of ordering the moving van to come round.

When, however, the van was backed up to the curb, and the last picture of all had been piled on top of the load, I saw the mother of the children coming across the street. Tears shone in her eyes as my wife advanced to meet her. And then, what was my surprise to see these two women clasped in each other's arms! My wife was telling Mrs. Arado what beautiful, well-behaved children she had, and Mrs. Arado was telling my wife how much she would miss us when we were gone. Then Mrs. Arado kissed my wife repeatedly and my wife kissed Mrs. Arado. It was the first time they had spoken to one another; and now they were to part.

This was twenty-two years ago, but I have not forgotten. The children continue to play on the lofty porch; the father comes home in the evening; and the mother still sings her youngest child to sleep with ditties of no tone.

In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Goethe relates the peculiar circumstances under which Wilhelm once met the beautiful and beloved Natalia. They were wandering with separate parties through the mountains when they came face to face across a chasm, the path of each having ended on a high promontory. And there they stood looking at one another — so near and yet so far.

> At last I gained the topmost summit; a cliff, the peak of which afforded room for only a single person; who, if he looked down from it into the horrid depth, might see furious mountain torrents foaming through black abysses. In the present case I looked down without giddiness or terror, for I was light of heart: but now my attention fixed itself upon some huge crags rising opposite me, precipitous, like my own, yet offering on their summits a larger space of level. Though parted by a monstrous chasm, the jutting masses came so near together that I could distinctly enough, with the naked eye, observe several persons assembled on the summit. They were for the most part ladies: one of whom, coming forward to the very verge, awakened in me double and treble anxiety, as I became completely convinced that it was Natalia herself. . . . And as I was trampling round my narrow station, struggling towards her the more, the abyss was like to swallow me, had not a helpful hand laid hold of mine and snatched me at once from danger and my fairest happiness.

What Goethe may mean to imply in an allegorical way I shall not attempt to put in words; but the plain fact of the matter is that it is very much like living in Chicago. It is, in truth, very much like human communications everywhere.

II

On another occasion in Chicago I formed a friendship which might be described as quite illustrative. It began wordlessly, in a guarded silence, suddenly flowered into words, and was soon followed by the rites of leave-taking. My trade being that of an engraver, I was taken on by the largest publishing and printing house in Chicago at a time when they were doing away with their old force in the art department and making a clean sweep of men and methods. After the new superintendent I was the first man to be employed; and I soon found myself sitting at the right hand of this man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Williams. While he was an artist he was my fellow workman; and at the same time he was my foreman. I did not know then that this was True Williams, who was Mark Twain's first illustrator. He was the T. W. whose signature, the one letter superimposed upon the other, is to be seen on the lively illustrations of *Roughing It.*

For a week or more few words passed between us. I could feel that I was under scrutiny. Mr. Williams was a well-built, well-dressed, close-knit man with a leonine head and a certain taciturn and masculine dignity. If you did not know he was an artist you might put him down as one of the city's eminent poker players. And possibly, too, as a man who would carry his drink well. He spoke to me each day just as much as was necessary. But he was quite friendly and even jovial with a boy who worked about the place and sometimes did errands for him; and as time passed I could see more plainly that I was being held off. Mr. Williams was a man — possibly for good reasons — who had no great faith in engravers.

Before long, however, circumstances arose which entirely upset this careful balance of things. He had been working on a picture entitled 'The Phantom Horseman,' which was to be reproduced in half tone and printed on the paper cover of a novel. The scene was a desolate moor; and through the wraith-like figure of the horse could be seen glimpses of the scenery, especially a wooded horizon or a line of low trees following a stream.

When a proof of the plate was sent

down to the business department on the ground floor, it came back with suggestions and criticism. The manager in the business department said that the line of trees and other things did not look right, showing through the horse. All this would have to be changed.

True, contemplating this sort of art criticism, pushed back his chair and began to express himself. Who ever heard of a ghost that was not transparent? What kind of spirit was it that you could not see through? What kind of confounded . . . ! When he had said a few things not complimentary to business art critics, he turned to me and asked me what I thought. I told him that in my opinion a ghost was more or less diaphanous. If it were not rather insubstantial and thin in nature it would not be a phantom. His mood was mollified by this agreeable comment of mine; and after saying some more about the business manager he turned to his drawing board and set to work to make the required alterations. The proof bore the exasperating remark, 'Hurry!'

I picked up the discarded plate and set to work to see whether I could not make it satisfactory by means of a little tool work. True had no confidence in this scheme. The average fine half tone, such as this, has 150 dots to the linear inch — that is, 22,500 dots to the square inch. He did not think it possible to run a tool along the lines between these dots and cut them down to different printing values without showing streaks and tool marks in the half-tone texture and leaving a botchy place in the picture. This, however, was my trade, and there was no miracle about such a job, mechanically, provided I could produce the right artistic effect.

In no more than twenty to twenty-five minutes I had reduced the strength of the distant scene without taking it wholly out. A proof of this was pulled and sent downstairs; and very soon it came back with the pleasing comment, 'O.K.'

True was plainly impressed. After working awhile in removing the old drawing from his board, he swung around in his chair facing me. And very deliberately he said, 'Mr. Stewart, I *per-ceive* that you know your business.'

After that we became friends. His calling me 'Mister' was not the least of his artistic compliment, for I was in my twenties and he was an old-timer at the business. The atmosphere between us warmed up and became quite genial.

We were not destined to work long together. In a week or so another piece of art criticism came up from the business office. Everybody likes to meddle with art. New managers especially like to exercise a little brief authority. True was at the end of his patience — he was not a very meek and mild sort of artist anyway. He packed up his belongings preparatory to quitting; he was going to go down and express some more of his opinion to the heavy gentleman in the swivel chair. I packed up my tools and went along. The business office expressed surprise that I too was going to quit; but I said that my mind was made up. The tail might as well go with the hide.

Being now on the street and about to go our separate ways, it was apparent to True that we ought to go and 'have something.' A friendship thus happily begun was deserving of something more than a mere sidewalk parting. We therefore bent our course toward a near-by Hannah and Hogg's. This was a place especially equipped for saying farewell. There was a man there who was an adept in his craft; and he knew how to fix up a leave-taking with all its crants and strewments.

Hannah and Hogg's places, of which there were several, were something more than mere saloons. Standing on the sidewalk in front of each of them, like a soldier at the doorway of a recruiting office, was a stone statue of some Scottish worthy — Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and so on. These were no mere wooden hatchet work such as might serve for a cigar store; they were statues cut to the life. To those who were familiar with their writings, and who intended to drink in a like vein, they looked quite friendly and familiar. To those who did not know them, those stony eyeballs naturally extended the stony stare.

The saloon nearest us, and to which we first turned our attention, was the Sir Walter Scott place, just around the corner from where we were standing. This was in the financial and railway-office district; and the great Sir Walter stood at the door flanked by a gorgeous display of tropical fruits which was a distinctive feature of the place. There was a great sloping bank of beautiful specimens — oranges, tangerines, plantains, and pineapples — running up a third of the height of the window and fairly stopping you with their power of color. Many a woman, not knowing Sir Walter by sight and being unaware what his image portended, has gone in to find the fruit merchant and suddenly come out again. The fruit was intended for general passenger agents, members of the 'Change, and other thoughtful husbands who were on their way home. True and I started out for this place, but he stopped on the threshold and had a change of mind. The business manager, having so much to do with railway printing, frequently came in here with customers; and his presence would not be congenial to us. Therefore we would go over to the Robert Burns place — a choice that was quite agreeable to me. We had had enough of business managers.

This sentiment wafted us over to Madison Street and in at the doorway presided over by the divine ploughman. This was the home of poetry and art. Over the long bar was a series of stained-glass pictures illumined from behind, and projecting their beauty at you with all the rich effulgence of cathedral windows. The subject that they handled was Tam o' Shanter's ride. Here in one picture was the ruined church wherein the Scottish ghosts — murderers, witches, warlocks and hellions all — were dancing their midnight reels in the light of mystic fire, while a person no less than the Devil himself encouraged their carryings-on. The series showed also how the whole crew of them took after Tam and his mare when Tam, too courageous with Scotch liquor, reined in his horse to look at them, and then went so far as to shout out his approval of a lively jig. When instantly all was dark! 'Out the hellish legion sallied' — and the race was on. The artist, in my opinion, had a fine conception of the bone and sinew of the good gray mare. He had depicted her passing the keystone of the bridge and on to safety just at the moment when Nannie, the liveliest and swiftest ghost of them all, gets her by the tail and pulls out hair by the handful.

But what impressed us most of all was scene number one, wherein Tam's wife, a large-boned Scotch woman in clean white cap and gathered-up skirts, sat before the fireplace with a poker in her hand. She was waiting for Tam to come home — and thinking. Viewing this in our capacity as art critics, and not simply as men, we were both of the opinion that it was good work. It was simply and strongly conceived, and the execution was masterful. Her knees, on which her elbows rested, were wide apart; and her apron, spread from knee to knee in an inverted arch, gave strong lines to the composition. And it was a strong, bare forearm that had hold of the poker.

In this saloon, frankly moral, there were no tables to induce you to tarry, and there were no pictures of libidinous ladies on the wall. Only Tam's wife was there, up above your head, and tilted at such an angle that you must needs look at her while you were draining your glass. It was a veritable drinking shrine, a sort of Devil's cathedral, resplendent in mahogany and brass, and with an elaborate altarlike bar whose cups and glasses were meticulously clean.

I do not know what has become of those pictures of Tam and his wife, and those fires, earthly and unearthly, that shone with so real a light; but I should think that they would be getting them ready at this moment to be installed in the new building of the Chicago Historical Society. And I should be pleased to see them, properly lit up, at the forthcoming world's fair.

It was at this place, and to the tune of such considerations, that I said good-bye to True. It was not a formal farewell; but men who go in different directions in Chicago naturally feel that their next meeting may be a long way off. After that it did not seem any time at all, though it was several years, when I picked up the morning paper to read that True Williams was dead. He had passed away in his 'bachelor apartments' somewhere among those old brownstone mansions on the lake front.

The next I heard of True was when Mark Twain made a speech about him before the Lambs Club in New York. It was an entertaining story recounting the difficulties and delays that Mark had to contend with in getting out his first book, all owing to the fact that True was seldom sober enough to sit up and draw. As I had worked beside him long enough to become acquainted with his ability to talk back, I could not help thinking as I read the speech that True was the dead lion of the situation. When I knew him it was about twenty-one years since he had made the T.W. illustrations.

III

Of all the farewells I have ever seen or heard, the most unforgettable was one addressed to a man who was just about to step aboard a ship.

It used to be my custom, on occasional Sunday afternoons, to take a stroll through Chicago's picturesque and somewhat disreputable-looking water front, a vast, sprawling, cluttered-up hell's acreage of made land where boats unloaded, and lumberyards found room to sun themselves, and old ships were left to rot. The present-day visitor to Chicago, whirling along the outer drive and being entertained with that magic seascape of long islands and lagoons, would hardly suspect that it was all the work of yesterday. To the Chicagoan of fifteen or twenty years ago, when such things were not, it seems impossible — a vision called up from the vasty deep. That most able creature, the suction dredge, can now squirt forth islands and lay down landscapes as with an air brush; it will put scenic features on the map just as they are wanted. What they wanted in Chicago, and got, was 'the most beautiful water front in America.'

But the old water front, growing and spreading about the mouth of the river, had its own deeper joys, not the least of which was the smell of pine resin from the lumber piles steeping in the sun, the drunken sailors sleeping in the shaded aisles, and the pensive atmosphere of the marine 'bone yard' where lifeless ships, great wooden ghosts with grimy masts and rusty bolts, stood unemployed, with not even a grave to go to. There was romance there.

Also there were crime and trickery and sin, and this was represented by a craft known as the bumboat. This vessel, from whose graceful old hull the masts had been entirely removed, lay in a slip with no part of her body in contact with the wharf, and a gangplank so slung that, while you could come and go on it, no part of it came in actual contact with the shore. This was a technical point. The bumboat, so lying, was on the high seas and not in Chicago at all; and in that case the owner could run a saloon in Chicago with a federal license, paying no attention to the monetary demands of the big city. The policeman's jurisdiction did not extend aboard the bumboat, his power being broken by the few inches of vacant space between the gangplank and the wharf. Only the bartender, who was captain, conducting the ship on her long, motionless voyage, had power on her deck. Theoretically the bumboat was on a trip to Chicago, a trip that was somehow never consummated, though 'winning near the goal.' You could not tell by looking at her whether the bumboat was just about to arrive in Chicago or was just beginning to back out. In plain English, the bumboat was a crafty craft.

On the Sunday that I started to tell about I was standing on the wharf looking in through the open doorway of the deck house at the small bar and the round table whose iron legs were screwed securely to the floor. The captain leaned on his bar and regarded me expectantly, being in need of a passenger; and while I was so standing there came along two men in earnest conversation. One was bound and determined to spend his Sunday on the bumboat; the other was very anxious that he should not.

The latter, a big blond with a Swedish accent, had his companion grasped firmly by the upper arm and seemed to have some sense of proprietorship or responsibility, evidently that of a brother. Further conversation made it plain that the brotherhood was that of a Christian only, and the responsible one wished the other to go back with him to the Pacific Mission. He spoke of a time when the other had been 'saved'; and now he did not want to lose him. The big one was a true fisher of men, and he clung firmly to that precious property, a human soul. He made it plain, in terms best known to a sailor, that his companion was about to start a voyage to Hell, while he was offering him a berth on a better ship.

Finally the recalcitrant one broke loose with a drunken lunge and put his foot across the vacant space. As he made his way down the gangplank and took a seat at the round, iron-legged table, the big blue-eyed one stood gazing at him with a look of infinite compassion. Then the Christian turned and went his own way, saying as he left, 'Good-bye, Tom. I am going to stick to the Gospel ship. I ban for Yeesus.'

I have not tried to convey all those seafaring allusions or to elaborate on whatever it was that affected me; but I went away feeling that I had seen Charon himself bring up his boat and take a human soul away with him to Hell.

RIOTOUS SAVING

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

THE standard of living is higher in the United States than in any other country in the world. Is this the result of prohibition? Or tariffs? Or mergers? Or mass production? Or something else? Here is unlimited room for controversy. The one thing we all agree on is pride in our high standard of living.

But what is a high standard of living? In the economic sense, it is nothing but the using up of much wealth. When we say that the standard of living of wage earners in this country has risen 34 per cent since 1914, we mean a gain of one third in the per capita consumption of goods. We mean, in other words, that for every three carpets, cantaloupes, cameras, coats, and all the rest, which were used up by the average person fifteen years ago, the average person now uses up four. We mean that, and nothing else. Likewise, when we say the standard of living of the American farmer is five times as high as that of the Russian peasant, we mean that the American farmer *consumes* five times as much.

Inventions and discoveries do not necessarily lift us to higher planes of living. Neither do electric refrigerator factories a mile long, or fleets of ships, or gushing oil wells, or fertile fields. Nor do warehouses bulging with wheat, or shop windows filled with the latest creations. These things may or may not result in higher standards of living. All depends on the extent to which the increased wealth gets into the hands of the people who *use* it.

In short, increased consumption of goods *is* a higher standard of living.

How, then, can we consume more, year after year? Only by producing more. That, at least, is orthodox economics. According to the latest extension of Einstein's theories, to be sure, those things which appear to exist do not exist, and time flows backward. Still, it is hard to see how we can eat oranges which have not yet been grown, or wear hats not yet made.

But we cannot keep on producing more oranges or hats or anything else unless we can sell more. And we cannot sell more unless consumers buy more.

In order to see what happens, imagine that all makers of goods have no way of distributing what they make, except through a monster penny-in-the-slot machine. Then the producers cannot long continue to employ workers and turn out goods at any faster rate than the people spend pennies, for there is no use cramming the machine with goods for which there is no outlet. All that sounds absurdly simple. Still, it is in all essentials precisely what happens. That is why nothing except increased spending by consumers can raise standards of living.

If people as a whole spend too little — which is the same thing as saying that they save too much — they defeat the object of saving. That is what the people of the United States have been doing all this year. Right now, large income receivers are trying to save more money than this country as a whole can possibly save to any advantage. For saved money is of no use *to the country as a whole* until it is invested. But it is useless to invest money in more mills, mines, and machines than the country can use; and the country already has more than it can use without increased consumer spending. Once any nation has piled up larger savings in the form of capital facilities than the nation can operate, there is virtually no way in which it can save anything more that is worth saving. It can merely accumulate more idle capital facilities.

The thrifty individual, to be sure, who saves five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes, *may* be better off for his thrift. What are savings for an individual, however, are not necessarily savings for society. Everyone who saves money, at times like the present, when his abstinence helps to curtail production and throw men out of work, saves at the expense of other people. For the individual, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society, a penny saved is sometimes a penny lost. Both producers and consumers *must* save; but there are times, such as the present, when they do not save without to some extent frustrating the social object of saving.

The country can use more invested savings — more instruments of production — only if consumers spend more money. But the fact that commodity prices have been falling off for fully a year, while production and car-loadings have been falling off, too, shows that for a full year consumers have not been spending enough money to enable producers to keep their plants running. The monster penny-in-the-slot machine has not been clicking fast enough.

When, under this condition, people save more money, they are wasting the substance of the country in riotous saving.

Even in the prosperous year before the crash of the stock market, we did not buy goods as freely as the increased production of goods warranted. We could n't buy This. We could n't buy That. We were saving for a Rainy Day. Of course the Rainy Day arrived: the floods descended and the markets fell.

Then what happened? Did we fetch forth the best galoshes and slay the fatted bank roll? We did not. We went without some more of This and some more of That. We started saving for a Rainier Day. All we have to do now is keep on saving hard enough, and the Rainier Day will arrive. If half the consumers in the United States should spend only half as much this month as they spent last month, next month would bring the worst business depression in all history.

A dollar saved for a Rainy Day may be merely a dollar saved; whereas a dollar spent on a Rainy Day is a dolla earned and spent again, and so on till the cows come home.

A sign in a suburban bank lures depositors thus: 'Someone will save the money you spend. Why not save it yourself?' This is one of those convenient records that can be played either side up. Just now, when trade is dull and jobs are scarce, we like *this* side: 'Someone will *spend* the money you save. Why not *spend* it yourself?'

The money you *save* will be used by somebody to finance production; but, for the most part, production has no trouble in getting itself financed. The money you *spend* for goods finances consumption; and just now consumption *is* having trouble in getting itself financed. The money you save may possibly be used to produce goods, which may or may not be sold. The money you spend will certainly move the goods already made, and create a demand for more. A demand for goods is potentially a demand for labor. A demand for labor means more wages for consumers. And more wages for consumers — provided consumers' goods increase at the same rate — mean higher standards of living. Just now more wages mean just that.

It takes months for new emergency construction to get fully under way; months before pay envelopes feel the effects; months from blue prospects to blue prints; more months to run the obstacle race from blue prints to blue overalls; and more months still from blue overalls to blue skies. Meantime, all the Rainy Day Dollars you can prudently spend will do you no harm and will do good to jobless men somewhere. Blessed is that consumer who at this time is weighed by merchants and found wanting — wanting more goods. Satisfied customers may be our best advertisement; but customers with unsatisfied wants, and the will and the money to satisfy these wants, are our best employment agencies. By all means, 'save for a rainy day.' But don't think you are thereby speeding up business. To speed up business, buy an umbrella.

II

In short, how much a country can save to any advantage depends on how much a country spends.

Yet on every hand we hear the complaint that the people are wasting their substance in riotous buying of luxuries. We have just read a caustic account of the extravagance of working girls. It seems that these misguided creatures are not content with necessities: they are buying even such luxuries as fur coats. At least everybody believes that except the furriers.

This reminds us of the time, ten years ago, when the banks cut down the credit allowed to motor-car dealers, on the ground that automobiles were 'luxuries.' That was nothing but an opinion of the bankers. Consumers immediately bought more cars than ever before, showing that they did not care a flat tire for the opinion of the bankers. And now consumers actually buy twice as many cars as they bought in that extravagant age. If you don't believe it, try to find a place to park one.

What the bankers did not understand is that it is useless for anybody to go about deciding, for other people, what are luxuries and what are necessities. Everyone decides that question for himself. If women spend a million dollars more for fur coats and a million dollars less for other things, it is because they want the fur coats more than they want the other things. To insist that fur coats are 'luxuries' is an academic discussion. It has little meaning outside the classroom — if, indeed, it has any meaning there.

No doubt all of us, including working girls, can cultivate higher tastes. We can discover low-priced joys that will warm our hearts more than mink coats. We can learn to spend our money for the more 'durable satisfactions of life.' We can *make* these things necessities. And it will pay us well to do so. But other people cannot do that for us, neither bankers who ride to work in automobiles nor ladies who preach thrift in fur coats.

In any event, finding fault with people for buying 'luxuries' is a little ridiculous. No sooner do we arrive at a new definition of 'luxury' than mass production and mass distribution make it obsolete. We used to think that any business which dealt with the 'necessities' of life — food, clothing, housing, for example — was for that reason on a firm foundation. And any business which dealt with 'luxuries' seemed to be trying to get a footing on shifting sands. But in the past twelve months the people of the United States have spent for pleasure motoring at least four billion dollars. For other 'luxuries' that did not exist a generation ago

— sound and motion pictures, phonographs, radios, airplanes — they have spent, during the past year, no less than three billion dollars. And these seven billions were what they had left over after having spent another seven billions on candy, chewing gum, tobacco, travel, night clubs, vaudeville shows, and other 'entertaining' that by no stretch of imagination could be called a 'necessity,' even if it could be called entertaining. Altogether, we now spend more for luxuries than our grandfathers spent for the three great staples: food, clothing, and housing. We employ at least one fourth of our workers in making things which were scarcely heard of at the beginning of this century. Many luxuries have become staples, and many staples have become producers' risks.

What can the old-line manufacturer do about it? He can complain of the extravagance of this age. Often he does complain, bitterly. Or he can stop trying to decide for other people what things are luxuries and what things are necessities, and produce the things they buy. New 'luxuries' produced by old industries; new industries produced by old communities — that is the way ahead. Thirty years from now, the people of the United States may be spending thirty billion dollars a year for things which have not yet come to the attention of the Patent Office.

III

But what is to become of the ancient virtue of thrift? The home, the banks, the church, the school, the press — everybody, in fact, except the merchant, extols the virtue of saving money, instead of spending it. And well they may. For most of us must either save money to provide for sickness, unemployment, and old age or else go to the poorhouse. Nothing we have said here, or elsewhere, attempts to tell any individual just how much *he* can prudently spend. We ought to write that in the sky, with shooting stars for exclamation points. Let us repeat. We are not advising everybody to spend more money. No doubt there are a million persons in this country who, even in these days of business depression, could wisely spend less and save more. You may be one of the million, for all we know.

But how about those who have already saved enough money to provide themselves, for the rest of their lives, with several times the income of the average family? If such persons really want to help their country, the best thing they can do, right now, is to spend more money; right now, when business is 10 per cent below normal, because buyers are scarce; and when, for the same reason, ten billion dollars' worth of savings in the form of capital facilities is being wasted, and jobs appear to be scarcer than they were even in the major depression of a decade ago. If the well-to-do cannot spend more money prudently on themselves or their employees, they will find, in the next mail, plenty of opportunities to spend it on others.

But this is heresy! This is praise of extravagance! Already, we are told, the working girl 'puts all she earns on her back.' This horrified criticism breaks out every day. Deciding what other women can afford is a pastime for women of leisure. But while these self-appointed reformers are working out to five decimal places what the working girl can afford, the working girl goes ahead and settles that problem for herself. She is ready to put her shoulder to the wheel, but she insists that it shall be a well-tailored shoulder. She will stand for a day's work that would prostrate her critic, but she refuses to stand for it in shabby shoes. Having no income from bonds with which to buy a wardrobe, she earns it herself. Having no maid to take care of it, she takes care of it herself, after hours. She has won a battle in the war against poverty. She deserves to be decorated — and she sees to it that she is.

Now that we have worked up a case for the defendant, we take pleasure in announcing that there is no defendant. The indictment has been quashed by the findings of the Business Girls' Budget Contest, conducted by the Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries, in New York City. The accused are not guilty, as charged; at least, not in New York, and probably not elsewhere. They spend on clothes only 25 per cent of what they earn. And the result! That, in itself, is an 'exposition of women's arts and industries.'

The point is this: nowhere in the world do people rise to higher standards of living until they *want* to rise. It is wholly to the credit of wage-earning girls that they want to dress well, and industry is fully equipped to dress them well.

Yet there are many comfortable persons who call all that we have been saying rank materialism. 'We are smothered in material comfort,' says Katharine Gerould, 'and we do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of leisure. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep him and his family alive will always give undue emphasis to bread. Only in the next generation probably will he turn to the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn.'

This sounds like the famous remark of Patrick McDuff: 'New shoes are so stiff, I can't get 'em on until I've worn 'em a few times.' How can anybody wear prosperity gracefully and without squeaks until he has tried it awhile? The Butterscotchman, told that he would have to run in order to get warm, replied, bitterly, that he would have to get warm before he *could* run. Nobody can learn to spend either money or leisure wisely except by having a little to spend.

'The next generation' is too far away. All of us ought to be 'smothered in material comfort' right here and now. Never fear, comfortable critics, we shall recover our breaths, presently, just as you did. We too shall acquire an appreciation for knowledge, taste, and delicate experience. Jesus, above all others, inspired men to look for comfort of another kind. Yet He once paused in His teaching, not to make sure that His listeners were 'aristocrats' with a cultural background that would enable them to turn to things of the spirit; He paused to make sure that they were amply supplied with the 'material comfort' of loaves and fishes.

Pruning our wants is not necessarily an economic virtue. Indeed, so far as it brings unemployment to others, the practice is not even spiritually sound. We used to suppose that there was just so much wealth in the world, and so the fewer good things we grasped for ourselves, the more were left for others. But it does not work out that way. The more we get of the goods which really add to our health, usefulness, and pleasure, the better off we are. There is not so wide a chasm as the Puritans thought there was between 'goods' and 'good.' On the contrary, a dearth of this world's goods — poverty — is the cause of much of this world's disease, ill temper, and crime.

Is there danger that we shall become 'thing-minded'? André Siegfried thinks so. In *America Comes of Age*, he expresses the fear that as individuals we may become spiritually submerged and smothered by the avalanche of goods which we produce. 'America,' he says, 'has emphasized the prestige of production. Rightly or wrongly, we fear that the individual, considered not as a producer or as a consumer, but as a human being, may appear in the long run to be the loser.'

It may be possible, merely as a mental exercise, to consider the individual, not as a producer or as a consumer, but as a human being. When this is tried in real life, however, the 'individual' is out of luck. To be a human being, it is necessary to be a consumer. The spirit may be willing to concentrate on individuality, but the flesh will not put up with it. Americans have never found their idealism blighted by the assurance of three square meals a day — those who have been fortunate enough to have that assurance. Idealism persists, if at all, not on undernourishment, but in spite of it. The best centres for developing individuality are well-nurtured, well-housed, and well-clothed human beings. The result of mass production in America has been greatly to increase the proportion of such human beings. Its goal must be to make any other kind unknown.

For centuries, men have praised the virtues of the poor. The poor do have virtues, many of them: tolerance, charity, sympathy, often an amazing generosity to those even poorer than themselves. But these are the virtues of the poor. They are not the virtues of poverty. Poverty has no virtues. It has not even the virtue, so long ascribed to it, of developing the 'spirituality' of its victims. Well-meaning souls, bent on making the best of a condition that has no best, have assured us that poverty, under its ugly disguise, is a heavenly disciplinarian. Released from poverty, it is said, the great masses of the poor would relapse into gross materialism.

This doctrine seems to be preached most eloquently by persons who are comfortably well off. We conclude that they themselves have developed spirituality without the beneficial influence of poverty. But if *they* can escape materialism, why not all of us? We too may be able to resist the deadening effect of comfort. At any rate, we should like to try it; especially as Henry Ford has just declared that poverty is not an evangel at all. It fosters, he says, not spirituality but materialism. The unfortunate man whose mind is continually bent to the problem of his next meal or his next night's shelter is a materialist perforce. How shall this unfortunate man be rescued?

By prayer and fasting?

'No,' says Mr. Ford. 'This man cannot get his mind off the grindstone of material needs. But emancipate him by economic security and the appurtenances of social decency and comfort, and instead of making him more of a materialist, you liberate him from the menace of materialism.'

Mr. Ford is a practical man. When he says, 'Emancipate this man by economic security,' he is not talking of Utopia. He is talking of something that can be done, 'now, at this time.' To do it, we must steadily increase production. To do that, we must steadily increase sales. To do that, we must steadily spend more money.

No doubt we shall also save more. For if, in the future, we save more money when prices rise and spend more money when prices fall, we shall, in the long run, spend more and also save more. It is no accident that wage earners in the United States have the largest per capita savings in the world and also the largest per capita expenditures.

Spending in proportion to producing, we do not lay waste our substance in Riotous Saving.

GRASSHOPPERS, SOLDIERS, AND SILK WEAVERS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

I HATE Tashkent! It is a town where one always gets stuck much longer than one intended. When I tried to fly to Kabul I was held here two months, wondering blindly what was going on beyond that censored border into which my airplane refused to venture. It is easy to reach Tashkent, for all trains go there. It is hard to get out again, for trains are crowded, and telegraph is slow and plans not swift to make. One loses patience at the first touch of Asia, where time is not and the hours glide as the centuries. Beyond Tashkent one has learned, perchance, to adjust one's self.

The bad news which met my arrival seemed like Tashkent's usual fatality. Dubenko, Commander of the Army of Central Asia, told me on the second day that the flight to Horog in the Pamirs must be abandoned. The first test plane, bearing only its aviator, had landed and been unable to get off again. It seems that insufficient account had been taken of the high altitude in placing the airdrome, and there was not take-off space between the mountains. In two or three months a new landing field would be arranged, but at present the trip was canceled.

'But now that you have come so far, it is a pity to turn back to Moscow,' said Dubenko. 'If you care to go to the Pamirs, you can go in with the army. The troops in those distant posts change once a year, and the relief goes in from Osh in a few days. You can travel with one of these groups — some hundred soldiers.'

I asked if the presence of a woman would not prove an embarrassment. I admit that I wondered, privately, more about hardship than embarrassment. This trip into a region visited only by explorers, and spoken of with respect by the most hardy — could I keep up with the stalwart young peasant lads of an army?

Dubenko reassured me. 'Several women are going, and even babies,' he said. 'Such of the commanding staff as are married usually take their families.'

Babies in the Pamirs! Across those passes higher than Mont Blanc, camping for many weeks at 13,000 feet elevation, these hardy Russians carry babies. The wife of one of the commanders had come out to Osh to have her baby, giving birth in a hospital a few days after crossing the Pamirs! A pioneer race! To make the trek with such women and babies and their soldiers across the Roof of the World might be as exciting even as the abandoned airplane trip.

So again I waited in Tashkent, enduring its expensive and filthy hotel and rejoicing in its flower markets along the streets. By the headlines in its newspapers I knew that a war was on. A war not against men, but against grasshoppers. A war along the Afghan front where the winged foe was appearing in clouds to threaten the cotton harvest of Turkestan.

A serious war it was, fought with

airplanes, trenches, and poison gas. Along the streets of Tashkent marched students from the agricultural schools, preceded by a band. They were mobilized out to be officers in the Anti-Grasshopper Army. Under them a peasant militia was working, digging trenches, spraying poisons, smashing hundreds of advancing bodies with their spades. Scientists in laboratories were working overtime to devise the best means of extermination; these were broadcast by radio and newspaper and graphic picture for those who could not read. An Extraordinary Committee of Five, armed with special powers to organize knowledge, man power, and materials against grasshoppers, was for the moment supreme in Turkestan.

The enemy came flying in clouds ten miles long and two miles wide from the Afghan frontier; he darkened the sun with his masses. He was the same dread African locust that once cursed the days of Pharaoh. His normal home is the Sudan. But there come years of maximum fertility when the deadly female of the species lays many times the usual number of eggs, producing little grasshoppers of incredible voracity. In such years the clouds of locusts travel in all directions seeking green fields; they fly over 5000-foot ranges and across seas; for a thousand miles they may be carried by favoring winds.

Such was the winged army advancing against the cotton fields of Turkestan. It came with many victories to its credit. The previous year it had ravaged the north of Africa, and cast parts of Persia into famine. After wintering in Southern Persia and Afghanistan, it was flying northward on a 2000-mile front. It had penetrated Soviet Central Asia as far as the oasis of Khiva, a thousand miles from its point of entrance. Over this vast territory the battle raged.

Newspaper columns were given daily to the news from the front. Each day brought telegrams from a dozen regions. Old Bokhara reports four hundred tons of grasshoppers killed to date, which is estimated at 32,000,000 individuals. A wire from Dushembe reports 'a movement of locusts observed from Jar toward the Tajik Republic; detachments have been sent to meet them.' . . . 'In Regar the six instructors who arrived yesterday have mobilized most of the available man power; peasant militia to the number of 3000 have moved to the attack.' . . . 'Six scouting groups of twenty horsemen each have been sent into the surrounding deserts to locate egg-laying.' . . . 'Four companies of sixty students each are taking a week's emergency course in grasshopper fighting.' . . . In Termes, 'within two hours after the appearance of the young grasshoppers, 5000 peasants were mobilized; by the end of the day 8000 were working and had collected 12,000 bags full of the creatures.'

The methods of warfare vary with the stage of the enemy's development. As long as the locust flies, little can be done; airplanes with poison gas have only a moderate success and cannot be used near populated regions. Loud shouting and cannonading, the time-honored methods of the populace, divert the locust temporarily from her path, but are in the end futile. Fortunately this adult flying locust eats little, but is preparing for egg laying, after which she dies.

Airplanes may be used to scout the direction of the enemy's flight and the place where eggs are laid. When these are discovered, ploughing kills many of them. But ploughing cannot reach the millions of desert acres. On the edges of cultivated regions the young hatch out, without wings, but hopping along the ground. They eat voraciously;

in five weeks they change their skin five or six times, each time growing larger; at last they grow wings and fly to new pastures, having destroyed all behind them.

During the hopping stage they are most voracious, and can then also be most easily destroyed. Walls of sheet iron are erected across their pathway, diverting them into deep ditches where they are burned or buried. Even without sheet iron, wide ditches are effective. During some of the early stages, poisoned cotton waste scattered about the fields is a good weapon.

Tons of poisons, tons of sheet iron, thousands of trained workers are needed for this serious war with grasshoppers. A war chest of several million is voted; Moscow sends seventeen additional airplanes for observation and mapping; special landing fields are prepared; all freight marked 'Grasshopper' gets right of way on the railroad and goes at half rates. Five thousand soldiers from the army and many more thousand workers from factories are sent out to lead the more ignorant peasants in the fight.

War correspondents begin to return from the front. One describes the battle near Kushka. 'These columns are enough to cause panic to men. One of the commanders of a battalion has been sent to the hospital for the insane at Ashkabad; he had delusions of being overwhelmed by inescapable grasshoppers. . . . For twelve days they passed our lines and there was no strength to withstand them. They lashed in the eyes the men who faced them and made them turn and flee. Clouds of gases were turned upon them and they fell to earth, but in forty-five minutes revived and continued their flight.

'Kushka is the front post; behind her are the second, third, and fourth lines of defense. All along the railway from Merv down you see them. They are war trenches with driving gutters; the iron walls shine blindingly in the sun-struck sands of Kara-Kum; but sometimes they grow gray from the locusts beating against them. If there is the slightest forward slope to the wall, the locusts pass over on each other's bodies to the cultivated lands beyond. So far the brunt of the fight falls on the Aviakhim battalions, the workers, students, and Young Communists. On red-hot sands without water they work all day. With burned skins in a desert renowned for sunstrokes, they fight for the oasis of Murgab far behind them.'

Allies appear in the Grasshopper War. The chief natural enemy of the locust is the rosy starling. He has scented their approach and is coming south from the mountains of Samarkand. The starlings fight tirelessly till their bills stick shut from locust juices and they must have water lest they die of suffocation. Their helpers, the native peasants, set out barrels of water for starlings to drink.

The Mohammedan mullahs tell the natives that locusts are sent by God to punish their obedience to the Bolsheviki. Only by barrels of holy water can they attract the starlings. The Young Communists retort by attracting starlings with unblessed water. This adds a touch of amusing color to the fight.

Another touch is added by the rumor which starts along the border that 'locusts are sent against us by the English, who buy them at eighty kopeks a pood for this purpose.'

Thus the Grasshopper War was waged. By the time I came back from the Pamirs it was over, leaving noticeable but not catastrophic losses on the cotton fields of Central Asia. The richest valley, Fergana, it never reached at all.

II

Meantime Dubenko said to me, as I waited disconsolately in Tashkent: 'Would you care to take an air trip to a summer camp of the army? The chief of the air forces is going over for a day's work there.' So casually was the invitation given that I was somewhat overwhelmed to discover that the camp was fourteen hours distant by rail and then some fifty kilometres back in the hills. I went by air, a pleasanter method in the heat of Central Asia.

At five in the morning we left the Tashkent airdrome, soaring aloft to a height of eleven thousand feet to pass a range of snow peaks. Descending again, we marked how the snow gave place to desert hills, and these in turn to the green of irrigation. Shortly after seven we came to what was called an 'airdrome,' but in reality was only a flat expanse of desert from which rose two tiny columns of smoke built by Red soldiers to mark our way. We landed, set a guard for the day and night over the airplane, and took the Ford touring car that had come down from camp to meet us. It was a two hours' ride by atrocious roads in great heat.

My companion had formerly spent several years fighting bandits in this region and was now revisiting it for the first time since the end of the civil war. 'It is a new country,' he said. 'You see that black-haired girl waving at us from the roadside, and those youngsters making imitation salutes? When I was here before, the village doors were walled shut in terror, and stray shots from guerrillas were our roadside greeting. In those days the "bands" had most of the peasants with them, through either fear or racial allegiance; but now the peasants are with us, and help us chase the few bandits that arise.'

During a stop for repairs, we had tea at the inevitable *chai-khana*, the carpeted tea platform of Central Asia; and a crowd of women with many babies clinging to them invited me to the rear of the house to the women's quarters. They were all unveiled, a change indeed in the past few years of Central Asia. They showed me their spring harvest of silk cocoons and pointed woefully to the number of dead silkworms smitten by an infection before they could weave their costly shrouds.

Two Uzbek girls now approached us and begged for a ride in our automobile to a village on our road where they wished to visit their parents. Their husbands were with them and seconded their request. There was room in our auto, so the two girls mounted with ecstatic grins, while other women, who had perhaps merely failed to think of a similar request in time, stared in envy. Two unveiled Uzbek damsels, riding in a car with a Russian commander and a soldier chauffeur, and waving their hand in triumph at every Uzbek peasant we passed! Was the presence of one American woman a sufficient chaperon? Certainly two years ago it would not have been so considered. The males of their families would have torn them in pieces for the shame they brought the household. But now the Uzbek husbands made of the army commander a convenience for their wives' visits to parents.

In the heat of noon we came into the mountain camp by the side of a turbulent stream. Groups of men in bathing trunks sat in the shade of the trees or played basket ball. The six hours daily allotted to military training had already been finished, from six to twelve at noon. For the rest of the day the men were free to wear what costume they chose, and bathing suits won the majority. Later in the afternoon I saw the various 'classes in politics' sitting in groups of thirty under the trees with instructors, discussing the difference between state farming, collective farming, and communes. From a distance one hardly knew whether they were Uzbeks or Russians, so brown were their bodies burned by the tropical sun.

Lunch time! The men gathered in open-air pavilions, each seating a thousand men, for the inevitable Russian dinner of cabbage soup, meat, potatoes, and black bread. Members of officers' families ate in another but similar pavilion, where the meal must be paid for. Soldiers also could eat here, if they chose; but except when they had visitors they preferred the free food of their own pavilions. The soldiers had better music; each regiment had its band which played at ten meals a week, while in our smaller pavilion two stringed instruments sufficed.

The chief of Political Instruction sat beside me at lunch. 'The men are fed by the army,' he explained, 'but our dining pavilion is run by the Coöperatives of Andizhan. They give us three hot meals daily for thirty rubles a month. The portions are large; if you have a family of five, three portions will do. The Andizhan Coöperatives lose money on us; but that is considered part of their "social work."'

In the cool of early evening I strolled through the camp and saw many more evidences of the 'social work' done by civilian organizations to help the army. The camp was charmingly laid out, taking advantage of hillsides and stream. The torrent was diverted to form several shower baths, one fountain, and two cement swimming pools. Alleys of three-year-old poplars served as boundaries between regiments, of which several were camped here. The tents were raised high above foundations of sun-dried mud, rounded into walls and whitewashed. Inside each tent, on a wooden floor, were sleeping cots for ten men.

The real feature of the camp life was the club buildings. Hundreds of them, of all shapes and sizes, accommodating from fifteen to a hundred men. They had been planned by the men in conference with their commanders; their civilian 'patron organizations' had made donations to them; and the men themselves had built them, vying with each other in decoration schemes and comforts invented. Little summer-houses under trees served tea for three kopeks a glass; little square boxes of houses, gayly painted and set in formal gardens, offered various reading matter and posters. One regiment put all its club buildings four feet down into the earth for greater coolness; another secured the same result by double-roofing. Others diverted little streams from the general river to irrigate small plots of grass and hopeful attempts at flowers.

Everywhere in the afternoon were men working on clubhouses, putting up ornamental gates, painting posters, finishing the second swimming pool. The camp was only in its second year and the State gave only $10,000 to furnish it. The men themselves had given work worth several hundred thousands; and their civilian 'patrons' and friends had donated materials. The commander of one regiment thus indicated the proportion between the government funds and the voluntary. 'I got from the State $500 for outfitting our club; our "patron factory" gave us $25,000, of which most was spent on our winter club, but $7000 went to fix our summer camp.'

Who were these lavish 'worker patrons'? Chiefly the Uzbeks in cotton gins and cottonseed-oil factories of the Fergana Valley. Not Russians, but brown-skinned Asians voted to become 'patrons' of such and such a regiment.

Perhaps they voted it from trade-union funds; or perhaps they voted to give 'four hours' overtime work.' In any case, these Russian army boys were dependent for their club comforts on the votes of Uzbek workers.

'A large part of our task,' said the chief of Political Instruction, 'is to organize friendly contacts with the neighborhood and get many patrons. The task of a good commander is not merely to teach military tactics, and not merely to organize good social life for his men. Unless he secures good contacts among the workers, his organization suffers, and his reputation loses. A good regiment commander organizes visits by his men to factories, and return visits of factory workers to his army camp. He starts study circles on military subjects in the factories, and his staff volunteer to do the teaching.

'When ploughing time comes and the native peasants buy European ploughs through their coöperatives, but do not know how to use them, a good commander will send volunteer detachments of soldiers, themselves peasants from European Russia, to act as instructors of ploughing in Uzbek villages. Still more, for the hundreds of peasants who have never had a horse, and who farm painfully with spades and mattocks, a good commander organizes horse assistance, planning the work of his animals so that he can free some for ploughing. He stirs up interest among the agricultural-implement coöperatives, and gets the loan or hire of implements, even of tractors. Later, perhaps these same peasants, or their sons in the factories, vote to become his patrons.'

'The political lessons are more important than the military,' said one regiment commander frankly. 'The latter we can always shove in somewhere. But the political lessons must be given in accord with local events. Just now we are all helping, of course, in the Grasshopper War.'

I went in the evening to see the 'movies' in a great open square in the darkness. Here I met also a class of thirty miners, who had come from a near-by coal mine for a month's course in politics under army instructors. All during summer various civilians camp with the army. Some 1500 Young Pioneers come for a month's vacation, seeking chiefly a healthy vacation from the heat of Central Asian cities. They study surrounding nature and the life of the army while an army doctor cares for their health.

For the spring opening of the camp, the commander told me, over a thousand civilian guests came on foot and by horse cart from a radius of more than a hundred miles, to share in the celebration. For three days they camped with the army, and the army fed them. These brown-skinned Uzbek peasants and workers, patrons of various regiments, elected by their factories and villages as delegates for this visit, poured through the camp, attended club meetings and cinema, made suggestions and criticisms about the club arrangements and the new facilities needed. Anyone who can imagine this picture in contrast with the usual habits of white armies among brown-skinned populations will understand something of the revolution occurring in Asia.

III

Even with such excursions at hand, the wait in Tashkent grew dull. My train acquaintance, the praying dyer, had urged me to visit the Silk Makers Collective of Old Margelan. This was en route to Osh, whence the army caravan would start. I decided to start ahead of Commander Lavroff and his family, and stop over with the silk weavers, joining the commander on a following train. It was with him that I was to make the trip into the Pamir posts.

After a ghastly jam at the Tashkent railway station, in which each person, showing his ticket, held up the line for no apparent reason, while corners of wooden fruit boxes tore my clothes, came an evening of enchantment. I drew by luck a sleeping-car compartment alone, and with window opened I watched the full moon shining over irrigated cotton fields and deserts. Loud songs of crickets rose in the air, which was softened by evening to a delicious coolness and fragrant with the breath of wide-growing summer.

Next morning we rode through an increasingly hot landscape, not unlike the inland valleys of Southern California, where sagebrush alternated with irrigated cotton, and distant snow peaks were veiled in haze. But very unlike California were the jostling colorful crowds at the stations, in bright turbans and long flapping dressing gowns known as khalats. Unlike California's trim motor roads was the track I later took to Old Margelan, jolting in an ancient hack amid smothering clouds of dust.

Water was the life of this region. Every muddy irrigation ditch a yard wide was an excuse for a *chai-khana* in which the population rested, reclined, talked, and drank tea. Families set little wooden cots lengthwise in these ditches and crowded on them to dangle their feet in the coolness, exposing their bodies to the slight breath of air that follows even such tiny streams. Little naked boys were plashing. Beyond these ditches rose uneven elevations of beaten earth dignified by the name of gardens, boasting a rug on the ground and a dust-laden shade tree above. At crossroads the male population of whole settlements sometimes lounged under a single shade tree.

Thus I drove past the Regional Executive Committee, the Regional Children's Commission, the new Silk Filature Mills, the dingy office of the Social Insurance, and came through the market to the Regional Union of Handicraft, to which my silk dyer belonged. They sent for him and he was a trifle surprised, but rather proud, to see me, and exhibit me as an American visitor come all the way to Old Margelan. He introduced me to the president of the Silk Makers Artel (production collective), Riabof-Muksunof, a former revolutionist from Russia. The latter at once asked if I could help him buy some German books.

'Books of technical explanation with pictures,' he said. 'We have some machines of the English system, 220 spindles in all, but no manual of instruction. I myself am an administrator; I knew nothing previously of silk making. The members of our artel are handicraftsmen; once Old Margelan was famous for its silks. Little by little we introduce some machinery, but we need explanations. Technical books on silk dyeing we also need — serious books, used by specialists.

'There are 16,000 silk-making artisans in Old Margelan,' he continued. 'Of these 7500 are now in our artel. Our dyer told you 5000? But since he went to Moscow we have been able to accept 2500 more members. It is all a question of how much credit we get; all the artisans wish to join us. But we must limit ourselves by our credits and materials.'

We visited houses of spinners, weavers, and dyers in the late afternoon. Cavern-like huts, with floor of beaten earth and a jagged hole in the mud roof to let in light near the loom or dyeing bench. A wooden platform at one end piled with sleeping pallets. 'Not so bad in summer,' said Riabof-Muksunof. 'Cooler than in the street. But in winter it's very miserable, damp, chilling. Yet the artisans work here fourteen hours a day winter and summer. In the new Silk Filature Mills they have the eight-hour day and all sorts of social insurance. But most of the skilled artisans prefer their independence at home; it is chiefly unskilled girls who go to the mills.

'Little by little we hope to unite more artisans and get credits. We hope then to set up our own machines under collective ownership, where the artisans may grow used to a factory type of labor. At present the Turkestan Silk Trust exploits us, driving our prices down to make up the deficits on their eight-hour factory system. But eventually we shall get credit direct from the State Bank ourselves and not through the Turkestan Silk. Each year our status improves. Two years ago artisans were not even citizens; now they vote, elect members to the city soviet, and make demands.' I could not know if Riabof-Muksunof's accusations and hopes were true, or if he was the spokesman of artisans vainly opposing the factory advance.

As we went from house to house, our dyer shouted each time through the closed door. Sometimes a little girl peeped out to answer, 'No one but women are home.' It was then not proper for us to enter. On other occasions we were admitted to see a man sitting at a loom, primitively weighted and balanced in its motions by various sizes of stones. The dyer showed us his own shop where his brother and son were stamping bright colors with blocks on the cream-colored silk. He gave us tea, and *plov*, the main dish of Central Asia — rice cooked with small pieces of meat and fat. His wife did not appear to greet us, but remained in the women's quarters. But he showed us his other treasures, chiefly an ancient Koran, four hundred years old, in gold-shaded lettering on parchment, and exquisitely illustrated.

'I paid for this six hundred rubles in 1914, when I was a merchant,' he told us. And Riabof-Muksunof informed me, while the dyer held himself proudly, that the latter had received the name Abdullah-Kari, — reader of the Koran, — in token of a pious education.

I went for the night to the home of Riabof-Muksunof, in Skobelef, the old Russian town built for the conquerors a few miles across the valley, shabby and down at heel under its splendid trees, but with 'a human climate,' according to my host. 'With its abundant shade and its breeze down the ravines, its temperature may be thirty degrees lower than sun-baked Old Margelan in the hottest days.' Here in two rooms, where the president of the Silk Makers Collective lived with his wife and daughter, he told me his life, and discussed theories of government.

'I am not a Bolshevik,' he said, 'but a former revolutionist of a different party, disagreeing with the Bolsheviki on many points. I was first jailed at seventeen years, and for eighteen years I lived an illegal life. Once I spent two and a half years in solitary confinement. Sometimes men go crazy from that; if that does n't happen, then in the first six months they lose all sense of reality and live in a dream.

'The thing I criticize in the Soviet Power in this region is the low price they give cotton growers and silk makers. The market price for cocoons is fifty rubles a pood, but the government price is twenty-three rubles. The peasant is bound to the government by debts and must deliver his cocoons to it. From this come many rows and scandals. However, one must take into account how the government subsidizes this whole region, giving new schools, more in proportion even than in Russian provinces, and issuing endless loans to poor peasants which it knows will never be paid.'

At this point in our talk a hurried rap came at the door and a man entered to talk hastily with my host, and then withdrew. 'He wants to borrow our automobile,' was the explanation. 'All the government offices borrow it; we never get any use of it ourselves. He must go in haste to-night to a town in the hills and bring down the judges who have just issued a death sentence against a group of murderers. These murderers have plenty of friends, and it is well to get the judges back to town quickly.'

Thus I learned the tale of a religious riot and murder in a little hill settlement of Mohammedans. The village proudly possessed a sacred grave, said to be some relative of Mohammed. 'All the villages have some relative of Mohammed,' remarked Riabof-Muksunof. There came to this village a Trotskyist, exiled here to some small job of cultural work. This ardent atheist announced that there was nothing holy about this grave, and that it was probably no grave at all, but an empty hole, and proceeded to prove his case by opening the spot. A band of villagers attacked him, cut him to pieces, and carried the pieces away as souvenirs, saying, 'Thus shall it be done to those who attack religion.' Thereupon an investigating commission came, detected some of the murderers, finished the opening of the 'grave' in the presence of a large crowd and proved that there was nothing whatever in it, and followed this up by a spectacular public trial. They had apparently succeeded. All the same, they wished to leave the spot quickly.

'However,' said Riabof-Muksunof, 'the country is really very quiet now. A few years ago the peasants supported the bands. Now they report bands to the government and help in their capture. This little religious flare-up is an exception. The peasant wants peace and order; the moment a guerrilla war starts, everyone takes the peasant's horses and he can't move out of doors. Then he starves. The peasant believes now that the Soviet Power can give him order, and he supports it for that.'

I asked Riabof-Muksunof if there had been large massacres of peasants by Bolshevist troops in the Fergana Valley, as reported in books I had seen abroad. He looked puzzled. 'No special ones that I know of,' he said. 'There was plenty of killing on both sides during the civil war and the war with the bands. Hundreds and hundreds of Red agitators both Uzbek and Russian went to certain death by torture in the efforts to "reason" with the bands. Sometimes these efforts succeeded; it was always worth trying by the sacrifice of one emissary to bring peace to a whole neighborhood. But mostly the bands cut red stars and sickles and hammers on the breasts of these victims, and cut off ears and nose and mutilated them in many ways before they killed them. At last the Reds in this region grew strong enough to use force instead of reasoning. Naturally they killed lots of those bandits then.'

The following day I took the train, on which I met Commander Lavroff, his wife and baby, and several other persons of his party. Together we rode to the end of the Fergana Valley at the city of Andizhan. And together we took the autobus which brought us, late at night, to the town of Osh. Here was to start the caravan for the High Pamir.

THE ALSATIAN QUESTION

BY JACQUES NEUKIRCH

I

Alsace-Lorraine has now been reunited with France for something over eleven years, and the fact is generally well known that neither France nor the redeemed provinces are entirely satisfied with the work of reconciliation. Foreign newspaper correspondents in France have sent home accounts of the various difficulties encountered, and all the pro-German or anti-French propagandists have sought to prove that the two provinces are now anti-French (which is not true), in the same way that they claimed during the war that the provinces were pro-German (which was as false).

Now, eleven years after the Armistice, it is possible to appraise the work done by France in Alsace-Lorraine, to explain the problems which have arisen and the methods employed for their solution, and to set forth the present situation in the provinces as seen by the rank and file of citizens. It is with these questions so far as they relate to Alsace, where the problem of assimilation has been most difficult and where feeling has run much higher than in Lorraine, that the present paper is to deal. It may be said at once that the work accomplished by France has not been the magnificent success, has not brought about the frictionless and perfect assimilation, that everyone, with exaggerated optimism, expected in 1918. On the other hand, it is far from having been a failure.

In 1918, the Alsatians, after forty-eight years of German domination, greeted with enthusiasm their return to French rule and welcomed the French troops as conquering heroes on their entrance into the towns and villages. In fact, anti-German feeling had run so high during the war that 20,000 Alsatians had crossed no man's land at the peril of their lives to fight in the French ranks (several thousand had fallen between the lines as they were trying to pass through). Furthermore, in 1918, the people of Alsace would certainly have considered the plebiscite that President Wilson wished to impose upon them as an affront to their honor and their loyalty to France.

However, the most ardent enthusiasm and the warmest affection can hardly suffice in themselves to join two peoples who have been separated for so long. In reality, the French Government was faced by a very difficult problem: how to bring back into the great French family a country speaking a German patois and living under German laws, a country which, in the course of forty-eight years, had lost all contact with French life. Victorious France in 1918 was no longer Imperial France of 1870, and the Alsace of 1918 was no longer the Alsace of the Second Empire. Each one had developed along lines which were most often diametrically opposite.

Until 1870, Alsace had developed in entire economic, political, and religious harmony with the rest of France. The Concordat of 1802, retained after 1815 by the monarchies and the Second

Empire, assured the union of the churches and the State. Napoleon III, in fact, although pursuing a policy very favorable to the Catholic Church, was also just and tolerant to other sects. And Alsace, where the democratic spirit was very much alive, had welcomed the reforms which transformed the Absolute Empire of 1852 into the *Empire libéral* of 1867–70.

At the close of the Great War, the situation was very different. Political France, whose real sentiments, masked for some years by the patriotic and religious crisis of the war, were to reappear in 1924, had changed greatly since 1870. A secular spirit which easily became anticlerical had brought about the separation of Church and State. This spirit, this political tendency, exemplified by the Radicals and the Radical Socialists, was entirely foreign to the Alsatians, who had preserved the Concordat.

From the political point of view, the Third Republic kept the traditional principle of 1798, further strengthened by Napoleon I, of a very strongly centralized state. Alsace, on the other hand, had followed under the German domination an exactly contrary evolution. Having been annexed to Germany by force, it wished to be as little German as possible; hence its efforts, especially at the beginning of this century, to gain a rather broad autonomy. In 1870, the Imperial German Government made of Alsace-Lorraine a Reichsland — that is to say, a province which belonged to the Empire as a whole rather than to any particular state, such as Prussia or Bavaria. The Kaiser was represented at Strasbourg by a governor who, having executive power, appointed the officials and commanded the police. The Alsatians sent representatives to the Reichstag. They, being a tiny minority, could only make formal protests against the Imperial administration. At Strasbourg, finally, — and this is the institution whose autonomous character is the most evident, — the Germans created a Landesausschuss, a small local parliament which voted the provincial budget and the laws of the local administration. Gradually its powers were increased, in the endeavor to satisfy the Alsatians and to reconcile them to being German. Furthermore, throughout the Empire, in the first years of the reign of Wilhelm II, new social laws creating workmen's insurance against sickness, accident, and old age were put in force, bettering the situation of the working classes in a nation whose industrial and commercial importance was constantly increasing. At the same time a severe, rather harsh administration, but minute, exact, and rapid, collaborated in a highly efficient manner with the life and progress of the country.

In short, Alsace between 1870 and 1918, in spite of its anti-German sentiment and a bit because of it, had developed — or had been developed — in the direction of a political autonomy more apparent than real; and it had become, by reason of the social laws introduced by Germany and its own economic development, a country comparable to the most modern — even, we must say, in many points more advanced than France. Alone the religious laws, which had been repealed in France, remained unchanged beyond the Vosges. The German Empire recognized, in fact, the union of the churches and the State — not only the Roman Catholic Church, but also the Protestant Reformed, the Augsburg Confession, and the Hebrew.

From this one may realize the tragic side of the situation of Alsace in 1918 with regard to France. In spite of the efforts to remain in contact with each other after 1870, forty-eight years without political or religious relations had caused a profound spiritual separation between the two countries. After 1870, Alsace, hating Germany and feeling France becoming more distant each year, had gradually withdrawn into itself.

That, then, was the problem, at once long and difficult to solve. Let us examine how, since the Armistice, each side has worked toward a solution.

II

In the first years which followed the cessation of hostilities, all seemed to be going well. The villages which had been totally or in part destroyed were reconstructed. The Alsatians also began ardently to learn French, a duty whose importance could not be exaggerated. Many Germans were banished. The people accompanied them as far as Kehl or Chalampé on the Rhine for the joy of seeing them at last depart! However, the Treaty of Versailles gave French nationality, if requested, to every German man or woman who had married an Alsatian; and those Germans remained, although not in great numbers, for mixed marriages were rare. There remained also those whom it was not possible to banish because their places could not immediately be filled — railway employees, government clerks, business men; in all, perhaps 50,000.

France temporarily replaced the German governor by a High Commissioner, a sort of Under-Secretary for Alsace-Lorraine, detached from Paris and living in Alsace, who decided on his own responsibility numerous questions interesting the three departments into which the two provinces had been divided. The system had its good points and, under a man like Millerand, functioned well.

For the time being, the German laws were retained; French laws were to be introduced gradually. In fact, certain German statutes, such as those concerning insurance, the *cadastre*, the *registres du commerce*, bankruptcy, and the publicity of matrimonial registers, were more advanced and more perfect than the French; and to have suppressed them would have been taking a step backward. For that reason the Alsatian deputies in Parliament proposed to extend them over France as a whole. Between 1918 and 1924, French schools and *lycées* were organized, and, gradually and prudently, some French laws were introduced.

Those measures were prudent and wise in themselves. Nevertheless, already in 1921 or 1922 the first signs of discontent began to appear, caused by the complicated machinery of French administrative procedure. The problems to be solved, particularly those relating to the compensation for war damages, were undoubtedly complex and difficult; but, for that very reason, the government would have done well to simplify its administrative methods in the province, to retain the High Commissioner longer than the first few years, and to consider first of all the rapid satisfaction of justifiable demands, instead of maintaining so rigidly its respect for vexatious formalities. However, it merely extended to Alsace the methods used in the remainder of the country, and the Alsatian, accustomed to the methodical, organized ways of the decentralized German régime, began to complain of the slow and excessively centralized French administration. The situation in 1930 remains unchanged.

There is, for example, the matter of municipal loans. A town requires money to prolong an important tramway line. Under the German régime, communities could freely borrow the money they needed for their projects.

Now, under the French since the recall of the High Commissioner, they have to apply to the Sous-Secrétariat for Alsace-Lorraine in Paris for the permission to issue a loan; and that results in official investigations, red tape, and lost time. It is so with everything. It seems always necessary to go through Paris in order to get anything accomplished, even though the things are of minor importance. The Alsatian, who has a developed practical sense, refuses to understand; he calls the obstacles ridiculous vexations. He demands a broad municipal freedom, regional freedom even; and then he is called an autonomist. He is, however, rarely so in the real sense of the word. He asks only administrative reform, for he is persuaded that the old centralized system of Napoleon I has had its day.

The curious point is that most French people are in agreement with him on this point, but have resigned themselves to what they consider irremediable. In fact, as long as centralization of the power in Paris is for the party in power an instrument which permits it to superintend the political life of the country in its most minute details, there is little chance of seeing serious reforms made in the sense of administrative decentralization.

In addition to the physical delays, the Alsatian is shocked by the spirit of French officialdom, a spirit of *laisser-aller* and complete lack of interest which gives the impression, when a citizen enters a government office, not that the clerks are there to serve him, but that he is disturbing them and that they resent it. There is also the presumption on the part of the personnel that every citizen is to be suspected of trying to defraud the State, a point of view particularly evident in the tax departments; and this shocks many honest people who have never thought of defrauding even the German State. The spirit which reigned in the administrative offices came partly at first from the way in which the personnel had been recruited.

Often the government placed in Alsace Southerners — Gascons, who knew no German, did not understand the patois, and felt themselves completely lost in a strange country. Naturally, the Alsatian who had business with them, often without being able to make himself understood, became impatient and grumbled at this invasion by heteroclite bureaucrats. The Southerners sometimes called the Alsatians 'Boches'; above all, they thought of them as such, on account of their dialect and different mentality. In the offices and in the schools there were disagreements and friction between the Alsatian personnel and the French, which passed for being favored. There was a professor in the *lycée* of Mulhouse who said that in Alsace one had the impression of being in a colony; and he protested against an administrative policy which made it so appear.

The Alsatians, for these reasons, find frequent opportunities to use their recognized talents for faultfinding. As an example, we may cite this incident which occurred. A train was delayed for some time, for an unknown reason, in a little local station, and the passengers became more and more impatient.

'Yes,' they said, 'under the Germans the railroads were run well. The trains were never late! It is terrible now all these Frenchmen are in charge!'

At this moment the conductor entered. Someone asked him why the train was waiting. 'What is the station agent doing?'

'Oh,' replied the conductor, 'the station agent is a Boche that the French have kept in his position.' And immediately everybody in the car shouted: 'What! A Boche here as station agent! Kick him out! Kick him out!'

This story, which well reveals the Alsatian character, shows also the difficulty of the administrative problem. It has not been possible to remove all the Germans because they could not be replaced. On the other hand, those that were removed — the high officials, civil engineers, and so on — have had to be replaced for the most part by Frenchmen, for trained Alsatians did not exist in sufficient numbers. Hence, jealousy and irritation have arisen.

What is the solution of this problem? Poincaré, by the decrees of November 1927, engaged France on the road of decentralization, enlarging the powers of the municipalities, of the subprefects and the prefects; but it is still definitely insufficient. And a very strong public opinion will be necessary before any government dares to present to the Chamber a law which will decentralize administrative, even economic, life.

On the other hand, the question of the personnel is partially solved to-day. The Alsatians occupy more and more — and already to a greater extent than in the German period — the important posts in the railroads (which are state-controlled) and in the administration, properly speaking. At the same time, on account of the fact that they were first sent to positions in the interior of France, they have been able to learn the French language more thoroughly and to return to Alsace with a better understanding of their fellow countrymen beyond the Vosges.

III

The first cause of Alsatian discontent was, therefore, dissatisfaction with the administration. From 1919 until 1924 there was scarcely any other.

Suddenly, however, in the year 1924, the government's policy underwent a change. Herriot and the Radicals came into power, and a short time afterward, under the pretext of unifying the law in France, Herriot announced his intention of establishing in Alsace the separation of the Church and State and of suppressing the denominational schools. The French anticlericals had, in fact, a particular grudge against Alsace because it had retained the union of the churches and the State.

The Alsatians were surprised at this resurrection of the French anticlerical spirit, which they did not understand and had every reason to fear; and immediately there was war. The people of Alsace reminded Herriot of the promise made by Joffre in 1915 that the French Government would respect their religious laws; and, in the little villages where the priest or the minister is king, a resolute campaign was begun against the anticlerical government, against irreligious France. An example often cited will show the enormous influence of the priest in electoral matters.

On the Sunday before the vote, a priest said at Mass: 'We recommend that you vote for the candidate who will defend your faith, your children, and your schools.' The result on election day was: voters registered, 193; ballots cast, 193. Monsieur Pfleger, candidate of the *Union populaire républicaine* (the Catholic party) received 193 votes, other candidates, 0. Thus, for those who knew the simple Alsatian peasants and the enormous influence of the village priests, it was easy to foresee the result of an anticlerical campaign. Religious Alsace was solidly against Herriot.

Then suddenly, a short time later, people began to talk of an autonomist movement just started by a society called the Heimatbund and its German language newspaper, the *Zukunft*. The names of the leaders — Ricklin, Rossé, and others — were not then known. The *Zukunft*, written in an excellent

German which sufficed to distinguish it from the other newspapers in the language, found immediately numerous readers among the intellectuals and the priests who had been educated in German universities and seminaries, and who felt themselves almost in a strange land since French had become again the official language. The *Zukunft* proclaimed: 'Irreligious France is threatening our faith, our customs, and our language. It is our duty to defend those holy things. For that reason, we must have a broad liberty and a real autonomy; we must have a parliament at Strasbourg, where we may send men to make our laws. Long live Alsace, free and autonomous!'

In the beginning people made fun of this discontented and ambitious group; but, nevertheless, its influence grew in the country districts. The priests rallied to the secret orders of the Abbé Haegy, who had become the clandestine leader of the movement, and openly disobeyed the admirable Bishop of Strasbourg, Monsignor Ruch, a great-hearted patriot, who predicted better times and urged his clergy to be patient. From the pulpit certain priests and ministers started a systematic propaganda of hatred and disparagement of everything French, to such an extent that the good peasant who left his village for the first time exclaimed with astonishment on seeing a French village: 'What! A church! It is incredible. I thought the French were all pagans or Freemasons!'

But why had the clergy, so patriotic in 1919, come over so suddenly to autonomism? The fact is that the questions of faith and pocketbook are closely linked for the clergy of Alsace. Priests and ministers in the province are government employees, well paid by the State. In the smallest villages the clergyman receives about fifteen thousand francs a year, considerably more than the schoolmaster. For that reason, it must be confessed that the moral level of the clergy in Alsace is not so high as in France, where disestablishment obtains. Many young men, the most intelligent among the peasants' and workingmen's sons, choose the clerical profession, not because they feel a real spiritual vocation, but simply because they realize all the material and social advantages which it carries with it. Now, if the churches were disestablished, the clergymen would be obliged to live on the contributions of their faithful. Therefore, one cannot expect disinterestedness from the good priests for whom faith is of secondary importance. The majority, at least, are ferociously interested, first in their salary, and secondly in their little rural kingdom, the spiritual fief over which they reign.

The question of language also has its place. The peasants speak a German patois and their newspapers are in German; the village priests preach either in German or in the patois. What will happen if the peasant's children, if not he himself, begin to speak French? They will tend to escape from the exclusive power of the priest and rise socially and culturally. In fact, the Alsatians know the *Muttersprache* — good German — very poorly, and cultural relations between Germany and Alsace have almost ceased. Therefore, by leaving the peasants in their patois, the priests maintain them in a limited ignorance by means of which they hope to keep their power for a long time. For this reason, the priests naturally include in their autonomist programme the defense of the *Muttersprache*.

For the clergy, then, autonomism means the defense of their material, social, and, least of all, their spiritual position. 'The League of the Priests and Ministers of Alsace for the Protection of Their Pocketbooks' — thus an

Alsatian humorous journal qualified the Heimatbund.

We shall not insult the intelligence of the priests who supported the Heimatbund by pretending that they really believed France would be stupid enough to accord real autonomy to Alsace. It meant already yielding considerable ground to leave the Alsatians all their laws in 1918. To grant the province real autonomy, however, would be to destine Alsace to be immediately swallowed up by Germany; and the first to complain and to accuse France of abandoning them would be the Alsatians themselves. So the autonomist campaign has been, instead of a real movement working at any cost for its goal, rather a campaign to intimidate the government by mass manifestations, by a real movement of public opinion, and, somewhat according to the formula of Lyautey, 'to make a show of force in order not to have to use it.' The autonomists said: 'You will promise us, for example, not to touch our religious laws for fifty years, or else we shall raise religious Alsace solidly against France.' In the beginning, they seemed to have calculated well; they succeeded in alarming Herriot, and he abandoned his plans. Eventually, however, they went too far.

The clandestine leader was, as we have said, the Abbé Haegy. He was a cunning, ambitious, embittered man, who, before 1914, had played a rôle of some importance as a representative of the Catholic Centre Party in the Landesausschuss. During the war, he had compromised himself more or less with the Germans, a mistake people did not pardon in Alsace. So, after 1918, he lost all political power; the Alsatians would not send a doubtful patriot to represent them in Paris.

But Haegy could not resign himself to a minor rôle in the *Union populaire républicaine*, as the Catholic party was called after 1918; and his ambition was reawakened when he saw the advantage he might gain from the new autonomist movement. He thought that his hour had struck and that he might once more be a power in the province as leader of the Heimatbund. He did not, however, dare to declare himself openly in favor of the autonomists. Belonging to the U. P. R., his policy tended to unite it with the autonomists by a campaign of systematic disparagement of France, threatening finally to turn definitely to autonomism if Alsace did not receive solemn guarantees that its faith, institutions, and language would be respected. Autonomism developed, thanks to him, if not because of him; and finally it seemed to melt into a single movement with Haegy as its leader. He naturally denied it. All he was asking for Alsace was a certain autonomy — 'within the framework of France,' he added hypocritically when he was pressed for definite details.

In the midst of this, in the early summer of 1926, a journalist, Édouard Helsey, published a series of sensational articles in the Paris *Journal*, accusing Haegy of playing Germany's game, even going so far as to call him a traitor bought with German gold. This was, in fact, the fear of a few and the opinion of the many. It was quite evident that the autonomist activity delighted the Germans, and people had every reason to fear that the German Government would encourage it, not in words alone, but with money as well, from its secret funds.

Before all the articles had appeared, Haegy filed a libel suit against Helsey. When it came to trial in Colmar shortly after, Henri-Robert was retained by Helsey, and the defense immediately assumed the aspect of a prosecution; from first to last the plaintiff and his lawyers were on the defensive. Public opinion, in France as well as in Alsace, followed the sessions with passionate interest. The presiding judge, admirably tactful throughout, wished the trial to assume a symbolic value, for it to mark a sort of reconciliation between France and Alsace. After two weeks of passionate sessions in which his lawyer was defeated at every turn, Haegy, moved or (who knows?) once more hypocritical, accepted a tricolored bouquet, cried, 'Vive la France!' and abandoned his suit.

People had to be very optimistic to believe that a bouquet and a little patriotic emotion would end the Alsatian crisis. Haegy was soon attacking France as violently as before. However, in the interval, Poincaré had returned to power, and from that time the autonomists faced a more formidable antagonist. Poincaré assured the Alsatians that he would respect their religious laws; but, on the other hand, he warned the autonomists that he would fight relentlessly the enemies of France and oppose every movement which sought to detach Alsace from France.

Haegy became more prudent. The Heimatbund, on the other hand, in the course of 1927, increased its activity, multiplied its newspapers (*Zukunft*, *Elsass*, and others), and even dared to found a militia, the Schutzbund. The Heimatbund seemed to possess a really considerable fund for propaganda. Then the police learned that several autonomists were making frequent trips to Germany and apparently not returning empty-handed. The government decided to act. The *Zukunft* was suspended. Dr. Ricklin and Rossé, the leaders, were arrested, and others sought refuge in Germany. A second trial was begun, with Ricklin, Rossé, and their subordinates accused of criminal propaganda and high treason.

The trial was awkwardly conducted. Several times the impression was given that the government had proofs, but that it did not wish to use them for reasons of international policy (relations with Germany were good and, thanks to Briand, becoming better). Finally, Ricklin and Rossé were condemned to light sentences.

The autonomists, naturally, regarded them as martyrs and immediately set about preparing for them a brilliant revenge. It succeeded. In the next legislative elections, both Rossé and Ricklin were elected deputies to Parliament by rather large pluralities. Of course, being in prison, both were ineligible. At the same time, almost everywhere in Alsace — as, for instance, in Strasbourg, Saverne, and Hagenau — the autonomists won successes. In 1929, in the municipal elections, the mayoralties of Colmar and Strasbourg were carried by a coalition of autonomists and communists. In fact, it was due to that alliance that the autonomists, in 1928 as well as in 1929, gained success. It was somewhat paradoxical, to say the least, that the champions of religion should join forces with the members of the Third Internationale of Moscow; nevertheless, they did — one more of Haegy's *tours de force*. The alliance was the clearest confession of the autonomists' inability to win politically by themselves; and it did not fail to scandalize many thinking Catholics and many other good people who now, for the first time, saw things more clearly.

Ricklin and Rossé left prison somewhat less arrogant than before their trial, and, now that their party is in control of some great cities, it is becoming more moderate, like every radical party that comes into power. Moreover, the tone of Haegy's newspapers has changed notably; they are now less sensational and much more conciliatory. One would say that he is seeking pardon for his alliance with the communists. Furthermore, he has recently been defeated for senator by the national candidate. He should remember!

IV

Dissatisfaction with administrative methods and the religious policy of the government has often been qualified by the term 'Alsatian discontent.' This discontent, of purely cultural and political origin, as we have seen, has been efficiently combated by the economic situation, which, rapidly improving since the war, has never been so prosperous as during these last years. That is a domain in which France has made a brilliant success, which all Alsatians, even the most fiercely autonomist, are obliged to recognize.

Agriculture has regained its former prosperity. The grape growers feared at one time, because of the high price of Alsatian wines, a disastrous competition from the South of France; and they deplored the loss of the German market, which formerly absorbed so large a quantity of the Alsatian vintages because of their resemblance to the most celebrated Rhine wines. However, the grape growers quickly found the true solution: to win the French market for their best vintages by supplanting entirely the Rhine wines. Now, by concentrating their attention on their best vintages and constantly bettering their quality, they have created a distinctive product which has no equivalent on the French market.

The potash mines have become extremely prosperous since the war. Under the German régime, the development had been sacrificed for the benefit of the mines in Saxony; so 1918 marks an important date in the Alsatian industry. Production, constantly increasing, is at present three times that of 1918. No new mine has been sunk; the Alsatians have merely exploited intensively those in existence. Since Alsatian labor was not sufficient in numbers, thousands of Poles were brought in. Whole villages of pretty houses were built for them in what had been forest and deserted country. The result is that to-day the Alsatian miners are among the happiest workmen in France. Each one possesses a house, usually charming, with a character of its own distinguishing it from its neighbors, a garden, and flowers; and sometimes the bourgeois of moderate means casts an envious eye upon it, thinking of the gray house which awaits him in the town.

The rapidly increasing production of the Alsatian basin has had its effect on the German potash producers. France consumes only about 10 per cent of the Alsatian production, and the remainder must be exported. The Germans have found themselves in the same situation and, since the war, have continually encountered Alsatian competition in foreign markets, particularly the Swiss, Dutch, and American. They proposed to the French a cartel which would determine for each producer the percentage of his production and his sales and thus prevent disastrous competition. This is the same cartel that was prosecuted as illegal two or three years ago in the United States. Since the world potash consumption is continually increasing, there is every reason to believe, unless something unforeseen happens, that the prosperity of the mines will continue.

Manufacturing has made great strides. The textile industry — especially cotton — has had no trouble in resuming its hold on the French market, and it will shortly find an important outlet in the colonies. Old firms of reputation have had an extraordinary renewal of activity. A certain house, for example, half ruined by the war, issued in 1919 shares with a par value of 500 francs ($100). This same stock to-day, taking into consideration the fact that it has been split two for one, is worth approximately 24,000 francs ($940).

The metallurgical industry follows the movement. The Société Alsacienne de Constructions Mécaniques, which saw its factories divided between France and Germany in 1870, was able in 1918 to combine its two branches once more and begin anew with a burst of activity. In 1928, it fused a portion of its interests with the Thomson-Houston Company and a new era of efficient production seems to have opened. Automobile manufacture, too, with Mathis and Bugatti, has developed remarkably.

Communications have been further and efficiently improved. In particular, the grandiose work should be mentioned which has been accomplished at Strasbourg, making that city the greatest river port in France after Paris and, by means of coal and coke from the Ruhr, oil, wheat, wood, and the like, an importing city of the first rank. This work is being continued. Parallel to the Rhine a canal has been dug which will permit barges to go up the river without difficulty as far as Basel. In addition, at each dam a hydro-electric plant has been constructed which will develop nearly 1,000,000 horsepower (estimated).

In sum, Alsace has again taken without difficulty its natural place in French economic life. Its industrial production finds a more important outlet in the agricultural country that France still is to-day than it did before the war in an already greatly industrialized Germany. Finally, France, in the commercial treaties which she has negotiated since the Armistice, has constantly sought to favor the external commerce of Alsace.

V

Post-war Alsace offers the spectacle of a country which is struggling to find its destiny; and an impartial observer will easily gain from a study of the situation the idea that that destiny is not, and cannot be, anything else than that of France itself. The fact that an autonomous Alsace would be an economic impossibility is beginning to penetrate the masses; and it is penetrating, not because of propaganda, but because of the definite, tangible, and visible results which have been mentioned.

If France respects the religious laws in Alsace, removing the chief grievance of the people and the chief *raison d'être* of the autonomist party; if she renders her administrative methods more flexible; if, in fine, she continues the work of conciliation in the really lofty and liberal spirit which alone is worthy of her great traditions, it will then be only a question of time before the Alsatians as a whole realize that their political security and commercial prosperity depend upon their permanent union with France. The embittered autonomist minority will be submerged in a patriotic majority seeking to coöperate in every way with the French Government and the French nation.

In another ten years, when the generation born in 1919 shall have attained its majority, a new Alsace will be seen. Knowledge of the French language, which alone can bring perfect and sympathetic understanding, will be widespread and general; the spiritual bonds broken after 1870 will be renewed. A real coöperation, rendered by that time more easy, will permit the solution of political problems which are primarily only a question of time and patience.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

My prehistoric ancestor, Edward W. Stonehammer, undoubtedly got a large part of his living by the bow and arrow. It was a simple matter for him, in the course of a morning's hunt, to bring down a woolly mammoth or a cave bear, and thereby provide his family with food for a considerable time. It may be that my love for the ancient weapon has come down the long line from him to me. I, of course, took to the bow for recreation rather than as a means of livelihood; nevertheless I long ago became convinced that with reasonable assiduity a man could support himself by the bow and arrow even to-day — not, perhaps, in luxury and enervating affluence, but at least in modest comfort. This is how I came to think so.

One beautiful October afternoon in my freshman year at college I went down to the 'Common,' at the lower end of the town, for a shoot, all by myself. As I entered the little park from the street a flock of white Leghorn hens were feeding slowly away from me at the opposite end of the grounds, and gradually making their way, one by one, through the hedge that formed the rear boundary of one of the abutting back yards.

By the time I had my bow strung and the first arrow nocked, only one hen remained in sight. I had intended to place a piece of paper on the ground for a target, but as I looked down the field the plump body of that snow-white hen stood out against the dark background of the close-cut grass as the most conspicuous thing in sight — a mark that no true archer, from the aforesaid Mr. Stonehammer down, could have resisted.

The distance was about one hundred yards, and as I loosed the arrow I had no remotest idea of making a hit. The chances were fifty to one against it. I thought only of seeing how near I could come. But that shaft must have been fletched with feathers from a wing of the angel of death. As its long parabola sank to earth there came to my ear that dull 'tchuck' which, once heard, is never forgotten.

Then bedlam broke loose. Out of that wildly flopping white mass arose a clamor that assailed high heaven. No emu, no cassowary, no ostrich, not even the roc, it seemed to me, could have made such a din.

I ran as fast as I could toward the stricken bird, expecting every moment that back windows would go up and back doors open, and the accusing eyes of half the neighborhood would fix me with their baleful glare.

But no. The cries subsided, the white mass settled into stillness, no neighbor showed a face.

Having noted the yard into which the other hens had gone, I knew where the *corpus delicti* belonged; so, hiding my weapons and the dead hen in the hedge, I walked round the block and rang Dr. Parmenter's front door bell.

'Doctor,' I said, 'I have been shooting the bow out here on the Common, and have killed one of your hens. I want to pay for it.'

'Oh, I guess that's all right. I don't want anybody to pay for an accident.'

'But I would much rather pay.'

'Well, if you feel that way, we'll call it fifty cents. That's about what hens are worth now.'

I paid the fifty cents and returned to the hedge. There, as I gazed at my victim, a Great Thought came to me. That hen had died a violent death. One moment she had been in the fullness of life; in the next, translated, even as was Enoch. Moreover, I could see that she had led a reputable and circumspect existence. Her features, now calm in death, showed no signs of dissipation or late hours or worry. Age, too, had been kind. Her eye was not dimmed, nor her natural force abated. She was fit to eat!

With the body wrapped in a newspaper, I made my way to Mrs. Simpson's, where a little group of us were boarding in 'commons.' One of the group acted as steward, in compensation for his meals; and Mrs. Simpson, for a modest stipend, cooked and served the food. At the end of the week each of us got a bill for his share of the cost of meals and service.

I turned my bird over to Cochrane, the steward, and told him my story.

'Good!' he said. 'We'll have her fricasseed.'

Thus it was that on the morrow we all had a good 'chicken' dinner, which, for me, of course, was also a bonus on the fifty cents with which I had expiated my crime.

But that was not the end of the matter. Saturday came, and as usual I found the week's board bill by my plate; but this time, not as usual, I discovered at the bottom of it, below the footing of what was due, a magic entry, an altogether lovely sentiment: 'Credit, by one hen, fifty cents.'

You perceive now, of course, why I believe an industrious youth could still make a living with the bow and arrow. I had had my sport, had recovered the whole of my initial investment, and on top of that was one chicken dinner to the good. Any thoughtful person will see the implication; it is inescapable. If one hen a day was good for a clear profit of one meal, two hens would yield two meals, and twenty would produce almost a whole week's board. The capital required was inconsiderable, the turnover was very rapid. It looked like a sure thing.

No doubt a steady diet of fricasseed hen might pall in time, but that difficulty need not be troublesome. By a simple system of barter, say by meal tickets that should make fricasseed hen legal tender, it would be easy enough to exchange a possibly monotonous diet for one more varied. There will always be plenty of persons who like chicken.

'ARE THEIR HEADS OFF?'

THE annual slaughter of the innocents has begun. Columbia University, holder of the world's record for hospitality to educational convocations, provides the battlefield. The august College Board, used by parents nowadays to fear babes withal, summons the defensive army. The offense, newly recruited each year, is making another assault upon the colleges.

We whose privilege it is to preserve the President's English have sharpened our pencils and squared our jaws and spied out the weaknesses of the enemy. Each split infinitive and comma splice will soon run red with our markings. Not a misplaced modifier shall escape our ambush.

We are not a bad lot in a general view. We are even a trifle merry now that the classroom no longer smothers the fire of our wit. Something of a holiday air pervades the scene in spite of the solemnity of the task we are engaged upon. I even find my heart warming a little to Mr. A——, who collects errors in punctuation with the delight of a connoisseur and keeps a private record of them (which he carefully shades from the curious with his left hand). One suspects that he is meditating a *magnum opus* on the full stop. Miss H——, headmistress of one of our leading female seminaries, greets me with a cordiality I had not supposed she felt toward any man. But then, this is a festive season for her; she has consecrated her life to the defeating of enthusiasms, and these hundreds of aspiring papers give her a fair field.

So generally pleased with our reunion are we that not until the third day shall I find myself annoyed by the languid young master in English from the S—— School. He is convinced, I am certain, that he is a thwarted genius. He devotes his ruined life, magnanimously, to the discovery of mute Miltons among the candidates. Where a more jaundiced eye can find only nonsense, he discerns fantasy which suggests a Barrie-to-be. He trembles with expectancy over a squalid little theme on 'Adventures in My Back Yard,' hoping to see a Zola burst out of this drab cocoon.

If we have a fault, and I suppose we must have (one hundred Ph.D.'s can't always be right), it is that we will not tolerate humor, especially if it is unconscious. The candidates have a real grievance against us. As for myself, I am weary of this compulsion to blue-pencil the fine imaginings of American Youth. Is it not true (except to a schoolmaster) that one finds in Burke 'all sorts of grammatical illusions'? Meredith could not have invented a finer figure than this description of Lady Macbeth's ambition: 'The bug of temptation had whispered in her ear.' I myself prefer, though I dare not admit it to my colleagues, thinking of the French peasants as dancing the rigmarole in the streets of Paris to remembering whatever was the name of their bloody revel. After struggling for many seasons to explain to the modern generation the anguish caused by scientific determinism in the heart of the young Tennyson, I welcome with frabjous joy this exegesis of 'Crossing the Bar': 'He and his friend went out for a row and they were afraid to come back because they did n't know how much the bar would be moaning.' What if Eugene O'Neill never wrote a poem called 'Little Boy Blue'? He ought to try once. Were I making the 829th edition of Shakespeare, I should adopt with delight these critical comments and make my edition the best since Johnson's. Of Cassius: 'He was a keen politician with an intuitive knowledge of stagecraft.' Of Hamlet: 'Queen Gertrude had a fine boy in the younger Hamlet. He was a well-built fellow, though he might be considered a little too heavy for his height.' Of Portia: 'She showed Brutus that she could keep things to herself when she swallowed the live coal and did not tell him what ailed her.'

Clinical notes taken at these sessions yield two hypotheses I have no longer the right to keep from the world. I have discovered the cause of the American mind, that great mystery to European visitors, and I am prepared to suggest a cure for it. There can be no doubt that we are what we are because we were all compelled in our youth to read *Silas Marner*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Burke on *Conciliation*. Visiting Englishmen, amazed by our cult of service, should be made to ponder the fact that every American child at the age of fourteen is obliged to heave up his right hand and swear allegiance to little golden-haired Eppie. Consider our suspicions regarding the French. How can we be expected to believe that the French are respectable? Did their effete nobility not kill little children wantonly, and are not their wives all Madame Defarges? Where can we find a better explanation of our national fondness for making mental reservations when swearing to uphold the Constitution at home and abroad than the fact that we were forced in our youth to lie prodigiously about Burke's abortive masterpiece? Did we not once pretend that it was our fondest pastime to read orations, particularly *this* oration, just as six thousand boys and girls have done this year?

There is a ready cure for these delusions of the American mind. The examiners in English have only to throw overboard *Self-Reliance* and the *Vision of Sir Launfal* and lay a new course. Better than making the songs of a nation is to prescribe what its adolescents shall parse in the schoolroom. What might the Board do for this great commonwealth if it should oust *Silas* in favor of *Tristram Shandy?* Consider for a moment the state of our national consciousness after five generations had been fed on *Jude the Obscure.* For variety's sake we could bring up the mothers and fathers on *Don Juan* and *Point Counter-Point,* and demand of their sons and daughters a complete working knowledge of *Lucile, Aurora Leigh,* and *Evangeline.* I have propounded these ideas to some of the examiners, but they were coldly received. That is why I suggest them here; popular sentiment must be created to force the hands of the Board.

ABOUT BORES

BORES are a product of civilization, and therefore a more critical problem in Boston than in Chicago. For obvious reasons a bore could not survive in an uncivilized community; sometimes even in a civilized one they meet with disaster — Nero had Thrasea put to death for looking like a professor.

It is evidence that France was civilized earlier than England that the French had a word for 'bore' long before their island neighbors. Molière's *Les Fâcheux,* produced in 1661, was copied in England with the title *The Sullen Lovers,* and a translation of Cardinal Richelieu's *L'Art de plaisir dans la Conversation,* published in London in 1722, renders the question, 'Quoi! vous pouvez excuser ces Fâcheux?' by 'You can, then, excuse these *Troublesomes?*' Dean Swift, who was keenly sensitive to bores, does not have the word, and it is not in general use until the nineteenth century. Byron is among the first to use it as a noun: —

> Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored.*

Provost Salmon of Dublin once defined a bore as 'a person who insists on talking to you about himself, while all the time you are wanting to talk to him about yourself,' but this definition is more cynical than complete. An exalted position may be won by many and devious methods; the art of expression is not always one of them, but exalted persons will inevitably be called upon to 'say a few words' on great occasions. Thus 'we have with us' the Official Bore. When a distinguished Canon was making an exceptionally dull speech at a Commencement, Father Healy of Bray remarked that that was just as it should be, 'the greater the canon, the greater the bore.' Official speeches are probably the most oppressive form of the malady which we have to endure, though the ease with which officials can ignore facts often gives even to these utterances a peculiar charm.

It is, of course, true, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, that all men are bores except when you want them, yet there are some never wanted, who may therefore be classed as bores *sui generis.*

The dictionary holds the function of the bore to be 'to weary by tedious conversation or simply by the failure to be interesting,' and most sufferers would agree with this statement so far as it goes. The bore is, in other words, the one who can compel attention but who cannot arouse interest. Dean Swift, in his 'Hints toward an Essay on Conversation,' describes the bore at work with great accuracy. 'Among such as deal in multitudes of words,' he writes, 'none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot regularly call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company, all this while, in suspense; at length, says he, it is no matter, and so goes on. And to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or at least some insipid adventure of the relater.'

The word 'bore' is said to be derived from a French word which means to stuff or cram, and the true bore must be one who is full of something, himself or his children (a bachelor has been defined as a person who has no children to speak of), or his catarrh or his car; and it is because of this characteristic of bores that some have attempted their defense on the plea that it is our deficiency that is at fault: we are unable to receive of their fullness. But much depends on the nature of the fullness. There is one fullness of a wine jar, another of a soup tureen, and then there are teapots which are condemned as having 'a bad pour.' The perfect bore could not announce that an archangel had alighted on the back fence in such a way as to arouse interest.

Numerous remedies against bores have been proposed. Dr. Johnson suggested withdrawing the attention and thinking of Tom Thumb. This might be effective in some cases, — as when listening to important speeches, for example, — but there are bores who insert questions in the midst of their discourses, and the wandering attention is thus put to an open shame. One of the best remedies proposed is to make a collection of bores. To find after months of search that there is a greater bore than the wealthy and benevolent Babbitt is to triumph over circumstances, and even surpasses the excitement which a man once found in collecting dull stories. Another remedy suggested is to become a bore one's self; a kind of homeopathic treatment, for the bore is himself never bored — not, at least, while he can find a victim. But this remedy requires time; a bore is not built in a day. It may even need some moral discipline — that is, if Dr. Jowett was correct in his belief that bores were generally good men.

The modern world is finding the remedy in substitution. It has abandoned the Art of Conversation as something entirely beyond its intellectual reach, and has substituted the phonograph, the radio, and bridge; but here the question must arise whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. The ancient symposium was worth the risk of an occasional bore.

The only cure for the disease is again the ancient rule of 'Know Thyself.' This is once more best expressed by Dean Swift: 'Of such mighty importance every man is to himself and ready to think he is so to others, without once making the easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs can have with him, and how little that is he is sensible enough.'

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BIRTH CONTROL AND THE MORAL LAW

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE

I

The pronouncement of the Lambeth Conference on the artificial control of conception is a recognition of a great change in public opinion on this subject. By a majority of about three to one the representatives of all the churches in communion with the Church of England have refused, for the first time, to condemn the practice absolutely, and have conceded that the morality of the action depends on the motive, which is a matter for the individual conscience.

It is perhaps worth while to remind Americans that this Conference of 320 bishops, gathered from every quarter of the world, had almost the dignity of a General Council. It included not only the white representatives of the United States and of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but Indians, Chinese, Japanese, and Africans, whose ability and sense made a good impression on their colleagues. It received deputations from almost all the other episcopal churches, including the great Orthodox Church of the East, the Church of Origen, Athanasius, and Chrysostom. An alliance, with full mutual recognition, of all the episcopal churches, except the Church of Rome, seems to be in sight. The Report of the proceedings of the Conference, a dignified and on the whole a courageous document, will repay perusal by all who are interested in religious questions.

The cardinal problem of civilization, H. G. Wells has told us, is the question of births. Hitherto procreation has been unregulated and haphazard. Sometimes the results of natural selection have been eugenic, as they must have been while such great races as the Greeks and Romans were being formed. Sometimes there has been a counter-selection ending in the disappearance of the higher stocks and the decay of civilization. In primitive societies numbers are kept down and the weak eliminated by war, famine, and pestilence, often supplemented by infanticide. These rough methods are ceasing to be operative. In modern civilization almost every department of human activity is being brought under rational and social control. War has been formally renounced as an instrument of international policy. Famine and pestilence no longer decimate the white races, and nature's failures are carefully protected and encouraged to propagate their like. Is it possible any longer to exempt the growth and the quality of the population from the scope of rationally directed effort? Can procreation remain any longer outside the

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sphere of moral obligation? Is there any self-adjusting provision of nature whereby the optimum number of citizens can be preserved in a society which has decided that none shall starve? To ask these questions is to answer them. The population question is an important branch of social ethics.

There are still some — a rapidly dwindling minority — who would forbid any consideration of the subject on the ground that all interference with procreation is contrary to the will of God or the law of nature. A Roman Catholic controversialist has blamed the bishops for condemning adultery, while condoning 'a greater sin,' the prevention of conception. It is difficult for anyone who does not accept the authoritative declarations of the Roman Church to understand this position, though a fundamentalist might appeal to the injunction 'Be fruitful and multiply,' uttered when the population of the globe consisted of two persons, and to Genesis xxxviii, where Onan is punished, not, however, for 'spilling his seed,' but for refusing to have a child by his brother's widow. These arguments are out of date, and in the discussion which follows I shall take the position of the bishops, that control of conception cannot be condemned absolutely, without regard to the motives which lead men and women to adopt it.

There is no doubt that the movement has, in popular phrase, 'come to stay.' In half a century the birth rate in England and Wales has fallen from 36 to 16.3, the figure for last year. There is hardly a civilized country, except Japan, in which there has not been a very steep decline. The Roman Catholic countries are not really an exception. France and Belgium have very low birth rates, and Austria since the war has joined the nations where population is artificially restricted. In Vienna the deaths now exceed the births. Very high rates prevail among the Poles, the French Canadians, and the Irish; but this is not so much the result of their religion as of their readiness to perform rough labor which races with a higher standard refuse. They can therefore find work for their large families, and Scotland, France, and Germany are uneasy at the steady influx of low-grade workers, who displace native labor. The most startling exception to the general decline of natality is in the Slav countries, Russia and Bulgaria, where the birth rates are still round about 40 per thousand. Here again we see the connection between a very low standard and fecundity.

II

It is impossible to discuss the morality of limitation from a purely individual standpoint, or to lay down a general rule. Conditions vary greatly in different countries, and in the same country at different times. The optimum population may be larger than the present total, or (when the unemployed are maintained out of public funds) it may be considerably less.

Let me take my own country as an example. In the nineteenth century, England was the workshop of the world. Having a long start of its rivals in mechanical appliances, and being able to import as much food as it required in exchange for its manufactures, it could support a rapidly increasing population while actually raising the standard of living. This growth was effected without a very high birth rate, by steadily reducing the toll levied by death. In the year of my birth, 1860, the death rate was about 22 per thousand; at present it is usually between 11 and 12.

The state of things which made almost unchecked increase possible was obviously transitory, and it has now passed away. We have lost our preeminence in manufacture; political pressure has forced up the costs of production to an uneconomic level; we are unfairly handicapped by the high tariff walls which foreign nations, and even our own Dominions, erect against our goods; our emigrants are excluded from some lands which once welcomed them; we are staggering under a prodigious weight of taxation; and the pernicious system of the dole, introduced after the war to stave off revolution, is sapping the independence of our workers, and making what may be called the *rentier* habit of mind universal. Offer to an unemployed man an easy job, such as sweeping a lawn, at thirty-two shillings a week, and he will probably answer: 'What? Me work for six shillings a week? I have a right to twenty-six for doing nothing!' To these troubles must be added the great displacement of labor by machinery, and the entry of women in very large numbers into the ranks of wage earners. So far as I can see, we shall never be able to find employment for anything like the forty-eight million who now inhabit these islands, and the optimum population at present is probably not more than forty million.

If I am right, we shall be driven to limit our numbers in one way or another, and this can be done peaceably only by a general use of birth control. It is true that the bishops prefer another remedy — namely, total abstinence from marital relations. (The old notion that there are 'safe times' in every month is now discredited.) The bishops can hardly have thought that their suggestion is practicable, except for a small minority. A *mariage blanc* is generally an unhappy one, and frequently ends in disaster. The bishops ought to have remembered Saint Paul's prohibition of such experiments, except for a short time, and for purposes of self-discipline.

The real alternative to birth control is abortion. The extent to which this crime is practised all over the world is known only to a few. Miss Elderton, who was commissioned by the Galton Institute to investigate social conditions in England north of the Humber, found reason to believe that a majority of married women of the artisan class in many parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire attempt to terminate pregnancies by artificial means. The chemists, at the time when she made her inquiries, sold a great variety of drugs, reputed to be abortifacients. Most of these were probably of little use; but a preparation containing lead, which was bought on easily scraped plasters, frequently caused miscarriages. More violent methods were also resorted to.

Other investigators in France and Germany report that an enormous number of births are prevented every year, either by drugs or by illegal operations. These operations are somewhat dangerous, and in England, if death results, the operator may be tried on a capital charge. Nevertheless many practitioners make a living in this way; and I was told the other day by the High Sheriff of a county in the west of England that juries will not convict on this charge unless a life has been sacrificed. 'Half of them,' he said, 'do not believe that abortion is practised; the other half have resorted to it in their own families.' The German writer Max Hirsch, in his learned book on birth prevention in all its forms, regards the United States as the country in which abortion is most prevalent, and connects this fact with the legal obstacles which are there placed upon the use of contraception. Writing before the war, when the population of America was much smaller than it is now, he estimates the number of embryos destroyed as two millions a year. This number appears to me incredible; and as, from the nature of the case, the estimate must be founded on guesswork, I have no scruple in setting it aside. But no one who has gone into the evidence can have any doubt that abortion is practised to a vastly greater extent than is generally realized.

III

If, then, we are justified in choosing the lesser of two evils, we must allow that if the increased knowledge of contraception has the result of diminishing the destruction of lives that have already begun, it should be encouraged as in every way better than its alternative, and we shall not approve of the check placed by the British and American governments on the communication of this knowledge by the medical profession. The agitation for the removal of this embargo in Great Britain has hitherto been foiled by politicians, who are afraid of losing the Roman Catholic vote; but the time is not far distant when the poor will be able to acquire this information as easily as the rich. Already various contraceptive appliances are openly exposed for sale in the chemists' windows, so that it is easy to make too much of the silence imposed on medical officers of health.

The fear is often expressed that, if the knowledge of these new methods were made accessible to all, births would be restricted beyond what the interest of the country demands. This notion is less unreasonable than a comparison of the crude birth rates and death rates might suggest. It is true that a birth rate of 16, with a death rate of 11, still gives a margin of increase which might be inadequate in a progressive and half-filled country, but which is quite sufficient in a society so unhappily situated as Great Britain since the war. This, however, is not the right way to look at it. The crude death rate is misleading, because there is still a great preponderance of young lives, with a very low death rate. If we disregard the Registrar General's figures, and consult the actuarial tables used by insurance companies, we shall see that the average duration of life in England, for both sexes taken together, is about fifty-eight years, or slightly less if we allow for an occasional epidemic. This corresponds to a true death rate of about 17.6, on the basis of a stationary population. As the age distribution of the population tends to become more normal, owing to the relative diminution of young lives, the crude death rate will automatically creep up to meet the true death rate, which on the basis of a stationary population already slightly exceeds the birth rate.

No accurate prediction is possible where the figures fluctuate, but my rough calculation is that our population will become stationary, with a slight tendency to decline, between 1940 and 1945. I am a patriotic Englishman and believe in the good qualities of my countrymen, so that I have no wish to see the British race dwindling, either absolutely or relatively to other nations. But since insuperable difficulties are placed in the way of State-aided colonization, both by the self-regarding policy of Labor in the Dominions, and by the superior attractions of the dole at home, I see no help for it. We have passed our zenith as a world power, and must go the way of our precursors in colonization, Spain and Holland.

But the mention of Holland may remind us that complete freedom in the use of contraceptives does not necessarily lead to an undue fall in the birth rate. Holland, which seems just now to be in a very healthy condition, morally as well as physically, is increasing rapidly in population.

So long as restriction is practised mainly by the educated classes, the results are dangerously dysgenic. In my country the learned professions have the lowest birth rate; the slum dwellers, and especially the feeble-minded, have the highest. The only physically fit class who have large families are the coal miners. The same is true in America, where the old American families are not only not increasing, but are dwindling rapidly. Remembering that these families are mainly of British descent, I once said, 'We did not lose America in the eighteenth century, but we are losing it now.' The British element in the United States may even come to be a decaying aristocracy.

This ruinous process is world-wide, and may herald the progressive decline of the white races, or at any rate of the Nordics. It has, however, been stayed in Sweden, where the birth rate of the educated is no longer lower than that of the handworkers. But this result seems to be caused by undue restriction in the working class, for the birth rate of Sweden is the lowest in Europe — an unfortunate fact, since there is no finer race in the world than the Swedes.

The bishops, as might be expected, extenuate their concession to the advocates of birth control by a diatribe on the culpable selfishness of those who for the sake of frivolous luxury and self-indulgence refuse to have children whom they could well afford to educate and provide for. This little sermon is quite justified. I wish, however, that they had drawn a distinction between a decision to limit the family after two or three children have been born and an agreement between a married pair to have no children at all. The bungalow habit has made childless marriages very common in England, and I do not think it is possible, except in rare cases, to justify this deliberate refusal to accept a responsibility which is at once a public duty and a source of the purest happiness. But it is not enough to inveigh against the selfishness of the well-to-do, who are probably no worse than their poorer neighbors. The chief causes of the reluctance of this class to have children are the enormous expense (from ten thousand to fifteen thousand dollars) of what among us is called the education of a gentleman, and the unfortunate custom, in all the higher walks of life, to underpay the young and overpay the old. The lengthening of life has also deferred the date at which a man may expect to inherit his father's money. This is now being rectified as the result of the iniquitous death duties, rising to 50 per cent, which are destroying all accumulations of wealth in England. Most parents make over to their children all that they can spare out of their savings, and retire into a small house in their old age. If the time ever comes (I hope it will not) when our old 'public schools' (the word 'public' is used in a different sense in America) are abolished, and all children are educated by the State, one motive for restricting births in the richer class will disappear.

IV

From the moral point of view, the most deplorable aspect of the new methods is the impossibility of confining them to married persons. For many generations one of the happiest features of civilization in northern Europe and America has been the free and innocent intercourse of the sexes, based on the knowledge that the virtue of young women is inexpugnable, or only to be overcome by the base arts of an unprincipled seducer. In the south of Europe it has been considered necessary to forbid this freedom, and social life in those countries has been shorn of one of its graces. But now, although freedom is greater than ever before, it is unfortunately impossible to deny that it is very often abused. In New York a medical investigator, who gives his figures, is driven to the conclusion that, while young men in America are becoming more virtuous, girls are becoming much less so. The scandalous revelations of Judge Ben Lindsey about the state of morals in a state university, exaggerated though they may be, confirm this conclusion. There is much evidence that this evil is spreading in England, though I do not think that the state of things with us is so bad as that depicted by the two authorities whom I have mentioned. There has been a great decline in commercialized vice, which would be a matter for congratulation if it were not that our investigators put it down caustically as due to 'the competition of the amateur.'

This terrible fact — for so a Christian must regard it — is no doubt part of the general breakdown of traditional morality which is a feature of the post-war world. Sexual license is not only practised but avowed and justified in a manner which in the last century would have been called utterly shameless. But the knowledge that this appetite may be indulged without fear of consequences has unquestionably encouraged very many young people to form irregular connections, and some who still think it possible to check the diffusion of this knowledge by legal prohibitions are actuated by a desire to protect the innocence of boys and girls. Others welcome the repudiation of what they call sexual taboos, and look forward to a time when 'repression,' as the psychoanalysts call it, will be unnecessary.

My own opinion is that a firm line should be taken against those who in the name of a pseudo-science seem ready to advocate promiscuity. There are instincts in our nature which need to be 'repressed' (Saint Paul says 'mortified' or 'crucified'). Our nature is not harmonious to start with, and no harmony can be established by giving the rein to a mob of jarring impulses, which must be brought to heel under the control of the will and conscience, consecrated to some single and worthy end. We cannot go back to the 'pretty little rabbits with their interesting habits.' Even the most 'advanced' thinker, I imagine, does not wish to see his own daughter or sister seduced.

V

I have tried to show that the question of birth control is a complex one, which can be fairly considered only from several points of view. It is the most momentous of all the changes which have taken place in our time. For good or evil it will modify profoundly the whole future of mankind. There are some who look forward to a time when the intercourse of the sexes and the procreation of children will be regarded as separate things. We have speculations about the possibility of producing 'ectogenetic' children. Dame Nature may have her own views about these experiments. As Plotinus makes her say, 'I am not in the habit of talking.' With her it is a word and a blow, and the blow first.

In moral questions, and not least in those half-instinctive reactions which it is the fashion to call taboos and to reject as irrational, it is wise to treat tradition with respect. And yet we have many examples of the arrest of civilizations by customs which have lost any justification they may once have had. The appeal must be to the enlightened conscience of those who have studied the questions in all their bearings. In the very difficult problem which has been the subject of this short paper, my own opinion is that we have in our hands an instrument which is capable of being turned to great good and still greater evil. It may be so used as to further the cause of social hygiene, which indeed can hardly be advanced without it. It may be so used as to secure the optimum population in every country, and to put a stop to the dysgenic selection which at present threatens the whole future of the white races. Or it may be an instrument of moral dissolution and racial suicide. In any case it has gone much too far to be checked. Those who merely denounce it are like Mrs. Partington trying to thrust back the Atlantic with her mop. We must face the problem without squeamishness and without prejudice, but with the conviction that there are established moral laws on which humanity cannot turn its back with impunity.

GENTLEMEN—THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

BY EUSTACE PERCY

I

Bad political judgments are usually not so much absurdities as anachronisms. Of all blunders committed by statesmen, history records none more monumental than the speech delivered some seventy years ago by Gladstone in which he hailed Jefferson Davis as the maker of a new nation. There was nothing inherently absurd in that idea; it was just hopelessly out of date and out of place. Out of date, because it assumed that secession from the Union in 1861 was more or less comparable with revolt against the British Parliament in 1776; out of place, because it attributed to Davis and Lincoln in America the same sort of nationalist and imperialist motives as were actuating Cavour and the Emperor Francis Joseph in Italy.

Most Americans to-day make much the same mistake about the British Empire. To them, the British Empire of 1930 is not very different from the British Empire of 1880, except for the position of the self-governing Dominions. Outside those Dominions it is assumed that Englishmen feel to-day about their Empire more or less as their grandfathers did and that their policy is the same in all parts of it, in Egypt as in India, in Kenya as in Iraq. The issue between Lord Irwin and Mr. Gandhi therefore appears as only one phase of an immemorial and universal issue between British rule and the aspirations of subject peoples.

Now all these assumptions are wrong, and they are especially wrong in regard to the feelings of the average Englishman. It is those feelings that, in the last analysis, direct British policy, and it is therefore important to examine them.

The Victorian Englishman (that is to say, the Englishman of Dickens and Tennyson, not the Englishman of Oscar

Wilde) had a childlike confidence in his 'civilizing mission.' Whether, like Mr. Stiggins, he sold 'moral pocket handkerchiefs' by proxy to the little Negroes, or, like Livingstone, was driven forth to wander over the face of the earth by a queerly compounded missionary zeal, half-spiritual and half-material; whether, like John and Henry Lawrence, he spent his life in laboring at the foundations of British rule in India, or, like Gordon, took service with foreign governments to fight Chinese rebels and Arab slave traders; whether he managed a cotton mill in Lancashire or presided over a Government Department in Whitehall — in short, whatever his incarnations, he had no doubt of his superiority or of his duty to bring enlightenment, commercial progress, and good government to the native races of the world. It is easy to satirize him; it is difficult not to admire him.

As a person Americans can understand him very well. He was emphatically not an aristocrat; he was the apotheosis of the middle classes, of the 'ten pound householder' enfranchised in 1832. His puritanism, the puritanism of soldiers like Havelock, was the puritanism of Stonewall Jackson. His faith in free trade in Manchester goods as a civilizing influence was the counterpart of the belief, cherished by many Americans to-day, that American business methods are the best cure for the ills of Europe. 'British justice' was a social gospel to him, as 'Americanism' is to Americans. And, be it remembered, he did not talk of 'the white man's burden' or try to make a high-sounding political philosophy out of his labors. 'Imperialism' of that kind was only a short-lived fashion of the eighteen-nineties, started by a weaker and more introspective generation.

What troubles Americans about this Victorian Englishman is not his curious mixture of altruism and materialism, but the strange political entanglements into which these qualities seem to have led him. As a trader he was all right, even if he packed a gun; as a soldier he may have been forced to intervene in West Africa or the Sudan to put an end to anarchy or tyranny; as a sailor he may even have been right in bombarding Alexandria; as a statesman by all means let him annex comparatively unsettled territory if he liked, as the United States annexed California. But why must he start conquering thickly populated countries and ruling strange races? This is where 'Americanism' parts company with 'British justice.' Most Americans still regard Porto Rico and the Philippines, to quote one of their leaders thirty years ago, as 'the bitter fruits of the war' of 1898; but the British seem to like these Dead Sea apples. Yet, even here, if Americans cannot sympathize with the Victorian as a conqueror, they may appreciate his methods as a ruler. Is there not something almost American about the picture, whether fair or unfair, drawn of John Lawrence by Bagehot?

> In seven years the Punjab was transformed from a native state, in which anarchy was universal and careers numberless, into a British province in which order was as settled as in Kent and nobody was allowed to do anything but make money. The hill had been bored, the swamp had been filled, and there was the engine on a level road. . . . There was a great foresight in him and great incisiveness of vision, but he wanted the aristocratic quality — a certain largeness of field and the quality of the highest genius for government, that of evoking new power. He was in fact a middle-class ruler, a workman in politics rather than a thinker, an administrator rather than a politician.

Americans can surely trace in that portrait some familiar features. In any case, there is a Roman quality in it which Americans and Englishmen must alike respect, and which many of them may be tempted in these days to envy, for we shall hardly look upon its like again.

That is the important point about the Victorian Englishman; he is dead, as dead as Washington and John Adams in 1861. Whatever may have been his virtues or his faults, he is gone forever, taking with him his serene self-confidence, his clear but narrow views, his faith in the universal applicability of his own standards, his contentment with equal justice strictly administered, and his Roman simplification of the issues of government. To him has succeeded a generation of Englishmen who dislike conquest quite as much as any American and are quite as inclined to doubt their right or their capacity to govern subject peoples. They are not a little weary of their existing responsibilities and are very anxious to avoid new ones. In this mood they survey their Empire, they seek a principle to guide them, and they try, by the application of that principle, to discriminate between their responsibilities in different territories.

II

In this survey, the first territory on which their eyes light is Egypt. Here, before the war, Britain had carefully avoided assuming any formal responsibility for the government of the country. She had officered the Egyptian army, she had maintained a few troops of her own, she had permeated every branch of government by 'advisers' and junior officials under the control of a High Commissioner, but she had recognized the suzerainty of Turkey and the authority of the Khedive, and her only formal status was that of a trustee for the foreign bondholders and a protector of foreign citizens in Egypt. She had, in fact, set the example which, broadly speaking, the United States has followed in Santo Domingo, in Haiti, and in Nicaragua.

This informal control could not, perhaps, have continued in any case, but war with Turkey forced her to regularize her position. Egypt became an independent kingdom under a British protectorate. But this assumption of a new responsibility was speedily reversed. In 1922 the protectorate was abolished; since then the advisers have taken a back seat and most of the British officials have left. Britain has returned, in effect, to her pre-war position in Egypt, but with a difference. Before the war she prided herself on the reforms of justice, irrigation, and the like which she had introduced and administered, though always informally through Egyptian Ministers. Now she has formally committed herself to the recognition of Egypt's sovereign independence, and she has, therefore, been obliged to renounce even informal control over the Egyptian Government. She remains in Egypt only as the protector of foreign citizens and of the Suez Canal as a vital link in her Empire's communications. Within the last three years she has twice offered, once through a Conservative and once through a Labor Government, still further to regularize the position by a treaty of alliance, and on the second occasion she even offered to withdraw her troops from Cairo to the Canal itself and to hand over to the King of Egypt her responsibility for the protection of foreign citizens. She has thus practically reached the position of the United States in Cuba, reserving to herself a military instead of a naval base, but otherwise withdrawing from all responsibility and contenting herself with a purely diplomatic position.

This is what Englishmen of the present generation have done where they had assumed no formal responsibility. They are not quite comfortable about it. They feel they are deserting the Egyptian peasant cultivator and acquiescing in much political corruption and petty misrule. They do not think that a corporal's guard, even withdrawn to the Canal, is a satisfactory substitute for a judicial adviser and inspectors of irrigation. They would prefer that the British High Commissioner should still be a power behind the throne, even a dictatorial power. Hence some fluctuations in their policy. But on the whole they are disposed to regulate their conduct by the principle that, in a country where Britain has assumed no formal responsibilities, the right of that country to self-government must outweigh all other considerations.

They have, therefore, felt little, if any, hesitation in following that principle in the far easier case of Iraq, where their hold has been both much more recent and much slighter. By a recent treaty they have undertaken to support Iraq's application for full membership of the League of Nations and to withdraw their air squadrons, their only occupying force, to a base in the neighborhood of the Persian Gulf.

There is one other territory in this part of the world where Britain's responsibilities are very recent — namely, Palestine; but this obviously cannot be treated in the same way. Here Britain is the formally appointed agent of the League of Nations, not, as in Iraq, for the purpose of guiding an existing State toward self-government, but for the purpose of creating a new kind of society, a Jewish national home. The United States, no less than the League, expects her to discharge that difficult and thankless task. Palestine is so peculiar a problem that we cannot discuss it here, but of all their problems it is the one that Englishmen of the present generation approach with the least self-confidence. And here let it be observed that Palestine is not a strategic asset to the British Empire, but a strategic weakness. In a war, its possession would substitute a land frontier more difficult to defend than the desert which separates Palestine from the Suez Canal. Egypt will always remain the strategic point for the defense of the Canal. Above all, the Palestine mandate is a weakness to the British Empire because its duties must inevitably render the mandatory unpopular with all Arab peoples and with their Mohammedan coreligionists.

Britain's responsibilities in the ex-German Colonies in Africa and Oceania for which she or her Dominions have received 'mandates' from the League are also recent, but these are not territories to which the idea of self-government in its ordinary meaning can be applied. They must, in practice, be ruled by some European power. They are part, therefore, of a wider problem, the general problem of 'backward' races. For our present purposes, we may confine ourselves to Africa. How do Englishmen of this generation look at their African colonies, protectorates, and mandates?

They feel, first, that the partition of Africa in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was not a pretty story, but they recognize that the progress of discovery, commercial penetration, and (in South Africa) white immigration left the European nations only two practical alternatives — partition or (so to speak) sterilization under international regulations. The white man cannot be trusted in any country where the white man's law does not run; that is the lesson taught by the history, for instance, of the American and European sandalwood trade in the New Hebrides. Theoretically it might have been possible for all nations to combine in restricting the activities of their traders, and therefore the contact between Europeans and natives, within narrow limits. But such an effort of international organization, which would have required the coöperation of the United States, was too difficult for those days. Partition was therefore the only course, coupled with an agreement between the partitioning powers as to certain measures to be enforced by all in Central Africa.

This being so, the partitioning powers must do the best they can. A redistribution of territories among them would certainly not help the natives. As it is, change from German to French or British rule has been a distinct, though temporary, setback to the territories concerned. This change has brought to the new mandatories no strategic or commercial advantages worth a moment's consideration by serious people, and there are probably few Englishmen who do not rather regret it. But another change would be even worse for the natives. Continuity is, after all, the essence of government.

Our Englishmen, therefore, look round for a principle on which to base their responsibilities in this region and they find it in the conception of 'trusteeship.' Space forbids a detailed explanation of this principle, but the main point on which it turns is the native right to the soil and the native right to preference as against non-African traders or settlers. There are infinite difficulties in carrying out this principle effectively, especially where, as in Southern Rhodesia, Europeans have been in contact with natives for long periods and in considerable numbers. But the principle does really control British policy, not only in territories wholly inhabited by natives, such as Nigeria and the Gold Coast, but also in Kenya, where there has been not only European settlement, but also Indian immigration on a large scale.

Now, however, the Englishman of the present generation, turning from Africa, faces his greatest problem. He has found certain principles. Government must be continuous. Where Britain has established her rule over peoples who cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as candidates for self-government, she must maintain her rule, but in doing so she must regard herself as their trustee, not merely in the vague figurative sense of being a trustee for posterity, but in the actual physical sense of holding their land and its assets in trust for their benefit. For *their* benefit, be it noted, not for the benefit of the world at large, still less for her own benefit. On the other hand, in territories where Britain has not already deeply committed herself to responsibilities of government, and where the inhabitants have developed a political organization more or less capable of assuming those responsibilities without serious breach of continuity, she will not scrutinize too carefully their fitness for self-government, but will withdraw, reserving by treaty such bases as are essential to imperial communications, but resigning all political control.

But what of the territories where she is deeply committed by the active exercise of the powers of government over long periods? In such territories there may be elements in the population quite as capable of self-government as the educated Egyptian or Iraqi; under British guidance representative institutions may have been developed through which those elements already take a considerable part in government; yet the character and standards of British rule may have been so built into the structure of the whole social system that uncontrolled self-government cannot, for some time to come, be substituted for that rule without a breach of continuity, a more or less abrupt change of methods and policies which would certainly disturb and probably injure every class of the population. In such a change it is the weakest and poorest who suffer first and most. Englishmen may disclaim responsibility, however reluctantly, for the effect of Egyptian independence on the Egyptian fellah, but they would be ashamed to make any such disclaimer in the case of the Indian ryot. For it is India that furnishes the crucial example of the conditions we have described. It is in India that our Englishman feels most need to formulate the principles upon which British policy is based.

In his search for these principles he is not much helped by any considerations of self-interest. Economically, India has already, in practice, independent control over her tariff and her industrial policy; misgovernment following a British withdrawal would damage a valuable market for British goods, but would also diminish India's growing power as an industrial competitor. Strategically, India does not defend the Empire; on the contrary, the aim of almost the whole of imperial strategy is to defend India.

Nor is our Englishman much helped by his knowledge of the sheer impossibility at the present moment of giving India self-government in the Western sense. An independent Indian government of India, created tomorrow, would certainly not be a democratic or even a representative government; it would not, moreover, be self-government as Englishmen and Americans understand that term; it would, in fact, hardly be a government at all in their sense of the word. This is really admitted by every Indian in India, for the force behind the so-called nationalist movement is not a political aspiration to nationhood; it is rather a rejection of Western ideas of nationality and government and a desire to substitute for them the old social organization of Hinduism which has survived so many systems of government and has been equally indifferent or equally hostile to them all. An independent India would certainly not fare better than China; it would probably fare much worse. But, as we say, these considerations do not much help us. No government can justify itself satisfactorily by the mere plea that there is no present alternative to it. In democratic countries that plea is always the sure sign of a weak administration and the sure prelude to its fall. Government must be based on principles, and principles are timeless, however their application may vary at given moments.

III

Now, our Englishman is, of course, a legal fiction. There are many schools of thought in England and many talkers, conservative and radical, who dispense with thought altogether. Yet it is true that the general sense of the English people is working down to a fairly clear political philosophy on these matters and, strange as it may seem to Americans, that philosophy is pretty much the philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, making due allowances for difference of time and place. Lincoln, of course, invented no philosophy; his ideas were roughly the characteristic ideas which, throughout history, have enabled the British and American peoples to reconcile the love of liberty and the love of law. But he stated those ideas with extraordinary simplicity, in the language of the ordinary citizen, and his influence has permeated the political thinking of the English-speaking democracies to an extent which most of us little realize.

Many Americans seem to think that Lincoln's philosophy presupposed a democratic form of government, that he would not have applied the same reasoning to an imperialist government ruling over subject peoples. But in fact he was, if anything, too prone to ignore such distinctions. For instance, he compared John Brown's raid 'with the many attempts related in history at the assassination of kings and emperors,' and it never seems to have occurred to him to claim that rebellion against a republic or a federation of republics (for he did not hesitate to call it rebellion) was more heinous than rebellion against a monarch. The distinctions which he recognized were not the constitutional or the political, but the practical and the moral; all others he was inclined to dismiss as 'merely pernicious abstractions.' To him what justified the rebellion of 1776 was not any abstract political right of secession, but 'the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but I hope to the world for all future time.'

What, on the other hand, led him to deny to the Southern states any right to secede from the Union was not any theoretical worship of democracy, but his conviction that 'nothing will content the South but an acknowledgment that slavery is right.' No one, in fact, can have a political right to secede from the state of which he is a citizen, whatever its form of government may be, for it is only by citizenship of that state that he has acquired any political rights at all. Anyone, on the other hand, may have a moral right to secede from any state for the purpose of securing some moral end, such as personal liberty, which is incompatible with citizenship of that state.

Lincoln fought to preserve the Union and to prove that a 'government which is not too strong for the liberties of the people can be strong enough to maintain itself,' but he could not have done so consistently with the Declaration of Independence which he revered if the South had asserted a moral claim overriding their political obligations. To him, the right of secession depended in the last resort on the rightness of the seceders. In the absence of a real moral ground for rebellion, existing political obligations must be paramount, and the mere assertion of a desire for political independence is not a moral ground. The whole course of the Douglas debates is an argument against political ambition disguised under the name of political liberty, whether the disguise be called 'popular sovereignty' or 'self-determination.'

Lincoln would certainly have felt, and in regard to the Negro question did in fact feel, the greatest repugnance to the government of an 'inferior' by a 'superior' race. He did not deny the inequality, but for that very reason he considered that a political relationship between two races separated by a 'physical difference broader than exists between almost any other two races' must be 'a great disadvantage to us both.' He would have avoided any such political relationship, but, the relationship once having been created, both his moral convictions and his practical sense obliged him to accept its responsibilities and to discharge them, not according to any preconceived theory, but as best he could. His moral convictions as a ruler of men may be summed up in that phrase which, in one form or another, was so often on his lips: 'If this must be done, I must do it.' He did not believe in the exercise of personal authority in any circumstances; 'as I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy.'

Yet few men have ever wielded more absolute power or wielded it with a firmer faith in the divine right (in the best sense of that much-misused phrase) of those who find themselves charged with the duties of government. And his practical sense led him to think about matters like the race problem not in years but in centuries. Before the war he wished 'to put slavery back where the fathers placed it, where the public mind could rest in the belief that it was in the course of ultimate extinction . . . in the best way for both races in God's own good time.' After the war he proposed to confer the elective franchise only on those colored people who were 'very intelligent and on those who serve our cause as soldiers.' In that spirit he set himself slowly to work out a tolerable solution, guided only by the desire, somehow and in the most practical way possible, 'to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom.'

Now, no one can understand British policy unless he first realizes that the Englishman feels about the British Commonwealth of Nations very much as Lincoln felt about the American Union. If the Union was an experiment in reconciling liberty in unity, the Commonwealth is still more so. It is for the most part a far looser political association, and this applies not only to the Dominions but also to self-governing colonies like the West Indies, Southern Rhodesia, and Malta, and to the independent Indian States. Moreover, it applies even to British India, for the government of India, whatever its relation to the peoples it rules, is in great measure autonomous in its relation to the government of Great Britain. If it was doubtful whether the Union 'could long endure,' that doubt may be even more justly entertained of the Commonwealth. And if seventy years ago it was of vital importance to the future of free government throughout the world to demonstrate the capacity of the Union for self-preservation, is it not perhaps even more vital to-day to demonstrate the same for the Commonwealth?

The task of the nineteenth century was to work out the problem of democratic government for great populations; the task of the twentieth century is to work out the problem of peaceful coöperation between nations so governed, and also between them and other nations of different race and different traditions. The British Commonwealth is already a league of nations whose essential unity is the more striking because of their infinite diversity. It may be said to have already proved its success, though not yet its permanence, in so far as it unites nations of predominantly European stock, and to a less degree also in so far as it exercises the function of trustee for definitely inferior races. It can hardly, however, claim to have solved the more difficult problem of bringing into active partnership in the Commonwealth those Eastern races whom no one regards as intrinsically inferior, but who, for one reason or another, have not yet found themselves politically.

But if it were tempted or forced to abandon that problem as insoluble, how great, perhaps even irretrievable, would be the loss to the world in general! For there will be no peace till it is solved; Europe and America cannot establish the reign of peace and international coöperation without Asia. If India cannot endure partnership in the British Commonwealth, or refuses to face the gradual process of political development necessary to make that partnership effective and permanent, what real hope can other nations have of establishing a satisfactory system of coöperation either with her or with China? This, at any rate, is how the Englishman regards his Commonwealth, as the great pioneering venture of international peace and racial reconciliation.

Believing this, he has no doubt that it is his imperative duty to retain within the Commonwealth any territory for whose government he is responsible and so to direct its government as to bring its people into active partnership in the Commonwealth. He feels that a quite special duty lies upon him in India, for here he is responsible, not only for Indian partnership in the Commonwealth, but for Indian unity itself. Whatever doubts he may feel about the achievements or omissions of British rule in India, it has given India all the political unity that she possesses; without it India would be a mere 'geographical expression,' without common nationality or common language or common political institutions. He will, therefore, unhesitatingly put down rebellion and will oppose to 'civil disobedience' the same sort of moderate but steadfast policy as was outlined in Lincoln's first inaugural. When rebellion has broken out, he will countenance such informal attempts at mediation between government and the rebels as Lincoln countenanced toward the end of the war, but if he is asked to negotiate a settlement with Mr. Gandhi, he will take Lincoln's ground: 'There is no authorized organ for us to treat with — no one man has authority to give up the rebellion for any other man.' He is sorry if this attitude leads earnest ministers of religion to regard him, as their predecessors regarded Lincoln on one occasion, as 'wholly inaccessible to Christian appeals'; but he will be inclined to reply, as Lincoln replied on another occasion: 'If it is probable that God would reveal His will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter.'

In this attitude he will be wholly unaffected by the commercial losses of a boycott, for the duties of government must override every consideration of self-interest. He will also be undeterred by such accusations of militarism as Greeley's assertion that Americans 'would not be citizens of a republic of which one part was pinned to the other part with bayonets.' Nor can he consider the spiritual character or teaching of the rebel except so far as it may define the moral aims which would be attained by a change in government. Where it confines itself, as in effect Mr. Gandhi's teaching does on its political side, to advocating political independence as in itself a spiritual aim and inculcating political disobedience as in itself a moral duty, he will recognize in it only a new form of that old issue which history has long ago judged — the attempt to wage a 'holy war' with temporal weapons. And, under the fire of criticism, he will perhaps console himself with the belief that his attitude may after all be more liberal and charitable than that of his critics. 'Some men,' says one of Lincoln's biographers, 'would have been glad to hang Jefferson Davis as a traitor, yet would have been ready to negotiate with him as with a foreign king. Lincoln, who would not have hurt one hair of his head . . . would have died rather than treat with him on the footing that he was head of an independent confederacy.'

But though rebellion not only justifies but demands the utmost exertion of personal authority, the day of personal authority as the basis of government, in India as elsewhere, is past. It is, be it remembered, the Englishman of the present generation who has pledged himself and his successors for all time to 'the progressive realization of responsible government' as the aim of British policy in India. That pledge he has carried out and is carrying out. He provided the training ground of the Montague-Chelmsford reforms; now after only ten years the Simon Commission has proposed to supersede these tentative reforms by a constitution providing provincial autonomy in a federal India. An imperfect scheme, perhaps; but can the attitude of its opponents be more accurately summed up than in Lincoln's description of the attitude of some of his contemporaries: 'This cup of liberty which these, your old masters, hold to your lips we will dash from you and leave you to the chances of gathering the spilled and scattered contents in some vague and undefined when, where and how'? Certainly our Englishman would ask for no praise beyond Lincoln's counter-statement: 'Concede that the new government is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it.'

IV

But behind all these political controversies, the Englishman is well aware that there is one far more vital issue. Indians have one moral claim which, if unsatisfied, might justify rebellion: the claim to that personal self-respect and dignity which can only be assured by a recognition of their equal standing with men of European stock, with the very men with whom they are asked to enter into partnership in the Commonwealth. This is the element in Mr. Gandhi's teaching which appeals to Americans, and it appeals equally to Englishmen. It is useless in this connection to ask inconvenient questions, cheap however true, as to whether Indians themselves recognize the equal standing of the Brahman and the 'untouchable,' for the existence of such abuses rather supplies a reason why the Englishman should grant to Indians what he criticizes them for withholding from one another. And the Englishman has granted it in the only way he can. The formal recognition of Dominion status as India's goal is a recognition that, while Indians may need a long course of political education before they can exercise corporately the functions of equal partnership in the Commonwealth, they are essentially and personally qualified for such partnership. Moreover, the Englishman has long ago sought to give this recognition in practical ways by the steady 'Indianization' of the government services. He has made up his mind, with deep regret and self-condemnation, that the leadership of Indians by Europeans through personal contact, while it has achieved order and justice, has not achieved progress — it has not, in Bagehot's words, 'evoked new power.' Moreover, for reasons into which we cannot enter here, it seems to become less effective and less natural the longer it continues. That is why, twenty years ago, Britain decided — to quote the most notable example — to let the British Education Service die out and to hand over education to the Indians themselves. That decision was perhaps premature and has had serious, even terrible, disadvantages, but could the moral claim to equality have been more significantly recognized?

As soon, however, as the claim of the Indian nationalist goes beyond this aspiration to equal standing and asserts a right to immediate and complete political control over his own destinies, the moral issue seems to the Englishman to be reversed. He must then point out, with all proper respect for the beliefs and habits of other people, that the main social features of that orthodox Hinduism which provides the driving force of the nationalist movement — caste, the position of women, the virtual denial of education to the masses, and so forth — not only are quite as morally indefensible as slavery, but are an even more insurmountable obstacle to national unity and free government. They are profoundly inimical to the very idea of personal dignity and equality, and the assertion that an independence designed to perpetuate them is the only way in which Indians can attain to a real sense of personal dignity and equality is therefore a contradiction in terms. Britain's attitude toward these social standards has been almost exactly Lincoln's attitude toward slavery in the slave states, an attitude verging on the illogical, but nevertheless sound in the circumstances. Respect for such rights is due 'in a sense to freedom itself' and in any case it is 'so nominated in the bond.' Queen Victoria promised respect for religious customs, just as the fathers 'yielded to slavery what the necessity of the case required.'

But it is another thing to recognize a political movement which, in reality, holds that this state of society 'is morally right and socially elevating' and consequently 'demands a full national recognition of it as a legal right and a social blessing.' So far from recognizing it, the Englishman feels bound to reply that, even apart from the moral issue, a movement inspired by these views, so long as it is inspired by them, can never become national; it has already proved that it cannot win the assent or the coöperation of Indian Mohammedans, it has even served to embitter the religious conflict between the two creeds, and it is debarred by its very nature from including the despised masses of the Hindu people themselves. To shut out these facts from one's sight by binding over one's eyes the bandage of 'self-determination' is surely just one of those 'sophistical contrivances' which Lincoln attacked, 'a policy of "don't care" on a question about which all true men do care.'

But we have said enough, perhaps more than enough. If we were to try to describe our Englishman's philosophy further, we might falsify the picture. It is by no means yet a complete philosophy, but its main lines are becoming clearly drawn. Above all, incomplete though it is, it rests upon that deep instinct which underlies all Lincoln's utterances: the sense of the moral nature of government, of the courageous common sense with which its problems must be faced, of the humility and charity with which its duties must be discharged, and of its consistent devotion to the fulfillment of the 'promise that in due time the weight shall be lifted from the shoulders of all men.' To such a standard few can live up, and some light-hearted critics may dismiss it as hypocrisy. But it is a standard common to England and America, and the two nations may yet recognize in this philosophy, — in what may fitly be called the Doctrine of Commonwealth and Union, — not an invitation to mutual criticism, but a joint inheritance in the guardianship of which each must bear its own part in its own sphere.

A STILL SMALL VOICE

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I AM one of those men who think 'Yesterday' a beautiful word; who love change only in its aspect of slow and imperceptible decay. To me, the present is but raw material for the making of the past, and I measure experience largely in terms of its value as stuff for memories.

Such a complexion of mind and temperament is an unfortunate possession in these swiftly moving times; nevertheless it must be accepted along with the shape of one's nose, the color of one's eyes and hair. It is a characteristic as unalterable, seemingly, as stature or the composition of the blood. Lacking it, an octogenarian will march eagerly in the front rank of the wildest revolutionaries. Having it to excess, a child of five muses dejectedly in his high-chair over 'the good old days' of babyhood. If this fact were more widely recognized, past-minded and future-minded men would, I believe, make greater allowances for each other and live together more amicably.

But I am beginning to fear that there are no past-minded men any more in America, so rarely are they heard from. The winds of change, howling over and around them, seem to have buffeted them into complete submission, and the occasional voice of some robust survivor, shouting defiance into the teeth of this awe-inspiring gale, is of no more effect than the squeaking of a rat in a hurricane.

I am one of these survivors, but I cannot say that it is by dint of an heroic and defiant attitude toward the mighty monster, Change. I am no Saint George to slay this modern dragon. On the contrary, I flee from it, fast and far, and remain in hiding beyond the scope of its influence for long periods of time; and when, at rare intervals, I emerge with rabbit-like timidity from my retreat, I do but glance briefly around, and then, my head turned apprehensively over my shoulder, scurry back to safety.

To safety? I must qualify that statement. Where is one to go in these days to escape the ravages of the, to me, appalling beast that clutches a continent in its iron talons, whose tail lashes the waters of the Atlantic, whose forepaws defile the surges of the Pacific? The most tranquil and mirror-like backwaters of the world are flawed at times by gusts of its noisome breath that send shivers of apprehension up and down my spine by reason of their increasing frequency and violence. But comparative safety may still be found by those who seek it diligently. It is to that I flee.

I have but recently ventured forth again from my refuge into the complete realization of a melancholy fact. Men of my reactionary kind, who would, if permitted, cling to the past, now have nothing more than the name to cling to. Small wonder that they are easily swept from so tenuous a hold, and engulfed. I doubt whether, in the history of mankind, it has ever before happened that the material links and associations that usually bind generations together, giving each of them a strong sense of continuity, of relationship with the past, have been so quickly destroyed as here in the United States of America.

One gazes with bewilderment and dismay upon once-familiar haunts altered in the space of two decades out of all semblance to what they were. The valleys and meadows of one's boyhood are now littered with towns and the refuse of towns. Lonely marshlands where wild ducks abounded only a few years ago are heaped with mountains of tin cans and discarded motor cars; or they are drained, filled in, and divided into factory sites. Even the meanderings of rivers have been abolished, and the age-long freedom of roads to wind up hill and down dale is no longer recognized. Cities which have grown beautifully and naturally for generations, even for centuries, have been all but destroyed by the future-minded men to fulfill their nightmarish utilitarian dreams for that future. Remote villages and rural communities have lost their identity, and their charm and peace have been sacrificed to that worst of abominations, the automobile.

II

There are those who believe that this cannibalistic feast upon the material past was, and is, a desirable thing. To me it seems a misfortune of the first magnitude. Ours, they say, is a nation in mid-course of a vigorous healthy growth. What they consider health seems to me, rather, an evidence of disease, which has its vigor, too, like the galloping consumption which brightens the eyes and flushes the cheeks of its victim, giving him an illusion of well-being not at all in accordance with the facts.

Future-minded men of a new and formidable kind are in the saddle everywhere, and their ecstatic voices, preaching, exhorting, and prophesying, drown even the mechanical noises that all but split the eardrums of past-minded men, striving vainly to catch faint echoes from the world of Yesterday. Only this morning one of them, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, whose voice is heard daily by millions, shouts thus from a mountain eerie, to which, I fancy, he ascended that his voice might carry the farther: —

> This is written in the Catskill Mountains where Rip Van Winkle had his long sleep, and where, some day, many millions will find a glorious summer playground. Here are 1000 natural landing fields, 40 minutes' flight from the 10,000,000 that live in and around New York City. Groups of little mountains, 2000 to 3500 feet high, beautifully green, and waiting for the millions that will come, etc., etc.

Poor Rip Van Winkle — a past-minded man after my own heart! Is even his sanctuary to be violated? And when these millions do come, most of them not because they love such quiet leafy places, but merely because a mechanized civilization has made swift effortless movement an antidote for boredom; when the thousand natural landing fields are in being, and service stations, refreshment booths, and the like are opened to the other millions who come by motor, 'the groups of little mountains, beautifully green,' will no doubt still be havens of midsummer peace.

Men like Mr. Brisbane believe with every atom of their minds and hearts that machines are the benefactors of mankind — that automobiles, aeroplanes, electric dynamos, power machines, and appliances of every sort, by adding to the convenience of life (and even this is debatable), are therefore bound to add enormously to the sum of human felicity. Their desire is to see society so organized that machines may have unlimited scope for their further development. They would have the world grow smaller and smaller, all of its empty spaces teeming with ant-like humanity — ant-like in numbers and ant-like in instincts, and every step taken toward that end stimulates them to renewed and increasingly vigorous efforts in the propagation of their faith.

What chances have past-minded men against such powerful fanatics as these? They know they are right, and that what is right for them must be equally right and desirable for all mankind. The least doubt, even in the face of appalling evidence to the contrary, never seems to assail their minds. They are the joyously willing confederates of the mechanical monsters they have helped to create, which spawn their kind over the face of the entire globe; and they love them with such devotion that they teach them new and subtle ways to increase their dominion over the human race.

A mechanized society is, I suppose, heaven on earth for those who really believe in it, and more particularly for those who enlarge and direct its destinies. It offers them unlimited opportunity for the employment of their peculiar talents and brings them power in undreamed-of measure. They are worshiped by the multitudes who see what appear to be immediate benefits showered upon them from every side, but who do not see the ultimate price they must pay for them. They are called hard-headed, practical men, but in my opinion the poets and dreamers who care little for such benefits have a clearer vision of what constitutes human happiness, and a surer knowledge of how it may be obtained. They are called wizards, but their wizardry — in effect, at least — is of a kind which confers small material blessings with one hand while conjuring away priceless spiritual ones with the other. They are called seers, but their powers of seeing are so atrophied on one side that their idea of a fortunate human society is such as we have at the present time in the United States.

III

Why, I often wonder, have these men such unwavering confidence that they are on the right road? That they are the servants and not the betrayers of mankind? From what evidence do they deduce conclusions so different from my own? Many of them may be merely cynical opportunists. But there are others — men of the highest integrity, whose sincerity of conviction cannot be doubted. Among the first of these, surely, in ability, in unselfish devotion to an ideal of human progress and power to approach it in practice, is Henry Ford.

He believes implicitly in our industrialized civilization — not as it now is; as he thinks it must and will become. Those who have read his book, *My Life and Work*, know what a plausible argument it presents for this kind of civilization. I have read it and reread it, now torn by a feeling bordering on conviction that his views of life must be right and mine all wrong, now swung to the opposite opinion; but never since I read the book have I doubted that his ideas are truly beneficent in intent. But the more I think of them the more clearly I see that he is interested only in the food-and-thing producers, carriers, and purveyors, of both high and low degree. It is true that these comprise the bulk of the population, but there is a minority whose future is important to themselves, at least, and what place can they find in this industrialized world of to-morrow where every individual is to become a disciplined, regimented, perfectly working cog in the machinery of life? What place would they wish to find in it? Mr. Ford's reward for such disciplined service is an assured abundance of material blessings. Considering the future, he says: 'We believe it possible, some day, to reach the point where all goods are produced so cheaply and in such quantities that overproduction will be a reality. But as far as we are concerned, we do not look forward to that condition with fear — we look forward to it with great satisfaction. Nothing could be more splendid than a world in which everyone has all he wants.'

This materialistic view of what constitutes human happiness is dictated and enforced by the machines which have warped his sanity of outlook just as they do that of every man who serves and believes in them to the same extent. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more deplorable than a world in which every man has all he wants, even of the material things of life. We are fast reaching that point now, and I can see no splendor coming out of the situation. On the contrary, I see tens and hundreds of thousands of people in a state of lethargic misery because their lives are so dominated by the possession of things most of which they neither need nor really want that they have scant time for the true pleasures of living. And still they are urged, begged, cajoled, tempted, all but threatened into buying more and more, by the future-minded men of the present era who are — who have to be — the sworn enemies of simplicity of living.

Having made Business in all of its ramifications the end of life, whatever pertains to its monstrous growth is, to their way of thinking, of the first importance. They would have us all become mere gluttonous consumers of more food, clothing, furniture, motor cars, radios, books, magazines, newspapers, cigarettes, perfume, confectionery, toothpaste, amusements, and the like, for the sake of the machines which spew them out at such vertiginous speed. And with what tireless and implacable energy do they carry on their work of propaganda! I saw this sign in a street car yesterday: 'When is the time to push your product? Every day and all day — week after week — month after month — year after year.' And so they do, each and all of them. East, west, north, and south, they have made a continent hideous with innumerable placards and billboards. Turn the eye where you will, by day or by night, there is no escaping the work of these desecrators of beauty who would prevent you from thinking of life, even for a moment, except in terms of its material requirements, or so-called requirements.

IV

To me it seems a self-evident fact that whatever tends to accelerate the tempo of life beyond a certain point is wrong. There is room for difference of opinion as to what that point may be, but I cannot understand how anyone, looking about him at life in the United States, can doubt that here we have long since passed it. Nor can there be any doubt, I think, that mechanisms of all sorts have carried us beyond it. It is true that they have provided us with leisure of a sort — leisure to enjoy, if we can, a world speeded up in their interests, and arranged for their own comfort and convenience; a world so devoid of color and interest and beauty, from the human point of view, that even the future-minded men themselves flee from it, disguised as tourists, to the as yet unindustrialized lands where there is still something to enjoy besides contemplation of the mere ingenious machinery of life. But it must be admitted that these are the weaklings and faint-hearts of their class who lack the courage of their convictions. One admires more and respects more their strong, bleak-minded brothers who stay at home and work; whose energies never fail and whom doubt never touches.

And perhaps their confidence is justified, and their energies directed to good purpose. Perhaps life as they would have it is life best suited to the desires and needs of the great majority of men. Should this prove to be the case, nothing remains for men of my kind except to emigrate into interstellar space. And granted that, by means of ether waves and the strength of our own desires, we might be wafted to some distant lonely planet, remembering the recorded dreams of the future-minded men and their power of fulfilling prophecy, I am by no means certain that we should remain for long unmolested, even there.

TRICKS TO THE TRADE

BY H. L. HARVEY

I

Sunlight and shadow and a faint wind ran in and out among the branches of the elm tree and across the Judge's weather-beaten face; a little of the sunshine trickled down among the leaves and lay in greenish-yellow puddles on the ground, dappling the shaded piece of the barnyard with liquid freckles of light. It was a hot day for early June and the sun came down in an unbroken glare on most of the enclosure — flat and heavy and white on the hoof-marked dust. A pile of discarded horseshoes lay in one corner, and, a little way off, part of a wagon wheel rested brokenly on its back and stared up at the sun with a single, central eye. Above the slope which ran from the edge of the barnyard down to a shallow draw, the heat rose in great trembling waves from the corn; beyond the draw, a half mile away, a man was ploughing across the side of Irvine's Hill. The lower part of the hill where he had turned up the damp undersoil stood out blackly; above him, where he had not yet ploughed, the ground seemed dry and slate-gray — it looked as though he had run a great pencil along and darkly underscored the straight green rows. He swore constantly at the horses and his words came faintly across the intervening fields, the distance robbing them of their conviction so that they sounded flat and obscene.

The Judge pushed the battered hat which he always wore to the farm to the back of his head so that the breeze would get under it, and came down from the top rail of the fence where he had been sitting like a ruffled, ungainly old crow. The tailor-made clothes which his wife insisted that he wear were an unhappy extravagance; indeed, they gave him the unfortunate air of a farmer at a funeral. His coat sat strangely and exotically on his bony shoulders, bulging here and there at unpredictable angles; his vest was an affair of wrinkles, and his trousers hung from their galluses in a remarkable state of continued genuflection. The Judge had never bent any part of his body to a living man and not overmuch to his Maker, so it was likely his great bony old knees that imparted the melancholy droop to every pair of trousers which he wore.

His face was a lean, puzzling ambiguity. The lips were full and might have pointed up slightly at the ends had it not been for the soft wad of tobacco which he always carried in his cheek and which gave his mouth a look of mild, reflective sorrow. From the bottom of his mouth to the top of his forehead his sallow skin was written over with fine little lines like the map of a mountain range, but from behind this lattice of wrinkles a pair of boyish eyes looked out like a couple of mischievous twins in church. At least they usually did. Their other expression was one of sudden, gusty anger, and they could change quickly.

Just now they seemed in a state of transition. The truth of the matter was that the Judge was being done up in a bargain. He leaned against a fence post and rubbed little balls of dirt from the back of his warm neck and sucked in his lips with vexation.

'Look here, young fellow,' he said to the farmer beside him, 'I'm not going to bicker with you. That's not a first-rate team, but it's tolerable good and it's worth fifty dollars. Maybe more. I'll let you have them for that.'

The other had expected to pay half again as much. So he watched a fragment of cloud drift behind a distant hill and waited for it to emerge. Then he gazed at the hill itself. 'I reckon you'd throw in a halter, Judge?'

The Judge rolled up another ball. 'Yes, I'll give you something to lead them home with.'

'A real halter, I mean, Judge.'

'All right.'

'I reckon you'd let me have a look at it first, Judge?'

'Napper, get that long halter from the loft.'

The Negro, Napper, took his sad eyes from the ant hill he had been considering and shuffled into the barn. Presently he returned with the halter, holding it gingerly, with the congenital distrust of his race for nooses.

The farmer looped the rope in his hands and looked at it critically. 'It's a bit frayed at the end, sir. Sort of frazzled-like.' He haggled apologetically, as one who regretted his duty.

The Judge took out his knife and cut the loose strands and bound them neatly around the end. 'Do you want those mules or not?'

'I reckon I might. But I ain't said so yet, Judge.' He stood up and ran his hand over the broad, bony shoulders of the animals and across their high necks; he stooped to finger their legs again and held them by their muzzles and squinted at their bared teeth. The mules slanted back their ears and looked down their noses at him with dislike. At last the man dug a pouch from his trousers and carefully untied its mouth. From its bowels he selected five maculate bills which he handed to the Judge. 'I hope them animals are worth that much, Judge.'

The Judge folded the bills without comment. 'Help him there, Napper.'

Napper and the farmer threw a slip knot into either end of the rope and placed it over the heads of the team; then the farmer led them out the gate into the lane. He stopped to light his pipe and looked back over its top.

'Well, I'll be sayin' good mornin' to you, Judge.' Now that he was out in the lane he ventured a grin. 'I reckon you know I bought this-here team back for the Major. I'm just actin' for him, I reckon you know.'

The Judge exploded. 'Confound the Major!' But his face was in a shadow and he recovered himself with a lie. 'Of course I know it, you fool. I'd have let you have them for forty, otherwise.'

The farmer went on down the lane, chuckling. The mules swung their black tails from side to side and twitched their ears in nervous semicircles; their hoofs kicked up little puffs of dust which drifted into the roadside hedge and coated the leaves there with a dull gray. The Judge threw an arm around the post and watched their diminishing rumps with anger. Napper leaned on the fence and shook his head mournfully.

'And them was the mules you paid the Majah two hund'ed dollahs for. They was a likely-lookin' pair then.' He caught the white man's eye and looked away.

The Judge gazed at him balefully. 'Boy,' he said, 'you get down in the north field right now and thin out that corn. I'll be back out here Saturday, and I don't want to see your black face unless it's done.' He looked at his watch. 'Wait a minute. It's time I'm getting back to town and you can saddle that horse of mine first.'

Napper sighed and went into the barn. Presently he called to the Judge that his horse was ready, and then he moved off toward the cornfield with the profound lameness which he always felt in approaching a task.

The Judge rode home to his dinner, where he buttered a piece of corn bread and looked at his wife over its yellow top.

'Madam,' he said in a measured bass voice, 'I have been fried. Fried, madam, in the deep fat of dissimulation.' His wife looked up placidly at this alarming metaphor and the Judge became more explicit. 'Major Welch,' he continued, 'is a rogue and a scoundrel.'

Mrs. Dennis smiled and went back to her plate. 'Eat your food, Judge, and don't look so angry. I almost married him.'

Her husband snorted. 'Almost married a scoundrel, then.' He bit a good chew from his corn bread and went on. 'I reckon I've known the Major for forty years. Been sitting with him as County Commissioner for ten and I did n't think he'd cheat me. Well, the old skinflint brought a couple of mules out to the place to sell me, last winter. They looked good, and I took his word that they were good, and I bought them.' His voice rose and he shifted his fork to his right hand for better punctuation. 'They were spavined, madam, and they were wind-broken. They could n't pull a plough and they wore themselves out eating. I went out to the place this morning and I sold them and a good halter to Clem Doane for fifty dollars. They cost me two hundred.' The Judge fell to digging the cloth. 'Would you believe it, madam, Doane was buying back those animals for the Major. That damned old hound skinned me out of a hundred and fifty dollars. Cheated me. Deliberately.'

His wife murmured sympathetic things and went to the kitchen for pie. She cut the Judge a great slab, poured plenty of hot juice over it from the bottom of the pan, and piled some extra cherries on top. Then she came back and took it around the table to the Judge.

'I've heard the Major is a hard one, dear. I guess he's about the only one who ever got ahead of you.' She patted his shoulder. 'Now eat your pie, and don't pick that way with your fork. You'll ruin my tablecloth.'

The Judge lifted the top crust a little and had a look at the tempting insides. 'A hard one, huh?' He spread the extra cherries out on top of the pie and leveled them off with his fork and thought of a better adjective and strewed the cherries with sugar. And presently he and the pie cooled down a bit, and the pie was eaten, and his wife called him a crosspatch, and the Judge told her a yarn or two and felt better. Considerably so. But he did n't forget.

II

A few weeks later the Judge sat in his office reading the *Weekly Democrat*. He had pulled out one of the drawers of the desk to rest his feet on, and his long body was tilted back in a yellow swivel chair.

The room was dim with long, high rows of books, — Blackstone and Coke and Kent, Bouvier's Dictionary and the Missouri Reports, — all bound alike in sallow, legal calfskin. An old spool cabinet with a multitude of shallow drawers had found its way from some dry-goods store to the Judge's office and sat now in one corner; in the corner opposite the desk was a great safe, its top covered with a litter of documents held down by a dappled stone monkey who sat cross-legged upon them. From their frames above the desk Lord Mansfield and Daniel Webster gazed stonily across the room at a nameless young lady in a calendar. In the middle of the floor was a fat spittoon — a battered, round-bellied old veteran who squatted there and looked at the shots that had missed him.

The Judge was reading about rats. Almost a plague of them in the county, according to the paper. They had increased greatly during the last year or two, the article said, and had recently descended on the corncribs in alarming numbers. In the past, as long as their thieving had been confined to pantries and chicken yards, the men had ignored them, and the warfare carried on against them by the women had been in much the same savage but ineffective manner as that waged against their three blind cousins in the song. Now that they were in the corncribs, however, it was a different matter. Measures, the article wisely concluded, must be taken.

The Judge read the article through with a faint concern for his own corn and tossed the paper back on the desk. Then he had a crack at the spittoon and leaned back again. Suddenly he sat very still; then he straightened up, put the paper in his pocket, and went over to the window, where he stood with his chin on his breast and a splendid thought unwinding itself in his mind. His tall, angular figure was outlined blackly against the morning outside. He stood for a few minutes with his hands in his pockets and his lips moving quietly with his thoughts, then he threw back his head and gave a long boyish laugh, took his hat from a chair, descended the rachitic stairway that led from his office, and crossed the Square to the Racket Store on the other side.

It was cool and dark there, and smelled of harness leather. The change from the dusty glare of the streets to the dim interior was too much for the Judge's eyes; he could barely make out the long counters and the dusty shelves. A clerk came forward from the back room. 'Well, Judge, what can I do for you?' His tone was crisp; he had been obliged to lay down a good rummy hand.

The Judge leaned leisurely against the counter; he had no intention of buying goods in a temporary state of blindness. 'We need rain, Sam, we need rain. An uncommon amount of it. They tell me the dust is ankle-deep out by that place of mine.' The clerk prodded his customer with a cough. But the Judge was not to be hurried. 'I can recollect years ago when I was a boy on the farm it got drier than time. The roof blew off the Sharon Church about the middle of June and the farmers were a month getting it back on — too busy ploughing corn to fix it. Well, sir, not a drop of rain fell till the church roof was mended, and the corn crop, sir, was a flat failure. The preacher had n't taken sides, but he had to allow when it was all over that the Lord had been tolerably severe. Well — ' He paused to experiment with his vision; he could see the eye of a potato across the room. He slapped the counter briskly. 'Well, young fellow, I'm in a hurry. I want some heavy wire screening.'

He bought six rolls of screening — all that was in the store. The clerk tied them with stout cord. 'You must be gettin' ready to do considerable fixin' up out at that farm of yours.'

The Judge caught a fly and listened noncommittally to its buzz. 'Yes,' he said; 'I want ten pounds of cheese, too. Put the stuff together and I'll send a rig over for it directly.'

He left the store and walked through the dust to Wilson's livery stable. The proprietor was sitting in the shade of a catalpa tree; he brought all four legs of his chair to the ground and got unsteadily to his feet.

'Wilson, I want a buggy and that black mare of yours for the rest of the day. Hitch her up, will you, and drive around to the Racket Store for some stuff I left there. You're sober enough to do that. I'll wait for you here.' He took the abdicated chair and tilted back.

In a half hour the other returned. He had lashed the screening behind and the cheese was on the seat. The man climbed slowly down, holding the reins in one hand; with the other he broke off a chew and tucked his beard out of harm's way into his shirt. His vacuous eye rested on the screening. 'Well, Judge, you appear to be fixin' to do some work out at that place of yours.'

'Yes.' The Judge climbed up and took the reins; he read another question in the liveryman's eye and went on quickly. 'Wilson, this gaunt animal, here, puts me in mind of the mule I used to ride to college. I began my freshman year at college the same time that Lem Dowdy came from there to teach school on my father's place. I'd ride the mule twenty miles to Clintonville, Sunday night; Lem'd feed her and ride her back in time to open school on Monday morning; Friday night he'd ride her to Clintonville and I'd come home on her back. Lem and I had our week-ends at home, the mule ploughed five days a week and walked the other two. It was an excellent arrangement, sir, for everyone but the mule; it appeared she objected to inheriting the responsibilities of both her parents and she died, sir, during my senior year, in protest.'

Before the other could say anything the Judge flicked his horse and turned down the street. 'I'll be back about nine.' He leaned back and chuckled to himself as the horse gained a trot; he had passed safely through two centres of gossip without divulging his plans. Anecdotes, he reflected, were useful things.

When he reached the country he drove along briskly. The roadside was heavy with sumac bushes and young goldenrod; in the secret places close to the ground were wild roses and strawberry vines. The corn stood head-high in the fields, jacketed with dust. He leaned the back of his head on the shoulder of the seat and closed his eyes. As the buggy passed a row of hedge trees the sunlight shot through in little bursts, playing a staccato of color on his lidded eyes — rose and purple, rose and purple. He dozed off and awakened a quarter of a mile from his destination.

When he got down in the yard the place was deserted. He looked about for Napper. 'Napper!' he shouted. 'Napper!'

There was silence. The Judge picked up a stick and walked without hesitation down to the corncrib. A rat scurried away as he approached. There, as he had expected, he found the Negro stretched out on the yellow ears of grain, a hat over his eyes. The Judge gave him a smart rap over the shins.

'Napper, you black rascal, get out of there!'

The Negro scrambled to his shoeless feet and looked wildly at the Judge. 'Good mornin', Jedge. 'Clare I must a dozed off, 'clare I must. Much ableeged to you, Jedge, for wakin' me up.' He was momentarily startled out of his chronic sorrow.

The Judge folded his arms and arraigned the Negro in silence. Napper shifted from one foot to the other and dug his woolly head. ''Clare I must a dozed off, Jedge.'

'The next time I catch you asleep in there, you scoundrel, I'm going to skin you with a buggy whip. Now get along up to the buggy and bring me that screening and the package on the seat. Then get a hammer and nails and fetch some of that scantling over there.'

When the Negro returned, the Judge gave him a few instructions and sat down in the shade. Under his direction Napper completed by nightfall three large cages, each about thirty feet square and five feet high, floored, roofed, and walled with the screening. In each of the cages was a small door a few inches square, which opened inwardly; in the top of each was a trapdoor.

When the job was completed the Judge rose. 'Now then, Napper, rustle up some supper. Coffee and eggs and batter-bread will do.'

He sat on the steps of the Negro's shanty and ate from the top of a box. The summer evening waned; the clouds shed their brilliance and became gray; the hills grew old and tired. Somewhere back in the woods a dove lamented.

'Napper, how many rats are in that corncrib, do you suppose?'

Napper was mourning over his finger nails. 'I dunno, Jedge. They must be hund'eds. Right on to sev'ral hund'ed, I 'speck.'

The Judge nodded approval and got up. 'Well, put one of those traps at each end of the crib and the other inside. Bait them with that cheese and with plenty of corn. I'll be back in a few days.'

He returned within the week. His plan, so far, had worked well; there were a couple of hundred big, squeaking fellows in each of the traps.

'Now then, I want you to see that these animals get enough food and water. They'll eat about anything; when it's necessary, give them a little corn. And you're to keep quiet about this rat catching. Nobody ever comes out here, and if news of this leaks out I'll know it came through you.'

'Naw suh, Jedge, I won't say nothin'. But what you keepin' these things fo'? Ah you gonna breed 'em fo' their hides?' The Judge ignored the question and drove back to town. The Negro shook his head. He fed and watered the rats once a day. They multiplied in good Biblical fashion and in three months their number had quadrupled. The Judge was immensely pleased.

One evening early in October he drove out to the Major's farm. The Major had harvested his corn and was enjoying the leisure of the mild jungle which he called a front yard. He rose to meet the Judge at the gate. As he came forward with his rolling walk he looked like a fine ripe old apple; he had a chest and a sound-enough middle and a splendid, great red nose. Three or four grandchildren followed him to the gate, each keeping hold of a handful of his trousers for protection.

'Come in, Judge, come in. Lookin' for another good buy in mules?' He laughed Homerically, the sound rising deep in his insides and coming up for air and then whistling back to where it came from. The children, after a little doubt, joined in. Suddenly the Major sobered and wiped his red nose and put his handkerchief away. 'There ain't no hard feelings about them mules, are there, Judge? Doane sort of talked like there might be.'

The Judge put his foot on the dashboard. 'That fellow's a rattle-brain. Why should there be? "Let the buyer beware" — it's an old maxim. I should have kept my eyes open.' He shrugged good-humoredly.

'Well, now, that's about the way I feel. Here, you're a lawyer,' he elaborated, 'and I'm a bit of a hoss trader. There's tricks to both trades.'

The Judge inwardly agreed, but did n't care to pursue the matter. He looked at the small upturned faces. 'Those Sally's children? Fine youngsters.'

He bit off a chew and offered the other his plug. 'Fine youngsters. I have n't but a minute, Major, so I won't get out. I stopped by to see you about this rat plague.'

The Major became serious. 'Y'know, them little devils are getting a good piece of my corn. Don't seem like I can keep 'em out of the cribs.'

The Judge nodded. 'I know. There are plenty out at my place. Fact is, it appears that they are taking the county, now that the crop is in. Now here's my idea, sir. You and I are up for reëlection as County Commissioners, next month. If we'd offer, say, a ten-cent bounty on rat scalps for the next two weeks — to be paid out of our own pockets — it would be good campaigning and would n't be expensive. I figure it would n't cost us over twenty-five or thirty apiece and it'd be the best electioneering we could get.'

The Major leaned down and pulled up a weed and looked at its white root and reflected. When he was in a stable lot with plenty of sweat and horseflesh and hot sunshine around him he was a match for any man in the county, but in his front yard on an Indian-summer evening with his work done and a fresh shirt on his back he was as guileless as his grandchildren. 'Well, Judge, I reckon you're a better politician than a hoss trader.' He had another hearty laugh and pulled out his handkerchief again. 'I'm with you on that.'

'All right, sir, I'll put a notice in the *Weekly Democrat*.' The Judge turned his buggy around. 'Sorry I can't stay. I expect, Major, I'd better pay the bounties from time to time and we can strike an account later.'

III

Just west of the Square was an anonymous street paved with mud or dust as the season might be, and lined with a row of rickety, unpainted saloons. Many of them were covered with a tin imitation of brick, which their owners, as though ashamed of so thin a deception, had never troubled to paint red; some had two-storied false fronts; all of them leaned vaguely and drunkenly toward one another like men grown old together in the dilapidated freemasonry of sin. The town hitch racks had been moved from the Square, when it was paved, to this street; they ran up and down its length on either side, and on Saturday afternoon the entire county tied up here before getting its weekly provisions.

All afternoon there would be two solid lines of buggies and sway-backed surreys, fine rubber-tired phaetons, buckboards, and high, boxlike farm wagons, some of them bright green with newness; the horses would patiently stamp flies away, and sneeze damply now and then, and break out in whinnies up and down the line. Toward evening there would be a great bustle and backing of vehicles and scraping of wheels, and the hungry teams would stick up their ears and forget that they were tired, and everyone would move off homeward to supper in a cloud of dust and clamor, their wagons filled with a week's store of flour, the men with whiskey, the women with gossip, and the children with a great deal of licorice and wonder.

About two o'clock on one of these Saturday afternoons Napper drove his wagon into a vacant space along the rack and threw out his hitch weight. He seemed to have lost his air of deep infelicity for the day and looked almost cheerful. The Judge met him there. A canvas was spread over the top of the wagon, concealing its burden; Napper unlashed one edge of it and the Judge looked under with satisfaction. He spoke to the Negro for a few minutes in a low tone and then walked across the Square to the Court House. He entered the building and went to the office of the County Commissioners, where the Major, dressed in his town suit, was waiting for him.

'I thought, Major, that we'd better settle up for these rat bounties. This is the last day, you know, and I've paid out a little for you.' He brought a memorandum from his pocket; the Major glanced at it, and with much pressing of lips and preliminary flourishing of the pencil made out a check to the other.

'That was a right good idea of ours, Judge. It's cost us only about twenty apiece and I wouldn't be surprised if we got some votes out of it.'

'A good idea of mine, you mean,' corrected the Judge.

The door opened and Napper put in his head. 'How do, gen'men. Is this here where I colleck for rat bounties?'

The Major tilted back in his chair. 'You're just in time, boy. Bring them in.'

The Negro hesitated. He was playing his part well. 'I 'speck you all better come with me. I'se got a wagonload of scalps down heah on the street.'

The Major's white brows went up. 'A wagonload! Why, what the hell, Judge!' They followed the Negro out. 'Whose nigger is that?'

The Judge wore a sombre look. 'He farms out here north of town, I think.'

When they reached the wagon Napper threw the cover off. The wagon was loaded to the seat with dried skins.

The Major looked apprehensively at the Judge, and the Judge pulled his long jaw.

'Boy,' he said, 'how many of those plaguy things have you got?'

'Mighty neah three thousand, I reckon.'

The Major groaned. He and the Judge sat down at a savory distance, with their backs to a billboard, while the Negro counted the skins, spreading them first on the ground and telling them off by twos into sacks. He counted aloud; the two white men sat in silence. When he reached the first thousand the Major said, 'Good Gad!' and went into Duffy's saloon for a long bracing drink. He returned and walked up and down and envied the Judge his stoicism and glared at a cluster of small boys who stood gravely watching the Negro.

In a half hour Napper finished and

straightened up. 'They's a little mo' than three thousand theah, gen'men.'

'Three thousand!' The Judge muttered. 'Look here, boy, where did you get all those rats?'

The Negro grinned. 'Me and anothah fellah caught 'em and killed 'em, Jedge. I been workin' mighty hard fo' that bounty.'

The Major rose with an air of finality. Even his nose was a trifle pale. 'We'll give you fifty dollars for the lot, Rastus.'

Napper scratched his head. 'That ain't hardly fair, suh. You and the Jedge said a dime a scalp and I done figgered these makes three hund'ed dollahs. You-all said a dime a rat.'

The Major pulled the Judge aside. 'What are we going to do with this coon? He ain't got but one vote, you know.'

The Judge looked the Major in the eye. 'There is such a thing, sir,' he said, 'as obligation. A promise, sir, is a promise.' He pulled out his check book.

The Major looked away and sighed deep down in his pendulous middle and did the same. 'Yes,' he muttered, 'I reckon he's got us. But great Gad, Judge, that's a bag of money.'

Napper took the slips of paper and looked at them for a minute, then handed them both to the Judge with a grin. 'Well, Jedge, we sho'ly got a powah of rats in that cawncrib of yours.'

The Major caught his breath. '"We! Your corncrib!"'

The Judge restrained a queer sound. 'All right, Napper, you can break up those traps to-night.' He tore up his own check and put the Major's in his pocket; he was shaking with laughter. 'A hundred and fifty dollars, Major. That's a bag of money, all right.' He turned and looked back. 'Well, I reckon we're about even for those mules.'

Napper drove slowly home. There was a bottle in his jacket and his stomach was pleasantly warm and he talked in low tones to the posteriors of his team. 'Ah'm a right good rat skinnah,' he said, 'but Lawd, Lawd, it takes the ol' Jedge to skin a hoss tradah!'

IV

An honest man — may Heaven preserve the good platitude — is the noblest work of God. And, unlike most nobilities, he is far from rare. It is true, of course, that Mrs. Johnson's cook may slip into the pantry after the evening dishes are done and load up her paper satchel with half a chicken or a side of bacon, and tiptoe out the back way with the satchel carried on the far side of her black, amorphous person. But she is an honest soul and would be the last in the world to touch the dime and the five coppers on the bureau upstairs; she is merely taking along a little something for her trifling son to eat. And Mrs. Johnson herself, when she goes to market the next day, may eat two or three macaroons from their box on the counter while the grocer is busy on the other side, or five or ten, depending on how long his back is turned, but she is sampling them with a view to buying. And when the old cook comes in on Saturday night the grocer, perhaps, will sell her four pounds of musty flour as five pounds of good fresh flour; but darkies are notoriously spendthrift, and it is doubtless better that their money should come into whiter, more provident hands.

None of the three is dishonest. Each is following that best and most reliable and most elastic of things, his conscience. Naturally enough, however, each might be furious if he caught the other at his peccadillos.

The Major, indeed, was furious. Horse swapping, he reflected during the ensuing week, was like love or war. He had won from the Judge fairly; there were tricks to that trade. And there were tricks to the law, of course, and he would be the last to stick at them in their place. That thought suggested another.

He hitched up his best team of bays, put two boxes of apples in the back of his spring wagon, and drove to the seat of the adjoining county in search of a lawyer. He pulled up in front of Simeon and Hahn, Attorneys, and hired a boy to carry the apples upstairs. He presented each of the partners with a box and then sat down between them and unburdened his broad bosom. When he had finished, old Simeon sat and tapped his teeth with a pencil.

'Major, I would n't drag the Judge into court. It would cost you money and you have n't a case to start with. Even if you had a case, that man would turn you wrong side out and hang up your naked soul in front of the jury.' He cleared his throat. 'If you want to settle with the Judge, you'd better settle out of court.' He bit an apple and laughed at his pun and charged the Major two dollars more than he should have.

The Major went home, regretting his apples and his money and the legal profession. Those fellows had merely told him what he already knew and did n't want to hear. He had no opinion of their advice. But he decided to bide his time.

The lazy Indian summer lengthened into autumn. Flocks of blackbirds came in at evening, their wings black against the sunset, to roost in the town elms and hackberries, and were gone with a whirr in the morning. Occasionally a thin dark angle of wild ducks flew southward; high and silently, with dignity and long, purposeful wings. The hills from a distance seemed lean and cleaner of line; they were light blue in the morning and deep blue in the afternoon and purple like a rich cloak at evening; there were bonfires at dusk in the street edges, with small faces and hands around them, and dogs barked faintly and clearly in the distance.

One morning the Judge's wife reminded him of approaching winter. 'Judge,' she remarked over the vase of goldenrod which centred their breakfast table, 'it's getting rather chilly around here, evenings. Don't you think it would be well to order some firewood?'

The Judge looked up. 'You are right, madam. I'll stop at Huston's place and have him send down two or three cords.'

But the Judge forgot the matter in the absorptions of election time. He had never been a methodical man.

His wife waited patiently a week. 'Judge, if you don't get that wood I'm going to order it myself. I'm tired of shivering about this place.'

'Very well, madam, I'll attend to it to-day.'

He passed by Huston's place on the way back to the office. The owner was just closing for lunch; he put his key in his pocket and grinned at the Judge. 'Well, Judge, I hear you was almost sued.'

The Judge stopped, his trousers sagging about his knees. 'How's that?'

The little man came out to the walk and stood confidentially by the other. 'Cousin of mine was over from Macon County, Sunday, and said the old Major was there a while back, scoutin' around and sort of aimin' to bring an action against you.' He put his left hand in front of his stomach, cupped his right elbow in it and held his chin between thumb and forefinger; at the Major's name he tittered. The Judge had included the whole town in his joke. 'He changed his mind, though — knew better, I reckon. I told my cousin you and the old Major would n't have no trouble. "They're good friends," I said. "Do right smart of business together."' He nudged the Judge and they both laughed, and the little man felt quite pleased and put on his plug hat and went home to embellish the anecdote. The thought of fuel never entered the Judge's head.

The next evening as he was washing his hands for supper he glanced out the back window and saw a tall parapet of wood stacked neatly against the back fence. His wife straightened up from the kitchen range and started to speak. The Judge looked quickly away and buried his face in the basin.

The matter was not mentioned during supper. 'She's saving herself up till we're in front of the fireplace,' he thought. 'I wish I had remembered to order it myself.'

Supper over, he went into the next room and stretched his gnarled legs in front of the fire; his wife clattered the dishes about in the kitchen. An open fire made you think of many things; of the old days, for instance, when he and Lucy were first married, and she was a girl with smooth cheeks and they were the finest-looking couple in town.

Presently she came in to sit beside him. A burning fragment snapped off and dropped like a little meteor to the hearth. His wife started to speak. He anticipated her; he was going to postpone the reckoning, if only for a moment. 'Madam, this open fire here puts me in mind of the unfortunate experience of poor old Joe Craddock last winter. It was the night Buskirk opened up his new saloon. Joe got an overdose and stumbled down to the basement of the Court House to sleep it off by that furnace they have there. Joe had never seen a furnace and he could n't see it then. Meanwhile, madam, the nigger came in to stoke the fire and left open the door to the furnace while he stepped into the coal room. Joe woke up and he found himself staring into the yawning mouth of that contraption with the flames shooting two feet high and not another soul about. He jumped up, madam, and he shouted, "I'm in Hell, sir, I'm in Hell! And by God, sir, I'm in full possession!" And would you believe it, madam, he has n't taken another drink since.'

His wife smiled. 'You tell such long stories, dear, and you always begin them when I start to say something. I've forgotten, now, what I was going to say.'

Her husband was satisfied. The matter of the wood was not mentioned that night, nor for the rest of the winter.

Early in March, when the last stick was gone, the Judge addressed a question to his wife. 'Madam,' he said, 'I've never gotten a bill for that wood you ordered last fall. Where did you get it, and how much did it cost?'

'The wood I ordered? I did n't order it. Did n't you?'

The Judge was almost embarrassed. 'I forgot to. It just slipped my mind. I thought you had done it.'

'Why, no.'

'Where did it come from, then?'

'I don't know. A darky brought it out one afternoon and stacked it in the yard.'

The Judge was puzzled and made several inquiries around town. No one had sold him the wood. Apparently someone had given it to him. That was all right with the Judge.

That evening he looked at his wife's ample proportions with a twinkle in his eye. 'Madam,' he said, 'it seems that three cords of wood have dropped in your lap.' And he forgot the matter. But not for long.

About a week later the Major climbed the steps to the Judge's office. 'Afternoon.' There was an air of triumph about him.

'Hello, Major. How's the Pied Piper?'

The other ignored the allusion. 'I want some legal advice, Judge.' He took off his hat and wiped the top of his shining head and the tip of his shining nose. For one bent upon an unholy errand of vengeance, he had a completely innocuous look. His face glowed like a healthy cherub's, and the white fringe of hair which circled his lower scalp looked like a pale halo that had slipped down over his pink ears. He drew up a chair and crossed his legs with forced deliberation; his plump hands were picking excitedly at a ravel in his jacket. 'Well, sir, it's this way, Judge. If a parcel of goods had been delivered to a man's place by mistake, and that man had n't ordered the goods but went ahead and used them anyway, would he be liable for the price of the stuff?' He gave an elaborate cough. 'The delivery was a mistake, you understand.'

'Hm.' The Judge half-opened his mouth and put his jaw on one side. He saw the trap, but the law was the law. 'Why, certainly, Major. If he used the goods he would be liable for their price whether he ordered them or not. A matter of quasi-contract.'

The Major stretched forth a fat and triumphant finger and arraigned the Judge in the manner of Nathan, the prophet. 'You're the man, sir, you're the man. That load of wood you found in the back yard last fall was sent there by *me*. And you used it up. Put there by mistake, you understand.' He leaned forward and poked the Judge gleefully.

The Judge did n't flicker an eyelash. 'Name your price, sir.'

The other took out his handkerchief and slid back in his chair to look at the ceiling. 'Well, sir,' he calculated slyly, 'there was three cords and my ordinary price would be about twenty-five dollars. But under the circumstances, Judge, — y' know, there was right smart of timber in there I prized, — under the circumstances I reckon I'll have to add a hundred and fifty to that. That'll make a hundred and seventy-five. And, Judge,' he concluded on a high, hilarious note, 'don't never try to do up a hoss trader.' He rested either hand on a round, tight-trousered thigh and laughed splendidly up at Daniel Webster.

The Judge reached quietly for his pen and made out a check. He waved it about in the air to dry. 'And now, Major,' he said slowly, 'I'm going to charge *you* just a hundred and seventy-five dollars for legal advice. Shall we exchange checks, or shall I tear this one up? And I want to thank you, sir, for the wood.'

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

The ordinary business of a competitive industrial world is done, as the saying goes, at arm's length. This is a phrase which applies to that multiplicity of daily transactions in which business men deal with one another, each acting upon principles of more or less enlightened selfishness in trying to get a profit out of a bargain, each acting for his own personal interest and expecting the other party to the transaction to do likewise.

This is, of course, old-fashioned, plain, commercial business, the kind that old-time merchants knew and practised in the great days of Tyre and Sidon, as keenly and perhaps as intelligently as their descendants practise it to-day. Arm's length business, genuine commercial competition, is much the same as it was hundreds of years ago. *Caveat emptor* is not perhaps as broad a principle. The buyer does not have to look out quite so much as he did, because the law looks out for him more than formerly. Guaranties survive acceptances as they did not a hundred years ago, but in its main features the game is the same.

The merchants who made their fortunes years ago made them, for the most part, through this old-fashioned rivalry because it then was the only way. A great change has come over the character of modern business, however. The difference in wealth-acquiring methods between the old-time commercial magnates, the great merchants of our fathers' and grandfathers' time, and the men who, in wealth and influence, hold their position now, to a very marked extent is not merely a difference in the meaning or instrumentalities of commerce, — the corporation against the old partnership or individual enterprise, — but represents a fundamental change in the relative position of the transacting parties to business dealings and the elimination of arm's length in those dealings.

To view this change adequately, we must first consider briefly a branch of law which was of relatively small scope or importance in our grandfathers' time and which is of enormous importance and scope in the business life of our day. That is the law which deals with those relations in which arm's length does not exist and as to which the rules of each for himself do not apply.

The relationships of guardian and ward, trustee and beneficiary, the executors and the estate of the dead man, principal and agent, — all involving, as they do, the reposing of trust and confidence of one in another, — are relationships which the law puts outside the rules of the market place. Fiduciary relations like these and ordinary commercial relations are separated by distinct legal barriers.

The highest ethical expression of the law is the so-called 'Fiduciary Principle,' which applies to these relationships, a principle which has been worked out and applied in countless decisions of courts of equity.

The rules laid down by the courts in judgments involving these trust relations are based upon a judicial realization that a position of trust exposes its occupant to special temptations which can best be overcome if the law forbids certain acts through which temptations otherwise might arise.

The trustee, for example, cannot buy from himself as an individual, cannot sell trust property to himself, cannot speculate with trust funds and retain anything but the losses and the shadow of prison. The reasoning upon which this fiduciary principle is based was expressed with quaint beauty many years ago by a great jurist, Judge Story: —

> It may be correctly said with reference to Christian morals that no man can faithfully serve two masters whose interests are in conflict. If, then, the seller were permitted, as the agent of another, to become the purchaser, his duty to his principal and his own interest would stand in direct opposition to each other, and thus a temptation perhaps in many cases too strong for resistance by men of flexible morals or hackneyed in the common devices of worldly business would be held out which would betray them into gross misconduct and even into crime. It is to interpose a preventive check against such temptations and seductions that a positive prohibition has been found to be the soundest policy encouraged by the purest principles of Christianity.

An extended consideration of that great branch. of law involving the fiduciary principle is, of course, unnecessary here. The point for my present purpose is this: In our grandfathers' and even in our fathers' time, the trust relationship from which this principle arose was not an ordinary but an extraordinary incident of business life.

A man of large affairs once or again in his lifetime might be a trustee under a will for some dead relative or friend, or he might be a guardian, perhaps, for some child. He might have agents in whom he himself placed some degree of confidence and who owed the duty of fidelity to him. He might have a partner, and some of the reciprocal duties of the trust relation would exist throughout the association.

Ordinarily, however, the business life of the old-time man of affairs was, as has been said, an arm's length contest. It was through his equipment for that contest, his enterprise, foresight, good judgment, and diligence, that he could expect to attain success.

II

The old rule, as stated by Judge Story, has not changed with years in its application to the older forms of trust relationship. Judge Cardozo, in a recent opinion, expressed the same lofty principle as applied to co-adventurers in a case involving the duties of a managing co-adventurer in a noncorporate real estate transaction: —

> Many forms of conduct, permissible in a workaday world, for those acting at arm's length, are forbidden to those bound by fiduciary ties. A trustee is held to something stricter than the morals of the market place. Not honesty alone, but the punctilio of an honor the most sensitive, is then the standard of behavior. As to these, there has developed a tradition that is unbending and inveterate. Uncompromising rigidity has been the attitude of courts of equity when petitioned to undermine the rule of undivided loyalty by the disintegrating erosion of particular exceptions. Only thus has the level of conduct for fiduciaries been kept on a level higher than that trodden by the crowd.

The corporation, of course, introduces a new method of doing business. Stockholders form a sort of intangible partnership whose active leaders are the president and officers of the company, chosen by the directors. Into the sphere of arm's length commercialism the rise of the corporation has thrust a vast increase of new fiduciary relationships.

At first they were recognized as fiduciary relationships by few judges. The gross methods of railroad looting practised in the decade following the Civil War aroused no part of the indignation which they would have aroused to-day. In some courts, the relation of the directors and officers of corporations to stockholders was not considered, in the early days, as fiduciary in the old sense. But a majority of enlightened courts, almost from the first, declared that there was no difference in principle between the dealings by which the directors or corporate officers made profits at the company's expense and the dealings by which trustees or guardians or executors might attempt to do the same thing. The old fiduciary principle applied to and forbade all such transactions.

The corporation cases which came before the courts were in the early days, and for natural reasons, mostly railroad cases, involving construction contracts, land purchases, bond issues, and the like, in which the directors found themselves personally interested. More than forty years ago the New York Court of Appeals, in a case of this class, laid down the old rule of fiduciary obligation in language of the utmost plainness. It declared, referring to a director shown to have been interested personally in a transaction with his company: —

> He stood in the attitude of selling as owner and purchasing as trustee. The law permits no one to act in such inconsistent relations. It does not stop to inquire whether the contract or transaction was fair or unfair. It stops the inquiry when the relation is disclosed and sets aside the transaction or refuses to enforce it at the instance of the party whom the fiduciary undertook to represent, without undertaking to deal with the question of abstract justice in the particular case. It prevents frauds by making them, so far as may be, impossible. Knowing that real motives often elude the most searching inquiry, it leaves neither to judge nor jury the right to determine, upon a consideration of its advantages or disadvantages, whether a contract made under such circumstances stand or fall.

When it was urged in this case that the director was only one of ten directors, and that the others had voted for the contract, the court brushed aside the argument as immaterial.

So severe and uncompromising a rule could not meet the demands of the growing field of interrelations between corporations having, for example, common directors. Writing as referee, after his retirement from the bench, the decision in a great case involving interlocking directors, arising out of the relations of the New York Central with the Harlem Railroad Company, Judge Andrews, a former Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, said: —

> The great expansion in recent times of business corporations, the intimate relations which often exist between them, the participation in many cases of the same persons in the management of corporations, between which occasions may arise for mutual business arrangements, and the necessity of establishing a working rule which, while still protecting the interest of each corporation and its stockholders, shall not render such arrangement impracticable, have led to a modification of a stricter rule which in some earlier cases has been declared by which all contracts between corporations having common directors are voidable at the election of either.

Just what this modification should be which the courts would approve was not made clear in the decision of the court which followed Judge Andrews's decision as referee. It nevertheless was a question which required a practical answer, which the courts failed to give.

When a practical question requires an answer, however, the answer always comes. It may not be a desirable answer. It may be an answer which overlooks essential features of a situation, and represents solely the interest of one of the parties interested. The practical answer which large corporations now make to this question is to be found in a clause frequently contained in their charters: —

> Any director or officer of this corporation may contract with this corporation on behalf of himself, or on behalf of any other corporation in which he may be interested, and the fact of such interest shall not affect the validity of any contract so made.

The provisions of the charter of a corporation in which he buys stock are, of course, binding upon the stockholder. The old fiduciary principle found impracticable in the operation of holding companies with many subsidiaries, with minority stock in the hands of the public, has been thus modified in the current machinery of corporate affairs. This solution of the difficulty is somewhat extreme.

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But — why did you kick me downstairs?

To find a satisfactory intermediate ground on this matter is far from simple.

III

This common clause in corporate charters, to which I have referred, should not be misunderstood. It is not a license to steal. It does not mean that directors can do anything they please with the property of their corporation. It simply marks a recognition of the existence of a great and still-growing field in which serving two masters seems quite the practical thing to do — the servant to decide what is fair to each.

The old law, to be sure, said this could not be done at all, as it created temptations which might prove, as Judge Story so quaintly suggests, 'perhaps in many cases too strong for resistance by men of flexible morals or hackneyed in the common devices of worldly business.'

Whether this 'hackneyed' class has become entirely extinct may reasonably be doubted. Nevertheless, the corporate structure, annually growing more complicated with its increasing field of interrelations, holding-company devices, affiliations, subsidiaries, investment trust representations, nonvoting stock, and the like, has made this old rule less practical unless these new relationships are to cease entirely by some radical change in the corporate structure itself. Such a change is not likely. If, however, the demands of the corporate structure to-day create a new field of temptation, it is perhaps an unavoidable one unless this whole tendency of its growth receives some such radical revision. Perhaps the courts were too much alarmed about the fiduciary principle and the dangerous possibilities of permitting men to serve two masters. Perhaps, on the other hand, we are not sufficiently alarmed about it.

At any rate, it would seem fairly obvious that if this field of temptation for the servant serving many masters is to exist it needs safeguards about it. Just how a servant serves two or more masters should be of interest to all these masters. It is a subject on which they should have plenty of information as to the acts of their servants. Most of us need to have our morals reënforced at times by the healthy reflection that ultimately we shall have to account for what we do with other people's money and property. Particularly is this true in situations where we are not wholly disinterested and where we may have our own personal interests to advance. Ordinary trustees are bound to account in surrogate's and probate courts for all their acts with reference to trust property.

What about the machinery, then, for accountability in this new field of handling other people's property in the corporate world? The clause I have quoted, now commonly used in the charters of corporations, says in substance that the fact of the existence of divided loyalty shall not necessarily invalidate the legality of a contract made by directors having other personal or corporate interests. It means that a further element of proof is required to make such a contract void. That element is fraud or gross unfairness to one of the corporate masters badly served.

What facilities has the corporation developed for making available the facts on which the answer to this question depends, to the stockholders who are, in theory, the masters of these servants, or perhaps, more accurately, the wards of these trustees, the officers and directors of these corporations?

If the fiduciary principle itself is to be modified or shorn of effectiveness by this common clause in corporate charters to which I have referred, another principle also legally well settled in the old law also has been changed on this matter of accountability.

Here again we have a collision between the old law of the courts and the corporation on the theory and practice of accountability of directors. The old rule of the common law, years ago, declared that stockholders had a right to know, which right to know included the right to examine corporate books and records.

> Stockholders are entitled to inspect the books of the company for proper purposes, at proper times, and they are entitled to such inspection though their only object is to ascertain whether their affairs have been properly conducted by the directors or managers.
>
> Such right is necessary to their protection. To say that they have the right but it can be enforced only when they have ascertained in some way, without the books, that their affairs have been mismanaged or that their interests are in danger, is practically to void the right in the majority of cases.

The foregoing is quoted from an ancient equity case in New Jersey. The rule which it declares establishes obviously another inconvenient and impractical proposition from the standpoint of the promoters of modern corporations.

The principle of having books of account and records subject to investigation by stockholders who might have become such simply for the purpose of investigating these books for other purposes, leaving to the varying views of judges the determination of whether and on what conditions this right of inspection should be exercised, has proved objectionable.

We should not forget that corporation statutes in the United States have mainly been created for the benefit of company promoters and organizers, to furnish them facilities for organization which shall make incorporation in one state more desirable than in another. They have not been devised primarily for the protection of the individual stockholder.

To-day we are told there are 20,000,000 individual stockholders owning common stock of American corporations; but the common-law right of the stockholder to inspect the company's books, records, and papers is, under the corporate law of most of the great chartering states and under current corporate charters, almost as extinct as the great auk.

The common or garden substitute for the right to inspect books and records is the common clause of corporate charters, reënforced by state statutes, providing that it is for the directors 'to determine whether and to what extent, and at what times and places and under what conditions and regulations, the accounts and books of the corporation or any of them shall be open to the inspection of the stockholders, and no stockholder shall have any right to inspect any account or book or document of the corporation except as conferred by statute or authorized by the Board of Directors or by a resolution of the stockholders.'

The right 'conferred by statute,' as referred to in the foregoing quotation, is largely limited to simply obtaining a list of the stockholders of the company suffering perchance from a common grievance, if there be a grievance, which grievance can be ascertained only by books which may be withheld from their inspection by directors in control of the corporation itself. No citation of authority is necessary to show how practically valueless is this right. Yet, what the old New Jersey case, from which I have quoted, said is still true: —

> To say that they have the right but it can be enforced only when they have ascertained in some way, without the books, that their affairs have been mismanaged or that their interests are in danger, is practically to void the right in the majority of cases.

Once more we have an impractical court rule and an equally objectionable statutory and corporate substitute. No middle ground between these two has yet been evolved, and the corporate rule of no information to minority stockholders is in the ascendancy.

IV

The voting rights of stockholders need little discussion. Lacking information, intelligent voting is impossible. Lacking power, voting is useless for the average small stockholder. The main effect of the proxy is not to assert rights but to waive them.

There are exceptional conditions to which the foregoing does not apply, but these exceptional conditions are too rare to require consideration here. The voting rights of the stockholder are normally of substantially no value except to those exercising control or representing stock in such large quantities as to require at least respectful consideration from those in control.

The average stockholder is quite conscious that his voting rights are of negligible importance. Even if this were not true, there is another marked tendency in corporate organization, that of centralizing voting rights in small groups. The Stock Exchange authorities took vigorous action to prevent one aspect of this growth in connection with the 'A' and 'B' stock of Dodge Brothers, by which the bankers practically reserved to themselves control of the business operations of an enormous corporation, a control which the Stock Exchange authorities felt to be undesirable, as it involved responsibility which bankers, as such, are incapable of exercising wisely.

In other fields, however, this process of eliminating voting rights of the stockholder has gone on unchecked. Little has yet been done to regulate so-called 'investment trusts' which during the past few years have proved so attractive to so many investors. On April 1 of this year, there were reported two hundred and seventy of these so-called investment trusts handling over four and one-half billion dollars of other people's money and controlled in large part by bankers who, by a modest investment of their own money, have obtained voting control over this vast amount of investment money — a control which has been too frequently exercised by the bankers in selling to the investment trusts which they operate securities which they themselves have issued. The tendency to consolidate control in organizations of this kind over the vast amount of sound securities available for investment goes on apace.

To-day we are told that, out of nine billion dollars' worth of railroad stocks now outstanding, all but two billion dollars' worth are held by corporate stockholders, insurance companies, investment trusts, and the like, rather than by individuals. How much this tendency has been accelerated by the feeling of helplessness of the average stockholder as to his own incapacity to watch over his own money, it is, of course, impossible to say.

The danger point in modern capitalism in America is the breaking down of the practical effectiveness of the fiduciary principle through the failure to evolve adequate methods of applying it in the supremely important field of corporate finance, and in a period characterized by an enormous increase in the general and highly lucrative business of handling other people's money. The breaking down of that principle appears largely in the practical inability of the average man to find out just what is being done with his money, through the increasing complexity of the corporate structure and through the chilling repulses with which his desire for knowledge has been met by state statutes, constructed particularly to facilitate the promoters' desire for secrecy and power.

Investment is becoming more and more an act of faith. Human nature has not made extraordinary advances, so far as anyone knows, in its capacity to resist temptation. Yet, no thinking person can doubt that the field for temptation in the higher reaches of the corporate world has been enlarged to enormous proportions.

What we are slowly coming to is American finance is the system of old China. The Chinese merchant knew h could not go to court for redress from his debtor. China has no lawyers. Having no other protection against dishonesty, the Chinese merchant developed a system of not trusting anybody he did not know was honest. No business man whose word was not good, who did not pay his debts and meet his obligations, could continue in Chinese business, which required a continued and unvarying reputation for probity.

We are to-day, in America, approaching a new age of faith, in which the individual, in an era of corporations, super-corporations, giant banks, and investment trusts, is driven to rely mainly on his faith in the character of those with whom he deals, to whom he entrusts his savings, and who control the destinies of the corporations in which he invests. Whether this represents a step forward or a step backward remains to be seen.

The changes which the large corporate organizations have brought about in the general conditions under which modern business is conducted have been on the whole exceedingly useful in improving the quality of our business morals.

Some of these improvements, particularly in relation to honesty of dealing between the great corporation and the public, were pointed out by Owen D. Young in an interesting address some years ago. Honest goods, honestly represented and honestly sold, are the rule rather than the exception in the world of big business. Those grafting and dishonest methods which might be possible in small concerns are not practical on a wide scale in a great corporate organization, because the profits in crooked accounts and dishonest goods would speedily disappear in the grafting and dishonesty generated within the organization itself. It would be practically impossible to create an organization with thousands of employees who would be dishonest to the buying public and honest to the company by which they were employed. Too many crooks spoil the broth.

Successful schemes for large-scale dishonesty obviously must be confined to small groups for their operation. The sugar frauds, for example, in the exposure of which Secretary Stimson did such excellent work years ago, were of this character.

One of the great contributions of the large business corporation to the quality of our business morals is that it keeps the rank and file in big business on a high standard of honesty as well as of efficiency. The field of business in which the edges of honesty begin to blur is a smaller and more select one, and nearer the top. The whole corporate organization is articulated to keep dishonesty in the rank and file at a minimum. Personnel departments, auditors, expert accountants, inspectors, investigators, form but a small part of this prophylactic system of preserving the gums of big business.

The temptations incidental to the intangible and far-away stockholder, who puts his proxy in the wastebasket and who never attends an annual meeting, are temptations which have no existence with the rank and file of the corporations' employees. So far as the average employee is concerned, his employer is not intangible but real, a person higher in rank than himself who in turn is responsible to one superior to himself. The corporate executives are chosen not only for their efficiency but for the quality and character of their industrial leadership. The corporate structure builds up like a mountain. It has a broad base, basking in the sunshine. It rises gradually higher and higher to a peak lost in the clouds, where, except when occasionally a Teapot Dome is illumined by some flash of investigating lightning, the struggle of primitive contending forces is visible only to God.

Some of us still read Macaulay. Those of us who have given up this good habit at least can remember the early thrill of his two great essays in which he gives to us, with such amazing thoroughness, pictures of the great nabobs, Hastings and Clive, and of the memorable trials of these empire builders in the House of Commons. Every schoolboy used to know these trials, particularly that of Hastings, and he memorized as his graduating oration, perhaps, Burke's marvelous opening address for the prosecution. Clive's case is not so familiar, except for one sentence, which contains one of the most human defenses ever interposed by a great offender at the bar of public opinion.

Macaulay gives it to us in its proper setting. Clive had been describing, he said, in vivid language the situation in which his victory had placed him. A great Prince dependent upon his favor; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smile; coffers filled with gold and thrown open to him alone. 'By God, Mr. Chairman,' he exclaimed, 'at this moment I stand amazed at my own moderation.' Neither innocence nor effrontery could have devised a more interesting theory of self-defense. If it were true, and the English people apparently considered it to be the case, that the servants of the John Company were exposed to temptation greater than human nature could bear, punishment of one of them, even Clive, could be only an inadequate solution, and the great East India Company passed from private hands.

Clive's defense is something more than an exclamation of a harassed, self-pitying nabob of a century and a half ago. There is a fundamental difficulty in any system of law under which conditions like those which confronted him could exist and from which like temptations could arise. It is with some of the Clive conditions in a more prosaic corporate world, far removed from Indian Princes and the jewels of the East, that this paper deals; with a concentration of opportunity and a consequent undue strain on honesty which far exceed those which confronted Clive. That with which we have to deal is the immense growth, in a relatively short period of time, in the business of handling other people's money.

It is not merely other people's money. It is for the most part unwatched, or inadequately watched, other people's money. It is the concentration of control over the most profitable aspects of American business in the hands of a group continuously growing smaller, in which opportunities and temptations constantly grow larger.

V

As I have said, the corporation laws in the past almost uniformly have been made to encourage promoters and financiers to use one state rather than another for incorporation purposes.

This means, of course, a very considerable revenue to a state whose laws are favorable to such interests. We are now in a new phase of capitalism. We have had, since the war, an enormous increase in the direct participation of small investors in common stock, largely of American corporations. Nothing like it ever has happened in the world. If it be true that we have in America, some 20,000,000 persons who have invested their savings in American industrial corporations, this fact should make advisable a reconsideration of the safety features of the corporate structure. This programme of participation is in many ways thrilling. A vast number of great corporations have arranged for employee ownership of stock in their companies to ensure additional enthusiasm of the employee in his own work by increasing his personal interest in its operation, of which he and his savings form a part. Consumer ownership and public ownership programmes have still further enlarged this field of small stockholder investment in the corporate field. It is highly important from the standpoint of the nation itself that this participation should prove satisfactory, that the corporate structure should be such as to make these investments quite safe.

At the same time that this programme has steadily proceeded, we also have had an enormous increase in concentration of financial control of American industries by the concentration in relatively small hands of the control of credit. When the Pujo investigation of banks was made years ago, we refused to be alarmed sufficiently at the concentration of credit then obtained by the interlocking of directors of financial groups. Nothing was done to stop this concentration, which has become more extreme during the past few years by the merger of banks into enormous banking systems — a concentration which in other fields, and with banking assistance, has resulted in great mergers in the industrial and public utility fields.

It would be highly undesirable if the

good features of modern capitalism, the participation of millions of our people in the fruitful field of corporate investment, should prove disappointing to them. American capitalism is on trial to-day in a new way and must meet the tests of new conditions. It is highly advisable that we should see those conditions, and that those of us who believe that on the whole, with all its defects, the system is far superior to any other elsewhere existing should take the steps necessary to safeguard it and improve it where dangers exist.

It is easy to indulge in muckraking. It would be, of course, a very simple matter to point out cases to illustrate the extent to which opportunities for monetary success without service have increased through defects in the corporate structure. I have refrained from giving these illustrations for several reasons. In the first place, muckraking does not interest me. Moreover, the great statesmanship in America is to be found to-day in its business and industrial life rather than in the world of our politics. We have never had a larger group of industrial statesmen in the wider reaches of our business affairs, a greater number of men of high character, sound judgment, and wide vision, exercising power in an enormous range of usefulness, whose standards of honor are such as to entitle them to the confidence which they receive. The great change in the attitude of our people toward big business, our willingness to permit large unit groups, to allow the growth of great corporations, is due mainly to the public confidence in the effective leadership of men of this class — a confidence which it would be a serious misfortune to disturb or destroy by any confusion created in the public mind between this group and those who exercise, in the same field, without substantial service, the opportunities to which I have referred.

An additional reason for avoiding anything resembling the muckraking point of view on the subject is that I am also conscious that the exercise of many of the opportunities which the rich field of handling other people's money offers to a small class of favored individuals in corporations involves neither crime, fraud, nor anything with which the law can deal in any event.

Take an illustration: Here are a couple of large corporations. There is a merger in sight, and a stock-marketing movement to follow. What is more natural than the use by insiders of advance information? Why not? Is there anything illegal about it? The existence of the opportunity makes the temptation, and there is no law conceivable by which the use of these opportunities can be prevented. They are to-day more or less inherent in the system itself. The question of whether or not such opportunities shall be exercised becomes a matter of personal ideas of good taste on the part of those to whom the opportunities come.

So, we have an intangible field of honor applicable at the top of the corporate structure as a substitute for the law which appears at the bottom.

Knowledge, as the copy book used to say, is power. No system of law can be devised which shall make this maxim ineffective.

How can we modernize the corporate structure so that these opportunities shall have some more direct bearing upon the service and the rewards for work?

How can we revitalize the fiduciary principle so that in the vast field of corporate organization and operation rules can be adopted consistent with the democratization of corporate industry? The best answer to Communism is not extirpating Reds or denouncing Bolshevism, but cleaning house.

PRELUDE

Watch long enough, and you will see the leaf
Fall from the bough. Without a sound it falls:
And soundless meets the grass. . . . And so you have
A bare bough, and a dead leaf in dead grass.
Something has come and gone. And that is all.

But what were all the tumults in this action?
What wars of atoms in the twig, what ruins,
Fiery and disastrous, in the leaf?
Timeless the tumult was, but gave no sign.
Only, the leaf fell, and the bough is bare.

This is the world: there is no more than this.
The unseen and portentous prelude, shaking
The trivial act from the terrific action.
Speak: and the ghosts of change, past and to come,
Throng the brief word. The maelstrom has us all.

Conrad Aiken

THE TREND AWAY FROM PERPETUITIES

BY JULIUS ROSENWALD

I

For many years I have been convinced that it is wasteful to tie up money in perpetual trusts and that these trusts are often actually harmful in their influence. In May 1929, the *Atlantic Monthly* published an article by me on this subject. Since that time the movement away from perpetuities has made great progress. Several new trusts have been created with the stipulation that principal as well as income must be spent within a generation, trustees of existing endowments have begun to free themselves from legal restrictions as to the use of capital, and hundreds of people have written that they fully share my views as to the desirability of leaving trust funds free for use as from time to time they may be needed.

Some present readers may recall the previous article in the *Atlantic*. I sought first to show that perpetuities for specific objects are a mistake because times change and with them needs and circumstances change. I did not anticipate any serious opposition on that point because the evidence is too overwhelming to admit of doubt. The dead hand has been proved, time after time, to be a hindrance, if not indeed a menace, to the progress of mankind. A dozen or so instances were cited by way of proof. Hundreds might have been mentioned. I went further and criticized not only perpetual trusts for special causes but also perpetuities of any sort, however general their purposes. I made a plea for conferring upon trustees the right, if not the duty, to use a part of the principal as well as the income of funds in their care, should occasions arise which, in their judgment, warranted the additional expenditure. This is a somewhat advanced position, and I expected that it would meet opposition in many quarters.

I was pleasantly surprised by the chorus of Amens. I cannot quote them all, but a few of the letters will suggest the others.

Dr. George E. Vincent, for many years President of the Rockefeller Foundation, has probably had as much experience in the handling of large philanthropic funds as any man now living. He writes: —

The Rockefeller Foundation
61 Broadway, New York

June 19, 1929

My dear Mr. Rosenwald:

Mr. Embree has told me that you would like to have me comment upon your article in the May 'Atlantic.' I have just reread this and here are my comments in succinct form:

1. As to specific permanent endowments, there can be no question. The case against them has been proved over and over again.

2. You are unquestionably right about permanent endowments even for philanthropic purposes with the widest discretion granted to the trustees. Power to spend not only interest but principal should be given to those who hold and administer such funds. This ought to apply also to the community trusts which are being organized in a number of our cities.

3. As to educational institutions, I have in the past been a little in doubt. It has seemed to me that the maintenance of colleges and universities ought to be ensured by having a large part of their activities cared for by permanent endowment. I have thought that such a central core of endowment might be usefully supplemented by such gifts as you have been making which give the trustees greater opportunities to deal with special emergencies and unforeseen needs. I have thought that both kinds of gifts would together make a very useful combination.

On further reflection I think I realize that this conservative feeling is traceable to my long experience in university work. It is very hard to escape the bias of any particular kind of activity. More recently I have come to the conclusion that your philosophy is essentially sound. After all, if trustees make unwise investments in funds there is no way of avoiding loss. A trust in perpetuity cannot ensure perpetuity unless there is sound and conservative business management available.

One sees in the same way that if trustees are wise they can use their wisdom in administering funds which are not legally restricted. If an institution can secure sound leadership and the right sort of trustees, it is safe under the plan you propose. Lacking these conditions, nothing can protect it against decay and disaster.

So a little belatedly, but none the less heartily, I find myself in complete accord with your views on the subject of endowments in perpetuity.

Yours sincerely,
George E. Vincent

Many others wrote briefer comments in the same general vein. The following excerpts are selected almost at random from files of hundreds of letters from persons who are in positions of great responsibility in connection with endowments. Here, for example, is a note from Dr. John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton University: 'I might add that it [the article] has been a help to me in bringing to the attention of our Finance Committee several items of our budget which should be provided for from our endowed funds, rather than from the annual income of the same.'

And this is from Thomas Cochran, of J. P. Morgan and Company, New York: 'It [the article] has changed my conception of how I ought to handle a substantial gift that I am planning to make in the near future. Thus, I am indebted to you.'

Albert Britt, President of Knox College, says: 'There is something extremely stimulating in your belief that each generation will and must care for its own problems. And this is more an opportunity than a burden. Conditions change so fast in our American life that we must plan broadly rather than particularly for the long future, and the more we confer upon our children the right of responsibility in solving their own problems, the more we shall benefit.'

And here speaks Mr. Lewis E. Pierson, chairman of the board of the Irving Trust Company, New York: 'Ordinarily when we hear of a public benefaction we visualize something perfect or nearly so. You have made it clear that excellent intention is only part of a perfect gift and that it is possible for the best-intended public giving to result in harm instead of benefit.'

This comes from a fellow townsman, Mr. E. J. Buffington, the president of the Illinois Steel Company: 'I heartily agree with your thought that the wisdom and goodness of men in the future may be relied upon for correct administration of endowment funds, and that it is wise and safe of donors to rely upon the judgment and character of trustees rather than the stipulation of fixed rules to govern in perpetuity.'

A letter from Mr. S. Stanwood Menken is especially gratifying, since it reports not only conviction but aggressive action. This distinguished member of the New York Bar writes: 'From my experience in drawing wills, I heartily concur in all your conclusions — so thoroughly, in fact, that I am writing to a client of mine who has just made a trust of five million dollars, sending him your pamphlet and urging him to take a lesson from your wide experience.'

It would be possible to go on quoting from these letters for pages, but space forbids. These few must stand for the rest.

II

Even more impressive than opinions are a number of recent actions which show the trend away from perpetuities. In my previous paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, it will be remembered that I called attention to the fact that in the case of the foundation which I had established I had stipulated that the entire fund must be expended, both capital and income, within a period of twenty-five years of the time of my death.

A number of the older foundations permit trustees to spend capital as well as income. This is true of all of the foundations established by Mr. Rockefeller. As a matter of fact, in addition to expending all of the income year by year, more than $100,000,000 of principal has been expended by the several Rockefeller boards. The reports of these foundations indicate that in recent years greater and greater amounts of the capital funds are being expended. Evidently the Rockefeller trustees are convinced that funds need not be preserved for possible future generations, but may best be used when promising opportunities are found for social betterment and while ideas and enthusiasm are fresh. The Commonwealth Fund, established by the late Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness, is also using principal as well as income, and the hope has been expressed that the entire fund will be expended within a generation.

Equally significant are the tendencies of boards of trustees of university endowments and other trust funds to free themselves from limitations, not only as to specific objects to which funds may be given, but also from the necessity of holding their funds in perpetuity even under the most general conditions.

The Association of Near East Colleges has set an example in raising funds for working capital rather than permanent endowment. In the recent campaign for a total of $15,000,000 of endowment for the five Near East Colleges in this association, I offered to make a contribution to Beirut University if my gift could be made a part of a temporary endowment rather than a perpetuity. The trustees of this university were attracted by the idea and immediately designated the larger part of their endowment as a temporary fund. The trustees of Robert College and Constantinople College for Women, after considering the matter, were convinced that it was wise to follow the same course of action, and use a part of the endowment each year for the present pressing needs of these colleges.

The provision in all these cases is not only that the trustees shall have the privilege of spending a part of the capital of this temporary endowment each year, but that they must set aside at least a small part of the capital either for current uses or for a reserve for future needs. The formal votes of the Board of Trustees of the American University of Beirut which embody these principles were adopted April 2, 1929, as follows: —

> That every possible effort be made by the Trustees to bring up the endowment fund

of the American University of Beirut to $4,500,000 by July 1st, 1929, and that $3,000,000 of this amount be placed in a temporary endowment and $1,500,000 into a permanent endowment.

That the Trustees of the University have the privilege not only of spending the income on the temporary endowment from year to year, but also may and will set aside from the principal not less than 2 per cent and not more than 5 per cent each year. These sums taken annually from the principal are to be used at the discretion of the Trustees either for the current expenses of the University for that year or placed in a reserve fund to be drawn upon from time to time for buildings, increase in salaries, pensions, development of new departments, or some unforeseen need.

It will be noticed that a part of the capital is still held as a permanent trust. This was necessary because certain bequests and donations had already been accepted as perpetuities. The larger part, however, of the funds has been placed in the temporary endowment.

The argument for not tying up funds in perpetuity is particularly strong in the case of these American-controlled institutions in foreign countries. Who can tell what the situation in the Near East will be in another hundred years, or even in twenty-five years? Political conditions may be such that it will be undesirable or even impossible for foreign institutions to continue in these countries. In such a case how unfortunate it would be to have $15,000,000 tied up in perpetual endowments which could not serve their designated objects and in consequence might be debarred from serving any useful purpose.

Somewhat similar considerations bear upon Negro colleges and universities which have been established in a number of Southern states, largely from private gifts. The changes in the condition of the Negro have been so rapid since the Civil War that it is almost impossible to follow them, let alone forecast them. Migration has removed two millions of the Negroes to the North. Meanwhile the Southern states are making increasingly liberal appropriations for the support of Negro education in the form of both public schools and Negro state colleges. In view of the swift changes in Negro conditions, it seems foolhardy to tie up in perpetuity funds for any particular Negro institution, however valuable its work may be at the moment. In fact, the crying demands of Negro schools and colleges are reasons for throwing all available resources into these present needs and leaving to coming generations the meeting of future requirements, which are certain to be different from those of to-day.

With such considerations in mind a number of Negro institutions, including Morehouse and Spelman Colleges in Atlanta and Lincoln University in Pennsylvania, have recently accepted endowment funds not as perpetuities but as working capital under essentially the same provisions as those adopted by the Near East Colleges. At the same time increasing support is being given to all Negro education on the basis of current gifts and public appropriations, as in the case of Howard University, Washington, D. C., the several state agricultural and normal colleges for Negroes, and an increasing number of private institutions.

It is also hazardous to endow in perpetuity agencies for social welfare. However fully an organization may be meeting current social needs, conditions change so rapidly that there is no guarantee that exactly the same requirements will hold for future generations. In fact, it is a certainty that these conditions will not persist. In my earlier paper I called attention to a number of examples of charities which met the needs of their time but have now ceased to have any meaning whatever. I cited the Bryan Mullanphy Fund, established in 1851 for 'worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West'; the endowments set up by Benjamin Franklin for the training of apprentices in Boston and for a water supply in Philadelphia; endowments for orphan asylums — an outworn form of child care. I might have mentioned the trust funds established for education in Liberia, where one hundred years ago it was expected that American Negroes would colonize in large numbers, and innumerable other examples familiar to anyone who turns the pages of social records.

Yet all of these causes seemed as enduring in their time as public-health nursing or settlement houses do in ours. As unusually fine examples of institutions which are serving current needs might be mentioned Hull House in Chicago and the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service in New York. These agencies have been built up in response to pressing demands through the vision and resourcefulness of two remarkable women, Miss Jane Addams and Miss Lillian Wald. There can be no question about the value of their service to-day. Yet we may be certain that conditions are changing and that the acute social need of to-morrow will be different from that of to-day and will doubtless call for a new kind of agency to meet it. The splendid service that Hull House and Henry Street are giving under their present leaders is the strongest argument for putting all the resources they can obtain into their present activities.

An example of an important private agency which has agreed to use its funds currently rather than as a perpetual trust is the National Institute of Public Administration, an organization with headquarters in New York City which is helping to analyze and improve various functions of government. In replying to a suggestion in this connection, Raymond B. Fosdick, a trustee of the several Rockefeller boards and an active director of the National Institute, wrote as follows: —

> I am delighted, too, with your idea of setting up at least $900,000 of the $1,500,000 to be raised on the basis of a temporary endowment rather than in perpetuity. This is a forward-looking step which I hope will be widely followed in connection with other gifts and other institutions. Your continued emphasis on this matter is bound to liberalize the whole character of American philanthropy, and so far as the National Institute of Public Administration is concerned, we shall gladly adopt your condition.

For a number of years the University of Chicago has been urged not to tie up in perpetual endowments those funds which are given without restrictions, but rather to hold as large a part as possible of such resources for use at any time when needs arise. The University has recently decided to follow this course and the trustees have adopted the following vote: —

> Conditions and restrictions specifically imposed by donors or testators will always be scrupulously observed by the University, but where no limitations of any character either expressed or implied have been placed upon the use of the gift, we believe that it is not only permissible but that it may be considered the definite duty of the Trustees to devote such unrestricted funds, both principal and income, to such purposes as in their judgment shall best serve the needs of the institution.

In view of the fact that the giving by the Rockefeller family and the Rockefeller boards has been conspicuous not only for its magnitude but no less for the wisdom with which the causes and institutions have been selected, it is gratifying to see that the influence of these givers is being thrown toward current use of funds and away from perpetual trusts. The elder Mr. Rockefeller continues to be a model in keeping his donations free from petty restrictions. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has made many of his recent gifts with the formal understanding that after twenty-five years the trustees of the given institution may use the funds, both capital and income, for whatever purpose may then seem most desirable.

Two of the newest foundations have gone further than any of their predecessors in insisting upon current use of funds.

One of these is the Falk Foundation. The donor, Mr. Maurice Falk of Pittsburgh, has authorized the board to spend any or all of the fund of $10,000,000, principal as well as interest, within thirty-five years.

Another example was provided by Senator James Couzens of Michigan, who established in 1929 a fund of $10,000,000 'to promote the health, welfare, happiness and development of the children of Michigan primarily and elsewhere in the world.' He has stipulated that the entire fund, capital and income, be spent within twenty-five years.

When I congratulated Senator Couzens on this act he smiled and said, 'You see, I have gone you one better. You said that your fund must be expended within twenty-five years of some remote day when you die; I require my fund to be used up within twenty-five years of to-day.'

To make sure beyond any doubt that the instructions of Senator Couzens will be carried out, actuaries have been employed to determine just how much must be distributed each year to exhaust the funds in a quarter of a century. As a result of these computations the trustees of this fund now know that they must spend $700,000 a year to achieve this object, and newspapers report their decision to proceed to disburse the funds at not less than this rate.

In all, $17,500,000 will be expended. The total may seem unduly high to those inexperienced in such computations. The explanation lies, of course, in the comparatively small demands on the capital in the first years. At 5 per cent, for example, the fund in its first year will yield $500,000 in interest, requiring only an additional $200,000 of the capital to meet the budget. The next year the income from interest will be only slightly less, $490,000, requiring only $210,000 reduction in the capital. The reduction of capital, of course, will be gradually speeded up until, in the last years, the expenditure will be almost entirely from capital, and interest will become the negligible factor.

We need not become unduly alarmed at the thought that the whole fund will be exhausted. Long before that day, other donors no doubt will have provided ample sums for future work. And meanwhile a vigorous administration can be expected to accomplish more for humanity with the increased sums at its disposal than could be expected in generations of spending in smaller amounts by men unacquainted with the donor. Such trustees who have not caught the donor's enthusiasm and his will to achieve decisive results are more than likely to take as much interest in conserving the capital as in finding the best uses for it.

III

These instances (practically all of them occurring within the past year or two) are remarkable evidence of the growing conviction that it is unwise to try to set up endowments in perpetuity. The fact that donors and trustees are coming to recognize the objections to perpetual trusts is encouraging evidence that the human race can learn from past experience.

As a matter of fact, it is not only unwise to create a perpetuity — it is impossible. There is evidence that the Egyptians attempted to set up perpetual trusts. In Greece and Rome endowments were apparently as common as they are to-day. All these carefully laid plans for perpetuities, needless to say, have crumbled to dust. They have succumbed to conquest, confiscation, expropriation, and the decline in the purchasing power of money, to mention only the more conspicuous causes of decay.

One of the earliest historical records of foundations, I am told, was a perpetuity set up in Greece in support of the Delphic Oracle. This endowment was established during the fifth century B.C. and entrusted to the administration of eight trustees whose successors were to be chosen under careful legal provision for all the rest of time. Does anyone to-day think that the Delphic Oracle would be worth supporting? Yet probably no one now believes in university education or public health more ardently than the Greeks only twenty-five hundred years ago believed in this Oracle. It is as impossible for us to judge the needs and wants of the future as it was for the Greeks to do so.

Perpetuity means not a thousand years or a million years, but eternity. No one in the history of the world has been able to establish a trust which has endured even for a thousand years. The word, in the sense in which it is employed by donors in making gifts or by lawyers in drafting wills, is simply the expression of a fond hope.

The very idea of a perpetual trust is strange and abnormal. It may have originated from the desire of men to gain favor in the world to come. 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven' is a command that has been taken literally by many people, who wished to have their good deeds made a matter of perpetual record on earth and thus a source of eternal credit in Heaven. In a somewhat similar spirit the old Chaldean and Egyptian kings left wealth to colleges of priests who were to tend their tombs for all time and provide food for the departed spirits. In many countries trusts have been left to ensure perpetual prayers for the donor. There is also doubtless the desire to be remembered endlessly on earth as well as to gain favor in Heaven. Surely no one to-day would condone perpetuities established because of such purely selfish motives.

The obstructions to social progress that may come from perpetual trusts, at least as they apply to individual beneficiaries, have been recognized in law. The old common-law rule, which applies in most states of this country, prohibits the establishment of beneficiary trusts set up for more than twenty-one years beyond the life or lives of persons in being at the time the trust is created. The New York State law is even more rigid and prohibits the setting up of a personal fund to continue beyond the lives of any two designated persons living at the time of the creation of the trust.

Other legal devices have grown up to protect society from the ill-advised stipulations of donors. The principle known to lawyers as the cy-pres doctrine provides that, when an endowment can no longer be used for the specific cause designated in the will or deed of gift, the courts under certain conditions may transfer its use to other objects as nearly as possible in line with the original purpose. This principle serves as a safety valve in flagrant cases of out-moded charities. The difficulty is that very seldom is any group interested enough to take the time and trouble necessary for court action to revise the terms of the gift. In fact often the only parties directly interested are trust companies or salaried officers who are benefiting from the existing terms of the trust, however obsolete they may be. Under these conditions untold millions are tied up in the support of perfunctory services some of which actually retard progress. Instances in point are endowments of religious bodies no longer active, of orphan asylums which obstruct modern ideas of child care, and charity hospitals which, however beneficial in times past, now tend to retard the development of self-supporting organizations for medical care which offer proper compensation to the physician and self-respect to the patient.

A striking example of the inflexibility of perpetual trusts was the refusal of the courts a few years ago to allow the McKay bequest to Harvard to be used in a proposed consolidation of resources and activities of the Lawrence Scientific School and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Although this union was desired by the trustees of both institutions and seemed clearly to be in the public interest, the courts ruled that since funds had been given to Harvard they must forever be held and administered solely by the trustees of that specific corporation, rather than in a great coöperative effort in the Boston area. Following is an excerpt from the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court: —

> It may be assumed also that a coöperative plan like that proposed would be advantageous to both of these great institutions by creating one school of applied science of the highest efficiency, with economy in expenditure and effort, to take the place of two competitive schools. But so far as the agreement attempts to dispose of the income of the McKay gift, the controlling question is whether it is authorized by the terms and conditions of the trust upon which the gift was made and accepted. The income of the McKay endowment must be administered according to the intention of the founder, Gordon McKay, even though it be at variance with our views of policy or expediency.

This case brought vividly before the educational world the power of the dead hand, expressed in a perpetual trust, to block change and reorganization even when these are recognized to be desirable.

The real contributions of philanthropy are not so much in money alone as in the support of new ideas or agencies which may prove to have great social value. Hospitals were built and in part endowed during the Middle Ages. The Hôtel-Dieu in Paris was founded more than a thousand years ago. St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London recently celebrated its eight-hundredth anniversary. These institutions have been continued not because of their initial endowments, for these were insignificant. They were recognized to be meeting a human need, and this recognition has been expressed in financial support generation after generation.

The ancient seats of learning abroad and in this country similarly have been kept alive, not because of their initial endowments, but because of their continued usefulness. In 1638 John Harvard left £750 and a library of 300 volumes to the college which now bears his name. The college in New Haven was named for Governor Elihu Yale in gratitude for an endowment of a few hundred books and about £600 in cash. Can anyone pretend that these original endowments of Harvard and Yale are responsible for the continuation of these universities throughout the centuries? The funds originally contributed simply made possible the experiments. The work has continued and expanded because of its support in every generation.

It is often said that the great contribution made by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford was not so much to the institution which bears the name of their son as to the University of California, which, under the stimulus of the founding of Stanford University, has received greatly increased support from the State. To-day the appropriations of the State of California to its own institutions of higher learning are each year larger than the entire initial gift for the endowment of Stanford.

Similarly Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to the University of Chicago were valuable not only in themselves and to that university, but even more for the funds which were indirectly released for universities in neighboring states because of the high standards and leadership maintained in the Mid-West area by the University of Chicago.

Real endowments are not money, but ideas. Desirable and feasible ideas are of much more value than money, and when their usefulness has once been established they may be expected to receive ready support as long as they justify themselves. We may be confident that if a public need is clearly demonstrated, and a practicable way of meeting that need is shown, society will take care of it in the future.

THE ATTAINMENT OF TEMPERANCE

BY LORD DAWSON OF PENN

I

It is common ground that some public control of the sale of alcoholic beverages is needed, with a view to securing moderation in consumption, and proper standards of quality and strength. The problem has been attacked by legislatures in various ways, including the method of prohibition, which in some instances has been abandoned as a failure. The abandonment of prohibition has resulted from the realization that legislative restraints which exceed the sanctions of public opinion are unsuccessful, are regarded as tyrannies, and thereby create reactions contrary to the public weal. That legislation which first regards public opinion, and then guides it, gets farthest.

England is a striking example of a country which is becoming notably and progressingly temperate, and this through the education and enlightenment of the people as much as, if not more than, through administrative control. Drunkenness is seldom seen; it is condemned in all classes, and the offender soon knows it. Although a restriction is placed on hours of sale, there is not the special control as in Canada of the sale of spirits. During the period 1924–29 the drop in the consumption of spirits was 58 per cent, of beer 28 per cent, while the importation of wines increased 34 per cent. These figures hold despite an increasing population. Recently statistics of the consumption of alcohol were gathered at three large, fully licensed refreshment houses, where people congregate not only to take refreshment but to converse. These houses serve together an average of 40,000 such persons a day. The average estimates of these three houses per day showed that 82 per cent of the customers took no alcohol, and, of the 18 per cent who did, the large majority drank beer or light wine. These are notable figures, and are in some measure accounted for by the excellent surroundings afforded by the houses in question.

Now this does not mean that the 82 per cent who took no alcohol are total abstainers; far from it. It shows rather that a large proportion of the customers were not availing themselves on that particular occasion of the opportunity to take wine or beer. They were not making the good things of life commonplace by the monotony of too frequent repetition. In England, to promote temperance further, the 'public house' should be replaced by establishments incorporating all that the 'hostelry' used to stand for. There are such hostelries in London serving many millions of persons annually, and inquiry would show that in them the sale of alcoholic drinks amounts to less than 8 per cent of the general trade.

Is there not in the figures I have been citing a lesson for the statesman? Encourage the conditions which give such good results and such useful instruction in the art of living. Persuasion and guidance are the essence of leadership. Governments should lead often, and coerce seldom.

Some provinces of Canada have tried and abandoned prohibition, which widens and misdirects the consumption of alcohol, and, by causing that consumption to be clandestine, favors the stronger drinks and the creeping in of dangerous impurities. Even now, except in Quebec, the regulations are faulty in that their operation favors drinking apart from eating, the consumption of spirits rather than of wine, and do not secure sufficient supervision over that great desideratum of quality which is a most important factor in the promotion of temperance.

II

I would not have it thought that in my opinion alcohol is a necessity of every man's existence. Many men are better or equally well without it, just as there are men better without meat, and others better without, say, sweets or cigarettes. Teetotalers please note this. It is agreed that the child and the adolescent should not take alcohol. Alcohol is not a necessity of existence, but an attribute of the art of living, and, taking man as a social being, it can add in a unique way to his health and content. I submit that to say that because alcohol is used in excess by some it should be abandoned by all is unsound reasoning. The general application of this argument would lead us to negation and gloom. Because some love too well rather than wisely, are we to cease our worship of Venus? Because speech sometimes maddens us, are we to ordain silence?

It is true that alcohol is a food. It provides energy, and does not require digestion. It can in a measure replace fats and carbohydrates, but to be told that one ounce of alcohol is the equivalent of one ounce of butter leaves a man cold.

We take alcohol because it adds to the relish and aids the digestion of our food when we are weary with the day's strivings. 'Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities,' says Saint Paul. Alcohol gets the mind out of the groove left by concentration on the day's work and helps it to roam over pastures new, brightens the outlook, brings cheerfulness and content, and aids preparation for the next day's duties. It further rids the sensitive man of his inhibitions, and sets his mind and tongue free. How well our forefathers understood this! Listen to what the Water Poet, John Taylor, of the early seventeenth century, says of beer: —

'It is fragrant to the scent; it is most pleasant to the taste; the flowing and mantling of it with the verdant smile of it, is delightful to the sight; it is touching or feeling to the braine and heart; and to please the senses all, it provokes men to singing and mirth, which is contenting to the hearing. The speedy taking of it dothe comfort the heavy and troubled minde.'

The alcohol taken into the body is burned up, and at a certain rate. Until it is burned up it resides in the blood. If the blood constantly contains alcohol, the tissues and therefore the health of the body deteriorate. *What emerges?* That the drinking of alcohol must not be frequently repeated, that it must not be taken strong, and that it must be free of deleterious impurities so rife in prohibition countries. Little and good is the watchword — and the reason for emphasis on the good is that good beers and wines, and especially wines, owe their virtues not only to their alcoholic content, but to those subtle 'compound ethers' which, though imponderable, exert so notable an influence. A glass of claret, of hock, of beer — give the equivalent of each in pure alcohol correspondingly diluted, and does it produce the same effect? By no means. It is the subtle content, the charm, that gives each its own quality. To talk of substitutes for the juice of the grape is an impiety. As well replace the flowers of your garden and their radiance by the productions of the factories. Seek, then, that discernment of quality which requires moderation in quantity and choice of occasion. That is why the lighter wines are so worth the cultivating.

III

Our ancestors up to the sixteenth century understood this admirably. All classes drank home-brewed ale, and the lighter wines of France, and enjoyed their frolic and fun in Merrie England. Though at times they dropped into excess, it was not by intention, and the act was unhonored. The same was true in Elizabeth's time. The habits of the humbler people were well described in such words as these: 'And now and then surffetting and drunkennesse, which they rather fall into for want of heed-taking than wilfullie following or delighting in those errours of set mind and purpose . . . they take it generallie as no small disgrace if they happen to be cupshotten.'

The following tribute by Lemmius, a foreign observer, who wrote in 1560, is worthy of notice: —

'At their tables, althoughe they be very sumptuous, and love to have good fare, yet neyther use they to overcharge themselves with excesse of drincke, neyther thereto greatly provoke and urge others, but suffer every man to drincke in such measure as best pleaseth hymselfe; which drinck being eyther Ale or Beere, most pleasaunte in taste and holsomely relised, they fetch not from foreine places, but have it amonge themselves brewed.'

A different picture is shown by the following from an old record giving the charges for the diet of Mary Queen of Scots at Tutbury and elsewhere: 'For ale bought at dyverse pryces 1148 gallons at 9d the gallon.' One can only conclude that the guard were numerous and thirsty!

I cannot resist quoting also from 'A new boke of the natures and properties of all wines that are commonly used in England,' by William Turner in 1568, a volume with which Shakespeare was probably familiar: —

'Seeing that Almighty God, our Heavenly Father hath given thee this noble creature of Wine, so many way profitable for our bodies and minds, thank Him with all thy heart, not only for it, but also for that He hath sent learned physicians to tell thee how, in what measure, and in what time thou should use them, and not use them, and for what complexions and ages they are good, and for what complexions and ages they are evil.' It is interesting to note that the author was himself a physician, and thought well of his profession!

As the seventeenth century advanced, though wine became more expensive and therefore less widely drunk, it remained mild in strength — claret, canary, sack, tent. It was only preserved in barrels, for, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, bottles were only used to serve wine; they were globular in shape, and thus could not lie down but only stand. Further, tight-fitting corks were unknown.

The corkscrew was discovered at the end of the seventeenth century — alas, the discoverer has hitherto remained unknown. Should his name be found, will not a statue be reared to his fame? And I ask, by way of speculation, in what country first?

In the early eighteenth century began trouble. First the stronger wines of Portugal were, for political reasons, favored, the lighter wines disappeared and the increased importation of brandy followed, and then to raise revenue the government allowed distilleries for coarser spirits to be erected in England. A disastrous change to spirit, including gin drinking, spread over the country. Drunkenness took possession of all classes; for over one hundred years there was no abatement, and for one hundred and fifty years no advance toward temperance. It took a long while to undo that tragic error. It has been in large measure undone now and we are well on the way to appreciate the virtues and the pleasure of wine and beer, good in quality and small in quantity.

Wine was part of the earlier civilizations of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Its use pervades the Bible throughout. It is entwined in history; it is the emblem of the Highest Act of Remembrance. In the words of Solomon: 'Wine drunk in season and to satisfy is joy of heart and gladness of soul.' It is with us for that happy purpose.

ALADDIN'S LAMPS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

No one in the *Arabian Nights* understood the Lamp. All that was known was that when one rubbed it an omnipotent genie appeared who would do whatever was commanded. Beyond this all was dark deep mystery.

The change that has come in our day is the discovery of the principle of the Lamp. Hitting upon the thing by lucky accident, our modern Aladdins were not content to let it work in secret. They had to explore; they wanted to see how it worked, why it worked, just how many slaves it controlled, and what jobs could best be entrusted to each slave. Out of these laboratory explorations have come new types of lamps, new refinements, greater power, more specialization, wider diversity — and miracles.

There is a lamp that can carry you, as on a magic carpet, far away. Recently I sat in a narrow room in downtown New York. A lamp glowed in front of me, and its flickering light arranged itself into the familiar pattern of a face. It was the face of a man I knew to be two miles away. Suddenly his image began to speak, 'I see you clearly. Can you see me?' and I realized that I had been transported to his sight and hearing by the same magic of glowing lamps that had brought him to me.

This was only a two-mile wire communication of television, but day after to-morrow it may be a 2000-mile broadcast by wireless of a whole opera troupe and orchestra in performance. We know it can be done, because we know the principle of the lamp. The actual accomplishment is only a matter of development, and it may come gradually over a period of years or with a bewildering rush as radio broadcasting came less than a decade ago.

There are lamps that can carry your command around the world and put it into effect anywhere you will. Guglielmo Marconi sat in his yacht in the harbor of Genoa one day last March and touched a button. Instantly thousands of electrical slaves leaped into action in Sydney, Australia. It was a lamp on his yacht shaped to pulse in harmony with other lamps in Australia that made his will effective eleven thousand miles away.

The same sort of magic was worked in a New York office. A large steel mill in Pennsylvania had been electrified, and the company decided to signalize the turning on of power in a special way. When the day came, the electricians installed a glass bulb in the New York office. The head of the steel company sat at his desk, he brushed the bulb lightly with a wave of his hand, and in a flash electric power surged through the gigantic machines of the industrial plant five hundred miles away. No cavalry officer's command ever brought so many thousands of horsepower into action.

There are lamps that can hear. One of these electric ears was demonstrated at the Newark Airport recently. It is so attuned that it will respond only to the peculiar note of a certain siren. An airplane came circling in out of the darkness, and sounded its call. The electric ear heard, instantly summonsed its slave, — that is, operated a switch which turned on the port's floodlights, — and so the aviator was lighted home.

Other lamps can see and report what they see. Several of these electric eyes have been installed at entrances to the international bridge at Detroit. They count each vehicle as it passes and keep books on the day's tolls; they report to the central office any congestion of traffic.

Similar eyes are on duty in the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City. When smoke reaches a certain density in the tunnel, the electric eye sees it, flashes a signal which closes a switch, and fans begin to draw out the bad air while other fans pump in fresh air.

The same kind of lamp is on guard in a New Jersey schoolroom. On cloudy days, when sunlight dims, the eye of the lamp sees and relays a signal which turns on the electric lights. The lamp is as keen to economize current as it is to safeguard eyesight, for when the clouds roll away and the sun floods the room again it quickly swings the switch and turns off the electrics.

Another type of lamp can look through a solid and reveal its contents. An airplane manufacturer is using this in inspecting wood to detect wormholes, knots, and cracks. At the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts the same device is inspecting steel for the big artillery. It can peer equally successfully through several inches of metal and reveal the inner flaw, or through an unopened oyster and spot the hidden pearl — so sensitive, so penetrating, so delicate, and at the same time so powerful are its rays.

All of these magic lamps are 'merely' vacuum tubes, of course — variations of the familiar radio tube, that strange new device of the laboratory which broadcasting has brought into our homes. Science is rapidly harnessing it to a diversity of uses. A recent tabulation in an engineering journal enumerates 178 existing applications of the vacuum tube to industry, art, surgery, medicine, navigation, aviation, railroading. And yet, say the experts, the present accomplishments of the tube are but a beginning of the uses to which it will be put as physicists and engineers penetrate more deeply into its principle and master its mechanics.

Commenting on the unusual versatility of the device, O. H. Caldwell, former Federal Radio Commissioner, recently appraised the invention of the vacuum tube as comparable in importance to Archimedes' discovery of the power of the lever. 'For the vacuum tube is, in effect, an electrical lever,' said Mr. Caldwell. 'And just as the principle of the lever is used again and again in every element of every machine built in this mechanical age, so the introduction of the vacuum tube and its associated circuits presents almost inconceivable possibilities in the electrical future. One may safely predict that, within a few years, there will be nothing that the average man sees, hears, or buys but will be controlled, regulated, or affected in some important respect by an electronic tube.'

Perhaps this is the lever that Archimedes was looking for when he boasted that, given a sufficient fulcrum, he could move the world.

II

Like many other important tools of civilization, the modern vacuum tube — or electronic tube, as engineers call it — is the product of many minds and of many experiments. But Thomas A. Edison glimpsed it first.

While working on his incandescent lamp in 1883, Edison noticed that when he heated the filament to a certain temperature a blue glow appeared between its legs. Was this electricity flowing through the rarefied air? If so, it seemed strange that the current should take this more resistant path in preference to the easier channel provided by the loop of the filament itself. To satisfy his curiosity the inventor inserted a second element into the bulb, a wire. He connected the wire to the positive terminal of the lamp and found that a weak current did flow from the hot filament. But, curiously, when the connection was changed to the negative terminal, no current flowed. Edison noted the experiment in his notebook and turned from this fascinating side issue back to his main job of developing the incandescent lamp.

He did not realize that he had stumbled on a principle that was to become the foundation of whole industries. He did not know that that altered electric lamp was to become historic as the first vacuum tube, the unsuspected granddaddy of the countless radio tubes now in use. But science remembers, and in the annals of physical discovery the phenomenon of electrical emission in a vacuum is known as the 'Edison Effect.' A recent commentator calls Edison's achievement here 'the most epochal in all his eventful career.'

Many years passed before the Edison Effect was understood. Indeed, the professors had to develop a new physics before the curious glow could be explained in terms of what it is now known to be: namely, the result of a boiling off of electrons, or particles of negative electricity, from the hot filament and their flight through space to the positive wire. It was not until 1905 that this flow of power in a vacuum was harnessed to do useful work. In that year J. A. Fleming thought to try the tube as a detector of radio signals.

Radio, at this time, was in swaddling clothes. Marconi had succeeded in signaling across the Atlantic; he had established wireless telegraph stations at points along the British coast, at Cape Cod in the United States, and at Cape Breton in Nova Scotia; but he was handicapped by the limitations of his apparatus. His first detector had been a thimbleful of steel filings in a glass tube — a 'coherer' the device was called. Under favorable conditions it would respond to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. But now radio was reaching out for greater distance, aspiring to a reputation for dependable service; inventors were trying to substitute for telegraph the more delicate and elastic telephone communication, and a sensitive detector was an absolute necessity.

Radio waves are energy swinging first in one direction and then in the opposite, and the frequency of reversal may run up to millions of times each second. When these oscillations from a distant wireless station surged through space, they caused the filings in Marconi's coherer to cling together. The electrified particles became a conductor through which the current alternated until a 'decoherer' tapped the glass tube and shook the filings apart, whereupon they ceased to conduct.

Wireless telephony needed something far more sensitive than this half-mechanical device. In particular it needed a detector that had the ability to 'rectify' the incoming oscillations — that is, to eliminate the reverse flow from the alternating current and give the effect of a flow in one direction only. Without this rectification, wireless telephony seemed impracticable.

Inventors tackled the problem, improved types of detectors were brought forward, but the need was not met.

At this stage it occurred to Professor Fleming, in England, that the Edison Effect possessed a significant peculiarity. You recall that in Mr. Edison's experimental tube the flow of electricity occurred only when the wire was positively charged; when it was negative, current ceased. This suggested to Professor Fleming that the vacuum tube might serve as the needed radio valve. Millions of reversals might occur every second, but so long as the wire of the tube was kept positive it would attract only the negative side of each oscillation. The positive half would be shut off, and thus the effect would be that of a pulsating current in one direction. He rigged up a vacuum tube to test the idea.

It is not on record that Professor Fleming ran through the streets of London shouting 'Eureka!' but he might very well have done so, and been justified in his enthusiasm, for he had indeed 'found IT.' Radio had a second birth that day in 1905. Edison's electron tube was rediscovered, recognized as something more than a scientific curiosity — though no one dreamed a fraction of the talents that were hid in its vacuum.

Like Saul in the Old Testament story, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, the pioneering professor had grasped something so fundamental and so universal in its scope that it may well be said to include the whole kingdom of radio. For the vacuum tube has turned out to be not only the most sensitive detector, but an all-powerful amplifier, a relay, and a generator. It can rectify an alternating current, or, vice versa, convert a direct current into an alternating one.

These varied gifts were not discovered all at once. Honors must be divided among many experimenters. Fleming improved on Edison by enlarging the wire into a metal plate. Lee DeForest, a doctor of philosophy just out of Yale, improved on Fleming by adding a third element, a metal mesh which he placed between the filament and plate; because its appearance suggested a diminutive gridiron he called it the 'grid.' This grid provided a fulcrum for the electrical lever, increasing enormously both its sensitivity and its power. Next, Irving Langmuir, a college professor who had abandoned teaching to pursue research in a Schenectady laboratory, and H. D. Arnold, a telephone engineer in New York, each began to experiment in his own way with vacuum pumps to see what would happen in tubes evacuated down to the last removable molecule. Before this it was believed that a little air aided the proper functioning of vacuum tubes; but these scientists, working independently, proved that the higher the vacuum the more steady the performance of the tube and the greater its capacity. Then E. H. Armstrong, a young physicist just out of Columbia University, invented a circuit known as the 'feed-back' by means of which a vacuum tube could be made to oscillate and so generate radio waves. It turned out later that both Langmuir and DeForest were working successfully on this same problem. Out of these varied experiments the vacuum tube won a place in the transmitting station, and so began its present reign at both ends of the radio world.

All these inventions had been made by 1917, but the tubes were small, their power limited to fractions of watts where to-day we have kilowatts. There were no broadcasting stations; radio was still very much a thing of the Morse code, a means of communicating between ships and shore, a war-time emergency service. The ordinary citizen was sometimes startled into 'ohs' and 'ahs' by the occasional newspaper stories of radio stunts, but when he had a message to send he usually dispatched it by wire or by cable. To-day — with a hundred million vacuum tubes at home in the cottages and palaces of North America, and with the demand for more so great that one manufacturer has a daily capacity for 270,000 tubes — how far off and antique and quiet seems that pre-radio age!

III

Meanwhile, though the public did not know it, the vacuum tube was beginning to edge into the home. It came in through the telephone wire — for telephone engineers were first to see that the lamp which Dr. DeForest had developed for radio could serve other causes too.

These engineers had been struggling for years to devise a means of telephoning across the American continent. Before 1914 the practical limit of conversation was the distance between New York and Chicago, though New York had reached Denver experimentally by using copper conductors nearly as big as trolley wires. The prospect of further enlarging the wire and of imposing more powerful currents seemed doubtful; for an electrical impulse weakens at an increasing rate as it travels over a wire, and large initial energy was necessary to send it even a few hundred miles. To talk over a direct wire of the usual size the 3400 miles from San Francisco to New York would require power in San Francisco equal to the combined output of all the power plants of the world — hundreds of millions of horsepower.

Long-distance communication was made possible by means of repeaters, electromagnetic devices stationed at intervals along the line to pick up the weak impulses and send them forward renewed and strengthened. With these aids the service between New York and Chicago had been put on a commercial basis, but to send the current through to San Francisco more powerful repeaters were needed. The telephone management was eager to get this transcontinental service into operation by 1915, and the Panama Pacific Exposition of that year would provide an occasion to emphasize the new service.

At this stage, along came the vacuum tube with its growing radio reputation. Why could n't it be made to perform the desired service for telephone waves, since it was doing so well by radio waves? Dr. Arnold and his colleagues developed it and adapted it as a repeater. It was tried out, and it performed beautifully. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company paid Dr. DeForest $250,000 for certain patent rights in his three-element vacuum tube; the new device became a standard part of telephone equipment. When the 1915 exposition opened, New York and San Francisco were on easy speaking terms, and to-day it is possible to talk to any place to which wires can be stretched.

The modern telephone would be crippled if suddenly deprived of its vacuum tubes. They have become vital, not only in bridging distance, but in a score of ways of getting more work out of the line. Through their use, for example, it is possible to send on a single pair of wires four simultaneous telephone messages and twenty simultaneous telegraph messages.

Such capabilities could not be hid. Other industries needed electrical amplifiers. The phonograph had long been handicapped by the limitations of its mechanical methods of making records. There were those who dreamed of substituting electricity for mechanics, but they were thwarted by the lack of an amplifying device sufficiently sensitive to pick up the fragile impulses generated by sound waves and able to magnify them into currents strong enough to actuate the cutting needle of a wax recorder. Now, in the vacuum tube, they found a stepping-up device perfectly adapted to their requirements — and to-day all phonograph records are recorded through a microphone with the aid of Aladdin's Lamps.

This power of the vacuum tube to magnify fragile waves without distortion has been harnessed to many uses. By means of it physicians are able to detect the slightest murmur of a beating heart, and to listen in on the lungs and other inward parts. Ship officers now take soundings by an echo process while the vessel steams onward, and sea-bottom surveys which formerly occupied months are now completed in a few days. Modern prospectors for minerals are probing into the earth's crust electrically and feeling out the hidden ore — again through this amazing ability of the vacuum tube to make a mountain out of a molehill.

IV

An amplifier is one thing; a relay is something different. It provides, not magnification of the original waves, but the control of power. A switch needs to be turned, a door opened to admit a larger flow of electricity, or closed to shut it off. Here, again, the vacuum tube has proved itself better than mechanical devices, and indeed has opened up possibilities for which there was no mechanical control sensitive enough, quick enough, or rugged enough.

For example: There is a certain industrial plant in uptown New York which is going day and night. Perhaps, as you pass, its continual hum challenges your curiosity, and you try to enter. The door is locked. Maybe you are persistent and unconventional, and try the window. Look out! There is an electrical watchman on guard. Your fumbling with the window has set up vibrations in his electric ear which are sufficient to trip an electric switch, and now an alarm is sounding at headquarters notifying the management of your threatened intrusion. And he will continue to tell on you till you let go the window and abandon your trespass.

There is no other attendant at this plant — an electric power substation — and apparently none is needed. If a fuse flashes, if flood rises, if anything out of routine happens, the electrical watchman hears it or sees it or feels it, and by his relay tubes reports it. Four hundred power stations in the United States are equipped with electrical watchmen whose quick-acting brain is a vacuum-tube relay.

Then, there is the electrical 'Old Man Reliable' which I have seen riding perched above the cowcatcher of a fast train in New England. His job is to feel out the condition of the track ahead and report continuously to the locomotive engineer — when to go full speed, when to go slow, when to stop. In an emergency Old Man Reliable, through his powerful vacuum-tube relay, throws on the brake and stops the train.

An electrical engineer recently faced the problem of providing an apparatus to open a high-voltage circuit 400 times a minute. No mechanical switch could endure the ordeal many minutes. But a vacuum tube was made which easily opened the circuit at the required speed, and used only a rivulet of electricity to control a flow millions of times greater. It was as though a fly were swinging the gate of a huge corral, alternately releasing and stopping hundreds of charging horses. Relay tubes have been made to operate in a ten-millionth of a second.

V

Then, there is that other talent of the vacuum tube — its ability to oscillate and generate waves of energy. This, of course, is the secret of the modern broadcasting station; but, like other gifts of the Lamp, it has been turned also to other purposes. Thus, in Carnegie Hall last April a New York audience was entertained for two hours with selections from Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Handel, and other music masters, played on tuneful vacuum tubes. The tubes were arranged in combinations of frequencies to embrace the musical scale and to simulate certain orchestral instruments. The musicians stood on the stage behind the cabinets in which the vacuum tubes vibrated, and controlled their volume and tempo by waves of the hand. A weird, unnatural, mechanized performance? But so seemed a talk over the telephone fifty years ago.

In the Westinghouse laboratory in East Pittsburgh I saw this oscillating power of the vacuum tube used to produce, not sound, but light. The light, like the concentrated beam from a powerful searchlight, was trained on the whirling propeller of an airplane, focused on one tip of it, and instantly it seemed that the propeller stood still. I could see the very grain and texture of its wood, as though the thing were held there for inspection under that dazzling beam — and all the while the propeller was turning 1000 revolutions a minute. The illusion was produced by the frequency of the lamp, which was so controlled (through vacuum tubes) that it flashed for the ten-millionth part of a second at each revolution, timed and spaced to illuminate precisely the same spot at each flash. This device is being used to study the behavior of flywheels, turbines, gears, and other rotating parts while in motion.

Vacuum tubes are being used to generate high-frequency radiation to bake the tenacious moisture out of porcelain, to operate electric furnaces, and to stimulate in the human body artificial fever. The last-mentioned use of the tube has engaged the interest especially of Dr. Willis R. Whitney of Schenectady, and from the General Electric laboratory there he has supplied high-frequency tubes to the Albany Medical School, the Mayo Clinic, and other medical centres where their therapeutic value is being further explored.

VI

Practically any grid-controlled vacuum tube can hear through its microphone, feel through its antenna, and talk through its speaker, but none of them can *see*. For vision an entirely different type of tube is needed — the photo-electric cell. Its governing principle is the sensitivity of certain metals to light — the fact that when illuminated they give off electrons. The resulting flow of current is in direct proportion to the intensity of the illumination, and because of this the electric eye can report with superhuman speed and accuracy anything it sees.

Thus, in a certain power house a photo-electric cell keeps watch over a giant dynamo. Again and again this electric eye has seen the beginning of a threatening flash-over and has switched off the power before the flash developed its destructiveness. In each case the whole episode was over before the human eye saw its beginning.

A tobacco company installed photo-electric cells to sort cigars by color. The human sorters had been able to distinguish six shades of brown, but the electric eye saw finer color distinctions and separated the cigars into ten grades. The same unerring sense of color has been called into service by peach canners. It seems that housewives who open two cans of peaches for Sunday night supper require all the fruit to be of uniform color.

A factory in Cincinnati employed inspectors to watch its packaged goods as they came from the wrapping machines. Defective packages got by the human eyes; but when a photo-electric cell was put on the job it caught every defect — and by operating a relay tube it promptly and unfailingly pushed off the traveling belt every unit that was lacking in wrapping or label.

Many industries are using the electric eye as a counter. It is obvious that if a beam of light is kept focused on a photo-electric cell, and an object passes between the light source and the cell, each interruption will be recorded. In a box factory an electric eye is counting paper by this means at the rate of three hundred sheets a minute. In a New York museum one guards the entrance, and not only counts each visitor but actuates a speaker which greets him with a 'Come in' and instructs him to sign the register. Quite in contrast with this gentlemanly task is the grueling job to which a photo-electric cell was assigned in a steel mill. It reverses the red-hot billets as they come from the rolls, and never misses or slips or shrinks from the heat.

Another use to which steel mills may apply the device is that of thermometer. It is said that the steel industry in America loses about two per cent of its production annually through inadequate heat control. If the metal is heated too high some of it burns; if too low, the result is brittle steel. Two per cent of the average production is about a million tons a year, and at fifty dollars a ton the waste becomes impressive. Photo-electric cells can measure temperature through variations in the light of the molten metal.

In Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, photo-electric cells are controlling traffic at a certain intersection of a side street with a main highway. In Elmira, New York, they are being tried as fire detectors to operate fire-extinguishing apparatus. S. M. Kintner, in a laboratory in East Pittsburgh, recently demonstrated the use of the electric eye as a burglar alarm.

The most extensive industrial application is in making and projecting sound pictures, the talkies which in more than 9500 theatres of the United States have supplanted the movies. It is the electric eye which makes television possible, and which enables the telephone and radio companies to send photographs with the same celerity and ease with which they send words.

The electric eye would be a puny thing, however, by itself. The currents which it sets up under the stimulus of light are feeble, and without vacuum-tube amplifiers and vacuum-tube relays could do no useful work. Indeed, it is rare that a vacuum tube in any capacity will render the most satisfactory service as a solitary device; usually it needs the collaboration and reënforcement of other vacuum tubes. Lamps to generate energy, lamps to detect energy, lamps to magnify energy, lamps to call up new battalions of energy — each is shaped and tuned to do one job well, but in doing its specialty it generally needs the teamwork of other lamps.

VII

Perhaps few readers think of the X-ray lamp as a vacuum tube, but it is one of the most useful of the whole tribe. A few years ago it was confined to the laboratory and the hospital; but to-day the plumber may call in the

X-ray to explore old walls for hidden pipes and forgotten wiring, and by means of it the art connoisseur verifies the genuineness of an old master. Manufacturers use it to inspect golf balls for symmetrical cores, to examine reclaimed rubber for nails and other foreign matter, to determine the adhesion of rubber to cords in automobile tires, to look through steel castings for inner flaws.

In the laboratory, the X-ray tube provides a new means of chemical analysis. Within recent years two new elements have been discovered with its aid. Geologists peer into fossils and botanists examine the inner structure of living plants by means of this same penetrating luminary which serves alike the artisan, the artist, or the researcher — whoever wishes to look into the inside of things.

The modern X-ray tube — which is really a generator of high-frequency oscillations of infinitesimally short waves — owes much to the research which developed other forms of vacuum tubes. Tungsten and molybdenum, those hard metals which were found so admirably adapted to the requirements of radio tubes, have been naturalized into the X-ray tube too. And with higher vacuua and with more controllable means of imposing high electrical pressures, X-ray tubes are made to-day which can send radiation through three inches of steel.

A whole flock of metals has come forward in importance with the rise of vacuum tubes. Tungsten and molybdenum were already in use in incandescent lamps; the demand for them is practically doubled by their use in vacuum tubes for filaments and other parts. Cæsium was little known in industry a few years ago; to-day, because its range of sensitivity to light closely approximates that of the human eye, cæsium is the metal most in demand for photo-electric cells, though potassium and rubidium serve as the light-sensitive metals in some tubes.

Other peculiar metals which the vacuum-tube development has brought into importance are the boosters. When a little is mixed into an alloy with tungsten to produce a filament, the activity of the filament is greatly increased. The presence of the booster speeds up the emission of electrons, and makes it possible to get more responsiveness from a tube with less power. One of these metals is thorium. Another is barium.

An engineer of the Bell Telephone Laboratories recently computed the economic value of barium, which is used as the booster material on the filaments of all vacuum-tube repeaters throughout the telephone system. The actual amount of barium on each filament is one twenty-fifth of a gram, — a microscopic pinch of metal, — but the computed saving which it brings to the system through its presence in hundreds of thousands of telephone vacuum tubes is $2,000,000 a year.

If the barium coating does that for a single industry, one wonders what must be the value of the vacuum tubes themselves to all industry — and to society. There is more to be considered, of course, than the dollars saved or the jobs lost. If the Lamps have brought noise and publicity and the waste of time into homes, if they have pushed art into mechanized moulds, and cheapened beauty in an attempt to broadcast that which cannot be broadcasted and to screen-picture that which cannot be filmed — let us remember that they have also brought rescuers to a sinking ship, placed new and more powerful aids in the hands of the physician and surgeon, and given the world an international voice which may yet prove the surest weapon in the peacemaker's fight for a warless world. They have brought the electrical lever.

A SHIP GOES DOWN

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE H. GRANT

I

THE shrieking darkness lay like a mask on the face of the sea. Occasionally a wave towered high, deep black like the loom of an island steep-to and close aboard, to leap out of the night and break with a rumbling roar against the flare of the starboard bow. Sluggish in the seaway, the vessel floundered in the trough, smothering herself under the weight of water that spilled on board to growl among the winches and the deck cargo that was lashed on the forward well. Spray rose in a perpendicular curtain to drive in a whiplash upon the bridge, flashing, for a moment, with iridescence, as the globules of water reflected the green, white, and red of the steaming lights. The night became a fairyland of brilliance, its terrors gone as if before the wave of a magic wand; then the darkness shut in again, was more profound, and the wild ravings of the storm rose in an awesome crescendo.

In oilskins, streaming with water and glistening where the light from the binnacle in the wheelhouse touched them, Captain Oliver Wicksteed stood behind the weather cloth with his arms spread out and his hands clutching the upper bridge rail to steady him against the violent lurching of his vessel. Since midnight he had been there, his eyes peering ahead into the murkiness to watch the vagaries of the storm. If the seas became too high and dangerous or too confused the vessel would have to be hove to. Time would be lost. And time was valuable. On the previous day a message had come from his owners, 'to make all possible speed.'

Notwithstanding his anxiety, there was a secret joy in his heart, which increased as the storm grew in violence. On the completion of the voyage he was to retire after forty-five years upon the sea. The owners considered him too old to withstand the rigors of the life. They had scoffed when he protested against their decision. With some heat he had pointed out that he loved the sea, and, although he had been master for thirty years, never an accident had occurred to any of his commands, nor one passenger's life been lost. It was an enviable record, of which he was proud.

He rejoiced because he was going out on the heels of a gale. It would be something to remember, like the day he first donned the cap with the oak leaves on the visor and walked out on the bridge to take the salute of his officers. There had been other occasions, on the bridges of larger vessels, but none quite like the first. He smiled into the face of the storm at the recollection, and something of its exultation surged through him. Storms came and went so quickly, he thought, like a life born and rushed to its fulfillment and taken away at the height of a squall. He would fare better than the storm. In retirement there would be leisure to proceed peacefully toward the end, and the sea would be at his door to allay the hankering for the life, should it come to him.

Footsteps sounded on the wet bridge behind him. He gazed around as the second mate loomed out of the darkness and halted a few feet away, swaying easily to the tumbling of the vessel.

'Well, mister?' he asked, lowering his head below the top of the weather cloth, out of the wind.

'Don't you think she's hanging over to starboard a bit, sir?' the second mate shouted.

'Hmm!'

The second mate went on: 'With all that cargo on the forrard deck I thought I'd better draw your attention to it.'

'Thanks, mister.'

Captain Wicksteed faced forward again and leaned back to the full extent of his arms to permit his eye to gauge the angle between the foremast and the blurred line of the horizon. It was difficult to do so, for the vessel pitched and rolled with a peculiar corkscrew motion. After a few minutes he looked over his shoulder at his subordinate.

'She's over all right, mister,' he stated, quietly. 'I had n't noticed it.'

'It came on her quite sudden, sir. About fifteen minutes ago.'

Captain Wicksteed held the weather cloth down with his hands so that he could sweep the forward well with his eyes. The starboard rail scooped up the top of a wave, smothering the bulwarks with green water. The deck cargo moved ever so slightly, straining at the lashings. The seas had grown precipitous, dangerous.

'Whistle down to the engine room and tell them to take the list out of her!' he ordered curtly, without looking round. 'They ought to know better than to work the bunkers off the lee side on a night like this!'

The second mate acknowledged the order, made a mental note of the captain's remark, with which he intended to taunt the engineers when the occasion presented itself, and went into the wheelhouse.

Above the howling of the wind Captain Wicksteed heard the speaking-tube whistle sound shrilly in the bowels of the vessel. It was like a voice out of the night assuring him that all was well. At the moment he needed the assurance, for three seas, in quick succession, had flopped on board, hiding the forward well beneath a seething mass of treacherous water. He feared for the heavy deck cargo when the vessel lurched to windward, beam on to the advancing waves.

When he heard the whistle snap back into the upper end of the speaking tube he turned around to meet the second mate, who came hurriedly from the wheelhouse.

'Are you there, sir?' the second mate inquired, groping for the rail, his eyes blinded by gazing at the binnacle light. His voice carried an excited pitch.

'Here, mister!' Captain Wicksteed said, controlling his impatience.

The second mate swung into the lee beside him. He shouted: 'The Chief's down below, sir. He says he can do nothing with her. Water's coming in and he can't locate from where. He says the pumps won't keep it down!'

With an effort of will Captain Wicksteed overcame the fear that clutched at his heart. He realized his impotence in the face of the overwhelming furies of the storm as he had never done before. The hand of defeat brushed past, in his hour of exultation, and the ice-tipped fingers traced a path upon his spine. Swept into oblivion were his successful years upon the sea. Defeat alone remained, for all to sneer at! He saw, so vividly that it might have been real, his brother shipmasters in the agent's office discussing, in derogatory terms, the climax of his career. But the reflection passed as quickly as it had come. He was going down in defeat before defeat had come to him. He flung back his shoulders and swung round on the second mate.

'Tell the chief engineer I want to see him right away!' he ordered.

The sound of his own voice, stern and steady, brought back to him the knowledge that he was still in command. It was a stay within his mind, to strengthen the weakened structure of his thoughts. If disaster was imminent, he would have to keep a grip upon himself, he reflected, for courage was the symbol of his rank.

The beam of a flash light cut the murkiness of the night above the boat deck, disclosing a figure groping along toward the bridge between the rope reels and the side-bunker hatches. Captain Wicksteed looked aft, then turned back toward the second mate.

'Keep an eye on her, mister. I'm going inside to have a word with the Chief.'

Without waiting for the answering 'Aye, aye, sir!' he walked deliberately through the wheelhouse into the chart room and switched on the light. Throwing his sou'wester on to the settee, he wiped the spray and rain from his face with a towel which he took from a hook on the bulkhead. He was about to light his pipe when a knock came at the door and it opened. The chief engineer came in, his face smeared with oil and coal dust and an old coat flung over his head and shoulders like a shawl. He shivered and clutched the coat tightly around his neck and raised his elbow to shield his eyes from the brilliant light. The door banged shut behind him as the vessel heeled well over to starboard.

'Hullo, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed began, striving to speak easily. 'What's the trouble down below?'

Mr. Burnham loosened the coat about his neck and let it fall from his head on to his shoulders. He looked the captain square in the eyes as if making an appraisal of his character. What he saw must have satisfied him, for he nodded slightly and said: —

'Can't quite say, sir. Water's floodin' into the bunkers and washin' the coal into the bilges. The strums are choked. The juniors are takin' turns at divin' down to clear them. The water's cold an' she's in a bloody mess. It's beginnin' to look serious, sir.'

'What do you mean, Chief?'

'Well, sir, the water's gainin' on us and we can't locate from where it is comin'. I have all the engine-room staff out, too.'

Captain Wicksteed pondered a moment, twirling a pencil between his fingers. A fierce squall shrieked around the chart room. A dollop of spray crashed on the house, and water leaked through the ports to stream across the deck at their feet. The chief engineer adjusted the coat over his head and around his neck.

'Do your best, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed said. 'Let me know at once if you think that it is impossible to cope with the water. If you require more men, get some from the chief officer. The chief steward will issue grog and tea to keep you all warm. It's a dirty night, Chief. Do all you can!'

The chief engineer nodded and went out. 'A dirty night all right,' he muttered to himself as the weight of the wind flung upon him. He should have told the 'old man' that it was hopeless now, but, he reflected, there was a chance that something might turn up. The leak might choke with coal, or the storm die down to ease the strain upon the hull. There was a chance. . . .

Captain Wicksteed waited until the Chief's footsteps faded into the night, then he leaned forward with his elbows on the table and gazed at the chart. For the second time that night he realized his impotence in the face of disaster. He was as powerless as a child in its cradle. Somewhere within his vessel, and below the water line, there was a leak. He knew it, yet there was nothing he could do to stop it. He must wait and trust in the ingenuity of his subordinates.

After a while he scribbled a message on a pad, tore off the page, put on his sou'wester, and went back on to the bridge. The second mate came out of the port cab toward him.

'Call all hands, mister,' Captain Wicksteed ordered. 'Tell the chief officer to take the carpenter and bos'n with him and make an inspection of the holds. When the third mate relieves you get down on to the boat deck with the men and clear away the boats. Send this message along to the wireless operator. It's advising all ships to stand by. We may need assistance. But caution everybody to be calm. I don't want the passengers to know. It'll be time enough for them to come on deck when the day is up. That'll do. Carry on!'

The second mate sent the quartermaster to carry out the orders. Captain Wicksteed watched him go, and his heart sank down into his boots. If there was only something that he could do. He ransacked his memory, striving to recall what other shipmasters had failed to do when the emergency arose, or what they had done to stave off disaster. But his mind was in a fog through which loomed a leak. A leak that grew to Gargantuan proportions in his imagination and swamped him under its irresistible force.

The third mate relieved the second. The chief mate came up on the bridge to make report.

'The holds are dry, sir,' he stated. 'But the water's gaining in the engine room and stokehold. Everything else is O.K., sir.'

'Thanks, Armstrong.'

'Orders, sir?'

'Get everything ready to leave her should it be necessary. At daylight notify the passengers, then muster them on the deck beside the boats.'

'Very good, sir.'

A lump came into Captain Wicksteed's throat. Mr. Armstrong's respect and fearless fidelity to his orders had put it there. It added a prop to his courage, for already he perceived the cross to which he must hang.

II

The dawn crept furtively into the leaden sky in the wake of a hurricane squall that worked a white pattern on the heaving surface of the gray water. The mist lay close, limiting the range of vision to half a mile or less. The storm grew in strength, although the sea had gone down slightly, which indicated that the Gulf Stream had been crossed. The vessel sped before the wind, yawing wildly, widely, yet drawing nearer and nearer to the coast and the track of shipping.

In the cold gray hours before the dawn Captain Wicksteed realized that therein lay the only chance of their salvation. Although no word had come up from the engine room, he felt that the end was near. His vessel was listing more heavily every minute, and it was only a matter of time before she would be unable to steer.

Standing on the starboard wing of the bridge, looking aft, he saw the passengers come timidly from the entries and the companionways on to the boat deck and fall into their places abreast of their boats. There was no excitement, but on each face there was a fearful resignation that sent a knife thrust into his heart. They had put their trust in him, and he had failed. He turned his face away and looked into the sky to see if God had a message written there for him, a sign of a shift of wind that would clear the mist wraith from the sea, but all he saw was the lowering nimbus and the cold bleak light of the dawn.

Then, as if to press him further into the depth, the engine-room telegraph clanged.

'What's that?' he cried.

'They've rung "Stand By," sir,' the third mate answered.

'Answer them!' he ordered brusquely, knowing all the while just what it meant.

The chief engineer came out of a companionway, the old coat still over his head and around his shoulders, and wearily ascended the ladder to the bridge. His trousers, where they showed, were black with coal muck and saturated with oil, and his face was gaunt, wild-eyed.

A hurricane gust swept over the vessel as he cleared the lee of the wheelhouse. Gelid spray drenched him to the skin. To free his eyes he loosened the grip on his coat. It bellied in the wind, tailed out like a flag, and carried him against the rails, where he remained fighting to retrieve the covering for his head and shoulders.

To Captain Wicksteed, clinging to the rails further to windward, he seemed like the angel of death come to pay a call. He had seen such a picture somewhere, so terrifying in its reality. But he forced the recollection from his mind and braced back his shoulders as the chief engineer recovered his coat and his composure and came down the slanting deck toward him.

'Well, Mr. Burnham?' he asked, fearfully.

'It's like this, sir,' the chief engineer began. 'We — we — we —'

'Don't quibble, Chief! Out with it!'

The chief engineer shivered and seemed to shrivel up beneath his coat.

'We'll have to leave the engine room, sir,' he said. 'The water's nearly up to the fires. I'm sorry, sir —'

'Nothing to be sorry about, Mr. Burnham,' Captain Wicksteed said, endeavoring to put a bluffness into his voice which he did not feel. 'I know you all did what you could. It's a pity, though, a pity. A few hours more might have helped. Tell your men to get on their warmest clothing and stand by the boats.'

'I'll have to stop her, sir.'

'I understand that. Do so when you go below.'

The chief engineer nodded and turned away, but when he reached the top of the ladder he halted and gazed at the passengers mustering near the boats. His right foot went out to begin the descent, but instead of doing so he placed it on the bridge and retraced his footsteps. Close to Captain Wicksteed he halted again and cleared his throat nervously.

'Mebbe I'll not see you again, sir,' he stated. 'It looks bad.'

He held out his hand as he continued, 'I'll say good-bye, sir. It's been a pleasure to sail with you.'

Captain Wicksteed freed one hand from the rail and squeezed the thin fingers of his shipmate. A lump grew within his throat.

'Thanks, Chief,' he said. 'If we are saved it'll be due to the efforts of you and your men. You did your best, I know. You're an honor to the profession. Do your best now to save the passengers entrusted to your care in your boat. Good-bye.'

'I will that, sir. Good-bye.'

Captain Wicksteed followed the chief engineer with his eyes as he walked quickly toward the companionway. He felt unutterably alone. Around him there were rising the walls of tradition over which there was no escape. Did he want to escape? He was not sure. Though death was so near, it seemed a long way off. There were so many other things now to think about.

He beckoned to the third mate, who was standing in the centre of the bridge, clutching the midship stanchion.

'Ask the wireless operator the names of the vessels he's in touch with, and how far they are away,' he shouted.

The third mate went through the wheelhouse to the telephone in the chart room.

One thought was now uppermost in Captain Wicksteed's mind. At all costs he must save the lives of all the passengers. The vessel would sink, of that he was certain, for already she was floundering heavily in the trough, but she could be replaced. The lives of his passengers were invaluable. His duty was to them.

The third mate came out of the wheelhouse and slid down the wet deck toward him.

'The operator says he can't get through the static, sir,' he shouted. 'The current has been shut off and he's using the batteries. The power from them does n't carry very far!'

'My God!' Captain Wicksteed muttered under his breath. Aloud he said: 'Tell him to send out an SOS, using the six o'clock position. It will be near enough.'

The words had but left his lips when the engine-room telegraph indicator swung, with a clang, to 'Stop.' The vessel ceased to vibrate and lay dead in the seaway.

'Sing out when she won't steer!' he shouted to the man at the wheel. Picking up a megaphone that had been lashed to the rail near him earlier in the morning, he put it to his mouth and faced the passengers mustered below on the boat deck.

'The vessel has been stopped,' he shouted. 'She may roll very heavily when she falls into the trough. Watch out! Hang on to the storm rails!'

Everyone faced the bridge at the sound of his voice, which carried above the howling of the gale. He looked over their heads, away into the distance, for he was afraid of what he might see if he looked down. They were blaming him, he knew, and he suffered. He wanted to tell them that the cause of their plight was circumstances over which he had no control and not an error of judgment. But what would be the use, he thought. He was the master, and his the responsibility whatever happened.

From the corner of his eye he caught the foaming crest of a wave that towered high on the beam. It shut out the glint on the murky horizon, and a shadow, dark like the night of a squall, fell upon the vessel.

He gazed quickly into the eye of the wind, perceived the danger.

'Hold on! Hold on!' he yelled, waving his arms frantically to encourage the passengers below to action.

The wave reached the starboard side. The vessel came up to an even keel on the slanting volume of mad water. She staggered and shook, smothered herself fore and aft, broached to. Then down she flopped on to her beam ends!

Captain Wicksteed lost his balance. His voice, still yelling encouragement to all hands to hold on for their lives, ended in an incoherent shout as, with a gasp, he fell on his stomach and crashed in a heap into the starboard cab. The crest of the wave flopped in through the open window and covered him.

For a moment he thought the end had come. He was filled with a quiet content. Death had no terrors now. It was cold and wet, that was all. Then, rolling over in the cab, he saw the bridge, the wheelhouse, the murkiness that was the sky, and the third mate gazing fearfully from the centre of the bridge toward him. Death was not so easy after all. A thought struck him! He was forgetting!

In a second he was on his feet fighting his way hand over hand up the rail toward where the third mate stood clinging desperately to the stanchion, afraid to leave his post until the order had been given, and yet afraid to stay.

'Anybody lost?' Captain Wicksteed shouted, his voice vibrant with anxiety.

'The after starboard boat carried away, sir. Two men in it. That's all!' the third mate answered.

'Passengers or crew?'

'Crew, sir!'

'Good!'

Captain Wicksteed sighed with relief as he pulled himself erect and looked aft. Away over the stern, already almost obscured by the mist, a lifeboat drifted with what looked like a man clinging to the keel.

'Do you want the mate to send a boat after them?' the third mate asked.

'No!' Captain Wicksteed spoke curtly. More lives would be lost in the attempt, he thought. Perhaps also a boat, and all were required. Anyway, members of the crew were paid to be drowned if the emergency demanded it. It was a part of their duty. Passengers paid for safety. He wished, though, that the third mate had n't asked the question. It was stupid of him, but he was young.

III

Freeing one hand from the rail, Captain Wicksteed wiped the salt water from his face. The wind, blowing against his wet clothing, made him shiver, and he wondered if the third mate was thinking he was shaking with fear; there was a queer look in his eyes. It was with difficulty that he could stand, too, for the vessel was lying so far over. Must be all of twenty-five degrees, he thought. Something must be done. At all costs he must maintain his position, his dignity, no matter what happened.

'Sing out to the chief officer!' he shouted. 'Then get me a couple of fathoms of line.'

The third mate disappeared behind the wheelhouse with alacrity. Almost instantly Mr. Armstrong came on to the bridge.

'Yes, sir?' he inquired, his eyes bright with excitement, yet devoid of fear.

Perceiving the eager face before him, a glow of pride surged over Captain Wicksteed. He knew that anything he gave this man to do would be done efficiently, and with dispatch.

'Cut away the deck cargo on the forward well, Armstrong,' he said quietly. 'Then lower the starboard boats and pass them around to the lee side. We'll load them from there.'

'But won't the deck cargo smash the hatches, sir?'

'Perhaps; better the deck cargo than the sea, Armstrong. I want to get some of the top-hamper off her — to bring her up a bit. It will help a little when getting the boats away. It can be done without doing too much damage?'

'Yes, sir. Very good, sir.'

Mr. Armstrong saluted smartly, pulled himself up the slanting bridge, and swung away easily in the exuberance of his youth.

The third mate came out of the wheelhouse with a length of line. Captain Wicksteed took it from him, and, walking up into the port wing, he made one end of it fast to the upper bridge rail. The other he passed twice around his body and then hitched it beside the first. Being on the high side of his vessel, he was in a position now to keep an eye upon the boat deck and, no matter to what angle she heeled, he could remain upright without holding on.

Very soon, he realized, the lifeboats must leave. Perhaps even now they should be away. But two reasons encouraged him to delay. The sea was going down. Every minute he waited might mean the saving of a life, a passenger's life. And he knew that it was much safer to be on a large vessel, though sinking, than in a lifeboat suspended from its davits and swinging out over the sea. So with agony furrowed deeply on his face he waited, gazing to leeward for the first signs of a lessening of the wind.

From behind him there came the crash of the deck cargo as it went by the board. The vessel came up a little, though not so very much. Mr. Armstrong bustled on to the boat deck, followed by his sailormen. They tackled the weather boats while the passengers gazed on their activity with calm, tired eyes. The hours of waiting were beginning to show upon their faces.

One by one the boat falls were cut, sending the heavy boats splashing into the sea. A chance had to be taken. With the painters they were passed around the stern and allowed to drift down to leeward. Only one was smashed in the passing.

When the work was done Mr. Armstrong came up the ladder on to the bridge.

'All ready, sir,' he reported; 'I don't think she'll last much longer, sir. She's over now to thirty degrees!'

Captain Wicksteed felt the same about it. He hesitated to speak, while gazing into the face before him. He saw eager eyes, brimful of courage. Such a man now he needed to carry out his final instructions. Once the passengers were in the lifeboats they would be in charge of his subordinate. He must remain alone on his vessel until she went down.

'Ask the wireless operator what news he has,' he said, very quietly. He could have asked the third mate to execute the order, but he wanted to hang on to this youth for but a moment more. Life was racing away from him, racing fast on the wings of the wind.

Mr. Armstrong clung to the jamb of the wheelhouse door and shouted across the bridge.

'There's a vessel close by, sir — the *Norman Star*. She's got a radio bearing of us, but she's hemmed in by the mist and rain and afraid to proceed at full speed in case of collision. The operator says she's coming in very loud, sir.'

'Good!' Captain Wicksteed answered. 'Come here!'

He went on as Mr. Armstrong swung over beside him: 'Load the boats and get them away. Be quick about it, but don't hurry! Pass orders on to all men in charge that they must not lose sight of this vessel until she goes down. Then they must all keep in sight of each other. The mist will swallow them up if they get separated. D'you understand?'

'Perfectly, sir!'

'Very good! Carry on!'

The order was as irrevocable as it was emphatic. He had taken the lives of the passengers from the hands of fate into his own. He was sending them from one danger into another. He wondered if God would stand behind him and see him through. And he wondered what Mary would think of him when he did n't come home.

He had tried so hard to keep her out of his mind, but she was always there. She had asked him the question that was troubling him now. Only once had she asked him, but he knew it was always at the back of her head, like a sore that would not heal.

It had been on the night of his return home from the sea after his first voyage in command. A passenger vessel had gone down while he was away.

He recalled the incident vividly.

It was in the dark of night. They lay together in the great soft bed that always seemed so large to him after sleeping in a bunk so long. He thought she was asleep, she was so quiet.

Suddenly she asked, and he could hear her voice whispering again in his ear: 'Oliver! What would you do if your vessel was going down? Would you go down with her, or would you come home to me?'

He had hesitated too long.

'What would you do, Oliver?' Her voice had been wistful, scarcely more than a whisper.

'I — I don't know.'

She had wept a little, very quietly. He turned away to hide the perplexity in his eyes. Women thought of such disturbing questions to ask!

It had all been so long ago — almost thirty years. Perhaps time had healed the ache within her heart, and she would understand the inexorability of his duty. He should have tried to explain it to her, but he never thought — It was too late now.

With an effort of will he shut her from his thoughts and turned toward the third mate.

'Get down to your boat, mister. Remember your orders and carry them through!'

'Yes, sir! Good-bye, sir!' the third mate answered, scrambling down the ladder like a monkey, so steeply was it suspended over the sea.

'Good luck to you, mister!' Captain Wicksteed shouted after him, and there was a bitter note in his voice. They were leaving him, every one of them, and eager to be away like prisoners released from gaol.

But the cynicism passed as quickly as it had come. Who was he to blame them for clutching at life, while yet there was a hope on which to cling? Youth had so much ahead, and age so little. He had been eager too, like them.

He braced back his shoulders and looked along the boat deck. The boats were getting away without mishap. A lull had come in the wind. It was as well, for the list had increased until the water lapped over the bridge when the vessel sank down in the trough. She was settling fast. The buoyancy was entirely out of her. He could feel the weight of the water within the hull surging about as she heaved and fell listlessly, as if eager for the end.

IV

Mr. Armstrong pulled himself up the ladder, stopped at the top with his legs astride, one foot jammed against the wheelhouse to brace him against the list, his hands gripping the rail to prevent him from crashing into the starboard cab. His oilskins were off. His face was flushed with exertion, his eyes bright with the pride of what he had accomplished.

'All boats are safely away, sir,' he cried. 'Your boat is waiting alongside, sir.'

'Tell them to push off, Armstrong. Take charge of it.'

Captain Wicksteed saw that Mr. Armstrong understood. Bright chap, Armstrong. Smart chap! He'd get a command soon. It was inevitable.

But Mr. Armstrong was speaking.

'Good luck to you, sir!' he cried, and, with a wave of his hand, he swung on to the deck below.

Captain Wicksteed saw him jump for a tackle fall and slide down into the boat that waited below. He felt very much alone. He would have liked to send a message to Mary, to tell her that he had been detained on board. But it was too late now. Armstrong had said 'Good luck' and not 'Good-bye.' Perhaps a bit of luck awaited him yet. A change of wind was imminent. A cold breath touched his cheeks.

A clearance might disclose the *Norman Star* close to, seeking them.

As if to subdue the hope that had sprung within him, the vessel vibrated throughout her length, steadied, then lurched over full upon her beam ends, suspending him by the rope around his waist over the leaping seas. Somewhere, deep down within her, something carried away with an ominous rumbling. Water flung from the engine-room skylights and the fiddley gratings to join that of the sea.

The end was very near. He gazed apathetically on the cold gray water. He had beaten it, saved from its impenetrable depth his passengers. Within an hour they would be safe on board the vessel that waited behind the mist wraith. Of triumph he felt none. Why should he? Soon he would be dead, joined in death to the command of which he had been so proud.

A squall whistled down, black and fierce. The spray and rain drove into his face. He wiped them from his eyes and looked along the length of his vessel. She was queer, lying on her side, and sinking. He thought of the boats. He imagined them away to leeward, drifting in all directions before the wind.

'Fools!' he cried.

A madness possessed him. They must come back! What he had waited for would be lost! Perhaps there was still steam on the siren? Frantically he struggled with the knots of the rope around his waist. But the weight of his body tightened them, and the rain and spray had swollen the manila of which they were made. They would not give beneath the pressure of his fingers.

'Come back! Come back!' he yelled, but his voice was swallowed up in the howling of the squall.

Suddenly he ceased to struggle. Through the curtain of the squall there loomed the outline of a vessel. She could not be more than a quarter of a mile away! She grew in magnitude. A whiff of steam trailed out against the background of mist. They had sighted his vessel. The signal put a cheer within his heart.

Why should he die? His duty was done. He felt in his pockets for a knife, but there was none. He tried to look to leeward, but the deck towered above him, slowly heaving over.

Where were the boats? He willed them to come back! Even now he might be saved.

'Oh, God!' he cried, gazing upward. 'Help me!'

He saw, as if in answer to his cry, a rift in the murk wraith of the storm and, beyond it, the blue sky shining through. It was the eye of God, his God, watching him. In a minute, he knew, the clearance would come.

A great peace came to him. His passengers would be saved. What else mattered? He was very old and weary, and his work was done.

The starboard cab went under the water. A wave leapt up, into his face. He wound his legs around a stanchion, spread out his arms, and gripped the upper rail with his hands. Twisting round in the lashing about his waist, he looked upward toward the blue sky that was ever widening, and he whispered his thanks to God.

The grayness had gone from the sea. It was blue and very warm. It reached up, embraced him.

'Good-bye.' The word was scarcely audible. He was thinking of Mary.

He thought the officers on the other vessel would see him hanging in the lashing. He tried to stand erect, but the feet went from under him. He thought of a line of poetry he had learned in his youth: —

> I am the master of my fate.

The vessel capsized and went down.

WHAT IS DEMANDED OF A PROTESTANT RECTOR

BY EDWARD R. FINCH

'I HAVE been on the waiting list for two years now and cannot understand why I am still unable to obtain a sitting in this church. In the churches I have heretofore been acquainted with, the sittings go begging,' said an applicant to a member of the vestry in one of the leading Protestant Episcopal churches in New York City.

'Sorry we cannot accommodate you sooner with a sitting, but the truth is that we have had over one hundred and fifty on the waiting list for three years now. The applicants increase and there are fewer pews with vacant seats, because when those who have sittings are to be away for any length of time, instead of relinquishing the pews as in the ordinary case, they merely sublet them to their friends, so we are at our wits' end to accommodate the applicants. The church already has twenty-five hundred sittings, and we do not wish to make it larger for the reason that the effective use of personality puts physical limitations on the size of the church building. When you make it larger, the hearer might just as well be listening in on a radio,' replied the person addressed.

'I come to hear the lessons read as much as I do the sermon, although the rector is admittedly one of the greatest preachers in the world to-day,' said a member who had overheard the above conversation. 'I come to sing the canticles,' said a third member. 'And I enjoy the responsive reading of the Psalms,' said a fourth. 'While I enjoy most the extra hymn and the congregational singing,' said a fifth. Thus was emphasized one of the first demands on the modern Protestant rector — namely, bringing out all parts of the service, rather than building the whole service around the sermon, as is the rule in most Protestant churches.

How often has the average attendant heard the lesson read in a singsong voice, while apparently most of the attention of the reader was elsewhere than upon his reading. In the church in question, the reason why one can hear a pin drop during the reading of the lesson and why not a word escapes those listening is that the rector devotes time and thought to a consideration of the lessons to be read and then reads them in a way that can only be done when the entire concentration of the reader is centred upon what he is doing.

The moving power and the spiritual experience derived from mass singing have long been recognized, but even with this knowledge it is surprising how often this appealing side of a service has been neglected. The enjoyment and spiritual value of congregational singing of the canticles are still territory mostly unexplored. Even when the value is recognized, many rectors do not know how to secure it. To achieve the desired result, the organist must often repeat the simple canticles until the congregation as a whole becomes familiar with them. The moving power of the well-known canticles greatly surpasses the more elaborate music. In this connection it is surprising how most church organists seek to emphasize their individual importance at the expense of sinking their individuality in the greater unity of the service and making it an integral whole. An extreme case is the story of an organist who sent the verger to request the one member of the congregation who insisted on joining the choir in the singing of the canticles kindly to desist. 'But is this not a house of God where I have a right to sing?' said the person addressed. 'Not at all,' replied the verger; 'this is a private chapel.' Many organists do not differentiate, so far as their part is concerned, between an operatic performance and a church service. In each case they forget that an opera is a spectacle and a church service a common act of worship.

Many of the average congregations unknowingly take the same point of view. They do not distinguish between attending a church and attending the opera, and regard what takes place as something apart which they have come to criticize or enjoy as a spectacle, and not as an act of worship in which they are an integral part. This point of view likewise often possessed the old-fashioned rector, who enjoyed his individual rôle as preacher. The successful modern rector has discovered that he must bring out each part of the service to an importance of the first order and must lead the congregation as a whole, so that the members are performing an act of worship in which the organist, choir, and rector are but mere instruments playing a necessary but not the entire part in the spiritual act of a large number of persons coming together for common worship. A realization and carrying out of this idea means full churches in place of half-empty ones. One is often reminded of the congregation which, after listening to poorly executed music that was over the head of the organist and choir, finally effected a compromise by suggesting that if the organist would play the hymn tunes with which the congregation was familiar, and the simple canticles, he could do what he pleased during the offertory.

Of course, well-attended churches with waiting lists for sittings would be a distinct novelty. To hear many talk one would think this was the only thing desired. Much more, however, is demanded of the modern rector. He must be sincere, else he can bring only half-hearted comfort. He must have faith in the fundamentals. This faith must not be confused with belief in dogma or theology as such. Then, too, the themes of his sermons must be constructive and not merely critical. Continual criticism soon develops into continual faultfinding, without constructive thought. Successful constructive thought involves responsibility which the nagging critic need not shoulder.

A check-up on the sermons taken on a random Sunday in the Borough of Manhattan showed that 70 per cent of them consisted merely of criticism, followed by the usual weak exhortation to lead a Christian life, and that only 30 per cent attempted to lead constructively. Furthermore, many preachers follow continuously a main theme of what may be called a modified, dignified Billy Sunday type — namely, an appeal to the unbelievers and, nowadays particularly, to the young person to embrace religion, the average rector thinking that the young people are going to the bad, forgetting that each older generation adopts this point of view regarding the younger.

The average modern rector must not forget that most of his congregation already agree with him as to the essentials of a well-ordered life, but ask him to go a step further and consider with them the beauty of holiness of things spiritual or to help them with the practical problems as they arise.

'Why does n't our rector tell us how to apply at the bridge table the doctrines for which he contends, and in other everyday affairs of life?' said one young woman. 'I am glad to go to church, as our rector never attempts to speak on political subjects; when rectors do, they know so little about politics that it bores you to listen to them,' said another prominent political leader. The average modern rector realizes that his field is vast enough and deep enough to demand his whole attention, and leaves secular topics to those to whom they belong.

To go a step further, the modern rector may develop the beauties of the service. One way is to have a main theme, with his scriptural reading, his sermon, and his hymns all chosen with reference to the central idea. This adds a beauty of unity to be enjoyed by the less superficial members of the congregation and gives a depth to the service. Of course, it takes time and attention, but the average modern rector in the average Protestant church in New York is no longer to be pitied in regard to money received, or assistance, or compensation. His salary and emoluments compare favorably with the most favored in any other walk of life, including business, while the assistance he has in his profession far outstrips that of his brother in other professional fields. Of course, this does not hold true of the clergy as a whole, but it does of a few churches in the great cities. Accordingly, much may be asked where much is given. Besides, these men are and should be chosen for their extraordinary abilities, because of the commanding leadership which they should assume. One difficulty for the averag vestry lies in finding applicants bi enough to fill the positions in the grea urban churches. Too often a vestry o exceptional men must sit around an inwardly smile at the smallness an pettiness and self-opinionation of thei chosen leader in things spiritua The average modern rector needs th enthusiastic help and support of h vestry.

It is likewise demanded of the mod ern rector that, in a vestry meeting, the truth and the wisdom of the question presented must be determined on th merits of the case, and both the vestr and the rector must work in harmony each giving way to the cause that ha the greater reason. Too often a recto pig-headedly insists upon his ow policy and accuses of disloyalty thos who dissent, even when a full discussion has shown the weakness of hi position. So, too, some vestries hampe the clergymen, but in general the vestries are too subservient.

The path of the modern rector is admittedly beset with difficulties, but his profession is indeed the greatest adventure of all. How best to bring peace of mind and comfort and spiritua leadership to the great mass of trouble minded humanity is his goal; and religion and education, after all, are essential for an enduring nation. If religion existed merely as a means of keeping quiet masses of humanity, as charged by some critics, it goes without saying that it could not exist. Religion is, as it must be, a sustaining hope of each individual, small and great.

NOW YOU ARE IN YOUR COUNTRY

Now you are in your country,
And I, locked fast in mine,
Walk the white roads in silence,
And see my sun decline.

I see the whole west breaking
In flame again, to-night;
And earth to peace receding
Through valleys of delight.

Sleep in your pleasant country,
Lie down at last, content,
The hills of constant heaven
Your dream's bright battlement;

Know that the stars you talk with
Have eyes on fields at home,
Or buds on banks you dream of
Now break in scented foam;

For death has hung no silence,
Nor spring withheld one sign,
Since you turned to your country
And left me locked in mine.

FRANK KENDON

FAR COUNTRIES

BY LEONORE HAMILTON WILSON

I

A GOOD many years ago, a small girl made the delightful discovery that the joy of travel was not how far you went, but what you brought back with you. Nor were her voyages as circumscribed as one might naturally suppose when it is considered that, in general, they were limited to eight or ten closely built blocks of a little town in Western Maryland.

Although Hagerstown was settled by Germans, adventurous spirits from many lands later flocked to the beautiful valley in the Far West. Pretty well undisturbed by the world east of the mountain barrier of the Blue Ridge, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, English, and French made the best of it together. Sturdily independent when they came, sturdily independent each race continued, in its family life, to preserve its peculiar customs. So, without being in the least aware of it, we were a little League of Nations and demonstrated, a hundred years before anybody had thought of it, that it was a perfectly feasible scheme.

So it was across no more perilous seas than the puddles of a rain-wet street that I had to go to find myself in early nineteenth-century England. On a hot summer morning, to open the front door of the red brick Georgian house and step into the wide hall with its gray, marbleized paper was to enter a cool cave. Before running through it to the door that led to the garden, there was an appreciative pause before a large steel engraving in which a gentleman in a brief tunic, disregarding a richly laden table, gazed with an expression of acute distaste at a great sword dangling from the ceiling. This gem, the title of which I complacently rendered 'The Sword of Damacockles,' I considered the highest expression of art. There was, too, a quick side step into the back parlor. Under the chill stare of an old gentleman hanging above the mantel and looking over a rampart of white neckcloth, a beloved volume of *Godey's Lady's Book* was abstracted from the bookcase. Then out to curl up in the gnarled roots of a silver poplar tree to read with impassioned interest the tale of *Arabella, or the Bosom Serpent.* The unctuous author would have been perturbed to know that sympathy was entirely with the wicked Arabella, who, disappointingly, did not quite make off with the suitor of the obnoxious young 'female friend,' for whom the phrase 'bathed in tears' must surely have been invented.

That ended, I would watch the two ladies, Miss Patsy and Miss Betty, as they moved up and down the mossy, red brick paths between the box borders. They wore full, black silk skirts and white muslin morning jackets with pinked ruffles, and might quite well have been faceless, so entirely were their features obscured by the flat sundowns tied close under their chins with broad black ribbons. The whisper of the silk skirts and the gentle murmur of their voices came and went as Miss Patsy cut the Cloth of Gold and the

Baltimore Belle roses while Miss Betty held the basket—epitomizing the entire conduct of their lives. They must have pursued the usual avocations of the housekeepers of the day, but I have no memory of them save in the garden and, in the evening, sitting at the parlor windows that gave on the street.

An elderly lady made her home with them for a number of years and spent endless hours creating Canton-flannel rabbits. These lumpy animals had inordinately long, pink cambric ears, while their faces were enlivened by eyes composed of shiny black shoe buttons. True to their kind, they thickly populated the basket of the Lady's Aid Society, which, monthly, reluctant little Episcopalians carried from door to door, and every luckless infant in the fold had its nervous system seriously impaired by the relentless gaze of these implacable beasts.

When the time came for the last of the charming sisters to die, she had long since outlived her day and generation, and the grandsons of old friends were asked to be the bearers. They were, surprisingly, requested to wear their high silk hats. To their horror these were tied around with wide black ribbon, with a large bow in the back and floating streamers to the waist. Furthermore, dense black gloves were given them to wear. The wretched young gentlemen bore up as best they could under their doleful plumage. I judge it to have been the last appearance of weepers in the United States. Although I witnessed the funeral, I can never think of the sisters as dying, but as having stepped, not into the grave, but back into the delightful pages of Jane Austen, from whence they must surely have come.

An easy trip was made from England to Germany by the simple process of recrossing the street. And not only Germany, but the peculiar Germany of the Dunkard folk. In conformance with a conviction that the way of life was to be walked soberly and in a literal interpretation of the Word, a patriarchal simplicity ruled the household. In contrast to the lively chatter at our own table, I relished the silence that prevailed throughout the meal, after the blessing was asked by the father, standing in his quaintly cut buttonless suit, his lip shaven, but the chin covered with a beard. The older brother and sister, to whom we were expected to say 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, sir,' might join in a few murmured phrases while we ate, but from the young ones silence was expected. This putting aside of the vain luxuries of life did not preclude a generous abundance of all the comforts, and there was an emanation clearly felt of a pleasant and tranquil contentment.

The house was enveloped, periodically, in another emanation, of mysterious herbs and other boiling medicaments, as the father was a physician and a compounder and dispenser of his own medicines. Little leaflets were folded in three and wrapped with each bottle, and we stood for hours folding them with incredible quickness, to be rewarded with thick sticks of black licorice that, after fifteen minutes of diligent sucking, were guaranteed to destroy all appetite for twenty-four hours.

After a game of play, it was like entering the pool of Siloam to go into the spacious upstairs room where the mother and grandmother sat at their sewing. The walnut and cherry chests of drawers with their glittering brass handles, on the bed the 'Star of the East' quilt, with its innumerable pieces and tiny stitches, the hooked rugs, naïvely expressing the taste of the designer, apparently floating on the dark waxed floor, and the two quiet figures in the sober dresses made a picture worthy of the brush of the old Dutch masters.

The only object in the room that met with disfavor was the hooded walnut cradle with its diadem of brass knobs. As duty came before pleasure, my little friend had to rock the baby to sleep before she was free to play. I can hear her now, as we sat on the floor, jerking the loudly protesting occupant back and forth, her round blue eyes and rosy cheeks rising, moonlike, as her side went violently down, exclaiming with gloomy conviction, 'The old baby ain't worth it!'

Very different was the simplicity of a household some distance away, where Scotch thrift was carried to the highest degree. In the big brick mansion, the long parlor, with the drawn damask curtains, the handsome Sully portraits, and the heavy mahogany furniture, never knew the cheery happiness of a fire. On a cold winter's day the family moved through the icy halls with steam issuing from their mouths like so many engines. I recall a festivity at which, our noses shining bright red above our fur collars, we sat on the slippery Chippendale chairs and convivially drank very pale and very sour lemonade, accompanied by the variety of ginger cookies only to be found in crossroad country stores. I had not the good fortune to be present at the more lavish entertainment where cracked nuts were added to the menu and a son was sent to borrow a package of large darning needles to be used as nut picks. This same son, although not quite 'all there' mentally, was a champion borrower and established an all-time record in fetching and returning a neighbor's eight-day clock key every week for twenty years. He made the classic reply to the inquiry as to his mother, — dying, true to tradition, on a horsehair-covered sofa, to save the washing of sheets, — 'Ma is mighty bad off — she can't neither set nor lay.'

II

Obviously the early nineteenth-century houses in Hagerstown were designed and built by men, without any suggestions from the other sex, for the spacious brick dwellings climbing up the Washington Street hill had each a one-storied office building attached to and opening into the main structure. The man of the house was supposed to spend his waking hours there attending to his legal or medical business — for most of the gentlemen followed one or the other of these professions. The truth was that it gave an unexcelled opportunity to extend a masculine supervision over all household affairs that must have been exceedingly trying to feminine patience. In some of them, too, there was a threadbare path in the carpet that led from the office door to the sideboard where the portly decanters were kept.

There was a perilous joy in spending the night in one of these houses where a paterfamilias of good old English yeoman stock kept watch and ward over his family. The good old yeoman idea prevailed of not sparing the rod, as well as the custom of family prayers, at which, no matter how late they had been up the night before, all were obliged to be present at seven-thirty in the morning. Prayers were read from a large black book, entitled Jay's *Morning and Evening Exercises*, with sometimes the Litany thrown in for good measure. Those of us who were well out of range of the keen paternal eye were wont to sit back on our heels, monotonously droning ''seech thee, good Lord,' while we hungrily eyed the fast-cooling oatmeal.

By the perverse impishness of Fate, the one twisted old apple tree in town that bore forbidden pale yellow-green balls of nectar known as June Transparents grew close to the office window that overlooked the garden of this house. Urged on by crafty Eves, safely ensconced on the upper back porch, daring Adams, hoping the coast clear, essayed to garner the fruit. Inevitably Nemesis issued forth armed with a buggy whip. Penned in by the high garden walls, the luckless pilferers, with shrill outcries, indulged in antic leapings that would have turned a dancing dervish sick with envy. Ironically the one fat boy, too heavy to climb the tree, also lacked the agility to outstep the whip, and as the slender lash curled lovingly around his plump calves, his yelps of anguish, like Abou ben Adhem, led all the rest. Characteristically English, too, after the shouting and the tumult died, was the lack of rancor. The girls had the apples, the boys had the 'licking' — and the incident was closed.

It took the small traveler only the few moments necessary to run down the back passage leading from the living to the service end of any house to find herself on Afric's distant shore. In all of the kitchens presided over by the pleasant, kindly brown people, there was only one in which we were not welcome — the one in which Aunt Fanny held sway. Her cooking labors suspended, she would sit outside the kitchen door, smoking a short black pipe. Huddled at one end of the bench dedicated to the washtubs, we would gaze across Heaven knows what strange dark seas to the squat old figure and the aged, inscrutable, wrinkled face, topped with the bright bandanna. And as we looked, a mysterious, malevolent miasma seemed to rise in the summer-sweet air of the garden.

When she had had enough of our silent inspection, a wave of the pipe and a muttered something we never tarried long enough to hear clearly, about sending us to 'where the dogs don't bark,' would blow us away like chaff before the wind. It was a relief to seek the comforting presence of our housemaid Annie, a gentle, sweet-faced colored woman, who walked with the wide eyes of the mystic. In fact she spent most of the time in the society of ghosts — a peculiar taste she explained by saying they were lonely and were glad to be with someone who sympathized with them. When she swept and dusted the big parlors, the stately figure of a handsome gentleman, clad in blue broadcloth and white frilled shirt, paced up and down the length of the rooms. As a final and disconcerting touch to his costume he wore a noose around his neck, with the loose end trailing on the floor. The poor man was the original owner of the house, and, finding himself financially embarrassed, dispatched his difficulties and himself at one and the same time. The lovely young lady who followed Annie from room to room upstairs was a more agreeable companion, if you had any preference as to ghosts, for there was something appealing about her, in her airy ruffled skirts and flowing curls. Surely it must have been she who, in an idle hour, cut 'Alice, 1844' on the pane of glass in the little hall bedroom.

Annie, like all of the Hagerstown servants, went to her own house every night, and there her good husband Jake, departed this life years before, lit the lamps, fed the fire, and sat at ghostly ease before it to await her coming. It is the only instance I ever knew of a ghost bestirring itself to do anything useful.

Ready, as she always was, to tell us the latest news of the spirit world, or to discourse on the Bible, in which she was remarkably well versed, it was only when we questioned her about

Aunt Fanny that she fell silent and withdrew behind the curtain that veils, at will, the baffling soul of her race from the white people.

III

It was a rare treat to travel the two blocks away to spend the night in the quaint house on Franklin Street where dwelt my two maiden aunts. We went to bed entirely at the whim of the little dog Dick, who, being by nature a sybarite, had abandoned the strenuous life with us to live in pampered ease and quiet. Beside the adoring sisters, a bachelor uncle brought him tribute every Sunday — in winter a dozen raw oysters, in summer a carton of ice cream. So when he took his seat before each of us in turn, yawning portentously, no matter how early the hour we straightway retired.

See us then in procession. My aunts had never become reconciled to the use of gas, so Aunt Anna Mary, bearing a small glass oil lamp, went from room to room, while Aunt Julia saw that the heavy shutters had been shut and bolted and the doors locked and barred. Then up the nine stairs to the landing and four more to the upper story. I never paused on that landing, for Aunt Anna Mary, by virtue of her Scotch blood, had the gift of second-sight and told me that when any of the family lay dying she saw those who had gone before stand there and whisper and beckon to the passing soul. Sometimes I would wake at night with a deadly clutch at my small heart, wondering if they were whispering and beckoning to me.

The room we slept in was long and low-ceiled, with a bed at either end. In the centre was the chimney, and the lamp was set in a china basin in the fireplace, to burn dimly and safely the night through. On one side of the chimney was a mahogany rocking-chair, in which Aunt Anna Mary sat and rocked and murmured aloud the greater part of the night. On the other was a little antique doll's bed of walnut, with high posts. In it Dick went ceremoniously to bed, his rough-haired little head and bright black eyes looking comical enough on the pillow. In summer a mosquito netting was draped over the posts to insure his button of a nose against bites. After all these preparations one would think we were settled for the night. But no. In a few moments, one or the other of the aunts would certainly exclaim, 'Did we shut the pantry window?' and although we knew we had, the lamp was lifted, the procession re-formed, and with Dick trailing clouds of netting we went to make assurance doubly sure.

In all of the eighty-odd years of their peaceful lives, but twice were they justified of their fears. Once when a too convivial neighbor clamored for admittance, under the impression that he had reached his own rooftree, and again during the Civil War, when, in one of the skirmishes preceding the battle of Antietam, when for three days the little town throbbed with the dismal booming of the cannon but ten miles away, a young soldier fell wounded on their porch. He was taken in and tenderly nursed back to health, but alas! contrary to all the rules of romance as conducted between handsome young ladies and wounded warriors, at the end of some months of convalescence he casually left one day without farewell, and was never heard of more. In spite of this slender record, my aunts still believed in preparedness and nightly dressed in long, straight white garments, surmounted by frilled bed jackets, thus modestly prepared for any emergency, no matter how dire.

As the ultimate pleasure of the whole

proceeding, I took to the bed I shared with my Aunt Julia a large piece of bread, well buttered and covered with brown sugar. I still marvel at the patience that accepted the martyrdom of crumbs that must have been her nightlong penance.

My Aunt Julia was one of those to whom the flowers are friendly. Her borders wore the richest bloom, her mignonette was the sweetest, her pansies had the most alluring faces. When she stirred the earth and tended them she was assisted by Betty, the little white hen.

Now Betty was no common fowl, for one bitter night her poor feet were frozen off, and so overcome were the tender-hearted ladies by the tragedy that they could not have her killed and eaten. She proved worthy of their care and to be cast in heroic mould, for, with valorous determination, she learned to balance and walk on her stumps. With a raffish air and the gait of a drunken sailor, she assiduously followed my aunt up and down the garden. When, as often happened, she fell forward on her beak, she righted herself with an undismayed cluck and rolled merrily along. By virtue of this strength of character she became a member of the family and was inquired for as such.

My Aunt Anna Mary should have been named Martha, for on her rested the household cares. She was up so much betimes on Saturday morning that she set out, wrapped in what she called her 'dolman' and with her oval Scotch face framed in the black bonnet, in time to hear the opening bell at four o'clock. No trading was allowed before then, but by many thrifty matrons selections had been made, and at times it happened that a specially fine fowl might be the choice of more than one. If so, they were sometimes seen each holding a leg, with dread determination. She who, at the first tap of the bell, gave the most dexterous jerk, thereby gaining possession of the corpus, triumphantly bore off the spoils of war.

My aunt was of the fixed opinion that only the first pick of the market was worth buying and so paid no heed when, later in the morning, Bob's wagon clattered down the street to the tune of 'Fresh feesh! Fresh feesh! Annie Ranel Cant-ee-lopes!' — to which base uses had the noble name of Anne Arundel come. Nor was she to be lured by colored Levi's rich baritone ringing out on frosty mornings in: —

'Shuck oysters. Shuck oysters. Shuck oysters, I cry.
I love the good reason the ladies do buy.'

It was only logical that, when breakfast was eaten before dawn, one should dine at ten-thirty and sup at four. We thought it an excellent arrangement, as it made a never-failing source of supplies when the pangs of hunger assailed us between our more normally placed meals.

IV

At times it was my good luck to be the chosen child to journey with my father to one or the other of his farms. It was not only the pleasure of the lands I was to wander in, but the method of getting there that was diverting. My father had uncommon powers of concentration which made him completely oblivious of his surroundings. Prince, the pretty bay horse that drew the buggy, was well aware of this peculiarity, and when the reins slackened fell into a walk and then slyly crept off the road, to hang his head in deep meditation over the near-by fence. Here we would silently sit, to my delight, until some amused passer-by would call out, 'Hey! Where are you going, Governor?' and then with a 'Tut! Tut!

Go along, Prince,' the journey would be resumed. If Prince did not turn his shapely head and wink at me, I know nothing of a horse.

There were other interruptions to making time, for at the sight of the familiar figure many a plough was left and wagons halted, while the men came to the roadside. It was a tribute to his character that it was generally the discouraged and downhearted who sought his aid and counsel. It was not very enlivening talk for a little girl, and she gave it but scant heed. One thing alone was not to be disregarded — a vague something called a Mortgage, which, like King Charles's head, crept into every conversation and was pictured as a great, devouring monster dragging its blighting length across the fields at night. Metaphorically speaking, the fancy did not go far astray.

There must have been some frank comment on the dullness of these wayside conversations, for I remember being told that no one was so humble or unlearned that he had not something of value to impart. I must have been the glittering exception to the rule, for my father was greatly dismayed to learn that, at the age of twelve, I preferred *Little Women* to Froude's *History of England*, although I laboriously waded through the latter to please him — in an effort, I suppose, to live up to the depressing family tradition that, when six years old, he read and digested Josephus.

His pronouncement on my hard-won information was somewhat discouraging, as I heard him declare to my mother, with his customary vehemence, 'Clara, that child has the lightest mental cargo it is possible for a human being to carry.'

As a further barricade against the onslaughts of a superiority complex — only we bluntly called it conceit — my oldest sister had composed in my honor a poem of some twenty stanzas, the first lines being: —

> A mother young and fair to see,
> Though many daughters fat had she.
> The Idiot! The Idiot!

It was a hideous narrative of the oldest-born dropping the baby on its head, from whence its brains clammily oozed out — hence the dismal refrain. In spite of maternal reassurances, I was much given to going into secluded corners and anxiously feeling my small pate for the crack. I imagine the present school of child psychology would consider this doubtful treatment. It had, however, the supreme qualification of being 100 per cent effective.

V

To return to our travels. The journey took some time if our destination was the farm ten miles off, whose twelve hundred rich acres rolled in hills and spread in level pastures in the shadow of the western mountains, and were part of the vast tract of land originally granted to the Earl of Stafford by Charles the First. The tenant farmer found ample room for his family in the long wing of the large house, embowered in trees, built on the highest eminence. It was only one of many in Washington County that still stand, silent relics of a departed mode of life. One by one they slipped from the hands of the English, slaveholding owners who, in a changing economic era, were blandly unconscious that, beside a large family, a houseful of company (not omitting the maiden aunts and destitute relations who filled every odd nook) was literally eating them out of house and home. Irresistibly the rising tide of commercialism in the person of the thrifty, indefatigable German farmer, whose idea of relaxation from work was to do some other kind of work, submerged the county gentry, and they were gone, one hardly knew when or how.

There was a half-timid joy in slipping alone into the empty rooms of the main house, so still they were, so waiting in their stillness. It was as if the fires had just gone out in the great fireplaces and the company but just gone through the doorways with their grooved and fluted mouldings. A wide hall ran through the house to meet an equally wide cross hall. Surprisingly, instead of the usual broad, gracious stairway of the Maryland manor house, on opening a small door one discovered narrow steps running darkly and secretly up between the walls.

From the back hall one went down a flight of steps to the lawn level and then, by a succession of terraces, to the abandoned and neglected sunken garden held in by sloping banks of myrtle. Standing in the sagging rose arbor, one heard at first nothing but the little life of the birds and bees, but slowly came the consciousness of something more. Surely behind the lilac hedge there were the rustling of skirts and the sound of softly pacing feet, while from the straggling clumps of lavender and lemon verbena arose a fragrant sighing, as if the unseen lips of Romance lamented the happy days that were no more.

Suddenly oppressed, it was good to run from this pool of unreality to the upper level and around the house where my father sat on the porch and talked on the homely, comfortable topics of pigs and cows and crops. It was good, too, to sit beside him, Prince trotting homeward with happy alacrity, and see, in the blue dusk, the supernal beauty of a myriad fireflies rising from the tawny wheat.

My father did not spoil the pleasure of these trips with moral lectures, but we were at no loss to understand his passionate love of honesty, both in public and in private affairs. Like a good many of his other hearers, we admired his principles in the abstract and secretly thought he leaned backward in the application of them. Take the matter of the silver dollars. Unbelievably, my brother and I had found two of them in an alleyway and ran home to show the manna cast at our feet. We were horror-struck when he said it must be advertised in the paper. However, he made the major error of his legal career in not holding the treasure in escrow, for a hastily summoned back-yard Court of Appeals decided without a dissenting opinion that 'Findings were keepings,' so we went posthaste and spent it. Fortunately no one turned up to claim the 'sum of money found, and so forth,' but beside the payment of the advertisement another two dollars went into the pocket of the good doctor who automatically took charge of us after the orgy.

We also deplored his habit of frowning upon the perquisites and gifts that are pressed on anyone who has attained political preferment. The latter displayed a varied and sometimes a pathetic taste, but in general it ran to live animals which we welcomed with open arms and no *arrière-pensées.* But just what political or private aspirations could be furthered by a terror-stricken coon leaping around the cellar and defying capture, it puzzles me now to conjecture.

There remains, too, a pensive memory of a dozen diamond-back terrapin (an expensive gift even for those days) which my brother and I let out of the crate and which, with the most unexpected celerity, scuttled under tons of coal and were never more seen.

All unaware of her rare good fortune, the small voyager sailed from port to port, observing the customs and habits and enjoying the dishes of many lands, ranging from the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding of England, through the sausages of Germany, to the delectable apple fritters and brandy sauce of France. But even as she looked came a change. Quick transportation made the world smaller, and from all sides the relentless pressure of Standardization bore down upon us until, ere long, we walked in the proud consciousness of being exactly like everybody everywhere.

And like all mariners who, at the end of their years, sail for the home harbor, she too, who had been 'strange countries for to see,' when the dusk fell and the twinkling lights beckoned, dropped anchor in safe waters and bore ashore an imperishable cargo of happy memories.

OUT OF UNEMPLOYMENT INTO LEISURE

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

Whatever else it may be, civilization is beyond doubt a way of life which tends to free human beings from necessity to labor, and at its best it is also a way of life which moves men to work when they are under no economic need to do so. One product of civilization is relatively abundant free time, which includes both leisure and unemployment.

Leisure, of course, is free time in which one is secure in doing nothing, if doing nothing is what one wants to do, while unemployment is free time in which one feels insecure about his immediate future. This insecurity now presses upon industry and politics, and demands the attention of the thoughtful.

Leisure and unemployment grade insensibly into each other, and are not easily separated. A forehanded workingman, with a stake laid by, may be counted in unemployment statistics, but if he goes fishing or traveling during the lay-off he is obviously a member of the leisure class for the time being. But the lay-off may continue until fear overtakes him; then he becomes truly, as well as statistically, unemployed. Mere absence from the pay roll for one who is usually gainfully employed is not necessarily unemployment, although it is the fashion to build unemployment totals on that basis. At present no doubt some persons are counted as unemployed who have merely changed occupations under economic pressure. Large numbers of young men and women have returned, for instance, to the farms of their origin. There they receive perhaps only food and shelter in return for their work, and the 'payday jobs' can have them back any day; but nevertheless they possess, through family sentiment, a power to wait which the urban unemployed seldom enjoys.

Both leisure and unemployment flow from increased efficiency in producing desired goods and services. Changing desire can glut a market, yet desires are not easily charted or controlled.

Wants may be infinite in variety and extent, but they are always under the restraint of fear, which rouses the desire for security. To want a thing is also to want the security in which to use or enjoy it. Many influences meet in a wide market glut, but fear is especially active then, revealing itself in more desire for security and less desire for goods. When fear enters, thrift follows; and many persons able to continue buying goods at the old rate prefer to buy future income or enlarge their reserves. This preference reënforces, at least temporarily, the heavier drag on consumption arising from sheer inability to buy because of lower earnings.

Merely shortening the hours of labor does not of itself reduce unemployment, except for brief periods. A short working day at low wages means low purchasing power; and it is obvious that no industry, short of monopoly, can pay high wages for short hours unless the public can and will take off its hands promptly the goods produced by operations so efficient that the returns defray these high wages and all other costs and leave a profit. There is no really effective way of reducing industrial unemployment except by reducing the insecurity of industrial operatives.

However, it is equally clear that no plan to reduce industrial insecurity can endure for long which causes thrifty — or, if you please, timid — folk to feel that the situation is being stabilized at their expense. Under a price level which seems to them unfair, they restrict their purchases; and, realizing the inevitable result of unsound policy, they may send their savings into other fields, since capital is the most fluid element in modern economic life, with an uncanny ability to flee the scene of rash experiment.

II

The modern man out of work and the modern man of leisure are alike growths of our civilization; but the former is a dusty, roadside weed, while the latter is a garden bloom. The leisurely live in a protected environment which frequently becomes a bore, and they are so far a specialized product that the perpetuation of family lines frequently becomes, for one reason or another, impossible. It is a commonplace that riches and life seldom walk hand in hand through many generations. While he continues, however, the man of leisure disposes of earnings which arise from the labors of others, either through his possession of capital or through the gifts of earners, or some combination of these sources, while the man out of work is rarely able to draw on either of these sources for enough to keep him in health, strength, and good cheer. Therefore the man out of work is predisposed to look upon the man of leisure as a curse, and upon himself as a martyr. In misfortune he lends ready ear to advices which tell him that as soon as the man of leisure is eliminated unemployment will cease, because then labor will get the full reward of toil and can consume all goods produced.

Is the case really so simple? While many leisured persons do next to nothing which can be measured by the yardstick of utility, others punctuate their leisure by periods of intense work. In such cases it is impossible to separate, without a case record of their lives, the period of incubation of ideas, which is usually long, from the period of organizing and presenting those ideas, which may be very short. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on leisure entitled 'An Apology for Idlers,' indicates that his contributions, which the world would not willingly forgo, were conceived in long leisure, though we are aware they were executed with painstaking toil at the end. I know a wealthy man who appears to be leading a life of consummate leisure, yet at infrequent intervals he brings forth inventions which have probably been taking shape in the back of his mind all the time he has been fishing and golfing. Count Keyserling is a man of leisure in the sense that his philosophy scarcely could have ripened in the hurly-burly of direct, daily responsibilities; yet few will deny that he has deepened the current of thought in our time.

Sustained thought, one of the most toilsome tasks known to man and upon which social advance utterly depends, is often mistaken for idleness merely because the thinker keeps quiet, while most other toil requires motion and noise. It is probable that the unique contributions of a few leisurely persons more than overbalance, in survival value, the dead weight of those who do absolutely nothing of utility with their time. In America even the unemployed applaud the contributions of the leisured, provided that these activities are not in direct competition with what the unemployed would like to be doing for wages. Those who warm park benches read with more pride than envy the sportive exploits of yachtsmen, polo players, and amateur tennis stars.

Since so many aspects of material progress have been found to return great profits, the nursing of progress has passed from amateurs to professional groups — to laboratory and field staffs maintained by associations, foundations, corporations, or government. But for centuries man's control over nature increased largely through the unpaid energies of individuals free from the necessity to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. Of this patient company were Roger and Francis Bacon, John Evelyn, Gilbert White, Coke of Norfolk, Benjamin Franklin in his prosperous years, and many another investigator less known to fame. Innumerable others, almost forgotten now, could be added; for instance, the picturesque Elkanah Watson, the father of the county fair in America, who spent his leisure and his fortune importing plants and animals from the Old World to the New, acclimating them, and conducting breeding and seed-selecting experiments until his wealth was exhausted. To his hard-pressed neighbors in the Berkshires of 1810, Watson must have seemed a man of leisure, since he was under no compulsion to arise early and work late, and because he used daylight hours for purposes which they considered play. Nevertheless Watson's play-work meant far more to agriculture and stock raising than all the furious labors of his neighbor critics. No generation is capable of judging the ultimate utility of the often random, amateurish output of its leisured persons. Precisely because they are not on the pay roll, the results may be a long time maturing, and even then may not be measurable in coin of the realm. Who could assay in pounds sterling the value of those noble English gardens which John Evelyn laid out for his friends, or measure the value added to English life by the continued emulation of his successes in that field?

Looking backward, one perceives that civilization could never have begun or continued without leisure. The Latin *civis*, 'citizen,' is closely related to *quies* or 'quiet'; those who were freed from necessity to labor by the possession of slaves could devote themselves to administrations and legislation. Our own Washington could scarcely have led America to independence unless he had been wealthy enough to command public respect by refusing a salary as commander in chief of the army. The responsibility of the leisured to keep government pure and effective is still taken seriously by many individuals, and sporadically finds expression in intense but short-lived reform movements, but who can say that the political responsibility of the leisured has been measurably met in racket-ridden America? Too many Americans who are free from economic compulsion have accepted other compulsions, and hurry this way and that on a schedule of recreation almost as binding as that of toil, to the disregard of the duties of citizenship involved in ownership and at the sacrifice of reflection and analysis. And yet, on the whole, it is certain that democracy, betrayed by so many of its paid servants, can find rescuers more readily among the leisured than elsewhere, since democratic distrust of salaried experts is notorious.

Civilization, it is evident, can hardly be deepened by eliminating the well-to-do leisured for the theoretical benefit of the unemployed. It may conceivably be broadened by that process; certainly is being broadened in Russia: that is to say, more Russians are in contact with the practical phases of modern civilization than were ever in contact with those phases before. But to broaden civilization without deepening it is merely deferring to another day the inevitable task of searching out and making accessible the elements of that 'good life' which is the objective of the human spirit at its best. As things go, the search for the more elusive elements of the 'good life' proceeds to a large degree as a result of individual enthusiasms, chiefly amateur and unpaid, which can hardly be regimented and directed by government. When government steps in, the enthusiasm of their proponents evaporates, and the steam roller rouses that resentment which, among us, is inseparable from compulsion. Prohibition is a pat example of this double tendency; enthusiasts for prohibition ceased making converts after the Eighteenth Amendment passed, and attempts at enforcement soon took on the aspect of tyranny to millions of persons.

III

Just as leisure seems necessary to the deepening of civilization, so unemployment is necessary to its broadening. I find so eminent a person as Owen D. Young, who is usually sound as salvation, saying, 'It is ridiculous to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society.' Well, unemployment seems to be, at the very least, an essential element in the economic progress of society, and no advancing, or enduring, people has been able to escape it for long. An agricultural society, relatively stable because the tensions of economic cycles are but feeble compared with those of an industrial society, reaches, almost inevitably, a position where its entire population cannot find adequate support at home. China, where farmers for forty centuries have suffered periodic want and famine, is an example. Of course, if the Chinese had practised rigid birth control, they might have escaped unemployment for a time, yet in that case they must have been long since overwhelmed. China has persisted and expanded, and is still expanding, solely through her surplus labor, which is another phrase for unemployment.

An industrial nation like ours, with elbowroom and ambition, still needs a labor surplus. This country would never have been so quickly colonized and developed unless men had been waiting for jobs. Picture the dislocation in the industries of that day if every man who helped to build railroads in the seventies had been pried out of a gainful, thoroughly satisfactory, employment. There were surplus men here and abroad; they went to the jobs and the roads were built. Boulder Dam will be built partly by those who, at the moment the whistle blows, are foot-loose and job-free. One reason why the automobile business grew so astonishingly fast in Michigan in the early stages of its existence was that there were unemployed in the lumber towns which had been built on the deforesting of Michigan, and because men were being thrown out of farm work by improved machinery. Of late years the unemployed farmers' sons of the Ozarks and the Tennessee mountains, most of whom have since returned home, came North in droves to the same industry. Unemployed coal miners from Pennsylvania and West Virginia rushed to Akron, Ohio, and helped to keep the rubber industry going there. In 1917 and 1918 war needs created jobs more abundantly than ever before; they were filled by the unemployed, the partially employed, the willing to be employed, and those who, formerly leisured, no longer felt, in the tense and demanding war atmosphere, utterly secure in their free time. An unimpeded labor flow, and a reserve of labor power, are essential to the welfare of every industrial society whose economic circle is not entirely closed to opportunity. Without these we should stagnate; our deserts would remain desert, small towns would lose hope of growing into industrial cities, and capital would shrink from new enterprises.

Nevertheless, to say unemployment is necessary to industrial advance does not mean that its exaggerated phase of the moment is a matter for congratulation, or that the burden of maintaining a reasonably-sized body of surplus labor should fall upon the surplus laborers only. Of course capital now shares the cost of excessive unemployment in loss of sales, but this is too indirect an influence to operate as a strong restraint upon industrialists when they begin to overexpand their plants. If capital and management shared more directly the cost of unemployment, they would tend to be cautious in hiring and would pay more heed to avoiding seasonal lulls on the one hand and overstocking their customers on the other.

Certain heartening experiments are being made in that direction. That of the General Electric Company, which has been well received in both industrial and sociological circles, is perhaps the most comprehensive, including provision for both normal and emergency unemployment. It takes into account the obvious fact that while a certain amount of unemployment is inevitable in a growing, advancing industry, there are periodic slumps when unemployment increases until it becomes news. Insurance against normal unemployment will be met from a fund contributed jointly by employees who choose to do so and by the company, which will provide a sum equal to the contribution of employees, plus interest on the accumulations. Administration is shared by the company and the contributors, but the company pays the expenses of administration during a trial period of two years. This fund will increase when business is good and decrease when business is bad. When disbursements reach two per cent of the average weekly earnings of contributing employees, the company agrees to put into effect an emergency programme. The chief feature of this emergency programme is a levy of one per cent of their earnings upon the workers drawing 50 per cent or more of their normal pay, the sum so collected to be matched dollar for dollar by the company. As far as normal unemployment is concerned, the contribution is voluntary with the individual; in a declared emergency, however, the levy runs against all employees at the plant at which the emergency exists, and also against the general staff not on a particular works pay roll, their contribution being rated by and allotted according to the number of contributing members in each plant.

This plan has the merit of avoiding many of the difficulties inherent in unemployment insurance dictated and managed by government. It puts a premium upon those adjustments of labor to output, and of output to market, which tend to reduce the need for drawing on unemployment funds. In busy times this means slow increase of working force, meeting the demands of busy departments by transferring operatives from less busy departments, keeping additions down by overtime work, and postponing plant renewals and maintenance work as long as possible. When orders begin to fall off, it means building standard goods for stock, pushing sales for future deliveries, improving plant by doing deferred work, and using the regular help as far as possible in all improvements, even in construction. Also there are provisions to fit the unemployment payments into a substantial framework of employee protection already existing, which includes old age or disability pension, disability relief, and death benefits. The new plan contemplates relief by payments up to twenty dollars weekly for not more than ten weeks in any year, and by loans up to two hundred dollars.

No government agency could hope to make these adjustments as well as the industry itself can make them. It is to be noted, too, that the plan is not compulsory but elective, except as regards the small minorities not participating in various plants, and then only in case of emergency. (In twelve plants in seven states the percentage of participants at last report ranges from 63 per cent to 100 per cent, with the percentages of participants increasing daily.) Consequently, it is part of the bargain which is the vital hinge of American industry. It lines up with democracy on the one hand and efficiency on the other, escaping entirely the blight of bureaucracy. It can be easily changed by a vote of two thirds of the administrators, when their vote has been sanctioned by a majority vote of the contributing employees voting thereon. Equally important, it eliminates the possibility of an unemployed man dodging a job when one is offered — a crying evil under the British official 'dole' system, where some prefer a devitalizing leisure on a low standard of living to its alternative, work at going wages. Every wage earner contributing to the fund has a direct interest in seeing that an out-of-work gets back on the job at the earliest possible moment. This unofficial inspection by one's mates is bound to be more effective than visits by state or government inspectors.

Some variation of this plan would seem to lie in the future of every large enterprise seeking to secure the most dependable employees and to commend itself to the public as the possessor of an adequate labor policy. In this connection it is worthy of note that in the so-called mass-production industries, where rapid advances in machinery and plant engineering frequently turn men out of work, lay-offs are of relatively short duration, because those advances usually enable the management to reduce costs, increase sales, and expand their markets.

IV

Even if all the large-scale enterprises did something of this constructive nature, and many associations of smaller concerns followed suit, there would still remain a body of foot-loose labor which is sometimes urgently needed and sometimes needed not at all. This part of the labor reserve has been immensely useful in building and feeding America; but the tendency of the times is toward reducing the need for this type of man. For instance, an army of casuals used to follow the wheat harvest from Texas to Manitoba. Now the numbers are smaller because more of the harvest work is done by machinery and the population of the wheat belt is becoming more dense. Fruit picking is not as easily mechanized, but with the growth of population the work tends to be done more and more by near-by workers rather than by migratory workers covering a wide range. With the increasing value and intricacy of machinery on construction jobs, contractors tend to take more and more trained men with them to the operation. So the problem presented by the casuals seems to be a disappearing one, and unlikely, of itself, to force legislation for unemployment insurance.

The occupation which has lost the most workers in the past twenty years is agriculture, in which improved methods and machinery have increased the productivity of man power in goods whose market is relatively inelastic compared to the market for automobiles, radios, dynamos, and goods on which changes of style can be rung indefinitely. These workers have been absorbed largely by industry and the servicing of industrial products; but industry is more vulnerable in crises than is agriculture. The standard of living may fall on a farm when there are more mouths to feed; but, barring some calamity of nature, there are always food and shelter. The farmer welcomes home the prodigal son when factory employment fades, and tries to get what work he can out of the fellow in payment for board and lodging. Agriculture is like a sponge; it loses workers under pressure of efficiency and the lure of the city, but it draws them in again, temporarily, when the town cannot provide a living for all its inhabitants. But the unemployment created by changes in farm economy causes little stir because it is ever with us, and because the worker ousted from a rural job usually drifts to town.

Neither casual laborers of the sort who float from state to state nor agricultural laborers are likely to be relieved of insecurity by unemployment insurance legislation. The indications are that the nation will be more chary henceforth in accepting constitutional amendments than it was in the period from 1910 to 1920; and without a constitutional amendment the whole subject remains one for the several states instead of the Union. Secondly, the question is likely to become pressing only in the more highly industrialized states. And, thirdly, in kindred affairs, such as employee compensation, it is noteworthy that many states exempt farmers from the regulations applying to other employers, and also that each state is slow to burden a citizen or a domestic corporation with the protection of citizens of other states temporarily at work within its borders. Finally, the responsible discussion of unemployment insurance thus far, even in New York, where it has reached almost the proportions of a political issue through the championship of Governor Roosevelt, concerns itself with contributing rather than compulsory plans, and neither farm laborers nor casuals are likely to contribute to a large degree. Next steps, and measures in the near future, therefore, can hardly include them to any determining extent.

V

Nearly ten years ago I wrote in *The Iron Man in Industry* an analysis of the large corporation as a working clan, which was developing cross-responsibilities almost feudal in their cohesion. The interval since then has witnessed almost uninterrupted progress in that direction. There has been an increase in stock holdings by employees, in company unions and employee consultation programmes, in profit sharing by bonus and otherwise. Likewise there have been decreases in labor turnover, due to a more rigid selection of employees, a greater emphasis upon dependability, and more severe industrial discipline. The more alert industrial managers now think of themselves as facing a three-way responsibility — to capital, to labor, to the market. Workingmen see, as never before in America, that the future belongs to the great industrial units, and the easiest way for a little fellow to become a big fellow is to 'get set' early with a large corporation and stick with it. This follows naturally from the disappearance of the frontier and the vanishing of free, arable land. Theoretically, the change should have strengthened organized labor; actually it has aided the large employers, because their policies, on the whole, have been more effective than those of the unions.

They build, you see, upon one of the fundamental social instincts — group pride. I can remember the day when newspaper men were warned that workers in our largest plant resented being described as 'a Buick man.' That feeling may have been due to a dying flash of frontier influence; many of the workers had come freshly out of the North Woods and from the farms. In their smaller groups they stood forth as individuals, and what they did was probably not as important as what they were. But whatever the origin of the feeling, it has vanished, and the once suspect term is now flaunted as a banner. The connection it advertises makes its bearer a good risk for credit at the corner store, and probably uplifts his heart as well, for it stamps him as a member of a group which has survived in a stern battle for existence, of an organization which has grown while many of its competitors have dwindled and disappeared. But the change of attitude toward that description holds something more than the consciousness of success; it is the fruit, likewise, of sound judgment in the selection of employees, intelligent personnel service in domestic distress, a liberal policy as regards wages and sharing plans, and the cultivation of the group spirit in a wide variety of ways. That plant has held men for years who joined merely for a few weeks' work, expecting to depart as soon as they had a stake to set up for themselves, but who have stayed on to find satisfactions far beyond anything they imagined could exist in the employee status.

It seems inevitable that a clan spirit so engendered will not be denied its logical fulfillment. The ancient clan took care of its willing and worthy members in sickness and health, in good times and bad, in strength and in the weakness of age. Industry in this engineering age sternly demands dependability from its workers, and in return it can hardly escape the duty of being dependable to its workers in return. In bringing himself to the point of unquestioning dependability, many an industrial worker unfits himself for another occupation. He becomes a specialist who requires a certain environment in which to function efficiently. He wears his shop as a turtle wears his shell. Even if a similar job offers in another shop, he shrinks from taking it because he would not feel at home there; he has become something more or less than a man — that is to say, a Buick man, or a Standard Oil man, or a Ford man, or a Steel man. It is almost as hard for him to switch shops as it would be to switch churches; perhaps more so. For such a man unemployment is especially painful and long; he has no heart to look elsewhere for work. The result is that insecurity of tenure is the chief of his fears. When this fear becomes realized in unemployment, men loyal at all other times will begin to mutter against their employers, against the state, and against the institution of private property which the state protects and perpetuates.

The temptation to make life secure is always strong among those who manage states, because the state's fundamental reason for being is to provide security. At the first threat of insecurity a state shivers and piles up armaments. At bottom the state's purpose is to maintain the status quo as nearly as it can in a world of eternal flux. However, it makes concessions to its people when it must, and statesmen find it peculiarly easy to fall in line with those movements which promise to still popular unrest by making life secure. It is significant that two monarchies, Great Britain and Germany, instituted unemployment insurance, and their Majesties gained strength with the people thereby. In both cases the government's desire for security coincided with a similar desire among the folk at the bottom of the industrial ladder. A similar coincidence of desires may arise here in the near future, and then we may expect to hear the proponents of unemployment insurance derided as cheap politicians and demagogues. They may be shallow persons, in all truth, and yet have by the tail a great truth. The state has a primary stake in having life under it secure and stable for the common man.

However, the state is by no means trusted in all things. We Americans do not trust it in business or religion, or, utterly, in education. Keeping life free for the uncommon man to grow greatly is at least as important as keeping life safe for the common man to do steadfastly. In the America of the past we have perhaps overdone the former; in the America of the future we may easily overdo the latter. A reasonable compromise for the present would lie in corporations providing unemployment insurance in their own several ways, with the state well out of it.

By so doing we can ameliorate some of the suffering which is inevitable under the competitive system, garner more of the delights of leisure, and yet preserve a reasonable field for those driving incentives which flow naturally from insecurity and the desire to win a firmer footing in life.

A civilized people, theoretically in control of its own destiny, scarcely can seek through territorial expansion those reliefs from unemployment which the savage began instinctively — war and conquest. Too many inhibitions have come with evolution. Instead, we moderns must find within our borders and by our wits the solutions for the ills which beset us. Fortunate shall we be among peoples if these solutions do not develop, through undreamed-of complications, ills as serious as those we seek to cure.

‘PAMPAS FIELD’

BY KEN NAKAZAWA

I

It was a strange picture of an ocean, painted by a new acquaintance of mine, that started this discussion. The picture was one of the most weird seascapes I had seen. There was a large round moon at the farthest reach of the sea, but the water did not reflect its light. The waves were long, turbid, and unbroken, resembling the waves over a wind-swept grainfield. And, on the crests of these, thousands of shadowy hands were slowly moving. Then, to make the picture still more mysterious, there was the title, ‘Pampas Field.’

‘It is all so strange,’ I said. ‘Why do you call it “Pampas Field”? Is it not the picture of an ocean?’

The artist smiled at my bewilderment. ‘I gave it that title,’ he explained, ‘because it represents my impression of a pampas field. We artists are often caught between the visual aspect and the emotional aspect of things. Sometimes the two go hand in hand, but sometimes they totally differ from each other. At such a time, we usually swing to the side of emotion, because, as you know, we are addressing the hearts rather than the minds. We Japanese go much further in this respect than the Occidentals, because we are less scientific and more æsthetic than they.

‘When I conceived the idea of this picture, I was standing on the edge of an immense pampas field. Between me and the great full moon, which was slowly rising, stretched a vast plain, covered with pampas grass. As it was late in autumn, the flowers of the grass had lost their snowy plumes, and their veins, standing out in dark gray, seemed like ghostly hands. And these hands — millions and millions of them — were standing in the moonlight.

‘As I was watching this weird spectacle, a wind rose, stirring up long waves over the plain. It was a sharp wind — something like the breeze rising from the edge of breakers. And this wind, together with the waving and rustling of the grass, conjured up the vision of an immense ocean with ghostly hands tossing on the crests of giant waves.’

In order that I might not misunderstand the nature and extent of the artistic license he took, he described the amount of care his fellow artists gave to making truthful portrayal of nature.

‘You must not conclude, however,’ he said, ‘that we are totally indifferent to the visual aspects of things. Take, for instance, that picture of a plum tree hanging there. It shows not only the character of a plum tree, but its age and the season. A massive trunk, with black bark rising over it in sharp ridges; heavy limbs spreading like arms of a swarthy giant, gnarled branches shooting stiffly skyward, covered with needle-sharp twigs. Beneath all these coil and twist mighty roots, holding the tree to the ground so firmly that not even a thunderbolt seems able to loosen their iron grip.

As a striking contrast to this symbol of infinite power and stability, there are the blossoms. Delicate and graceful white blossoms, resting like melting snowflakes upon the craggy tree.

'These are the true characteristics of a plum tree. No other tree on earth possesses exactly the same quality.

'This picture also suggests the age of the tree. The gray moulds growing on the trunk, the unusual blackness and stiffness of the limbs, the abundance of small branches and twigs, and the size and position of the blossoms suggest that it is a tree which has lived through unnumbered winters.

'The feel of early spring is also interpreted in this picture. The blossoms, of course, suggest the season more than anything else; but there are other signs. Among the twisted old branches are new saplings, straight, sleek, and full of life. The roots of the tree and the ground about them appear to have recently emerged from under the snow. They are wet — not merely drenched, but soaked through. It is the kind of soaking that shows days and days of immersion. From among the tangles of yellow grass young leaves are peeping out. They seem to have been pushed up by the fiery impulse of springtime, and are vibrating with vigor and aspiration. These, and the soft and dreamy atmosphere, and the white mists lying lightly across distant hills, bespeak the time when the earth awakes from a long slumber and faces a new adventure.

'By the way, the feel of season is one of the most difficult things for us to interpret. It is difficult mainly because it must be done with the utmost subtlety and originality. We confess our own immaturity when we resort to the obvious and conventional, using cherry blossoms for spring and flaming maples for autumn. A Chinese artist is said to have painted the scene of butterflies following a horse in his attempt to interpret the poem, —

> 'I pass a forest of flowering plum trees,
> The scent of blossoms clings to the hoofs of
> my steed.

'Such obvious method is used only by amateurs, or in exceptional cases. A master draws a falling leaf, and, without any tangible signs, we know to what season it belongs — whether it is a summer leaf, dropping stifled by heat and dust, or an autumn leaf, leaving the tree after running the full course of its life. This process is intensely subjective, and therefore extremely difficult; but, when it is well done, we have a masterpiece. That picture of the plum tree is rather too obvious, but it shows how much care we give to the faithful interpretation of nature.'

II

This explanation was so interesting that before I knew it I was asking my new acquaintance all sorts of questions. I asked about the significance of the linear technique which distinguishes Japanese art from that of the Occident.

'We seem to be line-minded,' he said. 'We use lines not only in paintings, but in all other forms of art. Take, for example, sculpture. A carving is judged mainly by the knife marks it bears. These knife marks are none other than the lines made with a knife or a chisel. Another example is flower arrangement. I understand that the flower art of the Occident is based on color harmony. Ours is based upon the posture of vines and branches. We divide these branches and vines into heaven, earth, and man, and arrange them in such a way that they constitute artistic posture. It is distinctly linear in its fundamental principle.

'By the way,' he cried, as if impelled by an irresistible desire to digress, 'our flower artists are just as emotional in their interpretation as we are. One day I saw one of them arrange morning-glories in a bamboo vase shaped like a ship. Instead of following conventional ideas, he planted one of the flowers straight and another trailing down from the stern. "This is a ship in mid-ocean," he explained. "Hence the sail is hoisted high and the rudder is made ready for a long voyage. I try to interpret the spirit of adventure in the whole posture. Sometimes I have the sail down and the anchor cast, in order to interpret the restfulness of a moored ship. Then, occasionally, I have everything down to represent the care-free spirit of a drifting ship — nowhere to go, nowhere to return — just drifting along."

'The lines are very important in our art, because they have a greater task to perform than the ones in Occidental art. Our lines are each a complete picture. There are life, feeling, and purpose in every line. And these small pictures contribute much to the æsthetic and emotional value of the whole. Sometimes the value of lines predominates over that of the picture. Occasionally a commonplace object treated in a commonplace manner becomes a masterpiece because of excellent lines.

'Lines being so important, we take infinite care in executing them. We produce them, not mechanically, but spiritually, casting our heart and soul into them. "When drawing a line," said a master, "throw your whole being into your brush so thoroughly that if the brush were cut in the middle your lifeblood would flow from it." "A living picture can be created only with living lines," said another; "see that every line you draw vibrates with life and feeling." "Line is a highly concentrated thing," said still another. "It has tremendously suggestive power. It is the sword that can destroy as well as protect."'

The artist then told me that Japanese art is essentially monochromatic. 'We use other colors,' he said; 'but they are not quite so effective as black. Black holds, and can suggest, all the colors a human mind can conceive. Even white can be produced by it. I saw the picture of plum blossoms painted with black, and these blossoms showed all the delicate whiteness of real flowers. Color is largely a matter of harmony and contrast. Placed in a certain relationship, it changes its character. Besides, we are creating not a color, but the illusion of a color.

'This monochromatic tendency is becoming more and more manifest in our art to-day. We have tried polychrome and found it to be quite convenient; but there are certain things in the monochrome that are singularly suited to our mode of expression. There are depth, power, subtlety, concentration. Moreover, we are most skilled in the use of black, having used it from the very beginning of our graphic art. Hence we are trending more and more toward the monochrome, and it is my prediction that some day black and white will dominate our entire art world.'

III

The question I brought out next was about the difference between Japanese art and the art of other countries.

'That is one of those subjects that can be discussed only in a relative manner,' he said. 'The racial and national character of art is just as difficult to define as that of people. Art expresses human nature, and human nature is too varied and complicated to be categorized geographically or traditionally. All I can say is that such and such seems to be true in a majority of cases.

'Let us first compare our art with that of our nearest neighbor, China. Comparing the paintings of that country with those of ours, we discover that hers seem to interpret a sense of peace, while ours seem to suggest a sense of action. Great peace and a sort of transcendental resignation prevail in Chinese paintings. Heaven-high mountains, ocean-deep gorges, interminable plains, all suggest the feel of infinite peace. Even the moving things, like soaring birds, running animals, sailing ships, and walking men, express repose, rather than action.

'This is true not only of art, but of all other kindred matters in that country. Her mythology, philosophy, poetry, fiction, drama, are all based on the same ideal of peace and negation. According to her mythology, the world is the body of Pan-Ku, a giant who carved the Universe out of chaos. When this giant died, his body turned into the earth, and the insects feeding on his back were transformed into human beings. Nature, then, is the remains of a dead giant; and, therefore, it is full of repose. Although its outward objects bear the semblance of life, its heart and soul are forever silent.

'The same idea is expressed in the philosophy of China. "Non-being is the beginning and end of being," says a philosopher; "non-action the beginning and end of action. In order to be eternal, one must emerge from the realm of being and action, and meet nature in the domain of endless peace." "Fools run and stumble," says another, "while the wise sit and meditate. All our acts are futile, because no one can change the course of destiny. Come away from the world of desires and struggles; meditate in the heart of great nature; and you will find the gate that leads you into the world of immortality." It is true that there were teachers like Confucius and Mencius, who taught the value of active life, but Lao-tse and his disciples, whom the writers and artists in general claim as their masters, all preached the doctrine of peace and contemplation.

'The same is true of literature. Thousands and thousands of Chinese poems express deep yearning for the life of peace and the joy that comes in the hours of repose and negation. Even the drama, in which action is supremely important, is fraught with the sense of repose and abstraction. It is little wonder, then, that a spirit of peace predominates in the art of China.

'Japanese art, on the contrary, expresses a sense of action. We portray moving aspects of man and nature. We are so tremendously interested in life; and life manifests itself in action. Therefore we inject action into everything we draw. Even in a still life sometimes there is a suggestion of movement somewhere. An artist once went to sketch an iris flower. He observed the flower several days without touching his brush. One day a wind rose and the iris trembled. He snatched his brush and the picture was done.

'Japanese art seems to be more humanistic than Chinese. The Chinese place tremendous emphasis upon nature, treating human beings as mere supplements. They are great worshipers of nature. China is an enormous country. It holds within its borders mountains that rise to the very seat of the sun and spread so far away that they seem to wall up the entire earth; rivers that are so long and so wide that they seem to come, as a poet once described, from the depth of the ninth heaven and flow to the end of eternity; and plains that are wide enough to hold several empires within their bosoms.

'Living amid scenes of such grandeur, the Chinese cannot help having a sense of reverence toward nature. They seem so small and unimportant — mere pygmies in the land of giants. Everywhere around them stands immense nature, sometimes warning them that some day it will crumble down upon them and crush their petty civilization, and sometimes urging them to abandon the futile hopes and strifes of the human world and come forth to find peace and immortality in its vast, silent, and eternal bosom.

'Having such a deep sense of reverence toward nature, Chinese artists take great interest in depicting its appalling power and magnitude. Peaks rising above peaks in sublime dignity, cataracts thundering down from infinite heights to the very foundation of the earth, ravines so deep and so savage that even a stout-winged bird does not approach them, plains so vast and desolate that no creature dare enter their confines. These are the things we find in most Chinese pictures.

'And amid these stupendous monuments of nature human beings are thinly scattered. They are so tremendously subdued that one often fails to recognize them. They remind one of the insects crawling on the back of that giant, Pan-Ku.

'It is true that in some pictures — particularly in religious ones — human beings are described in a more dignified manner, and that some of them even seem to dominate nature. But such examples are rare, and many of those human beings so emphasized are likely to be Shen — that is, the men who achieved supernatural power by uniting themselves with nature.

'This tendency to glorify nature is most prevalent in the pictures of the Northern School, for the climate in the North is full of magnitude and desolation; but it is present even in the paintings of the Southern School.

'In this respect Chinese art makes an interesting contrast with the art of the Occident. The Occidentals are quite partial to human beings. They tremendously emphasize them in their art, using nature as a mere background. Recently, however, they have begun to give it a higher value, resulting in the appearance of the masterpieces in which the grandeur and beauty of nature are described with consummate skill.

'Looking into our art, we find that it gives more importance to human beings than Chinese art. We have more faith in our lives and activities. Our art is built, not upon the worship of man or nature, but upon the harmony of the two. The nature in our country inspires more love than reverence. Our mountains are never too high, rivers never too long, plains never too wide. The climate here is quite mild, and the scenery abounds in delicate types of beauty. Naturally we have a great love for the things around us, and like to live in harmony with them. This idea is expressed in everything we do. We arrange flowers, not in order to use them as a part of our household decoration, but in order to express our love for them. We sometimes drop cherry blossoms in our tea, not so much because we like their taste as because we like to revive the joy of springtime in our hearts. We hold the feasts of blossom time and full moon, not merely to see the blossoms and the moon, but to taste the sense of being one with nature. We celebrate the Star Festival, not because we believe in the romance of the Star Princess, but because it enables us to show our love of nature. On the day of the Star Festival, as you know, we go out to the garden at the break of dawn and collect dewdrops from the hearts of opening lotus flowers. Then, with the ink made of the dewdrops, we write love poems on the five-colored tablets. We dedicate these poems to the Star Princess by tying these tablets to the greenest bamboo trees in the garden. Sometimes we march under the starry sky, carrying branches of decorated bamboo trees on our shoulders. And then, casting the branches into a river, we watch them sail down the stream to the home of the Morning Star. A childish custom, one may say. It shows how much of love we hold for nature.

'This love of nature, and the desire to live in harmony with it, constitute one of the most fascinating characters of our art.

'Let us now compare our art with that of the Occident. The first thing that comes to our notice is that ours is more æsthetic, while theirs is more truthful. We are more inclined to say that all beautiful things are true, while they have a tendency to say that all true things are beautiful. We take great liberties for the sake of beauty, while they dare many things for the sake of truth.

'Recently, however, the truth element has begun to increase in our art. This is particularly true of portraits and animal pictures. Some of our artists go abroad to study anatomy as applied to art. The Occidentals, on the other hand, are beginning to sacrifice truth for the sake of beauty. Their art is becoming increasingly decorative. Thus the art ideals of the East and West are gradually approximating each other.

'Another thing that distinguishes our art from that of the West is the degree of abstraction. We eliminate details more thoroughly than they do. This is possible, first, because we are not required to paint our silk completely. We are not criticized for leaving vacant spaces in our picture, because our requirement is to see that the silk has the feel of being completely covered. It does not matter how few strokes we use as long as we execute those strokes so forcefully that they dominate the entire space. Hundreds of amateurs, tumbling about in violent action, leave many empty spots on the stage, while a seasoned actor alone and without perceptible motion fills the space. The principle is the same in our art. We are concerned not so much with lines and colors as with the power behind them.

'The second reason that enables us to eliminate nonessentials more thoroughly is that we are more accustomed to the concentrated forms of expression. Our poetry is the last word in compactness, and our flower art presents a complete aspect of nature with a few branches. We use this method because it enables us to interpret the thoughts and images that are beyond the power of words and colors to portray, and because it gives to our public the pleasure of exercising its creative ability. The poems with sentiments deftly unexpressed, the pictures with the imagery artistically unfinished, interest us far more deeply than the complete ones, for such poems and pictures give us the joy of creating living poems and pictures of our own.

'By the way, this reminds me of an amusing incident which occurred some time ago. One day I bought a large rock and started to bury it in my garden. My neighbor asked me what I was doing.

'"I am going to bury it so that only these two corners will show," I said.

'He was very much surprised. "Why," he cried, "that will make it seem small!"

'"On the contrary, it will make it seem immense," I retorted; "because to the seeing eyes these corners will seem like the corners of the great earth."

'He scratched his head and went away, mumbling something about the queer notions of artists.

'Art is the exposed corner of a buried rock. Some artists bury the rock shallow, so that the public may have more to begin with, but we bury it deep, because our public is able to create a mountain out of a pebble.'

IV

Before leaving the artist, I asked one more question. I wanted to know why Japanese color prints are so popular in America.

'Not being a student of American psychology,' he said, 'I am not able to answer the question with any degree of definiteness. We were puzzled when it became known that Americans had taken a great fancy to our prints, and begun to collect them in large numbers. We did not have very complimentary ideas about that type of picture. There are a number of good ones, of course, and some of the lines and colors used in them are excellent; but most of them are lacking in depth, subtlety, freedom, spiritual grace, and scholarly dignity. As their general name, Ukiyoye, suggests, they are the images of the floating world — that is, the superficial aspects of life presented in a superficial way. So that their tremendous popularity in America was a source of mystery for us. Some of us were frankly worried, fearing that the Americans might take them as the examples of our real art; while some smiled and thought, "Those incomprehensible foreigners — they will do almost anything. Let us watch and see how long the fad will continue."

'And, while we were thus frowning and smiling, the interest in our prints spread far and wide in America, until the names Hiroshige, Hokusai, Utamaro, Sharaku, were on the lips of nearly all the art lovers there. Some of our largest and best collections went to that country, and some Americans became authorities on the color prints.

'This made us step down from the pedestal of indifference and make a careful study of the color prints. In this research we tried to evaluate the prints in their relation to life, rather than to art. Judged in the light of our art ideals, their value was insignificant; but, judged by the amount of joy they bring to mankind, they might have certain redeeming features. Therefore we abandoned our orthodox ideals, and endeavored to discover the elements of charm from a layman's point of view.

'Among the things we found during the search was the quality of being democratic. The color prints, as you know, were created mostly by the members of lower classes. Fan makers, doll makers, vegetable men, fish venders, and such produced these miniature pictures. Color prints are not the nightingale that sings in a golden cage, but the sparrows that play in the dusty streets; not the cloud that soars in the high sky, but the dewdrops that come to freshen wayside flowers. Hearts of the common people, working, playing, dreaming in straw huts and dingy shops, sing and laugh in the Ukiyoye. Hence the pictures are direct in appeal, unassuming in general attitude, and chock-full of heart interest.

'Another thing we discovered was that the color prints are eloquent with the joy of life. These pictures appeared toward the end of the Yedo period. And the Yedo period was one of the gayest eras in our history. It was, in truth, the time of eternal sunshine and everlasting blossoms, when people lived pretty much like the butterflies in a sunny meadow. Butterflies may still have the fear of frosty mornings and the sorrow of broken wings; but the common people of that golden age had no such matters to darken their minds. The sorrow of empty fireside and eternal waiting had already been forgotten, because war had ended some two hundred years before; and there was no fear of international complications to disturb them, because Japan was then a hermit empire. So they were very happy indeed, and they lived only to make their country a gayer, happier, and more beautiful place to live in. When spring brought warm sunshine and shimmering blossoms, they would lay their daily task aside and go forth to sing and dance on the mountain side, and when summer arrived, with skylarks and green shadows, they would stroll into forests and to rivers and watch the play of wild birds and the dance of fireflies. So with autumn and winter. When the flame of maples burned among the gold of poplars and chestnut trees, and when snow came to hang crystals upon bamboo trees and lay mirrors around lotus flowers, they gathered in the valleys and homes and gave expressions of joy in music and poetry. And always, always, there were night bazaars, theatres, and festivals.

'And this spirit of everlasting joy is delightfully expressed in these color prints. There are, of course, some that treat of the lonely and wistful side of life, such as the landscapes of Hiroshige; but the prints in general are vibrant with the spirit of joy, so that when one turns to them he can forget the woes and restlessness of the present time, even as the warriors of the dark age forgot the horrors of war in the sanctity of the tea garden, and enjoy the same glorious sunshine, the same dancing blossoms, and the same song and laughter of the Yedo period.

'The third thing we discovered was that these prints are intensely Japanese in subject matter and underlying sentiments. Many of our orthodox artists studied the principles of Chinese masters as a part of their training, and consequently were more or less influenced by Chinese ideals. Some of them were so extremely Chinese in their ideals and technique that we are scarcely able to distinguish their work from that of Chinese. The makers of color prints, however, did not take such a course of training, being mostly too ignorant to understand the foreign theory, which was set forth with elaborate and often obscure language. As a result, they were entirely free from Chinese influence. They looked at things from the Japanese point of view, and interpreted them with the directness, simplicity, and urbanity of old Japan. The poetic, humane, and whimsical heart of Japan sings through their products.

'In this respect, color prints come nearest to the American's ideas of Japan. As shown in the works of American writers like Lafcadio Hearn, Japan, as pictured by them, is the land of shimmering pagodas, dancing blossoms, gay festivals, and merry night bazaars. The aspects of old Japan presented in the color prints, therefore, are more harmonious with their ideas of our country.

'There is still another thing we discovered. And that is the charm of the colors used in them. These colors are interpretative of the colors of the Yedo period. Yedo was one of the most colorful periods in the history of our country. It was the time when people combined the crimson of azalea, purple of iris, green of bamboo, blue of sea waves, and gold of moonlight in their personal and household ornaments. Even the stolid warriors wore shimmering brocade dresses and carried gold-hilted, jewel-encrusted swords. And, as for women and children, they lived in a blaze of brilliant colors. Innumerable hairdresses of tortoise shell, adorned with silver trinkets and golden tassels, formed halos around their heads, while drifting maple leaves or snowy sea birds playing atop green waves formed patterns on their dresses, making delightful contrasts with the obi of red or green brocade splashed with silver and gold. When there was a festival, the streets were walled up by bright-colored blossoms and roofed over by thousands and thousands of lanterns. And through this glorious kingdom of shimmering flowers and swinging lanterns they carried lacquered shrines and magnificent show boats. The colors of this most colorful age live in our color prints, reproduced not by mere artists, but by the men who gave colors to the Yedo period. The print artists, as you remember, were mostly artisans. They were dyers, embroiderers, and makers of fans, dolls, lanterns, flags, and silk flowers. As such, they did much to enrich the colors of their period. The colors in our prints, therefore, are not objective portrayal, but subjective interpretation made by the creators of the colors of the Yedo.

'I do not know if the Americans began to like our prints because of these reasons, but I am glad that they are so popular in that country. I hope that these tiny messengers will go into all the homes, schools, and societies of America and interpret our ideals and sentiments, so that, over the bridge of understanding and sympathy they build, the rose of America and the cherry trees of Japan may mingle their branches and become one.'

THE DESTINY OF INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

'THEIR writings,' said a distinguished man of the Sanskrit scriptures, 'will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.'

We might be inclined to think that this is the view of some fiery Nationalist of Benares or Poona, or perhaps a detached Orientalist like Burnouf, or Whitney of Yale. Both guesses are far afield. This was written by Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of British India, in October 1784, as a part of his introduction to the translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* by Charles Wilkins. In this introduction Warren Hastings also says that, among all the known religions of mankind, this scripture is the one example of a theology accurately corresponding with that of the Christian dispensation, and most powerfully illustrating the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

This earliest English version of the 'Song Celestial,' as Edwin Arnold later named it, is of high interest to students in America, and especially in New England. For this is the book that Thoreau carried with him in his exploration of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers in 1839, and he quotes it at length, laying stress on the part which

Warren Hastings had played in its production, in his log book of that notable journey, whose charm and value were hidden for two generations. It is fairly certain that this volume was among the score of Oriental books which Thoreau left, at his death, to Emerson in 1862. And Emerson's debt to the *Bhagavad Gita* is recorded in more than a dozen entries in the thoughtful study by Frederic Ives Carpenter, *Emerson and Asia*. The Sanskrit poem, and with it certain of the Upanishads, colored the literature of that fruitful period in New England as sunshine illumined the meadows and river valleys about Concord for Thoreau.

The influence of these scriptures of India grew with the years, setting in motion a tide of spiritual thought which flowed against the materialism, not so much of Darwin, who was deeply religious, as of some of his disciples. And now that materialism is once more ebbing, — giving way, as in the recent writings of Sir Arthur Eddington, to a more philosophical concept of life, — this newest current of thought flows once more toward the ideals and ideas of ancient India.

Before we try to describe these spiritual principles, it may be well to establish the intellectual importance of the land of the Indus and Ganges in more prosaic fields. Recent books seeking to give a general account of philosophical and scientific thinking have shared the shortcoming that they begin everything with the Greeks, and practically ignore India, thus throwing the whole subject out of perspective. But we find Laplace, who died more than a century ago, pointing out that it was India that gave us the ingenious method of expressing all numbers by means of ten symbols, each symbol receiving a value of position as well as an absolute value, a profound and important idea which we now so completely take for granted. Laplace adds that the very simplicity of this system of ten numbers, and the great ease which it has lent to all computations, put our arithmetic in the first rank of useful inventions; we shall appreciate the grandeur of this achievement the more when we remember that it escaped the genius of Archimedes and Apollonius, two of the greatest men produced by antiquity.

The importance of these Indian numbers, popularly miscalled Arabic; of the cipher, or zero, also borrowed from India; and of the system of value by position, in virtue of which the number one has different values when it is the first figure of ten, a hundred, a thousand, and so on, is worked out in detail by Dr. Tobias Dantzig in his new book on *Number, The Language of Science*. He proves to demonstration that we are debtors to India both for the scientific and for the practical development of arithmetic. The most matter-of-fact merchant makes obeisance to the Rishis when he adds up the totals in his cashbook. He uses symbols borrowed from India every time he writes a check. As suggesting our debt to India in other fields of mathematics, we may follow Dr. Dantzig in quoting from the Brahman Bhaskara, who is assigned to the twelfth century of our era, a sentence which has a singularly modern flavor: —

'The square of a positive number, as also that of a negative number, is positive; and the square root of a positive number is twofold, positive and negative; there is no square root of a negative number, for a negative number is not a square.'

Since Dr. Dantzig considers that mathematics began in modern Europe with the Italian Bombelli in the sixteenth century, the priority of India seems clear. The difficulty is that all early dates in India are still under the cloud cast by Archbishop Ussher's chronology; 4004 B.C. for the creation dominated all our first Orientalists, who telescoped millenniums into centuries and centuries into decades in obedience to that shrunken yardstick. So far no one has seriously undertaken to unscramble this confusion. Therefore India's achievements may be far older than the 'early centuries A.D.' to which Dr. Dantzig cautiously attributes them.

Pythagoras, whose long studies in Egypt and in the East are too generally ignored by the school which holds that all wisdom began with the Greeks, held some form of heliocentric teaching. A like view, that the sun, and not the earth, is the centre of the solar system, was pointed out by the American Sanskritist Fitzedward Hall in the Vishnu Purana: —

'Of the sun, which is always in one and the same place, there is neither setting nor rising; for what is called rising and setting is only the seeing and the not seeing the sun.'

But the later Greek astronomers, including Hipparchus and Ptolemy, were convinced that our earth is the centre of the universe, which they conceived as a not very large globe with the stars 'fixed' on its inner surface. If we supplement this small globular universe with the chronology deduced from the Hebrew scriptures and finally formulated by Archbishop Ussher, we have the world as it continued until the discoveries of Copernicus, whose great book was published as he lay dying, in the year 1543, some twenty years before the birth of Shakespeare. The steady extension of the universe both in space and in time is the most notable fact of the last four centuries. The most recent results are embodied in the splendidly imaginative writings of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington. And the noteworthy fact is that these newest results are singularly like the views taught millenniums back, in ancient India.

Let us take examples in space and time. First, the Ptolemaic empyrean contained some five thousand stars. Perhaps ten thousand may be seen from a mountain top in India on a moonless night, when the stars gleam like colored jewels. But Buddha, teaching two thousand five hundred years ago, speaks of a hundred thousand times ten million worlds — that is, a million million. Sir Arthur Eddington is quoted as estimating that the great hundred-inch mirror telescope may make a photographic record of stars up to the 22d and 23d magnitudes; in all, perhaps, three hundred thousand million. It is possible that the new two-hundred-inch mirror may bring these figures up to the Buddha's total. Again, Sir James Jeans is quoted as estimating the age of the stellar universe as two hundred million million years. This still falls short of the total for a Year of Brahma, the universal Expansive Power, in the tables of the Puranas. Further, Buddha, or his disciples, taught a nebular theory closely resembling the most recent speculations of Jeans and Eddington.

To sum up: In the firmament of our intellectual life are two shining lights, Hellas and Palestine, from which we have drawn the essence of our science and our religion. But the ethical and religious teachings of India are in spirit singularly like those of the New Testament; Warren Hastings recognized that, a century and a half ago. When it comes to science, India is far closer to the most modern cosmological conceptions than Hellas ever was, while to India we owe such prosaic yet indispensable elements of our modern world as the figures which, with zero, are the very foundation of our practical and theoretical computations. India, therefore, among the nations of all time, is one of the few which have been greatly creative, in the intellectual as well as in the spiritual and ethical fields. But, while it would be unprofitable to seek in the Athens or Palestine of to-day for the living spirit that gave Greece and Judæa their world significance, with India it is not so. Her spiritual and intellectual life still burns, though buried deep under the débris of the centuries. Therefore, the future of India is not only the concern of India, or of the British Empire, but of the whole world. The hidden fires may, at some future day, be uncovered, once more burning brightly to illumine mankind.

II

Warren Hastings, bringing the new work to the attention of the higher powers of the East India Company, wrote his introduction to Charles Wilkins's *Bhagavad Gita* in October 1784. He was then at Benares, seeking, by methods not overscrupulous, to extend the sway of the East India Company to the northwest, from the lower Ganges valley where it had its effective beginning on Clive's battlefield of Plassey in 1757.

The dual errand of Warren Hastings in Benares, nearly a century and a half ago, is symbolic of the twofold work carried out by the British in India. The first governor-general was an enthusiastic student of Oriental lore; in his introduction, he gives an account of the Mahabharata war, which shows original research. Far more important, he was a generous and effective patron of Oriental studies, the presiding genius of the Asiatick Society of Bengal, the venerable precursor of so many kindred societies, including the American Oriental Society. To the period in which his influence and example were dominant belong the translation of the *Laws of Manu* by Sir William Jones Thomas Colebrooke's Vedic and grammatical studies which laid the foundation of Western knowledge of Sanskrit, and, as we have seen, the first translation of the *Bhagavad Gita*. This vitally important activity of Warren Hastings is almost ignored, even in the official English histories of the Indian Empire. But its influence has been world-wide; the valley of the Merrimac River is only one of innumerable regions to which the wave of intellectual and spiritual life set in motion at Benares a hundred and fifty years ago has spread. To the influence of the first governor-general of British India, the scholars who worked with him and their successors, we owe our knowledge of Eastern scriptures, the comparative study of religion, and such works as the Sacred Books of the East series. It would be difficult to name a more vital influence in modern religious thought.

Being then on the eve of his departure from India, Warren Hastings was also bent on consolidating what was destined, a century after Plassey, to become Britain's imperial rule, that rule which is now so fiercely assailed by some of the modern 'Nationalists.' Let us try to gain a general view of the field of contention.

What was the character of the huge, semi-continental area over which Britain had begun to extend her sway? There were at that time three outstanding political powers: the waning Mogul empire; the militant theocracy of the Sikhs in the Indus region; and the associations of mounted Mahratha tribesmen in Central India, as mobile and as predatory as locusts. There were also rival European powers, Portuguese, Dutch, French. One may note in passing that at one time the contest between Britain and France was fairly equally balanced. Lack of sea power had hindered France from bringing critically needed reënforcements to Madras; just as England's lack of effective sea power kept her from bringing much-needed reënforcements to Yorktown, not long before Warren Hastings wrote his introduction to the *Bhagavad Gita* at Benares. Had the forces of East and West been reversed, Yorktown might have been a British victory, perhaps deciding the war; while India might have become a French empire, as Tonkin later became. Perhaps, in that case, the Calcutta Nationalists would have voted that French, not English, should be the national tongue of the future independent India of their hopes.

The power of the Mogul conquerors, which was finally extinguished only in 1857 by the Indian Mutiny, was representative of a millennium of destructive invasions of India. In the year 711 the forces of militant Islam, not yet a century old, had attacked Western India. The Arab invaders captured the fortified city of Debul on the lower Indus, after a courageous resistance. The Brahmans and other inhabitants were invited to accept Islam, and, 'on their refusing, their wives and children were enslaved and all males of the age of seventeen and upward were put to the sword.' This may stand as keynote for ten centuries of ruthless incursions. Besides invasion by the Arabs, there were inroads of Turks, who had not yet reached the Bosporus, culminating in the incursion of Timur the Lame, or Tamerlane, in Chaucer's days; there was the invasion of Timur's descendant Baber, which founded the Mogul Empire in Tudor times; last, and most ruthless, was the descent of Nadir Shah the Persian, not long before Plassey. It is interesting that another Nadir Shah now reigns beyond the Kyber Pass.

During these ten centuries the warriors of India made a gallant resistance. More than that, they had excess energy enough to initiate the two great indigenous movements already noted: the Sikh theocracy in the north, and the Mahratha predatory principalities in the Vindhya Mountains of Central India. One may suppose that, had the European invaders never reached India, the end of the Mogul dynasty and the emancipation of its viceroys would have come about much as they did. The fruit was ripe to rottenness and would have fallen. Then either the theocratic Sikhs and the marauding Mahrathas would have reached a balance of power, or one would have prevailed over the other. Had the Sikhs prevailed, there would have been a prospect of able, despotic uniformity, in which what is most distinctive and valuable in India would probably have been destroyed. The triumph of the Mahrathas might have meant a rule greedier than that of the East India Company, with a far greater destructiveness. One cannot see that, in either event, the world would have profited from the stored wisdom of India.

But 'King Karma,' as their sacred books would say, decreed that Company Bahadur should overcome first the Mahrathas and then the Sikhs, and should, a century after Plassey, give place to the imperial government, in virtue of which King George has succeeded Akbar the Magnificent and Aurungzeb the Persecutor as Emperor of India. Let us consider how imperial rule was at work, a generation after its inception in 1858.

To begin with, the characteristic thing was not the Government of India, with its capitals at Calcutta and Simla, but rather the dozen provincial governments, which, broadly speaking, followed the ancient boundaries of Indian kingdoms, each with its languages, history, and traditions. The situation was far more like Europe in the seventeenth century than, let us say, the United States in the nineteenth — except that there was, and is, immeasurably greater diversity of race in India than in Europe, even if we emphasize the Lapps and Finns, the Turks and Magyars, the Maltese and Basques. The fundamental distinction of the Four Colors exists to-day as in the days of the great adjustment formalized in Manu's Code. The *Mahabharata* describes the Brahmans as white, the Rajputs as red-limbed, the Vaishyas as yellow, the Shudras as black. And to this day the men of pure race in Rajputana are red, like the red granite statues of old Egypt; the Brahmans of pure race are white beneath their light coat of sunburn; the Santals and Savaras are yellow; the Dravidians of the South are black. There are also a great many intermediate shades, but these four primary elements remain.

The fundamental principle of the Company and its imperial successor has been to give each of the innumerable elements of this vast mosaic of peoples a government fitting its own nature and tradition. The Brahmans have received the printing presses needed to broadcast their scriptures and poetry; the Rajputs, who were driven almost to destruction by the Mahrathas, have been protected and conserved. The Vaishyas, agriculturists and merchants, have had irrigation canals and railroads built for their service. Even more fundamental, every tribal and linguistic division has had an administration and law courts in its own tongue, so that the members of the Covenanted Civil Service, about a thousand in number, probably know more languages than any equal group on earth. While there has been a single British Indian Government, now centralized at New Delhi, it is like the whitewash which once covered the many-colored frescoes in Norwich Cathedral. The essential reality has been the almost infinite diversity of local adjustments, under which the leaf wearers of Orissa and the pandits of the Anandashrama at Poona found the amplest scope for their individual development. True of all British India, this was even more true of the Native States, almost equal in total area and with a population about equal to France and Italy combined. They are of many types, many traditions; the venerable houses of Rajputana carry their history back before the Christian era. Mysore is a stronghold of orthodox Brahmanism. Hyderabad, largest of these states, is a revolted Mogul Viceroyalty. Baroda, Indore, Gwalior, are fragments of the Mahratha realm; and so on, through several hundred. In each, the principle has been carefully to preserve its indigenous character, tradition, language or languages, customs, religious practices. Ethnical and spiritual conservation has been the watchword of the British Raj.

III

At the period we are considering, about thirty years after the Indian Mutiny, a new element appeared in India. During his meteoric passage across the firmament of India, Lord Macaulay did two things: he drew up the Indian Penal Code, and he introduced the general study of English for the literate classes in India. The resultant of these two factors was the development of a new caste: the English-speaking lawyer. And while there was also a class of natives, often speaking and writing good English, who rendered effective aid in the administration, and some of whom filled very responsible and highly rewarded positions and were in substantial harmony with the British rulers, the new English-speaking lawyer caste, on the contrary, was, by the very nature of its activities, prone to wrangle with the British judges and magistrates — in a perfectly legal and lawful way, be it understood. But the United States has, in its legislatures, a graphic illustration of the effect of legalistic contention upon character. And in the sunlit valleys of the Indus and the Ganges the effect, similar in principle, went to much greater lengths, since the new caste, through its possession and use of an alien tongue, was already half uprooted from its native soil, as its 'western' education, superficial though it may have been, tended to cut the new caste off from ancestral traditions.

About the year 1885, there lived among the deodars of the Simla hills a retired Commissioner — that is, one who had been overseer of eight or ten districts, grouped in a division. He was an ornithologist, author of two learned volumes on the birds of India. He formulated the idea, which he persuaded the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, to approve, of gathering an assembly or Congress, in the main consisting of the new English-speaking lawyer caste, to discuss social and ethical problems, but at the outset refraining from politics. This first Congress may justly be regarded as the Great Divide of India's modern history.

We have already tried to describe the tendency, inherited in the main from the days of the East India Company, and developed with wisdom and success by the imperial Raj, whereby each of the many ancient 'nations,' tribes, peoples, which make up the vast mosaic of the Indian region, had an administration adapted with conscious care and sympathy to its own nature and traditions — a system which may be called truly national, and which provided for the individual development of a score or more of 'nations' and of innumerable lesser tribes and groups. There was endless scope for the extension of that principle of wise individual development, and one can see nothing but good coming from its continued application.

On the other hand, we have the new caste of English-speaking lawyers, with a certain number of English-speaking schoolmasters added; progressively detached from the soil and from the traditions of their fathers, they were in equal measure drawn toward each other, no matter whether they were Brahmans from Poona, Sikhs from Ambala, Mohammedans from Delhi, or more remote Dravidians, of the ancient, highly gifted, and artistic black races of the Deccan. In virtue of the annual meetings of the National Congress, as the newborn institution came to be named, they developed a common consciousness, a common tradition, a common and, as it seems to some of its critics, a wholly erroneous theory of the life of India. These 'Congressmen,' eloquent in an alien tongue, had spoken in childhood, and still sometimes spoke at home, a score or more of tongues, in large measure mutually unintelligible. But these mother tongues, whether Punjabi, Hindi, Mahrathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Uriya, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Malayalam, or whatever they may have been, nevertheless had this in common: in not one of them is there an exact indigenous equivalent of the words 'India' and 'Indian,' as these words are currently used to-day. There are ancient Sanskrit terms like Aryavartta and Bharatavarsha, but in strictness both these include very limited areas, probably not a quarter of what is now meant by India, especially if we include Assam, Burma, and Baluchistan, the most recent accessions.

The truth would seem to be that 'India' in the political sense is wholly the creation of the India Office in London, and has no substantial existence except as an organization administered by the India Office, through its picturesque representative, the Viceroy at New Delhi and Simla. Administratively, this India has a real existence; ethnically it has no existence; it is a legal fiction from the standpoint of Indian races and Indian historical development. And almost inevitably the new caste, from which once each cold season emerged the 'Congressmen,' came under the influence of this fiction, and made orations to each other as if the fiction were a reality.

Let us, for the sake of argument, assume that all these Congressmen have, from the first, been wholly unselfish, free from ambition, avarice, envy, and malice. If the view here set forth be true, and ages of history support it, then the activities of the Congressmen could not have been other than harmful, since they rested on a false foundation. They are Nationalists of a nonexistent nation, able to communicate with each other only in an alien tongue, eagerly chasing the mirage which, in Sanskrit, is graphically called 'the thirst of the deer' across the parched desert. If this view be true, then the greater the success of the Congressmen, the more harmful its results are certain to be; the wider will be the divergence of this artificial 'nationalistic' current from the genuinely national development of the score or more of really distinct nations. Let us suppose that, instead of undertaking to adopt English as their future national language, the Congressmen had voted to devise a new language compounded equally from the ten great languages just named, and from the more than two hundred lesser tongues: we should have a visible and audible symbol of the moral and mental confusion involved in treating the fiction of a purely administrative India as a national reality.

An exceedingly important factor in the complex problem of India is that the speech of the new lawyer caste which we have depicted in outline is also the speech of England, with its steady tendency toward what is called democracy — that is, a theory of government, of national organization, based on the idea that all the individuals constituting the nation are substantially equal in judgment, in regard to rights and duties. Because of their equivalence, it is possible to choose individuals from among them who will faithfully represent their wishes and purposes, and who, acting together, may form a thoroughly representative government, which will carry into effect the real aims of the nation. To some degree, England may be regarded as such a democracy, of fairly uniform mental and moral stature. At least, that is the theory on which the government of England is based.

There has, therefore, existed, and there still exists, the grave danger for India that this English democracy will accept, not what we have ventured to call the genuinely 'national' view of India, with its provision for infinite diversity, but the 'nationalistic' view of the 'Congressmen,' drawn predominantly from the new caste of English-speaking lawyers. This, as we see it, is the real danger of India to-day, the danger which threatens to thwart India's true development, to make much more difficult the attainment of that destined goal which, if divine and human forces effectively coöperate, may brush aside the wreckage which now hides the fires of India's genius, so that this ancient land may once again bring forth light and treasure for mankind.

SYMPATHY AND SUGAR

BY CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

THE idea of intervention, particularly in a neighboring Latin American state, is abhorrent to American opinion, yet recent events in Cuba are leading many disinterested people to feel that only by some prompt, definite, but restrained action is it possible to avoid the rapidly approaching evils of anarchy and bloodshed.

I

The island of Cuba, from our earliest beginnings as a nation down to the present day, has been a favored object of attention and sympathetic interest to the American people. While relations with other American states resemble as a rule those of near and friendly neighbors, between the United States and Cuba they approximate those of guardian and ward. American blood was shed upon Cuban soil for the winning of Cuban independence; the heroic sacrifice of American lives in the stamping out of yellow fever marks perhaps the highest level in American altruism, and after the ruinous wars for independence it was American money and credit that laid the foundation for Cuban economic prosperity.

In turn Cuba has shown abundant proof of her gratitude. During the four desperate years of world war no nation was so generous with its products, or asked less in return. We offered her sympathy and she gave us sugar; and until lately there has been no protest from Cuba that the bargain was not a fair and continuing one. Therefore to-day Cuba has claims of the highest consideration upon our sympathy and aid, and our obligation is clear to furnish the same, to the measure of our understanding and ability.

The strongest reasons for our friendly relations are of course geographical ones. Like Canada and Mexico, Cuba is our next-door neighbor, the frontier, instead of a contiguous one, being a mere strip of water less than a hundred miles wide, easily traversed by an airplane in sixty minutes. There are, however, noticeable differences. While for two thousand miles on either side of the Canadian or Mexican border the landscape, the soil, the climate, and in most places even the language are the same, and one crosses the border without consciousness of penetrating other than a political barrier, with Cuba the contrary impression is felt. In no journey of one hundred miles in any part of the Western Hemisphere is so great a contrast found as in passing from Key West to Havana. More foreign to Americans than many European capitals, alien in speech, distinctive in habits, customs, and political and historical background, Havana is at once a product and the flower of Hispanic culture in the Americas. One has to cross from Algeciras in Spain to Tangier in Morocco, thereby exchanging continents and civilizations, to experience anything like the same change within a corresponding measure of space and time.

It is more than the strait that separates our shores. Social and racial divergences eternally divide us, discouraging political union and challenging us to find with our nearest Caribbean neighbor some new and workable relationship, advantageous to both parties, such perhaps as the world has never seen before.

It was by a curious turn of circumstance that the island of Cuba, notwithstanding the declarations and intentions of our early statesmen, was left outside the sweep of our territorial expansion. The nation that did not pause at the acquisition of the Floridas, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, and California held off from Cuba, although those too were formerly Latin possessions and farther removed than Cuba from our attention and grasp. Not that we were unaware of its importance and value to the new United States. To the Fathers of the Republic, Cuba appeared always of immense strategic and economic importance through its control of the commerce between the Atlantic ports, the Gulf of Mexico, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

Cuba possessed, moreover, what the mainland lacked, the first-class harbor of Havana, one of the finest natural harbors in the world for commerce or defense and the only one of world importance between Charleston and Rio de Janeiro. In its possession lay control of the trade routes between the United States, Europe, and tropical America, and also, as we know to-day, through the Panama Canal to the nations of the Pacific Coast and of Asia.

It was in 1823, the same year that witnessed the pronouncement of the Monroe Doctrine, that John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Nelson, the American Minister to Spain: —

> These islands [Cuba and Porto Rico] from their local position are natural appendages to the North American continent, and one of them [Cuba], almost in sight of our shores, from a multitude of considerations has become an object of transcendent importance to the commercial and political interests of our Union. Its commanding position, with reference to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indian Seas; the character of its population; its situation midway between our southern coast and the island of St. Domingo; its safe and capacious harbor of Havana, fronting a long line of our shores destitute of the same advantage; the nature of its productions and its wants furnishing the supplies and needing the returns of *commerce immensely profitable and mutually beneficial*, give it an importance in the sum of our national interests with which that of no other country can be compared.

This idea was later followed by Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State, in his instructions to Mr. Saunders, American Minister to Spain, in June 1848: —

> It would be difficult to estimate the amount of breadstuffs, rice, cotton, and other agricultural as well as manufacturing and mechanical productions . . . which would find a market in that island, in exchange for their coffee, sugar, and tobacco.
>
> With the possession of Cuba we should have . . . a *free trade* on a more extended scale than any which the world has ever witnessed. What state would forego the advantages of this vast *free trade with all her sisters*, and place herself in lonely isolation!

This happy and prosperous condition was founded upon the proposed inclusion of Cuba within the Federal Union and not as a special instance of international free trade; yet the idea put forward even at that date, of special consideration toward Cuban trade, with specific articles exempted entirely from duties, persisted and exists to-day in the minds of economists who see more than an ephemeral alliance between sympathy and sugar.

II

In the winning of Cuban independence private aid from sympathizers in

America was given to the struggling patriots long before the Federal Government decided on war with Spain for their liberation. No return was expected and no motive needed other than the sympathy extended to all oppressed peoples, particularly to those at our own doors whose further suffering we could not endure.

Spanish rule of the island was harsh, the governors-general having been granted since 1825 such powers in dealing with the natives as were granted in Spain to the governors of besieged cities. The island was exploited as a source of revenue with all the worst features of colonial administration by a government too blind to apply the principles of ordinary economic aid. Spaniards were favored as against the natives by all manner of concessions, monopolies, and exemptions, while natives labored under heavy restrictions on trade and commerce, ruinous taxation, and exploitation of their labor, until what was potentially the richest island in the world had become a ruined battlefield over which raged a guerrilla warfare of extermination and destruction.

Revolt dragged on, supported financially although surreptitiously by organizations within the United States, until in 1895 matters came to a crisis with the arrival from Spain of General Weyler, 'Butcher' Weyler as he came to be known, principally through what were termed the 'reconcentration' orders by which thousands of inhabitants, mostly women and children, were herded into the towns with no adequate provision for their support to die of starvation and disease, while the men took to the hills or were hunted down as rebels. Conditions in the island became horrible and intolerable. Congress urged action, or at least recognition of Cuban belligerency, but in vain, until finally, on February 15, 1898, the United States battleship *Maine*, which had been sent to Havana a month previous on a friendly visit and had been anchored over a site indicated by the Spanish authorities, was blown up with the loss of 264 men, including two officers. A wave of indignation swept the country resulting in an immediate demand for war, which then became inevitable.

Everyone knows the result of that war and its dramatic details; the trip of the *U. S. S. Oregon* around Cape Horn which brought home to Americans the need for the Panama Canal; Roosevelt and his Rough Riders; the naval battle off Santiago, where Admiral Cervera, hopelessly outweighed and under fire from land batteries commanding the harbor, came out to fight a foredoomed battle with courage and gallantry worthy of the traditions of ancient Spain. As a result Cuba is free, a visible and enduring expression of the sympathy of the American people translated into action.

This is, of course, pure sentiment; but through it Cuba is bound to us and we to her by ties of blood shed in her cause which do not exist with any other nation.

We did more, and where distress was evident assumed the stupendous task of restoring public order and national prosperity to Cuba. The world well knows how this was carried out, and the work of Major General Leonard Wood in the establishment of government, reformation of courts, stamping out of yellow fever, extension of highways, suppression of banditry, and maintenance of law and order, makes bright pages on the record of American colonial administration.

Forestalling, moreover, any question of annexation, on the very eve of the war with Spain Congress passed a Joint Resolution stating, 'The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people,' a resolution conceived out of sympathy for the Cuban people and honorably carried out.

Where we might have taken, there we held our hand. Twice since, we have intervened militarily: in 1906, when President Estrada Palma asked for American aid in maintaining order, and again in 1917, when it was increasingly evident that the United States would soon enter the war against Germany and that the Cuban sugar crop would be indispensable to our country and to the Allies. Each time our troops were withdrawn at the earliest moment after reëstablishment of public order had been accomplished.

III

With this record of practical sympathy we may turn to sugar, the other and by no means unimportant side of the picture.

The very name 'Cuba' is synonymous with sugar, and it is now trite to call Cuba the world's Sugar Bowl. We can scarcely realize, in these days of abundance, that in Queen Elizabeth's time sugar was known as a condiment, like cloves and cinnamon to-day, and that the galleons of the Spanish conquerors often brought back cargoes of cane more valuable than the bar silver with which they ballasted the hold.

In the cultivation of sugar Cuba at once took a leading part, due to the richness and fertility of the soil, which is better adapted than any other region of the world for the production of sugar. This soon became the most important crop, and, by reason of proximity to the greatest consumer of sugar in the world, Cuba became the special provider of this product to the American people, furnishing until lately nearly three quarters of the total amount consumed.

The termination of a Reciprocity Treaty in 1894 resulted in a serious economic crisis in Cuba, further complicated by increased production of beet sugar in European countries under government stimulation. Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt both urged upon Congress 'weightiest reasons of public policy' why reciprocity with Cuba should be reëstablished, Roosevelt in his first message to Congress saying in his customarily direct way: —

> We are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being. I urge the adoption of reciprocity with Cuba not only because it is eminently to our interests . . . but also because we of the giant republic of the north should make all of our sister nations of the American continent feel that whenever they will permit it, we desire to show ourselves disinterestedly and effectively their friend.

The resulting Reciprocity Treaty of 1902, still in effect, established a reduction of 20 per cent on sugar from the regular tariff rates. In this way, sugar under the Fordney-McCumber tariff paid a duty of 1.7648 cents per pound, which is 20 per cent less than that of 2.206 cents charged on sugars from other countries. In return, Cuba supplied the United States with sugar in constantly increasing amount, up to an average of nearly five million tons per year, producing a revenue of some $150,000,000 annually to the United States Treasury and making Cuba prosperous, contented, and entirely satisfied with the special relations existing between the two countries.

As with many other things, the war

well-nigh destroyed the beet-sugar industry in the Old World. Europe suddenly became the consumer — and no longer a producer — of everything that could be used to feed its populations or carry on the war. Sugar began to be in demand and prices went up. The United States suggested to Cuba the artificial stimulation of production of sugar for distinctly war purposes, and this was gladly acquiesced in by Cuba for the same reasons. Nor was there anything half-hearted about Cuba's entrance into the war at the side of the United States. The day after the declaration of war by the American Congress, April 7, 1917, the Cuban Congress met, and in thirty minutes, according to the telegram from the American Minister in Havana, the Senate unanimously passed a measure authorizing the President of Cuba to declare war on Germany. At 6.15 the House also unanimously passed the Act, the members standing and cheering! This last was spontaneous and voluntary and came naturally from 'the historic ties and gratitude which bind us to the great American republic.'

Immediately upon their joint entrance into the war the two nations took steps to eliminate the profiteer and stabilize the price of sugar, it becoming Cuba's sole and colossal task to provide the United States and the Allies with all the sugar they needed for the duration of the war at a price that war-burdened countries could pay. Cuba rapidly weighed the profits that could be made from unlimited exploitation of the Allied war needs with her duty to her neighbor, the United States, and faced the question squarely. A few weeks later the news flashed around the world that the United States had bought the entire Cuban sugar crop of 3,972,000 tons and fixed the price at 5½ cents per pound f.o.b. Cuba. Since no one knew how long the war would last, Cuba was encouraged to plant more and more cane. Money was furnished liberally, prices of labor rose and were paid, thousands of hectares were placed under forced cultivation, producing an enormous crop and laying the foundation for the orgy of speculation that was destined to occur when the control was removed. It appears now that Cuba made but little profit from the war-time demand for her exclusive product, yet suffered all of the evils resulting from the subsequent overproduction and deflation. But through it all Cuba played her part nobly and faithfully and in complete accord with her big neighbor, flatly refusing to profit from the extraordinary conditions of the war.

What would the price of sugar have been had Cuba asked all that she could get for her one indispensable product?

Something of this may be gathered from what happened immediately after the war, when control was released. The beet-sugar industry throughout Europe having been ruined and an orgy of spending ruling the world, the price of sugar rose enormously, at one time reaching the incredible figure of 23⅓ cents per pound. Cuba not only sold every bit she had, but learned as well that sugar could be borrowed upon. Whereupon Cuba borrowed; borrowed hurriedly and spent lavishly. Then were built the marble palaces that line the palm-bordered avenues of Vedado; then were bought the automobiles, the country estates, the private beaches, the jewels, the expensive trips to Paris; the gold and the ivory and the peacocks! Some families had new linen tablecloths for every meal. And all of it was paid for with money borrowed on the hope of 23-cent sugar, secured by mortgages on the sugar plantation and the mill.

Always there was an American bank

to furnish the money, 15 and even 20 cents a pound on the coming crop; while the Cubans smiled over the foolishness of the Yankee and spent from a seemingly exhaustless store. That was the 'dance of the millions' — when everything could be bought at a price and money was without end. Then came inevitable deflation and the calling of the loans, and, since the plantations were pledged, there was no choice but that the American banks should step in and become the owners, in the place of the spendthrift Cubans, of many of Cuba's larger sugar plantations and an even greater proportion of the mills.

In fact no one has been swindled. The money was fairly loaned and spent; yet many Cubans feel that in some way the price of friendship included a tremendous injustice. The trips to Paris are at an end; the cars are in the garage; the marble palaces remain, but there is no money to keep them up, and in many ways the Cubans think we are to blame when their young men take salaried positions in the American-owned mills that their fathers founded.

And something has got to be done about it; for, quite apart from the present plight of the Cuban people, there is the fate of some $1,250,000,000 tied up in American investments in Cuba on which these same plantations, now worth less than what was paid for them, are not producing any profit, while Cuban sugar, due to world tariffs, is selling at less than the low cost of production.

There are also the political relations of our country toward Cuba to be considered. Our adolescent ward, not yet arrived at maturity in a world of adult nations, wonders what it all meant when the Honorable Elihu Root, Secretary of War in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, said: —

> Correlative to this right is a duty of the highest obligation to treat Cuba not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which, toward her, will be but justice; to shape our laws so that they shall contribute to her welfare as well as our own.

And Roosevelt added: —

> In the case of Cuba . . . I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand in international matters in closer and more friendly relations with us than any other power, and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expedience to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being.

IV

The life of Cuba is in our hands, where she placed it when she accepted economic dependence and the rôle of a one-crop country, dependent upon her nearest neighbor and greatest consumer of her single product for her continued existence. We can save her only through our tariff; for it is not the high price to be obtained for her sugar that is worrying Cuba, — she can produce as cheaply as any country in the world and is closest to her biggest market, — but the necessity of finding any market at all. Although the cost of production is between 1½ and 1¾ cents per pound, — cheap enough in all conscience if the market were free, — there are tariff walls everywhere; a duty of two cents a pound into the United States, higher still in Europe, where every nation is throwing a wall around its own products and striving to break down that of its neighbor. To such a world Cuba presents her normal crop of nearly 5,000,000 tons, all of which must be sold abroad with the exception of a local consumption of

150,000 tons. Were this private business competition it might pass; but where governments, through their legislative and executive departments, strike deliberate blows at each other's essential industries, bitterness, resentment, and mutual loss result.

It is not anybody's fault that the world should be governed by self-interest; that behind these tariff walls a still vaster production of sugar is being prepared, not as cheaply, it is true, as in Cuba, but to satisfy the governments in giving protection to local producers. We have joined that movement where everybody is setting up barriers to international trade and accompanying goodwill. Let us slap Cuba in the face, treat her like a competitor, add further figures to the tariff that will complete her ruin, and ride over her body to some protectionist goal!

Or, rather, let us pause and consider whether a noble and generous action is not after all the best. Another war may come, when the Philippines and Hawaii and possibly Porto Rico will be cut off by enemy air power, and we may be thankful that Cuba is near our shores and urge that she again favor us with a preferential price on sugar — which she will as surely deny if we persist in our present indifference to her needs.

This is the time, now in the days of peace, to grasp the magnificent opportunity before the United States of throwing down the tariff wall entirely and by treaty admitting Cuban sugar, not under a partial reduction of tariff, but duty-free forever.

As to the economic factors involved in such a measure this article has little to suggest. Already one third of the sugar we consume is admitted free of duty, coming as it does from our island possessions of Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Philippines, or from continental United States. Free trade already binds those islands to us with bonds stronger than any legislative enactment, and the same would be the case with Cuba. No measure devised would as quickly break down the barrier between our country and the nearest neighbor of Latin America. Suppose for a moment that the same friendly measure should be extended to the other countries of Caribbean America to cover the special productions of those tropic lands: coffee from Costa Rica, cacao from Santo Domingo, sugar from Cuba, vegetable oils and coconuts from Panama, hardwoods, fibres, and lacquers from Central America, freely exchanged with the United States in return for our own wheat and lard and butter, machinery and manufactured products. The trade fostered in peace time would continue with comforting assurance in time of war. No need then for intervention by force or fear; nor for appeals to the Monroe Doctrine or Pan-Americanism!

Every nation in the Caribbean area would at this moment be overjoyed to enter into such an arrangement with an Uncle Sam who took of its products and gave of his own in return, without surcharges, customs, duties, or pleas for tariff preference. In fact, it would be difficult to keep these nations out of such a league; and great as would be the increase in production of raw materials from the tropics by opening free markets to them in the United States, even so great or greater would be the increase in the export of American manufactured goods to countries made prosperous by the mutual trade.

It has ever seemed foolish to the writer that all countries which, especially favored by nature, produce articles of a certain kind and of world necessity in great abundance and at low cost should not, by world decision, be induced and encouraged to produce these in ever greater quantity, by fostering their exchange with other countries, without burdens other than cost of transportation and fair profit.

This doctrine is perhaps too broad to be applied generally under present conditions; but what is to prevent its being applied between the United States and Cuba as a beginning? Between what two other countries could free trade in certain specific commodities be better advanced, with mutual benefit to both — as, for instance, sugar and tobacco from Cuba in exchange for foodstuffs, textiles, and machinery from the United States?

There would be, of course, the loss of specific duties; but who would suffer? The taxes on incomes on prosperous businesses yield always more money than revenue on imports; in our country nearly five times as much. Spain never learned that lesson, but taxed industry and commerce out of existence, when she might have skimmed the cream from a prosperity fostered by a wise administration and light taxation. So I predict that business with Cuba, already greater than with all the rest of Latin America combined, will, by abolishing the tariff on essential articles, increase by leaps and bounds. In the United States every consumer will rejoice that his sugar bill is cut in half; the refiners of sugar will not suffer, because with or without a tariff there will still be as much sugar as ever to refine; and the producers of sugar within the United States, already faced with increased importations of duty-free sugar from Porto Rico and the Philippines, have about given up the battle for the maintenance of an industry based precariously on the exploitation of cheap foreign labor.

There exists above all the larger factor of a wise international relationship, particularly with the neighboring countries of the Caribbean. Cuba being the ward of the United States, her problems can never be looked upon by us with indifference. Give Cuba a market for her sugar and there will be no revolutions or need for expensive military interventions. Go further and abolish the tariff on Cuban sugar altogether, applying that experiment advocated by Secretary Buchanan of 'a free trade on a more extended scale than any which the world has ever witnessed,' and the gesture will not be lost on our Latin American neighbors in the Caribbean and may prove the foundations of a new Pan-Americanism — the inter-American free trade of the Caribbean countries.

Sympathy and sugar can be made synonymous, and in their exchange both nations may profit. We extended the helping hand to Cuba and she has stood by us loyally. Social and racial differences make us incompatible under political union; but can we not tread the same economic pathway together, not in competition and isolation, but with coöperation and goodwill?

THE SOVIET OF THE HIGH PASTURES

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

SARY-TASH is the summer encampment of yurts which, by virtue of plentiful grass, has become the temporary capital of the Vale of Alai. Water also is plentiful here, but not good water; rather a network of ruddy, opaque streams drawing color from the mud of surrounding cliffs and named Kizil Su, or Red Waters, the upper branches of a river which, after many wanderings west and south, joins the Oxus. The summer population of Kirghiz herders was continually swollen by a population still more temporary — caravans from Osh to Kashgar which stopped here for a rest in good pastures after crossing the Alai Range.

Thus Sary-tash became also the natural centre of government. The Soviet of the High Pastures was located here, a new experiment in a traveling city hall, following its populations; under it came the People's Court, the Schools for Illiterates, and the Women's Organizer. Here was located also the Medical Station, sent from the District Health Department at Osh. My first encounter in Sary-tash was with none of these, but with the Gostorg, or State Trading Company, direct representative of far-away Moscow.

The government trader, Abakumof, was so thin and shabbily unimportant that at first I took his big burly Russian assistant for the boss. Abakumof sat cross-legged on the floor of his yurt while a comely Kirghiz woman made us tea. 'I'm a natural-born Kirghiz myself,' he grinned, 'though I come from North Russia! I know all the Eastern ways — Chinese, Dzungars, Afghans, Tadjiks, and Kirghiz. I can talk with them all more or less.' With a grin he explained his two weeks' growth of beard, which added to the unkemptness of his appearance. 'I'll shave once for all when I get back to Osh,' he said. 'Here we are out of the world.'

Clearly Abakumof was no gentleman traveler, dressing each night for dinner in the jungles. Yet he had his own homely self-respect, which consisted in cheerfully bragging of the risks of his job. 'In 1923, the Gostorg sent the first Trading Expedition to the Alai, and it disappeared without a trace! Its goods were too well chosen; the Kirghiz wanted them—and took them! This is the first time a regular store was ever set up in the Alai. Forty thousand rubles' worth of wares, chosen to delight the taste of Kirghiz, and two hundred versts of mountains between us and the railway. I never sleep well nights,' he added, ruefully.

'Not for any property or success of my own would I so venture. But this is a government affair. It is party policy to bring together the tribes and the cities. It is also policy to help the poor Kirghiz against the richer. Formerly a Kirghiz journeyed all the way to Osh to sell a few poods of wool clip and buy himself tea and sugar. Naturally the rich man, who had much wool and could afford the journey, exploited the poorer Kirghiz who gave him products to sell.

'All this we shall change. Now we sell goods here cheaper than you buy them in Osh. We sell cheaper than any retail store in Central Asia. For we are not a retail store; we are an arm of the Central Trading Company, bartering factory goods direct for raw materials and cutting out both buying and selling middlemen. But did you ever hear of a trader who went so far in the wilds in order to sell cheaper than the cities?' he ended with a grin.

'I am more popular than the doctor is,' he bragged whimsically, later. 'He has twenty or thirty people waiting at his yurt, but I have a couple of hundred.' And, in fact, during my stay in Sary-tash I saw constantly a stream of Kirghiz in front of the trading yurts, weighing out wool clip, selecting iron pots, zinc-lined washing troughs, and strong, bright-colored cotton goods. Little by little I learned the history of Abakumof, and came to respect him — an outpost of government, laying foundations of a future socialist commonwealth among the wild tribes of Asia.

Abakumof never knew his father. 'He was a mechanic in a Petersburg shipyard, an underground worker for revolution. In 1905 he disappeared into the Peter-Paul fortress like many others, and was never heard of afterward. My mother moved with us children back to her native village near Orel.

'All the rest of my family were killed by Denikin. I was at the front, fighting for the revolution. The forces of Denikin raided and destroyed our village. They killed twenty-three of our women, after first violating them. Among these were my mother, my sister, and the girl — well, I suppose you might call her my wife. What with always working underground or at the front, I was never what you call a registered family man. What could I do with personal ties? But this girl — well, she lived with me five years and she stayed with my mother when I was away. She was the nearest thing to a family I ever had.

'They were all illtreated and killed. A year later, when Denikin was driven back and we gathered the orphans into children's homes, I found my youngest sister, five years old, in a home in Kharkov. The Children's Homes were bad in those days; no food and no fuel, though we gave them the best we had. But my youngest sister lived, and now she's in a special Children's Home in Moscow for the children of martyred revolutionists.

'I myself go where the Party sends me, but mostly in Central Asia. I took the first trade shipment into Tadjikistan in 1925, nearly to Horog! There was also some risk there,' he ended cheerfully.

This little touch of brag was one of the means whereby Abakumof kept himself going in his lonely job amid an alien people, who so readily formed bands for plunder, swayed by a past he could not penetrate. He had also a phrase which served the same purpose — 'we who make up the apparatus.' He used it often, as if here in the far wilderness he wished to take hold of kinship with those who had sent him.

'We who make up the apparatus must n't have wealth of our own,' he said on one occasion. 'Now I had an album of the civil war covering scenes not written down elsewhere, with pictures, documents, and similar material. The Museum wanted it, and so I sent it; what can a wandering man do with an album? A pleasant thing to look at nights, perhaps; but suppose someone steals it? Then one day I hear I get a thousand rubles for my album. I hear it in this way. The Central

Committee says to me: "You are to get a thousand rubles from the Museum, of which half will be your own, and the other half you will give to Mopr (the Society for the Relief of Political Prisoners). Please sign this paper," they said, "giving five hundred of it to Mopr." So I signed the paper, and I hope Mopr has now the five hundred rubles, for I have n't yet seen the half that was to come to me.'

At my expressions of commiseration he laughed, saying, 'Once I got also a thousand rubles in the Lottery Loan, of which four hundred is still mine in the bank, but the rest has gone to Mopr, the Children's Commission, and various other funds. We who make up the apparatus must support the whole apparatus.'

Abakumof offered the hospitality of his yurt, but advised me to stay with the doctor. 'The doctor has a very swell yurt,' he said, 'and here it is rather crowded.' I looked around the tiny enclosure, where, amid bales of cotton goods, Abakumof slept with his Russian helper and his Kirghiz woman of all work. His other yurt was completely full of stored merchandise. I decided to seek out the doctor.

II

Across a little ravine, and under the brow of a hill by a stream, I came to two more yurts, the office and residence of the doctor. The residence was large and luxurious, the finest yurt I saw anywhere in the Alai. It was a circle some eighteen feet across, enclosed by the firmest of thick felt, which lapped close to the ground, excluding all wind. There was a more than ample hanging door of felt. Inside, the grassy floor had been covered with rugs, and in the centre of this floor an upturned packing box, covered with newspaper, was dedicated to permanent use as dining table and writing desk. Feminine touches betrayed the doctor's wife; a second box had been erected into a toilet table against one wall of the yurt, containing tooth paste, eau de Cologne, face powder, soap, and a mirror. But the fire for cooking copied the Kirghiz model, with its solid flat-topped tripod to hold big iron pots.

The doctor had come for the summer from the hospital in Jalalabad, drawn by the higher pay and the chance to camp in the famous Alai, where he wished to investigate venereal disease among the nomads. His wife was a trained nurse and midwife, also drawing government pay. His household was completed by a baby son and a Kirghiz servant, who spoke Russian, chopped wood, made fires, brewed tea, and helped in the office with the patients. The doctor's wife did not welcome me with quite the same interest shown by the Gostorg representative; she was generally much less interested in the changing life of the Alai. But she took it for granted that I had come to stay with her, and showed me a place on the rug to put my baggage. She also made it plain, after the first hospitable meal of potato soup, that henceforth I should have to forage for my own food, which was scarce in the Alai.

Already the doctor regretted the impulse which had made him volunteer for the Alai. He claimed to have found much less syphilis than he had expected. 'One understands that the nomad races are rotten with it, and I expected a field for study, but here in the Alai not more than two to four per cent have it, judging by my patients, which is a low record for any locality or nation.' He was already talking of return to Jalalabad, though he had been only three weeks in the Alai and had brought supplies for a much longer time. He said in justification that he found little sickness of any kind in the valley.

At least a hundred patients had been gathered about the yurt on the day of my arrival, but the doctor said these were not ill, but had come chiefly for vaccination, since a couple of cases of smallpox occurring in one of the encampments had scared everyone. This fact speaks volumes for the effect of medical propaganda among the Kirghiz, for it is only a few years since the news of Western medicine first reached them. Another doctor of my acquaintance went in 1922 on the first Health Expedition among the Kirghiz, and was surrounded at every halt by a mob of excited patients who demanded, 'What is the word that you use? Tell us before you go, that we also may use it when you are here no longer.' To the Kirghiz of a few years ago, medicine was simple magic, a charmed word being its most important ingredient. Perhaps it was still magic to the hundred patients who came for vaccination against smallpox, but at least they had learned where to come. All social workers testify that schools and work for women advance slowly among the Kirghiz, but that the medical stations of the Health Department, introduced only since the revolution, are most popular.

A different reason for the wish to depart was given me by the doctor's wife, who told me frankly that they were afraid of bandits. 'We hear the band of Jina Bek has come over the border from China. Not long since they raided some villages east of Gulcha. At present they are known to be about fifty kilometres away in the hills. And what is fifty kilometres to men like those but one dark night's ride through the passes?'

She added that it was the custom of the *basmachi*, or 'bands,' to travel by night, especially on dark rainy nights, and to fall on sleepers when dawn made evident the location of yurts. For the next two nights she felt reasonably secure because of the presence of five armed men of the G.P.U., who were camping temporarily in a yurt of the Pasture Soviet. But they would soon move on to a yurt two kilometres away, and our site would be defenseless. Even a band of forty-five men, she said, would not bother to come against five armed soldiers of the G.P.U., for the bands had few arms, and a very scanty supply of ammunition, and preferred raids on peasants and herders whom they could terrify without wasting shot. For the next week or two she thought the site of Sary-tash would be reasonably safe, during the exchange of troops along the trail to the Pamirs; after that, she and her husband had decided to leave.

They left, temporarily, even sooner. On the second night, when the five armed men of the G.P.U. moved camp to a yurt farther up the valley, the doctor's family accepted an invitation to join these soldier police in an evening feast of a slaughtered sheep. The doctor's wife told me frankly, as she left, that they would not return till morning, as they thought it safer to pass the night in the yurt of the G.P.U. She made no apologies about leaving me alone with her Kirghiz manservant, to receive any bands that might come in her absence. The night was the kind she described as 'typical,' the only rainy night I spent in the Alai. But no bands came.

A traveling representative of the Gostorg, who had lived in the same district as Jina Bek and known him personally, told me how Jina Bek had come to be bandit. Under the Tsar he had been a wealthy Kirghiz, and he had survived as village potentate even under the first days of the Soviets. He had 'five thousand horses, eight wives, and uncounted sheep,' according to the tax collector. Clearly a real 'prince' of the Kirghiz, yet he had none the less managed to send his son to the university in Tashkent when the Soviet Power opened that institution to native races and before the ban against sons of the wealthy was enforced.

During the first years of Soviet rule, Jina Bek evaded the tax collector and all regulations by the ancient ways of the East — bribery and local terrorism. But steadily the local governments became better organized, and at last a tax collector of determination called on Jina Bek and presented a bill. It was a very large bill, covering many arrears of super-taxes. That night Jina Bek packed his wives and movable property on sixty camels, and by dawn was over the hills toward China. He is seventy years old, living vengefully in Kashgar, and financing the band of raiders which his son leads.

The doctor, who relied for his safety on the G.P.U., was ready enough to evade them if it was to his advantage to do so. He was negotiating with a Kirghiz from another encampment to take him and his possessions back to the railroad when the camp should close. This Kirghiz had many horses and did a business of transport; he was clearly one of the wealthy Kirghiz against whom the Soviet Power discriminates. They bargained long; the Kirghiz demanded a high price in rubles, but agreed to take the doctor's family and goods for practically nothing if the doctor would sell him a rifle. The Kirghiz was a *lishenetz*, a man deprived of vote on account of his wealth and occupation as trader; he was denied the right to possess arms. But the doctor had easily secured both a rifle and hunting weapons, besides his revolver; he got the needed permit in view of his profession and because he had volunteered for work in a wild region.

The Kirghiz wanted the rifle and the few hundred rounds of ammunition that went with it. He offered far more than the doctor had paid. In addition, he would make great concessions in the transport of people and goods to the railway. To such as he, rifles were worth their weight in gold; quite possibly he would sell it for even more to the bandits, with whom such disaffected traders are often in alliance. I could not help wondering how soon the doctor's weapon would fall into the hands of the very band he fled from. The doctor decided to sell. Next day again he wavered. It might come, he said, to the knowledge of the G.P.U. and cause him unpleasantness. He decided to refuse. What his final decision was after I left I have no means of knowing.

III

Not more than a couple of hundred yards away from the doctor's yurt, and over a slight hillock, were three shabby yurts occupied by members of the Pasture Soviet. In one of them I learned that a People's Court was in progress. The dogs barked furiously at my approach, but were quieted by their masters and soon learned to know me, a recognition never accorded me by the dog at the Gostorg, who bit me twice and always sounded a mad alarm when I came near.

Outside the People's Court, on the grass in the sun, sat the culprits and complainants in various cases, awaiting the summons to enter the yurt. The first case called for trial was that of an under-age marriage, combined with the payment of *kalym*, or 'bride purchase,' which is now forbidden. Such new laws run counter to ancient customs and are hard to enforce. This marriage had taken place some months before in a distant village, remote from law courts. Now that the villagers had moved up to the high pastures, someone had reported the case to the Pasture Soviet. Was it a zealous village Communist? Or a personal enemy? Or a man who combined both parts in one person? The complainant was not present, and may have been unknown.

Inside the yurt two threadbare rugs covered the ground, and on one of these at the side opposite the door squatted the judge, a Kirghiz in a corduroy blouse, high boots, and a fuzzy skin cap which was pushed down over his head so that the edges expanded and made a sort of fur halo. There was no table. Close to the judge was a sheaf of papers wrapped in a large red kerchief; the clerk of the court lay flat on his stomach for better ease in writing, placing both paper and ink on the ground. To the right of the judge sat two women, swarthy, with shawls on their heads. They were the 'People's Co-Sitters,' chosen according to law from the local population to sit with the judge in a limited number of cases and supply the point of view of the 'local conscience.' They had equal rights with the judge; all decisions must be unanimous.

The fathers of the young bride and groom first entered; the first was a hard-looking man with round, beefy face, who looked easily guilty of worse crimes than selling a bride in the ancient manner. Shy, but naïvely self-important, next entered the bridegroom, a boy of some fifteen years in long black coat and black velvet hat, the edges of which were thickly trimmed with a circle of astrakhan fur. Then came the bride's mother, ushering in the bride herself, a girl clearly older than the boy.

The girl timidly draws a vivid orange shawl across her face. She kneels before the squatting judge, not in any gesture of obeisance, but because kneeling is the easiest form of temporary repose in a yurt, and squatting is a more permanent form. The boy, who is already kneeling, edges toward her with a gesture of protection and possession. The only change from this posture is made when they stand to answer the questions of the judge.

The boy claims to be eighteen years old; he is asked how he knows and he replies that someone told him. His parents? asks the judge. The boy denies that his parents have told him anything. He is confused; he does not want to incriminate his parents, so he sticks to the statement that he is eighteen. The doctor testifies that the boy is only fifteen and not yet sexually mature. Both boys and girls develop late among the Kirghiz of the hills, much later than among the prematurely developing folk of the Central Asian valleys.

The bride stands up. She has been dressed in all her best clothes for this serious occasion; a long sleazy cotton gown of brilliant rose-magenta color, covered with a black velveteen cloak and a large orange shawl embroidered in many more colors. These clothes make her a formless figure of comedy rather than tragedy. Seen from the rear, she might be any age up to fifty, but her face is unformed, youthful, and bewildered. She claims to be nineteen years old. How do you know? asks the judge. The doctor testifies that she is about sixteen, also immature up to the time of her marriage, but at present no longer a virgin.

'With whom have you had relations?' asks the judge. She answers: 'With my husband.' Except for these brief answers she says no word, nor does any emotion cross her face. The boy edges a little nearer to her, but makes no other movement.

It is claimed that three hundred rubles, thirty sheep, and two good horses were paid for this young girl. Girls come high among the Kirghiz, for they are much fewer than boys, and are much needed. They do all the work of the household. They make the yurt, first rolling the heavy felt and then decorating it. They milk the cows, the ewes, the yaks, and make the various forms of sour milk and cheese used in Kirghiz diet; they make the receptacles for liquids, by cleaning and boiling sheep's entrails. Laboring hard, and bearing children without medical care, the mortality is high among them. Therefore a healthy girl of good family is worth many sheep.

The payment of kalym seems probable, but is not proven. Sheep, indeed, are shown to have changed hands, but who shall say for what payment? Both defendants deny any sale or purchase of the girl. The under-age marriage is, however, very clear. The defendants move from the yurt and sit on the grass awaiting the judge's decision. He wants to give the two fathers the limit of the law — a year and a half in jail. But the two Co-Sitters are more merciful. They hold out for eight months' enforced labor, without confinement, a sentence which will disturb the Kirghiz's soul, but not his household, since his wife does all the labor there. The judge is angry. 'Illiterate, under bonds of tradition,' he says to me, later, of the two Co-Sitters.

Two other cases are before the court that morning. A former village president has been superseded by his rival, who claims that the first man grafted ninety-one rubles of the 'people's money.' It is found 'not proven.' Then comes a sheep herder, suing for payment of wages. He has worked a year and a half for a wealthy Kirghiz without a wage contract. His master, the 'bey,' has given him occasional presents in kind and a few advances in money; now he wants settlement, and the bey decides to pay him on a basis of twenty rubles a month. The laborer is dissatisfied and appeals to the court; the court sustains him and orders the bey to pay at the trade-union rate of thirty-six rubles. The bey announces that he will appeal the case. He will gain little by this except postponement, and perhaps a settlement out of court with the laborer. This illiterate herder has worked a year and a half without knowing his wage rate — mute testimony to the primitiveness of Kirghiz customs. Now into this primitive wage situation has come a modern trade-union. Henceforth the herder will no doubt be a member, and get his wage contracts on union scale.

IV

The court adjourned, and we went to the adjoining yurt where lived the judge, his wife, and a varying number of other Kirghiz. The judge's wife was a beautiful creature; the thin green veil over her long black braids, and the red, green, and purple khalat which she wore, somehow only accentuated her dark charm. She was smilingly nursing her baby; but the child, on seeing his father, stopped feeding and cried to be put on a horse. He was true Kirghiz, learning to ride before he learned to walk. The judge happily took the baby, seated him high on a horse's back, and pretended to let him ride, whereat the child crowed happily.

Alexeivka, the women's organizer for the valley, lived in the judge's yurt between her various trips among the scattered settlements. Like most of the organizers in the Alai, she was from Northern Kirghizia, where the Kirghiz have been longer in contact with Russians and are therefore more advanced. After the revolution she had learned to read, and had then taken a year's course in far-away Moscow to fit her for organizing and educating the backward women of her race.

When Alexeivka learned that I was unmarried, she nodded her satisfaction. 'It is good. I also shall not marry; it is better without.' I asked the reason for her aversion to wedlock, and she nodded toward the judge's lovely wife, who was nursing her baby. 'Because, when you marry, then those come along, and life is bad. Then you can do no work — nothing at all. . . .

'It is hard to agitate among women in the Alai,' she admitted. 'Not one woman in all this valley can read. They are afraid to learn anything; they run away when I come. We have three schools for illiterates in the valley, so that those who come from distant villages without schools may use the summer pastures for reading lessons. All, all were illiterate here; now a handful of boys come to the schools. They wish learning in order to rise among the Kirghiz, since now we have a government of our own. But I cannot get a single girl to come to the schools. I tell them they all need knowledge, and that they should not marry off daughters so young, and that men should have only one wife. In Northern Kirghizia now the teaching of women goes well. But the women of the Alai are very dark; they are still afraid.'

Another occupant of the yurt — to whom, indeed, it belonged as much as to the judge — was Kolpaief, secretary of the Soviet of the High Pastures. His winter job was that of Superintendent of Schools for the whole of Southern Kirghizia. Clearly he was an exceptional man, one of the builders of the new education of his people. He had been educated in a Mohammedan school even before the revolution, and had been designed by his father for a mullah, the chief post open to a Kirghiz educated man in those days. But he had still been only a boy when the World War came, followed by the Kirghiz insurrection and the revolution.

'When the war came,' he said, 'we refused to be the Tsar's soldiers. We killed many Russians and many of us also were killed. We fled in great droves over the borders of China, leaving our yurts and all our fixed possessions, but driving with us our cattle. I myself went with my father as far as Peking. We sold our animals and returned empty; there was neither harvest nor cattle, and many of us died. We fled in 1916 and returned in 1917 or 1918. We lost by the war perhaps 70 per cent of our cattle and 30 per cent of our people. Did any other nation lose as much as this by the World War?'

The answer was clear; of all the nations that suffered by the battles launched in Europe, these distant, ignorant, unparticipating tribes in the heart of Asia had suffered most. Yet the makers of war, and of peace, had never heard of them.

As Kolpaief made this clear to me, in that battered smoke-filled yurt under the Roof of the World, I began to get an idea of the man himself as a propagandist. I was next to learn his quality as a teacher. 'Take your notebook and write it down,' he said to me, as if preparing in school for a lecture, 'and I shall tell you all about our people.' Then he proceeded to discourse, under heads and subheads, about the economic and social history of the Kirghiz, their marriage, birth, and funeral customs, and the aims of the revolution.

'Before the war,' he said, 'there were many rich Kirghiz. The richest were known as beys; there were some who had two thousand horses, ten thousand sheep, and one thousand other large animals, such as cows and yaks. They lived well, in a big yurt with many quilts, and great quantities of *koshma*, the beaten felt which is used by us for rugs and yurts. Even these beys, however, went seldom to town to trade and had few foods from the city. They bought tea, sugar, and flour in the town, and ate in winter their own meat and cheese and butter; but they ate no vegetables and few fruits. They had a drink called *boza*, made of rice or millet, so strong that a man would get drunk on a single cup.

'Besides the beys were the *manaps*. They were the biggest of all, though they might have no cattle of their own. But they controlled pastures, and for the use of grass everyone paid the manaps, who connected themselves with the Mohammedan mullahs and the Russian rulers. The manaps of different tribes met together and decided how much taxes should be and who should pay them. A manap was "white-boned," noble, while the rest were "black-boned," common. A manap would say, "Give me that horse," and he would take it. He said, "Give me that woman," and he took her. He killed any man he wished and no one brought him to judgment.

'These manaps still live, but now their power is little, since the Soviet Power is against them, and they have no more the right of land. Now, since the revolution, maybe half the Kirghiz begin to settle on the land. Formerly we had only winter huts in the upper valleys, and stables for our cattle; we planted nothing, except perhaps a little fodder for the wintering of cattle. Now we begin to settle even in the lowlands, near the trading cities. We begin to plant vegetables, potatoes, onions. Many no longer take even in summer the road to the high pastures. And the land and pastures which formerly were the beys' and the manaps' are given to all the people.

'Now I will tell you,' continued Kolpaief, 'what we did about marriage. Under the old system, the beys married chiefly with beys, giving a very high kalym for a girl of good family. Two or three hundred sheep, fifty large cattle, a full-blooded breeding horse, and some thousands of rubles in money were not considered too much to give for a girl of a "white-boned" family. The kalym bought not only a girl; it bought a blood-relationship with an important household. The high ones seldom took poor girls, unless these were very beautiful; and for such girls they gave less kalym, proportioned to the standing of the girl, and not of the bridegroom. The poor also intermarried with each other and gave kalym, as much as they could afford.

'This is how it was done. The family wishing a bride for its son would give "earnest money" in the form of a horse or perhaps twenty sheep. After this the two families became *khuda* or blood friends. Then little by little they would pay the rest of the kalym, and after that they would take the girl and give a great feast for all the young folks of the region, slaughtering many lambs and perhaps even a horse, and inviting the mullah, who read the proper parts of the Koran over the bride and groom.

'When a man died with us, they had first the funeral, and after seven days they gave a dinner, and again after forty days. After a year they gave a very big feast called the *ash*, at which many sheep and even horses were killed. After the ash the wife can marry again. But for the first year she must always sit at the side of the yurt, wailing and weeping very often and singing songs of lament, removed from life and going out seldom.

'Now, since the revolution, this is much changed. The government decrees that brides cannot be bought, and that they cannot be married under the age of eighteen. They send women organizers to agitate for this. Already we have many women who are presidents of village soviets, and who are equal with men. Now, when a man dies, his wife can marry again on the very next day. Very seldom now does a wife lament for a whole year. This is right, for women among us are scarce, and why should she and some other man lose a year of life?

'Next I will tell you,' said Kolpaief, dividing his subjects with true pedagogical method, 'about our culture and our religion. Before the war our only organized culture was religion. I myself was educated to be a mullah; this was our only education. But we Kirghiz were not very religious even then. Not like the Uzbeks, the Tadjiks, the Tatars — those folk are really religious. But we Kirghiz were nomads; only half of us, even in the old days, kept the laws of Allah, that a man must pray five times daily and that old men must make pilgrimage to Mecca. Now, since the revolution, very few read prayers any more.

'In our former schools we learned only to read the Koran in Arabic, and to pray in Arabic, and to write a sort of mixed language, called the Mussulman language, based also on Arabic. After the revolution we began to write in the same Kirghiz language we were speaking, using twenty-four letters. Then there was produced the first Kirghiz grammar. Since 1925 we have gone over to the Latin alphabet, and half of our writing is now in this alphabet.

'Now, since we write our own language instead of Arabic, we begin to write our literature also. We had always a culture of our own, in our songs — epic songs, lyric songs, people's songs. But these songs were not written. Now we begin to write them down. We have authors of our own, who write poems and novels about what is happening in our lives. We have a national theatre with plays in our own language. We have a scientific committee working over the language and introducing the scientific words that we have never had from chemistry, geography, and physics. We are beginning to have science books in our language: biology, astronomy, chemistry, physics. I myself have translated books from the Russian.

'Our young folks are learning everywhere, in Leningrad, Moscow, and Tashkent. They study medicine and pedagogy, and return to organize our health and education. Formerly there was not a single school in our language; a Kirghiz could study only in Arabic to be a mullah, or in Russian to be an interpreter for traders. Now, even in the far *auls* the schools spring up.'

Kolpaief's duties in the Soviet of the High Pastures were to agitate and educate Kirghiz for self-government in their winter villages. The winter auls are many, and hard to reach in the snow; but the summer pasture is spacious and easy of access, and here were gathered the people of scores of villages. 'We are organizing some collective-farming groups among the Alai nomads,' he said. 'We are starting a state farm, concerned chiefly with livestock, to bring into the valley breeding stock for the improvement of the herds. Naturally those who form collectives get the first use of the pure-bred animals. Later these groups will continue their work in the winter quarters, and will begin to organize methods of settled farm life. I spend the summer traveling in the high pastures, organizing these groups and making speeches on the new ways of farming, on taxes, on new laws and crimes, on labor regulation, on the international situation.'

In some amazement I asked what his

audience could understand of the international situation. 'Certainly they know nothing of the boundaries of America,' he answered, 'and little of Europe, for they have never seen a map or a book of geography. But they know very well the boundaries of Asia, for they travel across them. They know the peoples of Asia. They can understand very well the struggle for power in Asia — the questions between Tadjiks and Afghans, between Britain and Russia. About these matters they themselves make very good speeches.'

V

Such was the propaganda carried on in the Vale of Alai, under the Roof of the World and not very far from India. Such were the people who made of Sary-tash an outpost. The unkempt, devoted revolutionist of the Gostorg, driving direct exchange of goods to the yurts of the nomads; the restless, dissatisfied doctor, from whom they had all learned vaccination; the Pasture Soviet, with its court, its schools, its women's organizer, its able and energetic secretary, making speeches on ancient Kirghiz culture and the struggle for power in Asia.

The methods of living of Kolpaief were still those of a nomad. I dined with some frequency in the judge's yurt, with whatever Kirghiz chanced to be present. I remember one typical meal and the labors it gave to the housewife — who was not, incidentally, the judge's fair bride, but a hired woman. A big iron pot was placed on the central tripod and the fire kindled under it began merrily sending its smoke in our eyes and finally out through the roof. As soon as the water was boiling, large chunks of lamb were thrown in. After an hour or so, during which the guests talked around the fire, or went about their business, the chunks of lamb were taken out and passed around in a big bowl. Each guest took a bone in his fingers and tore at the meat with his teeth. Such was the first course of the meal.

Meantime the housewife was busily rolling a dough made of flour, water, salt, and a little sour milk. This dough marked the household off from the old-style nomad — they had flour. The kneading board was placed on the ground and the woman knelt over it, pushing a heavy roller back and forth. When the dough was very thin, she lifted the sheet at one end and rolled it lightly to a cylinder, cutting this crosswise into many thin strips. Thus she produced noodles. She cooked these in the broth from which we had taken the meat, and served us soup, full of a pasty mess of noodles. This was the second course of the meal.

The housewife's labors were not yet ended. Emptying the iron pot of all soup, she placed in it the fat that had been cut from the lamb, and rendered it, filling the yurt with stifling smoke. Under the veil of this smoke she still worked at her kneading board, preparing a thicker dough to be fried into round buns. These are the *lepeshka* of the nomads, a heavy fried bun made after the meat and soup courses, and differing from the lepeshka of the cities, which are oven-baked.

Meantime Kolpaief carefully washed the grease of the lamb from his fingers and brought out a long stringed instrument which he handled with care. Talking stopped in the yurt; the guests leaned back, replete and content. Kolpaief, the agitator, the Superintendent of Schools for Southern Kirghizia, began to play old Kirghiz melodies, plaintive, monotonous, the heritage of the people who for ages and ages have kept sheep and held feasts in these hills.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A HEATHEN GOES TO MASS

CHRISTMAS may come but once a year, but in our family we are preparing for it from January to December. Christmas puddings must be nearly a year old to be ripe, and a Christmas cake is only begun when it is baked; months of careful tending are necessary to bring it to perfection. The foibles as well as the heart's desire of friends and family are revealed at odd times throughout the year, to be exploited or fulfilled at Christmas. After Thanksgiving, the approaching holiday completely monopolizes us, and by Christmas week we are immersed in the eager excitement of the midwinter festival.

To savor the day to the full, a certain ritual must be observed, varying according to the temper of each family, but embodying the age-old traditions of the race. For, of all the festivals of the year, Christmas is perhaps the oldest, the most universal, and the richest in significance.

It answers a deep, primal need to express our faith in life, in our sure hope of success and happiness despite the short, dark days, the advancing cold, the mournful death of the white-shrouded year. It is man's magnificent defiance to nature. With a long, bitter season before him, depleting his substance, threatening his very existence, what gayer challenge could man fling to the gods than a celebration of extravagant joy, of triumphant faith in his own survival? He and his fellows are banded together against a harsh environment, and the revelry of Christmas brings them closer to each other than they can be at any other season.

Our Christmas puddings and cake, like our gaudy tree, our holly wreaths and mistletoe, are part of the symbolism that unites us not only to our living fellows, but to all the human beings who have celebrated the winter solstice with feasting and mirth. To begin our holiday fittingly, we have for years gone on Christmas Eve to midnight Mass. To be among hundreds of people of all colors and races, of all walks of life, who are drawn together by a common emotion, a common faith, is to be at once in harmony with the Christmas mood.

The church itself, thronged and packed with people, is vibrant with joyful triumph, and the drama of its service is deeply satisfying. The ritual of Mass is impressive even to one ignorant of its symbolism; to anyone who has studied its significance, it embodies the whole range of mysticism, worship, and magic. The stimulation of the incense, never sufficient to be cloying, always leaving one desirous of more; the warmth of candlelight, stabbed with the vivid red of flowers; the monotonous chanting of ancient Latin, punctuated by the clear tinkle of the bell; the dear, familiar carols sung by childish voices steadied and enriched by the rolling echo of the organ — all merge into a true worship that sweeps the crowded church with its beauty. The service satisfies in us an emotional need, and fills us with gratitude and a profound respect for the wisdom that could devise so fine a ritual and execute it with such enthusiasm.

We have so long loved this impressive, joyous service that I was surprised to learn that some of our friends disapproved of our practice. 'How,' asked one woman, 'can you, who are n't even a Christian, be so moved by a Catholic service? You don't accept their God, much less their Pope — why do you go there, and how can you approve of all that appeal to the senses?'

Perhaps, were I a professing Protestant, I should feel antagonized by the very beauty that now attracts me. In the many chapels to saints I should see only the polytheism that, not content with Jehovah, fills Heaven with lesser, more approachable deities. The rich robes, I might conclude, cost money that should be spent on relieving the poor; the music would seem too dramatic for a church; the Latin unnecessarily incomprehensible; the candles and incense a seduction of the senses, and the elevation of the Host an anachronistic piece of magic.

But, being allied to no official religion, my attitude is that of a foreigner visiting a strange land. I feel toward the Catholic Church as I do toward Holland. Some of my ancestors came from Holland, just as some of them must have been Catholics. But Holland is to me a strange country, one that I find most delightful, whose scenery charms me, whose people arouse my admiration and curiosity. I see much there that interests me and I am glad I can claim a distant kinship with the Dutch. But I cannot understand their language or even pronounce it; I should find their picturesque scenery monotonous after a while; and I have no desire to become a Dutch subject or even a Dutch resident. I am merely grateful to them for having so pleasant a country for me to visit, and I like to think I may have inherited a few of their virtues, which interest me more than their defects. It is a country with which my own land has never been at war, toward which I have inherited no bitterness, no fear, no strong emotions of any kind.

Walter Lippmann, in his *Preface to Morals*, speaks of the 'acids of modernity' which have dissolved our lives into many elements so that they are no longer combined in one harmonious whole. Our gainful occupation, our amusements, our friendships, and our religion are no longer a reflection of the dominant influence in our lives, but diverse and sometimes clashing interests, tangling our loyalties and making our pattern a kaleidoscope.

Yet I believe there have always been, among people with a need for religion, three types of individual, whose attitude toward life is distinctly and permanently colored by their belief — or else their personalities force them into a belief which is an expression of their individuality. In Europe and America, two of those types are called Catholic and Protestant. The third variety has no official name, and, being in the minority, any name given it by the other two has always been tinged with contempt or at least disapproval. Perhaps 'heathen,' in spite of its connotation, is as good a term as any to apply to all those independents who are not at home in any established religion.

The Catholic dwells in the mountains, the Protestant is a plainsman, while the heathen's life is spent on the sea. The mountain contains much precious ore, mined with patient labor and with little reward to the miner. Few of the mountaineers have fully explored their territory; it shelters them, they love its winding trails and its heavy trees which clothe it in magnificence and shut out the view. Its swift little streams are of no navigable use, but occasionally they can be harnessed and develop an uncanny electrical power. Very few of the mountain dwellers ever climb to the summit of their peak — the trail is too long and difficult, and the air above the tree line is too rarefied for most mortals; but they all know there is a summit that affords a breath-taking view of the world, and they accept with little question the reports that reach them of the nobility and beauty they can have if they will face the bitter hardships of the climb.

The plainsman sees all around him a wide, rolling country covered with well-tended farms, watered by broad rivers, and dotted with little stands of timber which afford shelter and a grateful rest from the monotony of the scene. It is a thriving, industrious land, yielding a comfortable living for useful labor. It boasts no heights, but yet no terrifying abysses; it holds no precious metals buried deep in its soil, but the earth yields such necessary things as food and clothing, and of what use are rare metals and glittering gems? It is a land that accepts the dominance of man, that can be harnessed to his uses, and changed and subdued to his ends.

The mariner feels at home neither in the mountains nor on the plains. His home is the seacoast, with the restless, illimitable sea forever knocking at his door, the sea that offers a constant challenge, that lures and mocks and fights him and gives no quarter. The mariner puts his faith in his man-made boat, and accepts the challenge thrown him by the indifference of the sea. Sometimes he wrests a bare and difficult living from its depths, sometimes he finds new lands; and, pitting his tiny skill against the trackless might of the ocean, he ever widens his circle of knowledge, bringing home odd, dangerous, and precious novelties. Unless he retires at last to the mountain or the plains, the sea claims him in the end, and usually he disappears without a sound, without a trace, only rarely leaving to his fellows a few precious charts, a bit of hard-earned knowledge of the sea, and perhaps a pearl.

The sailor does not feel at ease out of sight of the contemptuous sea. But occasionally he visits the mountain and the plains. The plains have for him the monotony of the sea without its challenge, the expanse without the stimulating peril. It is a world of prose, to be explored ploddingly, and with an eye to taming the land and making it useful. The mountain fascinates and yet repels him. A frozen wave, whitecapped but static, with no crashing surf forever changing its contours, the mountain holds the same serenity of indifference, the same awful beauty as the sea, but it leads the mariner nowhere. It blocks his roving eye with its immensity, its placid permanence. Seldom does he try to reach its summit, from which he could view the sea and the plains in a vast panorama. His is not the calm, reflective spirit that communes with space. He wants to explore space, and a mountain top is to him only a landmark, a place from which to get his bearings.

So when, on Christmas Eve, we go to midnight Mass, we are paying our annual visit to the mountain. We do not become mountaineers, we do not even wish to; but we are grateful to the mountain for its massive beauty, its confident serenity. We love the glitter of its jewels, the music in its waterfalls, in its ancient, sighing trees, and the cosiness of its sheltered little villages. Refreshed and invigorated, we go down again to the restless, empty sea and set sail once more in our frail boats, leaving the mountain behind us as our landmark. We may return next year, or the sea may take us, but such a landmark is oddly comforting to the mariner. It will not welcome him, it will care nothing for his adventures and dangers, but he can recognize it from afar and use it to get his bearings, though it will never claim his loyalty, never hold him in its spell, and never keep him from the sea.

JERSEY GEORGE

WHAT brought Jersey George this far north, full a hundred miles from the nearest boundary of New Jersey, was a mystery to all his neighbors. We suspected, however, that it was the tang of our local cider after it turns the Volstead corner. The apples of our section are not quite what they used to be, as eaters and keepers, but their juices seem more potent than ever. Or perhaps it is merely that, under pressure of legislation, the more painstaking of our neighbors has developed a superior technique in the care of those juices.

George has been here twenty-eight years, but he remains alien to this day. Ours is not easy soil for newcomers to take root in, and George has never made an effort to fraternize. He never even married. Though working this farm or that on shares, hardly ever on one farm two seasons in a row, he continues to 'bach it.' Now 'baching it' on a farm is a near approach to penal servitude; one goes forth to toil on store doughnuts, lunches on bread and a can of tomatoes, and returns at nightfall to cold potatoes and cider. Perhaps it is this diet which preserves George's stringy, martial figure. But the life is so unnatural that he who follows it is an everlasting affront to the marital norm, especially in a country with its full share, perhaps more, of spinsters who would really enjoy 'doing for' a man. Especially a handsome, oldish fellow like George, who wears the neatest moustache in the township and who manages, by some miracle, to look distinguished in any attire. Perhaps his charm is that he always wears gloves and never overalls. He remains single, independent, unassimilated, and relatively dudish.

Moreover, he glories in his differences. He is forever flaunting his native State in our faces. The first time he cut our hay on shares, I encountered this Jerseymania. When the long rope passed the corner of the hay barn, a roller had become dislodged and the rope rasped on the building. After the first trial George looked with disgust at that corner and said: 'Oh boy, we do some better than that in Jersey.' I replaced the roller, and we proceeded, but I noticed that the native son who was handling the team swung those patient brutes around at a lively pace, so that George, who was working the loader, had to keep pegging. Still, on the way back and forth from the field, George always found breath for a few words on the excellence of Jersey. One of these remarks seemed to me singularly inept. 'Oh boy,' said he, as he slapped his neck, 'you ought to see the horseflies in Jersey.'

In the course of this haying operation George used our rake, and when our own fields were clean he went on haying half the countryside with it. Not that this mattered, for the rake is practically indestructible. It came to me with the place years ago, and my researches on its frame indicate that it has been doing duty more than forty years.

Still, a venerable object like that deserves consideration; it is something to be able to say, in our conservative neighborhood, that one owns the oldest implement in the township. Therefore I resented George's taking our equipment home with him for the winter.

One day in early spring, when a late thaw had hardened the road in that direction, I drove up after it. 'George,' I said sternly, 'you have lived here long enough to know that we respect property rights, no matter how they do in Jersey.'

George was offended, not by my heat against him, but because of the slur cast on Jersey. His moustaches bristled.

'Son,' he said, 'I admit I'm in the wrong about that shaky old rake, but it's been a hard winter and I've had the lumbago ever since Thanksgiving. Hardly crawl to the woodpile and back again. Oh boy, we don't have no such winters down in Jersey.'

I had nothing to say to that, so he rolled on.

'No such winters and no such lumbago. And no such consarn over a rusty old rake.'

'Jersey justice,' I said, 'is famous for its attention to detail. A man reared in Jersey should set a good example to his benighted brethren. You've been here twenty years longer than I have, but I had not been here a month before I understood that there is one thing these people insist on. Any man here will lend any tool he owns, but he insists on having it back. I'm here for the rake, not because it is worth a dollar or two, but to keep the countryside safe for lenders and borrowers. I figure we'd all be worse off if we could n't borrow from one another.'

'That's true,' said George, 'but down in Jersey —'

'George,' I asked, 'would you mind telling me why you don't go back to Jersey? You're not getting anywhere here. Everyone's against you, and a year or so on a farm seems to be your limit.'

George swore beautifully and at some length to the general effect that it was none of my business. At length he tamed down to this: 'If you knew, you'd tell.'

'No,' I said, 'I would n't tell, but I might give you the carfare back to Jersey if that seemed worth while.'

'It would n't. . . . You want to know why I left Jersey. All right, I'll tell you; it's nothing ornery. I left Jersey because there was n't any horse farming in my part of the country any more; it all ran out to truck and wops. I landed here among these damnation Yorkers. This is good country for grass; it is, you know. I like the country and the horses and everything except the people — and maybe I like them better than I seem to. Only' — here his fine gray eyes glinted gayly — 'I keep 'em at arm's length. Maybe they're better than I am; but they're not my kind. Dutchy. Thrifty. Always remembering what's theirs. Everyone married or thinking about it. . . . But horses — horses is the same everywhere. Go or come, I always got a couple of good teams. I don't need much else. . . . But that Jersey talk of mine is just to keep up my spirits. At my age a man gets to thinking — he gets to thinking about things he should n't. So I rouse myself that way.'

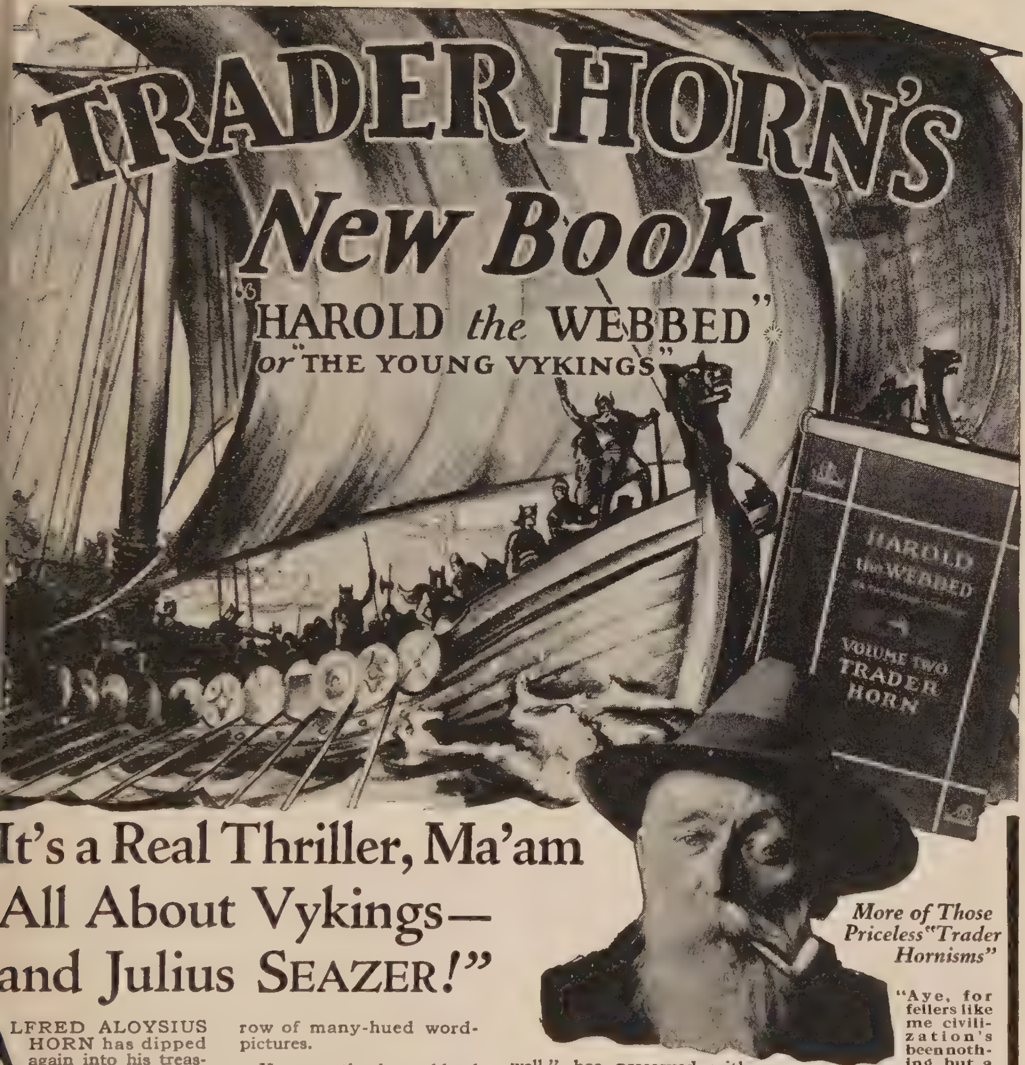
I apologized over a glass of shockingly strong cider, fizzed up with something or other.

The next time I saw George he was inspecting a garage built by one of our most careful workmen. 'Oh boy,' snorted George satanically, pointing to a two-by-four, riddled by knots, 'you could n't get away with that down in Jersey. They've got building inspectors down there.'

The carpenter replied belligerently, and George retreated, occasionally turning to loose a Jersey jeer — an old, lonely man, but with his flag flying. He will probably go on flying it after he reaches the poorhouse, which seems predestined to be his last abode but one.

TRADER HORN'S New Book

"HAROLD the WEBBED" or "THE YOUNG VYKINGS"



It's a Real Thriller, Ma'am All About Vykings— and Julius SEAZER!"

A LFRED ALOYSIUS HORN has dipped again into his treasure-chest of remem- d romance—and out of fathomless depths has ped "TRADER HORN, LUME TWO," subtitled Zambesi Jack himself, rold the Webbed, or The ng Vykings."

his time it is a thrilling y of dauntless forays and cies "in the dawn light of land." It is peopled with rful and palpitating char- rs, including Julius sar himself, Queen Eliza- , Henry the Eighth and er "hereditary para- nts." Best of all, there's ming wealth of "Trader nisms"—luscious, pun- y quotable comments on called" life and rs.

the story-thread of Viking lads, play- truant with their r's ship, the old lerer has strung a row of many-hued word-pictures.

You see the lusty blond bowmen discharging volleys of arrows from the yards of their Viking ships. You hear the hoarse scream of the Viking seahorns. You see their sulphur arrow flares, signalling across leagues of sea—red for war and green for peace. You live again in the "dawn-light" age of England, when piracy was an honored profession, and women were prized as loot, and carried off with the precious bars of tin and copper.

What would a Trader Horn book be without the author's own explanation of his literary method? Mrs. Lewis, his discoverer and brilliant "Boswell," has preserved with amazing fidelity the conversations she had with the excited author after each chapter was finished. They add "salt and pepper" to the book—and some tabasco.

If you have read the Trader's first volume, you will go straight out for "Harold the Webbed." If you haven't yet been charmed by his inimitable "stingo," make his acquaintance now.

You can get *Trader Horn*—or *"Harold The Webbed or The Young Vykings"* at all bookstores. Volume One is $4.00 and Volume Two, just published, is $3.50.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers* . 37 West 57th Street . *New York

**Set down in his own hand by Alfred Aloysius Horn in a Johannesburg lodging-house, and edited by Ethelreda Lewis before the first Trader Horn book was published.*

More of Those Priceless "Trader Hornisms"

"Aye, for fellers like me civilization's been nothing but a handicap."—*from page 95 of Volume 2.*

"Elizabeth sure had a gift for piracy, whatever her faults."—*from page 100 of Volume 2.*

"'Tis better to listen to the dictates of a gentleman under the influence of wine than to fill your ear with the common talk of some feller-from-nowhere suffering from chronic sobriety."—*from page 217 of Volume 2.*

750,000 "*Convivials*"
have read the first
TRADER HORN
Romance run amuck in wildest Africa
Have You?
(Volume One is $4.00 at all booksellers)

Is it necessary to say more? Nothing, I think, except that Mr. Powel has written a novel that should find two publics: one that will take it as pure light-hearted satire, and another that will read it for its quick, bubbling story. Both will enjoy themselves, for to the former the improbabilities will appear as part of the fun, and to the latter they will not appear at all. Myself, I am a member of both these groups.

Edward Hope

Stonewall Jackson, the Good Soldier, by Allen Tate. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 8vo. xii+322 pp. Maps. Illus. $3.50.

If there is one thing reasonably certain in a doubtful world, it is that Lieutenant General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, sometime of the United States Army, later of the Confederate States Army, would have looked with pious disapproval upon what is called the 'modern' school of biography. He had fed his own infant mind upon the biographical endeavors of Parson Weems — which were very different, to say the least; and there is a peculiar irony in Mr. Allen Tate's choice of this great but alarmingly solemn strategist as subject of a book which has all the modernistic earmarks. Yet it is a curious — and perhaps unintended — tribute to his greatness, both as a man and as a commander, that after his latest biographer has exploded a whole bagful of brilliance in the very latest and most approved manner, Jackson is still 'standing like a stone wall' in the place he has always held in American history. Indeed, he seems all the greater when the oddities of his character have been duly described.

This must not be taken as implying, however, that Mr. Tate has aspired to what is colloquially known as 'debunking' Jackson. If he approaches with a twinkling eye the career of this stiffly pious and very literal-minded gentleman, he approaches with a respect that is all the more genuine for the twinkle.

The lively sense of humor and the sense of proportion, which are chief characteristics of this latest of the books about him, cannot be counted among Jackson's own merits. A military superior once bade him wait in his office, forgot about him, and went off for the night. In the morning he found Jackson still sitting there, bolt upright. Orders were orders. Again, Jackson appeared one sweltering spring day in winter uniform. His cadets inquired the reason. Orders once more were orders, no matter what everybody else was doing.

These anecdotes are, to be sure, not highly important, but they are revealing. They help to explain the rigid sense of duty in big things and little which held Jackson's brigade firm at Bull Run when others broke. And that — not to mention the way they brighten up his book — is Mr. Tate's justification for including them, and a dozen others of the same sort. Writing with the assumption that Jackson, if he had lived, might have won the war for the Confederacy, Mr. Tate can hardly be accused of underestimating his hero. He gives just enough personal background of this kind to make Jackson, the man, intelligible; and then plunges into the story of his battles.

As a nontechnical strategic study, Mr. Tate's book would be admirable were it not for abominable maps, on which it is not always possible to trace the campaigns that he describes. He also commits some errors of taste — and probably of fact — in certain disparaging references to Lincoln.

One small detail, however, reveals the author's uncanny subtlety. He has ascertained that across the river, opposite one of Jackson's boyhood haunts, there really was a grove of shade trees. And Jackson's mind, he thinks, flashed back to these as he lay dying in the field hospital at Guiney Station. Thus he explains the last words: 'Let's cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees.'

The strange poignancy and humanness of this are typical of the book as a whole.

John Bakeless

The Greene Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. 12mo. 388 pp. $2.00.

Suppose one takes it for granted that the detective story is not the highest form of fiction. It is, of course, too inelastic and too artificial for that. It is essentially too much of a crossword puzzle. Nevertheless, the demands it necessarily puts upon its author, and the limitations under which he must labor, induce the exhibition in any such narrative of a peculiarly high technical skill, which makes the appearance of a first-rate detective or mystery story very much of a rarity on the usual publishers' lists. Indeed, often not for many seasons, in spite of the increasing production of mystery fiction so beloved by the tired business man, does one encounter a perfectly balanced and wrought product that leaves a reader satisfied when the book is finally closed.

That shadowy author, Mr. S. S. Van Dine, as mysterious in his obvious nom de plume as the dilettante detective, Philo Vance, of whom he is the modest biographer, would seem to have touched such an achievement in his latest history, *The Greene Murder Case.* It would, even, seem that *The Greene Murder Case* will take its place among the volumes close to the summit of Mr. Van Dine's exacting craft, not far removed, indeed, from the marvelous doings of Sherlock Holmes and his obtuse Dr. Watson.

As in every good detective story, the murderer in the baffling tragedy of Mr. Van Dine's neurotic New York family makes an early appearance on the page, mingling mildly with the usual innocent characters, all of whom the reader, rendered gullible by elusive phrases, may suspect as connected with the crime. As in every detective story, the appearance of the culprit,

HARPER'S Books *for* Summer Reading

The Fifteen Cells

By Stuart Martin

THE Arabian nights of detective fiction. At the point of a gun, he Prison Governor tells how each f the criminals in his charge was rought to justice. Then comes a rash. . . . But we have placed our wn "lock" on the Fifteenth Cell. f you can resist the temptation to pen it, you may return the book nd your money will be refunded. $2.00

Possible Worlds

By J. B. S. Haldane

"'POSSIBLE WORLDS' is probably worth one year in the ife of almost all the people in this country." — Bruce Gould in the N. Y. *Evening Post.* $2.50

Home to Harlem

By Claude McKay

"A CRY from the heart. Read it and live through an illusion of reality." — *N. Y. Times.* $2.50

Black Majesty

By John W. Vandercook

THE vivid story of the Negro monarch who conquered Napoleon. $2.50

Naked Truth

By Clare Sheridan

"A LIFE characterized by adventure and high romance, packed with incidents of the great and near great. Her book is a fine piece of work, and worth reading if only for its revelation of brutality, ignorance and folly in high places." — *N. Y. Times.* $5.00

Caught

By Homer Croy

Author of "West of the Water Tower"

THE vitally human story of a woman who was caught between the shadow of her past and the burning desire to preserve at all costs her home for her husband and children. $2.00

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By Naomi Royde-Smith

Author of "The Tortoise Shell Cat"

THE unusual and charming story of the invisible companion who accompanied Cilia Vyning through childhood — and continues through her grown-up life. A fascinating novel of rare delicacy. $2.50

Sir Walter Raleigh

By Milton Waldman

"RALEIGH towers in this new and admirably written biography — a biography which may well be accepted as definitive." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $4.00

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Author of "The Able McLaughlins"

"SUCCULENT and appetizing. Miss Wilson at her best." — Raymond Weaver in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "A novel of individuality — well worth reading." — *N. Y. American.* $2.00

The Closed Garden

By Julian Green

NINETY THOUSAND first printing. "The best of his generation." — *André Maurois.* "Julian Green is not a meteor, but a fixed star in the literary heavens." —Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World.* $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS · 49 East 33rd Street · New York unmasked, must be the main surprise which ends an unbroken and increasing train of suspense. The skill with which Mr. Van Dine does this is beautifully complicated and adroit, and without recourse to any unfair trickery or concealment. There is even a hopeless paralytic involved, and yet so great is our author's mastery of his subject that the hopeless paralytic does not commit the murder, in itself enough to make the Greene Case most exceptional.

The story, as already intimated, centres about that new character of detective fiction, perhaps a trifle too bizarre, but with all the capacity of his most brilliant predecessors. Mr. Vance, necessarily enough, is an extraordinary fellow, one of the New York Four Hundred, an immensely rich dilettante with studious leanings, particularly in the realm of psychology. Besides brain power, need one add that the physical frame of Philo is as strong and supple as a Toledo blade, despite the exquisite brocaded dressing gowns and morning coats which encase it? Mr. Vance has his own theories regarding crime, which are refreshingly novel, despite all the theories encountered by the inveterate reader. He does not believe in clues or in searching the room with a microscope. Instead he looks upon crime as a critic, seeing in each criminal act a complete piece of creative work, bound to bear the peculiar imprint of the criminal, just as surely as a canvas bears the characteristics of the artist. Bringing to this theory a mind stored with an appalling amount of variegated learning, Philo Vance achieves a chain of reasoning by which no one may be ashamed to be diverted. The other characters in the volume, though they are of the chessboard sort belonging to any complicated plot, are amazingly well drawn, everything considered. In fact, many a more serious novelist than our author, with far greater opportunities for character drawing, has populated his world with a considerably less defined society.

The total result of the book is what is best. Even to a reader above ephemeral byplay the impression of *The Greene Murder Case* must be one of excellent workmanship. There is a clarity to it, a finish in both plot and style, that is too inescapable to be ignored, for it is essentially first-rate; and in these days of hasty writing any first-rate piece of work, despite its origin, is surely worthy of serious attention.

John Marquand.

The books selected for review in the *Atlantic* are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board:—

A Mirror for Witches, by Esther Forbes Houghton Mifflin Co. Illus. $2.50
The uncanny life of a seventeenth-century witch

Mr. Weston's Good Wine, by T. F. Powys Viking Press Illus. $3.50
Spiritual symbols in a novel written with fascination and beauty

The Eternal Moment, and Other Stories, by E. M. Forster Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50
Five fantasies and an everyday tale by the author of *A Passage to India*

Rainbow Round My Shoulder, by Howard W. Odum Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.00

Home to Harlem, by Claude McKay Harper & Bros. $2.50
Records of their race by two gifted young negro authors, the first a black Odyssey, and the second a novel of the negro city

Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure, by Robert Graves Doubleday, Doran & Co. Illus. $3.00
A new and informing account of the author of *Revolt in the Desert*

Letters of W. R. Thayer, ed. by C. D. Hazen Houghton Mifflin Co. Illus. $5.00
Correspondence of a distinguished American historian

The Brontë Sisters, by Ernest Dimnet Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50
Called by Andrew Lang 'the best book on the Brontës'; now first available in English translation

The Stump Farm, by Hilda Rose Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication) $2.00
Heroic letters of a contemporary pioneer

The Misbehaviourists, by Harvey Wickham Dial Press Illus. $3.50
Penetrating and satiric jibes at various schools of psychology

Mid-Pacific, by James Norman Hall Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00
Random papers by a familiar and delightful traveler

The Marsh Arab, by 'Fulanain' J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00
The life of an Arabian 'Trader Horn'

Alice in the Delighted States, by Edward Hope Dial Press Illus. $2.50
Exuberant and entertaining travesty on American life and customs

The Seventh Hill, by Robert Hillyer Viking Press $1.50
New poems of ripening significance and beauty by an American of recognized distinction

Burning Bush, by Louis Untermeyer Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.00
A mature expression of a poet of familiar gifts

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